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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXVII. San Francisco-Oakland, July 17, 1920 No. 1466

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Theodore F. Bonnett.....Editor

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A Clean Campaign

For once in a generation, or half a dozen of them for that matter, there is every indication that the coming presidential campaign is going to be as clean as the proverbial whistle, free from vituperation, and marked by an entire absence of the disclosures of family skeletons. For the first time, too, in the nation's political history, two journalists are the candidates of their respective parties; strange to say, both are on terms of strong personal friendship; each has affectionately congratulated the other for the great honor conferred upon him and his craft, and each says to the other, "Go ahead, old man, and may the best of us win!" As a rule, newspapers are very seldom friendly to one another, especially when published in the same state, but here are two exceptions; and we seem certain to have a campaign where issues and not personalities are to be the main topics to be treated by campaign orators. In view of the fact that, strictly speaking, the difference between the platforms of the two great parties is scarcely less marked than that between a prune and a green gage, or even a red cherry and a black one, these oratorical efforts promise to be strangely similar in everything but color, with very slight differences in general flavor. Of course the Republicans will vituperate to the extent of declaring the Democrats to be utterly incapable of the government of a great nation, while the Democrats will adduce forceful arguments to show that the history of the Republican party is clotted all through with smirches of the same incapability. Aside from this, the main party issue is the league of nations. The Democrats declare for the original document without change of any kind, while the Republicans would support it with reservations or declare against it in any form whatever. Candidate Cox has already declared his intention of visiting President Wilson for the purpose of securing his consent to at least two reservations he has prepared, which, if the consent be gained, will bring the two platforms into closer identity. So, after all, the outlook is most encouraging for a novel, interesting and cleanly campaign, and partisanship alone will govern the exercise of the electoral franchise. Those who have been Democrats will vote their ticket straight, and those who have been Republicans will do likewise. Of course there will be some of the newly enfranchised ones who will vote for one candidate because he is the better looking, or for the other because he has not been divorced, but these will be few and far between, and the main opposition to both candidates will come from the so-called reformers who believe that any government in power is wrong, and the pitiable army of cranks whose policy it is to oppose any issue not the child of their own creation. As for these, let it be said: Good riddance and rest the blame for their ultimate confusion on their own heads.

* * *

Hemming the Ragged Edges

In order that such weak spots as may have been left in the party bonds by those aspirants whose supporters have been over-elaborate in their pre-convention expenditures, both Democrats and Republicans have been, during the past week, commendably energetic in the endeavor either to commend, excuse or condemn them, in order that the several offenses may not be turned into campaign issues. In this regard, up to the close of the San Francisco convention, the Democratic party appeared to be notably unbesmirched. But little or no attention had been paid to selective primaries and there were no rumors of vast fortunes spent to secure the nomination of favorite candidates, while in the Republican ranks there were several notorious scandals. The gravest of these was the exposure, brought about by a Democratic administration, that the "interests" supporting General Wood had expended no less than $1,000,000 to secure his nomination, and the reported effort of the Republican candidate to show that no great blame should be attached to this amazing and unitemized expenditure was ingenious indeed. It is learned that, immediately following the arrangement of details for his campaign, Candidate Harding had a long interview with General Wood, following which the general pledged active support for his successful adversary, and rumor now has him slated for secretary of war in the next cabinet, in case the Republicans should win. Nothing has been said as yet in defense of the Lowden expenditures, during which actual bribery was said to have been proved in the case of Missouri. Now this lever for the purpose of forcing Democratic votes has been weakened by the damaging revelation that Attorney General Palmer used the funds appropriated for his High Cost of Living Commission to promote his ambitions for the presidential nomination, and there would seem to be no way for him to wriggle out of the tangle of charges to an extent that will satisfy any number of independent voters. And so, the only opportunities for mud-slinging having been removed—since the pot's calling the kettle black is no convincing argument—the orators on both sides may proceed with their cleanly campaigning and discuss only partisanship and its meaning. William Jennings Bryan should be excepted, for unless he shall eventually decide to bolt his party, he will orate his alleged Democratic preachments in his own sweet way, National Committee or no National Committee.

* * *

The League of Nations' President?

Who but Woodrow Wilson? There are many hundreds of his party's enemies of the press and in Congress who persist in denying that he was the inspiration of it, without furnishing any tangible proofs. There are, however, just as many thousands of us who believe that the inspiration was his, that the victory gained by making it part of the treaty of peace with Germany was his, and that his clearly expressed arguments at the Versailles conferences secured its final adoption after many months of conflict. For a long time prior to the Democratic convention just ended this paper had nourished the hope that his party might see the wisdom of nominating him for a third term; but since another candidature seemed inevitable, it now ventures to hope that he might be accorded another one that would adequately round out the career of one whom it believes to be among the great presidents of his country's history. Contradictions of his theory are as plentiful almost as Republican votes, and he is not without enemies in his own party. But the historical fact remains that no other President has faced such responsibilities as he has done, faced them unflinchingly and left none of them unfinished, much of the work having been accomplished in the stress of a serious malady. The first meeting of the league of nations has been called for the fifteenth of November, probably at Antwerp. It has been intended all along that the league should be convened by Woodrow Wilson, having been its principal champion, and there is every indication that by that time his health will have so improved as to make it possible for him to call the first conference to order in person, in person to put the first question before it, and in person to render its first decision from the

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chair. After that, what more fitting tribute to the success of his efforts in creating and perpetuating the league than to make him the permanent president of it?

* * *

Hiram Hath Spoken!

The junior senator from California has emerged from behind his threatening cloud of ominous silence and declared himself, following an attitude of the wet-nursing of disappointment that has existed ever since the Chicago convention. The Republican leaders of the effete east have been declaring with enthusiastic emphasis that their party is now a solid unit of brotherly feeling, with not a strong man in it that has not already taken off his coat and rolled up his sleeves to wrestle for the cause. But California thought differently. Its Republicans knew that such an enviable brotherly unit could not possibly exist in this state so long as they had a rather strong man in Hiram Johnson, who was apparently sulking in obdurate silence, and his admirers could not be part of that delectable unit or know just where they were until he had definitely stated what he was going to do with reference to supporting or opposing the Republican candidate. But now his threatening reticence has ended, and he has declared his intention to stay where he was before he entered the lists at Chicago. So far, however, he has wasted never a word in respect to the alleged splendid qualifications of Warren G. Harding, or whether he will take the stump and support him enthusiastically, a proceeding which would be of vast potentiality, especially in the west. He merely satisfies himself by saying, with his accustomed show of presumably keen foresight, that "the best interests of the country at large would be best subserved by voting the Republican ticket, and he will do his utmost to see that it shall win in November next." So then this uncertainty with reference to the west—it mattered but little in the east—has been removed, and the unity of the G. O. P. may be said to be complete. The Democratic party is already united, for there exists no difference of sentiment in it, except that a few of them would have preferred another candidate but will battle gallantly for James M. Cox, quite oblivious of the fact that they have ever even considered anyone else. So, "In union there is strength!" seems to be the battle cry of both of the great political armies, and it now remains to be seen which of them has the weaker spots in its bonds of unity.

* * *

It Looks Like Shortridge

Town Talk has every reason to believe that it was the first newspaper to propose in print the name of Samuel Shortridge as being the most available candidate to fill the next vacancy in the senate of the United States representing California, and it enumerated the reasons why the nomination should be made. We now regard his rapid rise from a position where no one regarded his ambition in real seriousness to one which has stamped him as being the very foremost candidate, with extreme self-congratulation. The fight was an uphill one, for there were two well known candidates against him, in the persons of A. J. Wallace of Los Angeles, a blantant dry exhorter, and William Kent, ex-congressman, each of whom, apparently, had organizations behind him and plenty of funds with which to establish their claims, while Shortridge had neither of these and made his appeal solely upon his record as an upright man, an able attorney and a life-long Republican with advanced and liberal ideas. Soon the voters and press of the state began to consider the Shortridge claims, and found them sound, tenable, and altogether better justified than those of either of his opponents. It seemed apparent to them that Kent was for pretty much anything that would secure him a vote, while Wallace was so immersed in the arid wallow of prohibition as to render it certain that none of the personal liberty cohorts would mass to him. It was believed, however, that the Hiram Johnson element was for him, and there was no denying that to overcome this might be an obstacle which Shortridge could not surmount. But during the past week that very potent force in California politics deserted Wallace, turned a deaf ear to his earnest pleas for support, and came out flat-footed for the tall and eloquent San Franciscan.

Profiteering in Airplanes

Within the past two months there have been three aviation casualties, in each of which three men lost their lives because they were operating defective machines, and in each of the cases a De Haviland biplane was used. Now there is no really tangible argument in favor of the use of the English De Haviland in preference to one that can be turned out by reputable American manufacturers; there is nothing to excuse it except the feeble defense that those people who have in charge the equipment of our aviation service with planes have been hoodwinked by convincingly persuasive agents for the foreign manufacturers and the British government officials, who, justly enough, are anxious to unload the tremendous stock of planes remaining on hand at the close of the war. Unfortunately, it is characteristic of a large percentage of Americans—perhaps the larger one—to decry almost anything of home manufacture in favor of oftimes inferior products of foreign brand, and the wholesale use of the De Haviland plane is a case in point. It is a matter of public notoriety that there were many thousands of these planes in the government stores in England, and there being no market for them there, wealthy America was chosen as the only hopeful dumping ground where they could be cleverly boosted by expert salesmen and the unloading of them prove a great financial boon to their anxious owner. These planes were shipped to this country by the hundreds, sold at prices less than half of what American manufacturers could turn them out for, and, as a result, one of the great Curtis factories, which make the best machines in the world, has been compelled to shut down. Unfortunately there are hundreds of our aviators who persist in believing that the De Haviland brand is the best in existence. If this be true, why are nearly all of the accidents attributable to defective Havilands, and why do the government aviation officials continue to provide further instruments for the death or maiming of their equally gullible airmen?

Quand Meme

By John Hay

I strove, like Israel, with my youth,
And said, Till thou bestow
Upon my life Love's joy and truth,
I will not let thee go.

And sudden on my night there woke
The trouble of the dawn;
Out of the east the red light broke,
To broaden on and on.

And now let death be far or nigh,
Let fortune gloom or shine,
I cannot all untimely die
For love, for love is mine.

My days are tuned to finer chords,
And lit by higher suns;
Through all my thoughts and all my words
A purer purpose runs.

The blank page of my heart grows rife
With wealth of tender lore;
Her image, stamped upon my life,
Gives value evermore.

She is so noble, firm, and true,
I drink truth from her eyes,
As violets gain the heaven's own blue
In gazing at the skies.

No matter if my hands attain
The golden crown or cross;
Only to love is such a gain
That losing is not loss.

And thus whatever fate betide
Of rapture or of pain,
If storm or sun the future hide,
My love is not in vain.

So only thanks are on my lips;
And through my love I see
My earliest dreams, like freighted ships,
Come sailing home to me.

The Lazy Beauty and Her Aunts

By Patrick Kennedy

There was once a poor widow woman, who had a daughter that was as handsome as the day, and as lazy as a pig, saving your presence. The poor mother was the most industrious person in the townland, and was a particularly good hand at the spinning-wheel. It was the wish of her heart that her daughter should be as handy as herself; but she'd get up late, eat her breakfast before she'd finish her prayers, and then go about dawdling, and anything she handled seemed to be burning her fingers She drawled her words as if it was a great trouble to her to speak, or as if her tongue was as lazy as her body. Many a heart-scald her poor mother got with her, and still she was only improving like dead fowl in August.

Well, one morning that things were as bad as they could be, and the poor woman was giving tongue at the rate of a mill-clapper, who should be riding by but the king's son. "Oh dear, oh dear, good woman!" said he, "you must have a very bad child to make you scold so terribly. Sure it can't be this handsome girl that vexed you!" "Oh, please your Majesty, not at all," says the old dissembler. "I was only checking her for working herself too much. Would your Majesty believe it? She spins three pounds of flax in a day, weaves it into linen the next, and makes it into shirts the day after." "My gracious," says the prince, "she's the very lady that will just fill my mother's eye, and herself's the greatest spinner in the kingdom. Will you put on your daughter's bonnet and cloak, if you please, ma'am and set her behind me? Why, my mother will be so delighted with her, that perhaps she'll make her her daughter-in-law in a week, that is, if the young woman herself is agreeable."

Well, between the confusion and the joy, and the fear of being found out, the women didn't know what to do; and before they could make up their minds, young Anty (Anastasia) was set behind the prince, and away he and his attendants went, and a good heavy purse was left behind with the mother. She "pullillued" a long time after all was gone, in dread of something bad happening to the poor girl.

The prince couldn't judge of the girl's breeding or wit from the few answers he pulled out of her. The queen was struck in a heap when she saw a young country girl sitting behind her son, but when she saw her handsome face, and heard all she could do, she didn't think she could make too much of her. The prince, too, had an opportunity of whispering her that if she didn't object to be his wife, she must strive to please his mother. Well, the evening went by and the prince and Anty were getting fonder and fonder of one another, but the thought of the spinning used to send the cold to her heart every moment. When bedtime came, the old queen went along with her to a beautiful bedroom, and when she was bidding her good-night, she pointed to a heap of fine flax, and said, "You may begin as soon as you like tomorrow morning, and I'll expect to see three three pounds in nice thread the morning after." Little did the poor girl sleep that night. She kept crying and lamenting that she didn't mind her mother's advice better. When she was left alone next morning, she began with a heavy heart; and though she had a nice mahogany wheel and the finest flax you ever saw, the thread was breaking every moment. One while it was as fine as a cobweb, and the next it was as coarse as a boy's whipcord. At last she pushed her chair back, let her hands fall in her lap, and burst out a-crying.

A small, old woman with surprising big feet appeared before her at the same moment, and said, "What ails you, you handsome colleen?" "An' haven't I all that flax to spin before tomorrow morning, and I'll never be able to have even five yards of fine thread of it put together." "An' would you think bad to ask poor Collingh Cushmor* to your wedding with the young prince? If you promise me that, all your three pounds will be made into the finest of thread while you're taking your sleep tonight." "Indeed, you must be there and welcome, and I'll honor you all the days of my life." "Very well; stay in your room till tea-time, and tell the queen she may come in for her thread as early as she likes tomorrow morning." It was all as she said; and the thread was finer and evener than the gut you see with fly-fishers. "My brave girl you were!" says the queen. "I'll get my own mahogany loom brought in to you, but you needn't do anything more today. Work and rest, work and rest, is my motto. Tomorrow you'll weave all this thread, and who knows what may happen?"

The poor girl was more frightened this time than the last, and she was so afraid to lose the prince. She didn't even know how to put the warp in the gears, nor how to use the shuttle, and she was sitting in the greatest grief, when a little woman, who was mighty well-shouldered about the hips, all at once appeared to her, told her her name was Collingh Cromanmor, and made the same bargain with her as Collingh Cushmor. Great was the queen's pleasure when she found early in the morning a web as fine and white as the finest paper you ever saw. "The darling you were!" says she. "Take your ease with the ladies and gentlemen today, and if you have all this made into nice shirts tomorrow you may present one of them to my son and be married to him out of hand."

Oh, wouldn't you pity poor Anty the next day, she was now so near the prince, and, maybe, would be soon so far from him. But she waited as patiently as she could with scissors, needle, and thread in hand, till a minute after noon. Then she was rejoiced to see the third old woman appear. She had a big red nose, and informed Anty that people called her Shron Mor Rua on that account. She was up to her as good as the others, for a dozen fine shirts were lying on the table when the queen paid her an early visit.

Now there was nothing talked of but the wedding, and I needn't tell you it was grand. The poor mother was there along with the rest, and at the dinner the old queen could talk of nothing but the lovely shirts, and how happy herself and the bride would be after the honeymoon, spinning and weaving, and sewing shirts and shifts without end. The bridegroom didn't like the discourse, and the bride liked it less, and he was going to say something, when the footman came up to the head of the table and said to the bride, "Your ladyship's aunt, Collingh Cushmor, bade me ask might she come in." The bride blushed and wished she was seven miles under the floor, but well became the prince. "Tell Mrs. Cushmor," said he, "that any relation of my bride's will be always heartily welcome wherever she and I are." In came the woman with the big foot, and got a seat near the prince. The old queen didn't like it much, and after a few words she asked rather spitefully, "Dear ma'am, what's the reason your foot is so big?" "Musha, faith, your Majesty, I was standing almost all my life at the spinning-wheel, and that's the reason." "I decalre to you, my darling," said the prince, ::I'll never allow you to spend one hour at the same spinning-wheel." The same footman said again. "Your ladyship's aunt, Collingh Cromanmor wishes to come in, if the genteels and yourself have no objection." Very displeased was the Princess Anty, but the prince sent her welcome, and she took her seat, and drank healths apiece to the company. "May I ask, ma'am," says the old queen, "why you're so wide half-way between the head and the feet?" "That your Majesty, is owing to sitting all my life at the loom." "By my scepter," says the prince, "my wife shall never sit there an hour." The footman again came up. "Your ladyship's aunt, Collingh Shron Mor Rua, is asking leave to come in to the banquet." More blushing on the bride's face, but the bridegroom spoke out cordially. "Tell Mrs. Shron Mor Sua she's doing us an honor." In came the old woman, and great respect she got near the top of the table, but the people down low put up their tumblers and glasses to their noses to hide the grin. "Ma'am," says the old queen, "will you tell us, if you please, why your nose is so big and red?" "Throth, your Majesty, my head was bent down over the stitching all my life, and all the blood in my body ran into my nose." "My darling," said the prince to Anty, "if I ever see a needle in your hand, I'll run a hundred miles from you."

And in throth, girls and boys, though it's a diverting story, I don't think the moral is good; and if any of you thuckeens (small girls) go about imitating Anty in her laziness, you'll find it won't thrive with you as it did with her. She was beautiful beyond compare, which none of you are, and she had three powerful fairies to help her besides. There's no fairies now, and no prince or lord to ride by, and catch you idling or working; and maybe, after all, the prince and herself were not so very happy when the cares of the world or old age came on them.

* * * *

Thus was the tale ended by poor old Shebale (Sybil), Father Murphy's housekeeper, in Coolbawn, Barony of Bantry, about half a century since.

*Collingh Cushmor, Old Woman Big-foot.

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Following the Sea

At the time of "the great earthquake of '68," I was at Arica, Peru. I have not a map by me, and am not certain that Arica is not in Chili, but it can't make much difference; there was earthquake all along there. As nearly as I can remember it occurred in August—about the middle of August, 1869 or '70.

Sam Baxter was with me; I think we had gone from San Francisco to make a railway, or something. On the morning of the 'quake, Sam and I had gone down to the beach to bathe. We had shed our boots and begun to moult, when there was a slight tremor of the earth, as if the elephant who supports it were pushing upwards, or lying down and getting it again. Next, the surges, which were flattening themselves upon the sand and dragging away such small trifles as they could lay hold of, began racing out seaward, as if they had received a telegraphic dispatch that somebody was not expected to live. This was needless, for we did not expect to live.

When the sea had receded entirely out of sight, we started after it; for it will be remembered we had come to bathe; and bathing without some sort of water is not refreshing in a hot climate. I have heard that bathing in asses' milk is invigorating, but at that time I had no dealings with other authors. I have had no dealings with them since.

For the first four or five miles the walking was very difficult, although the grade was tolerably steep. The ground was soft, there were tangled forests of sea-weed, old rotting ships, rusty anchors, human skeletons, and a multitude of things to impede the pedestrian. The floundering sharks bit our legs as we toiled past them, and we were constantly slipping down upon the flat fish strewn about like orange-peel on a sidewalk. Sam, too, had stuffed his shirt-front with such a weight of Spanish doubloons from the wreck of an old galleon, that I had to help him across all the worst places. It was very dispiriting.

Presently, away on the western horizon, I saw the sea coming back. It occurred to me then that I did not wish it to come back. A tidal wave is nearly always wet, and I was now a good way from home, with no means of making a fire.

The same was true of Sam, but he did not appear to think of it in that way. He stood quite still a moment with his eyes fixed on the advancing line of water; then turned to me, saying earnestly:

"Tell you what, William; I never wanted a ship so bad from the cradle to the grave! I would give m-o-r-e for a ship!—more than all the railways and turnpikes you could scare up! I'd give more than a hundred, thousand, million dollars! I would—I'd give all I'm worth, and all my Erie shares, for—just—one—little—ship!"

To show how lightly he could part with his wealth, he lifted his shirt out of his trousers, unbosoming himself of his doubloons, which tumbled about his feet, a golden storm.

But this time the tidal wave was close up us. Call that a wave! It was one solid green wall of water, higher than Niagara Falls, stretching as far as we could see to right and left, without a break in its towering front! It was by no means clear what we ought to do. The moving wall showed no projections by means of which the most daring climber could hope to reach the top. There was no ivy; there were no window-ledges. Stay!—there was a lightning-conductor! No, there wasn't any lightning-conductor. Of course, not!

Looking despairingly upward, I made a tolerably good beginning at thinking of all the mean actions I had wrought in the flesh, when I saw projecting beyond the crest of the wave a ship's bowsprit, with a man sitting on it, reading a newspaper! Thank fortune, we were saved!

Falling upon our knees with tearful gratitude, we got up again and ran—ran as fast as we could, I suspect; for now the whole fore-part of the ship bulged through the water directly above our heads, and might lose it balance any moment. If we had only brought along our umbrellas!

I shouted to the man on the bowsprit to drop us a line. He merely replied that his correspondence was already very onerous, and he hadn't any pen and ink.

Then I told him I wanted to get aboard. He said I would find one on the beach, about three leagues to the south'ard, where the "Nancy Tucker" went ashore.

At these replies I was disheartened. It was not so much that the man withheld assistance, as that he made puns. Presently, however, he folded his newspaper, put it carefully away in his pocket, went and got a line, and let it down to us just as we were about to give up the race. Sam made a lunge at it, and got it—right into his side! For the fiend above had appended a shard-hook to the end of the line—which was his notion of humor. But this was no time for crimination and recrimination. I laid hold of Sam's legs, the end of the rope was passed about the capstan, and as soon as the men on board had had a little grog, we were hauled up. I can assure you that it was no fine experience to go up in that way, close to the smooth vertical front of water, with the whales tumbling out all round and above us, and the sword-fishes nosing us pointedly with vulgar curiosity.

We had no sooner set foot on deck, and got Sam disengaged from the hook, than the purser stepped up with book and pencil.

"Tickets, gentlemen."

We told him we hadn't any tickets, and he ordered us to be set ashore in a boat. It was represented to him that this was quite impossible under the circumstance; but he replied that he had nothing to do with circumstances—did not know anything about circumstances. Nothing would move him till the captain, who was a really kind-hearted man, came on deck and knocked him overboard with a spare topmast. We were now stripped of our clothing, chafed all over with stiff brushes, rolled on our stomachs, wrapped in flannels, laid before a hot stove in the saloon, and strangled with scalding brandy. We had not been wet, nor had we swallowed any sea-water, but the surgeon said this was the proper treatment. I suspect, poor man, he did not often get an opportunity to resuscitate anybody; in fact, he admitted he had not had any such case as ours for years. It is uncertain what he might have done to us if the tender-hearted captain had not thrashed him into his cabin with a knotted hawser, and told us to go on deck.

By this time the ship was passing above the town of Arica, and the sailors were all for'd, sitting on the bulwarks, snapping peas and small shot at the terrified inhabitants flitting through the streets a hundred feet below. These harmless projectiles rattled very merrily upon the upturned boot-soles of the fleeting multitude; but not seeing any fun in this, we were about to go astern and fish a little, when the ship grounded on a hill-top. The captain hove out all the anchors he had about him; and when the water went swirling back to its legal level, taking the town along for company, there we were, in the midst of a charming agricultural country, but at some distance from any sea-port.

At sunrise next morning we were all on deck. Sam sauntered atf to the binnacle, cast his eye carelessly upon the compass, and uttered an ejaculation of astonishment.

"Tell you, captain," he called out, "this has been a direr convulsion of nature than you have any idea. Everything's been screwed right round. Needle points due south!"

"Why, you cussed lubber!" growled the skipper, moving up and taking a look, "it p'ints d'rectly to labbard, an' there's the sun, dead ahead!"

Sam turned and confronted him, with a steady gaze of ineffable contempt.

"Now, who said it wasn't dead ahead?—tell me that. Shows how much you know about earthquakes. 'Course, I didn't mean just this continent, nor just this earth: I tell you, the whole thing's turned!"

—"Dod Grile" (Ambrose Bierce)

The Spectator

Can We Afford to Lose the Marina?

The latest news from the conferences of our sometimes extravagant but oftener faultily frugal city fathers is to the effect that the Marina is not going to be the terminal for the transcontinental air mail service after all, and in a comparatively brief space of time it will not be available for any kind of aviation. Attention was called some time ago, based upon what was known to be reliable information, to the fact that unless the city government was very careful they would lose the opportunity of having an adequate aviation landing field in the only convenient location to be had. The city had already taken it for granted that it could occupy such land as it did not own without interference, and had begun the erection of hangars, when they were notified to vacate at once such of the property as belonged to the heirs of the Fair estate. Then efforts were made to make some arrangement with the representativs of Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Vanderbilt, with the result that they consented to lease the property to the city for the sum of $40,000 per year, but they must receive an answer at once as they had building operations under advisement. The city considered this rental excessive, and the project was abandoned, leaving the most attractive site in the city either for park or aviation purposes to be gobbled up by speculators who might subdivide it and sell it for manufacturing purposes or industrial plants, such as the present works of the gas and electric company, for instance. The smoke from this plant is generally dense enough to conceal the view from residents on Russian Hill, and if similar establishments were permitted to locate there,

the neighborhood would soon become another Pittsburgh. Fortunately, however, it has been discovered that the Presidio field will serve most of the purposes of the aerial mail service for some time to come; so the terminal will be here instead of in Redwood City or Alameda; no thanks, however, to a short-sighted city administration.

In beauty and accessibility the Marina field would have no rival anywhere. The $40,000 asked for the lease of the Marina property by the Fair heirs and Herbert E. Law, the owners, represents $25,000 of taxes and about 1 per cent on money invested in property, based on a valuation of 60 per cent of what the property actually cost.

The land is now assessed at $30,000 a block, about the same basis of valuation of all other property in San Francisco. Supervisor Power wants the owners to show cause why their assessment should not be increased, for the reason that the owners placed a valuation of $60,000 a block upon it. The supervisors are getting into deeper and deeper water. Such excellent business managers as Herbert Law and Mmes. Oelrichs and Vanderbilt do not let unimproved property lie idle. It will be a reproach to our present administration if it is lost to us as an aviation park, a landing field for land and hydro planes.

Because of the landing problem, the seaplane bids fair to be the popular flying machine for commercial purposes. The Marina has an unrivalled water front. Locomotion in the air ten years hence will be the logical means of travel. Is this greatest seaport of the west to forfeit the gift within its grasp of an idea flying terminal? Our supervisors must not only solve their problems of today, but must look forward into the future, must visualize the opportunities of our metropolis according to the giant strides which science is making.

A Boomerang in the City Hall

The Spectator, calling at the office of Edmond Godchaux, county recorder, saw a fine lithograph of James M. Cox in juxtaposition with portraits of Woodrow Wilson and Raphael Weill. Asked where the picture came from and where a duplicate could be obtained, Mr. Godchaux related the following petit histoire of it: "Several weeks before the convention, my friend Charles S. Fee of the Southern Pacific received a bundle of lithographs of Governor Cox, together with scores of booklets reciting his record. A letter accompanied it from E. H. Moore, Cox's manager, asking Mr. Fee as an Ohioan and a prominent Democrat to distribute the literature where it would spread the doctrine of Cox for president. Mr. Fee was shocked. 'It is true that I am an Ohioan, but all my life I've been a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, and can't conscientiously spread Cox propaganda; I shall return it at once,' said he to Mr. Godchaux, who replied: 'Do nothing of the kind. I am a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat. Give it to me.' Thereupon Godchaux read a booklet, became enthuiastic over the story it related, disseminated booklets and pictures among his friends, and from the time the convention opened until it closed was as loyal to Cox as the solid forty-eight from Ohio. After all, Mr. Moore made no mistake in "picking on" the Republican Mr. Fee, for it would be hard to locate a prominent Ohioan anywhere who hasn't friends in both Republican and Democratic parties. "Beautiful Ohio" is the political cradle of the United States.

Third Party Talk

There is something in the mind of every man inducing him to believe that there are, instead of two, three sides to a question. The Pros and Cons are both frequently beside the mark. And that is why a mysterious something whispers in the ear whenever the non-partisan, promoter or fanatic would gain our attention. Usually, though, the non-partisan programme is a failure, because little more than an outlet for some defeated man's ambitions. After the two recent conventions, the friends of Hiram Johnson found they still had a fund of noise left, and were willing to conjure up more if Hiram prove willing. But Hiram himself is of the opinion that running against Cox and Harding would be a useless expenditure of energy The chief advocate of a third party is William Randolph Hearst, who rivals Bryan in a long-cherished passion for the White House. Should Hearst succeed in nominating himself, Arthur Brisbane would come pretty near earning his famous salary in supplying campaign literature. It is also announced that Henry Ford would accept the nomination But then there is a general sentiment that Ford would accept anything. One great lure held before the people is that into the conflict between the mule and the elephant would enter His Majesty the Camel. Neither Ford nor Hearst would ride to the polls on such a hump. The Tin Lizzie man is a thunder-gusting prohibitionist, and the newspaper owner always makes an appeal to the moral champions around election time. Since both conventions neglected the opportunity of making an issue of the countrys livest topic, it remains for congressmen to seek office on a plain truthful statement of what they will or will not do to modify the Volstead liquor statute. In the meantime, a third party might do well if it guarantee to protect Uncle Sam's bonded warehouses from theft. It seems now that the bulk of the whiskey and brandy barrels are doomed to surreptitious departure. Let's have a political party that will distribute this nectar to the citizens share and share alike instead of letting it slip into the hands of a favored few. This would be true equally.

An American Soviet Convention

Up to the present writing, the third party convention, assembled in Chicago by a body calling itself the Committee of Forty-eight, has resulted in the development of nothing of consequence beyond the alarming fact that the majority of its delegates believe themselves so assembled for no other purpose than to secure for this country a government based upon the present so-called government of Russia. Of course there are other elements in this convention, for it holds no less than fifteen distinct bodies, organized for the purpose of protesting against something that exists and whose existence they feel themselves called upon to terminate. As a matter of fact, it is merely a convention of soreheads of all political complexions, and, unhappily too, among the eight or nine hundred chronic objectors, there are a few men of distinction and education who are there because they have not been able to control the policies of the political parties to which they belonged, and so have decided to join any prospective party that will listen to their reactionary ideas. This, however, they have seemed unable to do, and the small band of "intellectuals" found themselves isolated from the main body almost at the very outset.

* * *

"Intellectuals" Not wanted

It became apparent from the start that this polyglot gathering wanted no leadership but its own voice, after the true soviet fashion, and each time any mention was made of sovietism, bolshevism, Russia, government control of all industrials for the benefit of the workers, and the confiscation of all funds in banks or elsewhere, there were great waves of welling and whistling, and when one speaker declared that he preferred the red flag to the Stars and Stripes, the assemblage went wild with enthusiasm, without police interference. The delegates of this stripe manifested a deep suspicion of the so-called "intellectuals," many of the speakers warning the delegates of the danger in the leadership of men who could only have come among them through sinister and selfish motives. There was much discussion and evidence of all-feeling concerning the name of the new party, and on this obviously inconsequential point the convention seemed likely to split up in a row. Among all of these discussions the labor unions seemed better organized, had a more definite idea of what they wanted, and their speakers were far less revolutionary and bolshevistic. But there was nothing but chaos and dissatisfaction during the first three meetings, with small hope of agreeing upon a platform or selecting a candidate.

* * *

Fighting Over Candidates

As far as the candidate for the presidency was concerned, there was exhibited an equal suspicion, equal indetermination, and many seemed to feel that there might not be any need for a leader at all other than the popular voice. Those who were for William Randolph Hearst sulked because he had declined to be the candidate, and they were indisposed to swallow La Follette, who all along has been regarded as the logical candidate; but he has come out with a statement that harmony must rule in the convention between all elements or he would not permit his name to be used. This narrowed the probable contest down to Henry Ford, and headquarters were opened and Ford buttons circulated. This was about all that had happened during the three days before this article was written, and it is a sad commentary upon the meaning of American citizenship that so many so-called Americans believed that it ought to be. As Senator Owens said in conversation during the Democratic convention here: "There is no need of a third party, for the same dissatisfied elements that would form one should organize for the purpose of purging the present parties of their destructive elements so that they may be purified and made worthy of the trust of the people."

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A great deal was said in this soviet convention about free speech. Surely enough there can be no complaint urged with reference to unbridled license as to opinions expressed therein, for it was as much of a soviet meeting as any that has ever occurred in Bolshevist Russia.

Happy Boy Scouts!

O, boy! Who wouldn't be one of the 300 boy scouts who sailed on the 6th from New York to London, to take part in the international celebration of their order? The transport Pocahontas carries across considerably more than a ton of boy, but there is no way of estimating the exact weight of the happiness aboard.

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly rising o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm."

The boy at play, starting off on a cruise to a great and unknown land, with his gay comrades, sends far into the background the ardent swain in the fulfilled happiness of first love.

Of the 300, the senior scout was Eagle Scout, who travelled from faraway Honolulu; the largest delegation, which came from Denver, included the famous band of forty-seven pieces. Boy scouts on land were stationed all the way to Sandy Hook to signal farewells to their young comrades. The boys will be away two months and, O joy! will also visit the Olympic games at Antwerp.

If the Europeans were astonished at the superb physiques of our army lads, their amazement will be colossal when they see our rosy-cheeked husky boy scouts. We are a great nation for raising fine children and have knocked into a cocked hat the theory about the old-fashioned European methods being ideal.

Far be it from us to be vain-glorious, but when men from all nations were assembled in Europe, we couldn't help seeing that the Americans were the finest physical types, with the keenest mentalities. We are glad that Europe is to have an object lesson of how our men look and act when they are kiddies.

A Grave Prohibition Menace

Among the many safeguards—they should be called dangerguards—adopted by whatever officials have in charge the enforcement of the Volstead act, none is so pernicious and destructive as that which provides for the poisoning of pure alcohol so that it may not be used for beverages. To those people who for various reasons have not become aware of the poisoning of pure spirits so that they cannot be drunk without endangering life, this is a direct and wanton hysteria of cant which shows a disgraceful indifference to what the consequences may be, so long as the ban against alcohol can be upheld. Here is a case in point: A man wishing to make an experiment requiring two ounces of grain spirits, connected with a medicinal mixture and not a beverage, applied to a druggist for it. He was told that he could not have it without a physician's prescription, and the only alcohol that could be sold to him without such prescription contained bichloride of mercury, which is a deadly poison, and so can only be used for external application. A recent order has come from the navy department to all ship apothecaries to mix either croton oil or bichloride of mercury with all alcohol on hand, so that the sailors who sometimes steal it shall not drink it without endangering their lives or actually committing suicide. Suppose the dispenser of this poisoned spirits should forget to warn the applicant of the danger in them? Is it to be believed that prohibitionists would rather secure the taking of human life than encourage the giving of a single strong drink? Who would be held accountable in the event of such loss of life? Such rules or laws are a menace to the public safety and should be at once repealed.

Studying the Japanese

George Shima, the potato king, once remarked that if Californians would boycott him for doubling the price of potatoes he would send his product east. His Imperial Potato Majesty has been testifying before the Congressional Board without intimating that if California does not like the Japs they would just as soon move toward the Atlantic. This investigation is a good opportunity for Candidate Harding, who says he knows very little about the Japanese question. No doubt Senator Phelan will keep all the candidates informed of what is going on, and quiz them afterward. Or, if Samuel Shortridge dons the toga, he will be primed with information gained at first hand in the length and breadth of this state, which has the unfortunate opportunity to experience the baneful effects of being the location for the entering wedge of the Japanese menace.

S. F.'s Unpardonable Fault

The New York "Times" last week published an editorial which illustrates the self-complacency of the populous east. News from San Francisco reaches New York too late, things happen here three hours later than there; therefore, it will never do to allow us the lead in any important national matter. Patience, big sister city! Don't get nervous. Hurry is the curse of the American nation. Be calm! Learn repose and give your little sister time to grow up. She's in the subdeb set now and everyone knows how a seasoned belle is annoyed by a peaches and cream, buoyant and gay rival. Give us but a little more time and with events marching at the rate they are going, we may be the metropolis and New York will have to wait three hours after events have happened here to get a line on what to do next. The future of America lies in the Pacific Ocean, to which we are 3000 miles nearer than New York.

The editorial in question was:

★ ★ ★

"The First and Last Convention

"San Francisco's ambition to be the scene, or 'locus,' of a national convention of one of the two big parties has been achieved. Why the achievement was allowed by the party managers is something hardly to be explained otherwise than on the theory that, like most Americans, they were willing to try anything once. Other reasons have been given, but they were rather vague and wholly inadequate.

"In this case, certainly, the first trial will be the last. In itself, San Francisco is all right. Nobody has a word to say against, and everybody has many words to say for, the way it has lodged, fed, and in general cared for and entertained the delegates and their friends and their guides and guardians. But San Francisco has one great and unpardonable fault as a convention city—it stands on the side of the continent last reached by the sun in his daily journey.

"The consequence is that, for the whole country east of the Pacific coast, news from San Francisco is delayed, and for a large part of the country the delay is a serious extent. Some Californians in their haste have said that their convenience and interest also deserve consideration, implying that they would be bothered as much by a convention in the east as the east is by one in the west. But that is not so. The difference in time favors them to the same degree that it disfavors us in this matter of news gathering and distributing. Had Mr. Cox been nominated in New York at 1:38 in the morning, all of San Francisco would have known it at 9:38 in the evening before—by their clocks, anyway, and it is by clocks that for human purposes time is measured and counted."

Gas, Coal and Sugar

For the last year or more the stern countenance of the world has been turned toward a shortage in one direction and then another. As soon as

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the necessity becomes acute, we are informed that the House of Representatives is conducting a probe. Whereat prices go up, and anyone interested may search for the result of the investigations in the Congressional Record. The lone onlooker may have noticed that these celebrated shortages usually precede a lift in the market price; when the new rate is established, there suddenly appears enough of the supply for everyone. This phenomenon occurs with sugar once or twice a month. Gasoline is now in the midst of it. They used to tell us that the United States is a great oil producer. Oil stock promoters went sky-high in optimism for new gushers. Now it appears that the optimistic automobile or ship owner is facing a shortage of gas. Of course the oil can't last forever. We console ourselves with the idea that before the gas gives out Edison will have discovered a substitute. Thus far the wizard is as non-committal as the corner groceryman when begged by the consumer for sugar. Coal there may be sufficient. The allies are demanding 2,000,000 tons a month of it as a war conquest. The allies are also getting oil as a part of their control in the league of nations. If the Democrats are elected we may share in this boon. Admiral Benson, chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board, says that there is plenty of fuel oil in the Far East, and that other countries are getting it. Rather than fight it out with the man at the service station, our millions of auto owners might vote for Cox and the league of nations. Then, when we face a shortage of anything, we could probe the whole world instead of the third assistant secretary of some frightened corporation.

Judge Ward Avoids Beings Vamped

Women who attend court after this will pay strict attention to their costumes. Judge Ward having jailed the Princess Della Pattra for contempt of court because she appeared before him in Egyptian attire, it behooves all of our society dames with royal blood in their veins to beware. Donning regal attire is a crime in a republic. The princess no doubt felt that she was dignifying the occasion rather than rendering it criminally absurd. When in court, wear a court gown surely, thought the princess. And then —shades of Pharaoh! The learned cadi becomes indignant and imposes a fine. Perhaps Judge Ward fancies that Della Pattra is merely an Egyptian cigarette model, no cousin to the Ptolemies, and without right to appear in the royal garb. At any rate, he assured himself that Attorney Samuels was not an accessory before the fact; otherwise Samuels would have been in the $10 or ten days class himself. Not long ago a woman in a backless gown of today would have shocked even a hotel clerk out of his ennui, or whatever he calls the peculiar nonchalance that is his. When we say "backless" our readers must look up the latest cut to know what we mean. I suppose a woman who has a court engagement on her way to dinner must be careful that she does not show the lower section of her trapezius, unless she have her purse with her in preparation of a fine. If it be mid-summer and she wear no stockings (and so presumably having no place for her purse), she would be in a thrilling predicament. It would be only fair that judges announce what national costumes they allow in their court. If it be the intention to make San Francisco the Paris of America in setting the styles for the world, this, of course, is a good beginning. If you must be a vamp and call your lover "caveman," please be so good as to vamp in local drapery. Still, it seems to me that the most satisfactory garb for the role is Egyptian; and I'll bet that everyone else in the courtroom thought likewise. I do not feel that my court has been done an indignity; but his honor has the run of the place, and no doubt knows what's what. Though, if I had to choose between his honor and her highness as to what a real or make-believe princess should wear in court, I'd trust the latter. My only fear is that the judge has unwittingly lent himself to a press agent's wiles, and that a subsequent scenario will have the whole story on the silver screen, with De la Pattra ogling a movie judge to ruin a la Theda Bara. And then, you can't speak of vampires without adding—a fool there was.

Julius Kahn for Congress

It is a source of satisfaction to Californians that Julius Kahn is again a candidate for Congress. His is a splendid record, and it would be futile for a rival to endeavor to unseat him. He has the needs of California at his fingers' ends, the broad vision to build for our future greatness, the courage to fight for our rights, and an intelligence and personality which win respect for him wherever he appears to present our requirements.

Murder Mysteries

Whenever the police department or the coroner captures a prize puzzle in the shape of a libertine, we are amazed at the number of women who gayly step forth and declare what a wonderful man he was. The chap who is mysteriously shot in his own or somebody's else bed-chamber at 3 a. m. is likely to leave behind a number of hearts that believe in his sincerity and are willing to testify that his taking off was a bit of bungling on the part of somebody. It is always interesting to follow the social customs and other data which the police gather when a member of the gay whirl has been whirled to his finish In his set, card parties, dancing and conversationes terminated at dawn, if they terminated at all. We are assured by the witnesses that the hour when Francis Scott Key espied the star-spangled banner is the usual time for assemblies to break up, and that no one would innocently think of leaving before that. One is left in doubt as to what really is the correct hour for callers to say good-night We hear from London that several exclusive women's clubs are sending the men guests home at 11:30 p. m. This is considered an act of despotism on the part of club officials, who seemingly become superbly moral after appointment to some committee or other. It may be that the London committee ladies are merely bent on cutting down the gas and electric bills, not knowing that there is a little device by which an incandescent bulb can be regulated and thus save the electric fluid. Or, again, there may be a notion that after 11:30 p. m. evil thoughts, opium fantasies and many other unwarranted affairs emanate to baffle the police. If a man have anything worth while saying he can jolly well say it before 11:30. If not, then he can call again. This has been the rule in many families. But clubs, for the most part, are maintained as places of refuge from home rigors. Nevertheless, dainty young women should remember that when the card party does not break up at, say, midnight, perhaps one of the players will get into a fatal scrape before breakfast, and you will be called on as a witness. Moral: Keep your eye on your gloves and veil.

Still After Draft Evaders

There has been no slacking up of the slacker chase, and hopeless is the plight of those who fancied that the end of the war would cause a cessation of hostilities in the department of justice. Thirty thousand cases are still to be followed through; including those for fibs in the questionnaires. Five thousand men have already been convicted. This is more than the number of profiteers sent to jail; but we trust that Uncle Sam will be as perservering and relentless in one case as the other.

Senator Penrose Growls

It has been believed that the coming presidential campaign was going to be a clean fight, free from abuse and the laundering of dirty linen, when along comes Senator Boise Penrose of Pennsylvania, interposing what is vulgarly described as a "loud holler" at the nomination of James M. Cox, and declares that he was nominated by the politicians of the ward-heeler type, who, in some way or other, got under the reputable old-line reputable Democrats and shoved them overboard. The "holler" is easily explained. Senator Penrose is the undisputed Republican boss of Pennsylvania, dictated the nomination of Harding by telephone from his sick bed in Philadelphia, and naturally wanted a weak candidate to oppose him. This obviously was his fellow townsman, Attorney General Palmer, whom he knew could not possibly be elected, and, naturally enough, he has worked himself into a frenzy because the San Francisco convention nominated a man who can. He will not carry Pennsylvania, for Penrose has the vote of that state in his well-lined jeans, but wait until the votes are counted next November, dear senator!

Really, Mexico Is a Joke!

A ghastly one, it is true, but nevertheless nearly everything that happens within the geographical confines of our wayward stepsister across the border is calculated to inspire a laugh. It is learn that already there have developed the outcroppings of rebellion against the presidency of Obregon, the latest "Liberador de Mexico," and he has not yet been even nominated, except by himself and his followers in the past rebellion. It is reported by recently returned sojourners in Mexico that De la Huerta likes being president immensely, and would like to continue in office, and it is not unlikely that after Obregon has been inducted into the presidential chair the present provisional executive will throw him out of it, after the fashion of the Huerta of bloody memory, who had Madero assassinated, made himself President, and was clever enough to secure recognition by the United States! We were just about as hasty and unwise in recognizing Carranza. It was an unwisdom that was necessary, however, for the sake of subserving the

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interests of carpet-bagging Americans, and, while there seems to be more or less delay in recognizing De la Huerta, it will doubtless be done, for he is really the de facto ruler, and diplomatic negotiations of some kind must not be suspended for any considerable space of time. The latest phase of the Mexican joke has been the recent attempt to quiet the uncompromising criminal Pancho Villa, whose terms for a cessation of hostilities were: Absolute control of the state of Chihuahua, immunity from arrest or other legal action, and the right to surround himself with an army of fellow cutthroats to number 500. His terms were not accepted, but it has not yet been made evident that attempts to slay or imprison him have gone any further than the usual feeble bluffing and he is still giving his supposed pursuers the merry ha-ha. He will no doubt still continue so to do, and anyone on this side of the border who has a real sense of humor will laugh with him, although they will laugh much louder when somebody finally gets him out of the way.

Abusing Our Climate

We San Franciscans have been congratulating ourselves upon the encomiums heaped upon our bracing and salubrious climate by the three or four thousand casterners who attended the Democratic convention. We knew to our own satisfaction that it is notoriously the best in the United States, but in view of the unstinted praise heaped upon it by these enthusiastic visitors, we have encouraged ourselves into the belief that it must be the best in all the world. Now, however, comes the editor of the "Omaha Bee," who slathers our beloved climate with the most vituperative and venomous abuse—see last Sunday's "Chronicle"—that it has ever received. And this from a land of torrid heat in summer and arctic frigidity in winter; where intermittent cyclones have done more damage than all of the semi-occasional California earthquakes put together; which has raised nothing of importance but a great deal of corn, a little wheat, many prohibitionists, and William Jennings Bryan! The gentleman must have been disappointed because some of his political dope, as compounded in the "Omaha Bee" in advance of the convention, did not "take" there; or else he probably favored Bryan or ventured a guess that Senator Hitchcock was pretty certain to be the inevitable dark horse candidate. At all events, his wholesale collection of expletives fired at our climate is provocative of laughter rather than resentment, and recalls a visit to San Francisco many years ago by Digby Bell as baritone of the Conley Barton comic opera company of pleasant memory.

Bell had been added to the company without advance preparation, and as he knew none of the roles in the company's repertoire, he was driven almost to distraction by continuous study, added to which he was a chronic dyspeptic who for many years lived on little else than milk and crackers. Some one approached him one day, intending to secure from him his impressions of San Francisco. But he had gone no further than, "Have you—" when Bell turned on him savagely with:

"Yes, I've been to the Cliff House, and I've seen the seals, and your climate is rotten, your restaurants worse, and you and your whole town can go to ——!"

Obviously the Omahan is another Digby Bell, and, furthermore, in reply to the indiscriminate stinging we received from his "Omaha Bee," it is pleasant to say that the writer had intimate association with five or six delegates during the convention. One of them declared that he intended to spend all of his future summers here, another is shortly to return with his family, Secretary of State Colby envied anyone who was so fortunate as to be blessed with residence in this "remarkable climate," and Mr. C. C. Calhoun, grandson of the great John C., a noted corporation attorney of Washington, D. C., and president of the Rocky Mountain Oil Company, was so captivated by the glorious climate of the bay region that he proposes to spend half of each year here, and is seriously considering the purchase of the magnificent F. C. Havens residence in Piedmont.

Society for Prevention of Amendments

For some time I have noticed signs of activity among my friends of the Society for Upholding the Sanctity of Marriage. I now see that they are out with a campaign for a federal amendment making divorce impossible. We know some one who recently predicted that federal amendments would become cheap as hay and a drug on the market. The high-faluting attempt of the constitution to make certain things impossible began June 30, 1919. As applied to divorce, a large opposition can be foreseen from women voters—not all of them, but a considerable some. Without a legal severance of the ties there are husbands who would cut the Gordian marriage-knot by decamping to parts unknown; just as in olden times they went to sea or to war or to new countries and began life anew. Men with large business affairs couldn't do this today. But if they merely fail to show up for breakfast, what could their lady wifies do? A man could carry in his pocket all the letters he wanted to, signed, "Peach," "Birdie," "Your loving Nell," and all that. He's wife could find them in his old clothes, in his bureau drawer, trunk, valise, inside the piano, and under the carpet; yet she would have no legal redress. She could burst into tears, and he could explode in equally loud laughter, giving her to read a copy of Amendment XXIII. Maybe there would be laws haling a married man before a judge for carrying illicit love letters; then, whenever wifie comes upon one, he could be fined for contempt of court. This is good for marriage, but the constitution, instead of being a Bill of Rights, will soon be dangerously near a Catalogue of Wrongs; and we shall have to read it carefully each day to learn what is imposisble. Certain people are impossible, and don't know it. And liberty—thou art a jewel in pawn! Can't we organize a society for the prevention of amendments?

A Visionary Burglar

Armed with a water pistol, a seventeen-year-old lad attempted to break into the home of the late Andrew Carnegie last week at Fifth Avenue and Ninety-first Street, N. Y., but was arrested and later held in the Harlem Court in $500 bail for unlawful entry.

The boy left his home in Paterson almost three weeks ago to go to his work in Manhattan, and that, his mother said, was the last she had seen of him. Several days ago she told the Paterson police her son was missing and asked them to search for him.

Early next morning he was found lying on the lawn of the Carnegie mansion, where he had fallen from the ten-foot iron fence which he had climbed to make his entry. Mathey Riley, engineer for the Carnegies, heard groans and discovered they came from the boy, who was wounded when he lost his balance. On him was found a water pistol, flash light and a home-made mask.

In court, the boy told the magistrate his funds were running low and he believed he could get something at the fashionable home. He gave his occupation as that of a typist. He is five feet six inches in height and weighs only eighty-five pounds. He is lame, wearing a high shoe on one foot.

Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, widow of the financier, and their daughter, Mrs. Roswell Miller, and the latter's baby daughter, were asleep in the house when the boy's alleged attempt to break in was made. Consequently they did not hear of it until later in the morning.

What a story is here for the noble work of a Lady Bountiful!

Social Heredity

Man is no mushroom growth of Yesterday.
His roots strike deep into the hallow'd mold
Of dead centuries; ordinances old
Govern us, whether gladly we obey
Or vainly struggle to resist their sway:
Our thoughts by ancient thinkers are controlled,
And many a word in which our thoughts are told
Was coined long since in regions far away.
The strong-souled nations, destined to be great,
Honor their sires and reverence their Past;
They cherish and improve their heritage.
The weak, in blind self-trust or headlong rage,
The olden times' transmitted treasures cast
Behind them, and bemoan their loss too late.

—John Kells Ingram

Nationality

Each nation master at its own fireside—
The claim is just, and so one day 't will be;
But a wise race the time of fruit will bide,
Nor pluck th' unripened apple from the tree.

—John Kells Ingram

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By TANTALUS

The Bohemian Grove Organ

No more impressive ceremony has ever been held in the redwood forest of the Bohemian Club than was the dedication of the lately installed splendid pipe organ on Saturday night last. It was not expected that many Bohemians could be lured away from their city haunts to a mere musical recital, especially in the absence of any but meagre stocks of sequestered stimulant. But there was a large number of apparent musical enthusiasts present, and when California's and Bohemia's veteran organist, Samuel D. Meyer, took his seat at the conseil, the mighty forest resounded with cheers, which were repeated with mightier resonance and power when he had finished his first selection. Sam Meyer was in and of Bohemia almost at its very inception, and although carrying more than the weight of eighty years upon his not yet very bent shoulders, is still an active Bohemian and the official organist of the Masonic Temple.

This magnificent addition to the wonders of the Bohemian Grove was secured through the patient energies of Joseph D. Redding, who has long had a dream that pictured an organ up there in the redwoods some day or other, and last Saturday night's unusual function was the result, Joe having secured an awakening from his dream to a sense of delighted fulfillment through the more material assistance of Bohemians who have and are unafraid and munificent when asked to give.

It was no small task to install successfully so sensitive an instrument as is a pipe organ in the dampness and varying temperatures of a redwood forest, but there must be some way to do it, thought Joe, and the way was found. A heavily constructed vault of concrete was built that would hermetically seal the vault, aside from necessary ventillation, and electricity was brought from nearby Monte Rio, so that an even temperature might be assured to preserve the precious instrument from damage or decay. Most of the first organ recital's audience returned to the city on Sunday afternoon, proud as a bunch of Lucifers at their new possession, but a goodly number of vacationists remained, in addition to the batallion of advance guard stage managers who are to perfect the arrangements for the unusually elaborate Cremation of Care Ceremonies and Low Jinks, on the 10th, and the Grove play; "Ilys of Muron," on the 24th. This is by Bohemian C. O. Doble; it has been wedded to music by Diderico Marcelli, and will be elaborately written up in these columns when produced, for its argument has already been published in the daily papers.

Judge Graham, John McCormack, Dr. Laurentz

The people of this city have always deeply appreciated the Auditorium since we have had it, so it was a source of pleasure to us to hear our visitors to the Democratic convention sing its praises too. It certainly did behave well in its new acoustic raiment, which contributed hugely to the enjoyment of the patient thousands who found entertainment in listening to the oratorical efforts of our statesmen and stateswomen-to-be.

Judge Thomas F. Graham was absent on his vacation during the session, but says that had he been here he would have enjoyed more than the flow of oratory or the excitement of the candidates' contest, the spectacle of the cosmopolitanism of the audience. This is a statement easy of credence, for "the great reconciler" loves to see everybody united and at peace, out in the wide world as well as in the family circle. The judge said that the Auditorium is a perfect leveler of rank, a successful advocate of democracy. This was forcefully borne in upon him during the McCormack concerts there, when, seated beside a millionaire banker were: a hodcarrier who had put aside $3.50 of his daily wage for one of the finest seats to hear the great bard sing the lays of Ireland; a famous clergyman the neighbor of a rich ex-prizefighter; a petted society queen in the same row with a manicurist—all drawn by the magic of the renowned voice of John McCormack.

Judge Graham said that the realization of this great human leveling force came to him once before in the Yosemite Valley, whose psychic appeal draws celebrities and scissors-grinders with equal magnetism. He cited the instance of Dr. Laurentz, the great bone specialist of Chicago, who, seated upon the front porch of the Sentinel Hotel, bemoaned his folly in coming out to view the advertized phenomena of the wondrous park. Bored to extinction by the view of the stern Sentinel Rock, of the laughing, joyful fall, of the grandeur of the distant haughty peaks, the surgeon looked about him for human companionship, and found it in the society of a baggage-smasher who had dropped for a rest on the steps beside the great specialist. Receiving no inspiration from the glories of nature, the doctor found a congenial spirit in the humble social iconoclast.

Miss Hélene Comte is the guest of Miss Elizabeth Lacombe, who, with her mother, is spending her vacation at the home of her brother, Rev. George Lacombe, in Mayfield. Last week Miss Lacombe invited a number of her young friends for a week-end in honor of her friend, Miss Katherine Bigelow, who departed on Wednesday for her home at an eastern army post. Miss Lacombe is a sophomore at U. C.

Mrs. Helen Stephens and Miss Denise Rainsworth are in Perth, Australia, where Mrs. Shephens went to attend to her large mining interests which are in Koolgardie, forty miles from Perth. The marriage of the beautiful Mrs. Stephens and Miss Rainsworth's father is expected to take place in November in New York. It will be a brilliant affair, as both bride and groom have distinguished connections in eastern society.

The marriage Wednesday, July 7th, in Los Angeles, Cal., of Miss Ruth Gordon, daughter of Mrs. J. P. Gordon of Columbus, O., to Mr. Hays Busch of Los Angeles, has been announced. The ceremony was at St. Johns Church, and was witnessed by immediate friends. Mrs. Gordon entertained with a wedding dinner at her Los Angeles home, 611 South Ardmore Street, after the ceremony. With her three daughters, Ruth, Louise and Marjorie Ann, Mrs. Gordon has been in California for several months.

Miss Francis Pringle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, entertained a number of her girl friends at a delightfully informal luncheon recently at her parents' home in Menlo Park. The affair was in honor of Miss Jeanette Riley, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Riley. In the morning the girls went swimming, and later in the afternoon they motored through the picturesque country surrounding the Pringle home. The guests were: Misses Adrienne Sharp, Jean Howard, Isabelle Bishop, Florence Russell, Edna Taylor, Francesca Deering, Ynez Macondray and Virginia Hanna.

Mrs. Inez Keenan of Atalaya Terrace is spending the month in Banff.

Judge and Mrs. Thomas F. Graham have returned from their vacation spent in Bartlett. Their daughter, Mrs. William Manaton, was a faithful and enthusiastic attendant at the Democratic convention.

Mr. Charles F. Hanlon is in Los Angeles. Before returning to town he will motor to San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lambley are entertaining a succession of house parties in their delightful Shasta Springs home.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale and their son are enjoying their home in Shasta Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. McPeak and daughter, of Los Angeles, and Mrs. M. B. Walker are in Coronado.

Miss Blanche Murray and Miss Dorothy Rankin have cabled of their safe arrival in England. They are now at the magnificent country place of Miss Murrays aunut, Mrs. Charlton Wall, in Surrey.

Mrs. Seabury Mastick Wood and her daughter, Miss Lola Wood, have returned to their home on California Street after a three weeks' visit in the Yosemite Valley.

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Casa del Rey

Mrs. Anna E. Peterson and her daughter, Miss Maud, who have just returned from a three months' sojourn in Panama, are stopping at the Casa del Rey, from whence they will go to Paso Robles for a few days, returning to S. F. to their home at Hotel Cecil.

Mr. and Mrs. John McGinn of San Mateo are making quite a protracted stay at Santa Cruz, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wood of Fairbanks, Alaska.

Mr. D. R. Williams and his attractive daughter, Miss Dorothy, from Manila, are at Casa del Rey.

Mrs. Bowditch Morton of New York and Paris also is a guest at the hotel. Miss Augusta D. Ames is with Mrs. Morton.

Now that the excitement of the holidays is over, many family parties are enjoying the full delights of the beach at Santa Cruz. Dr. E. D. Kneeffe is staying at the Casa del Rey with his family. Another happy family group at the hotel is Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Mohr, with Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Mohr, r., and Master Rudolph Mohr III.

Dr. and Mrs. S. L. Kasper have just returned to the city after an extended stay at Santa Cruz, accompanied by their daughter and Mrs. Kasper's mother, Mrs. Fisk.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Carrol, B. Frank and William Sanford motored down to the Casa del Rey for the week-end.

Don't Tell Lies

According to Geraldine Ferrar, the old and familiar aphorism which states that the Lord loves a cheerful liar is a whopping big lie in itself. She has recently been interviewed with reference to the serenely happy and comfortable existence she lives with her handsome husband, and declares that the chief reason for this much-to-be-envied state of connubial bliss is a strict observance of the commandment which forbids us to bear false witness against our neighbor, or, in other words, to lie. She avers with the utmost confidence that the truth and nothing but the truth must be observed under and all circumstances, no matter what, because an offense concealed becomes tenfold graver later on when the lie is nailed. The husband and wife should maintain the strictest confidence between each other, and if either shall commit an error or infraction of matrimonial ethics, he or she should at once confess it, debate it in its different bearings, and then such punishment as it seems necessary to inflict should be meted out mutually. Then the two can kiss and make up, promising to offend no more until the next time, when the same process can be repeated, the same kiss exchanged and the same promise made, leaving no trace of bad feeling behind it. From another and vastly different quarter comes an earnest ratification of the same rule. The army murderer, Wanderer, whom the police say is the most cold-blooded one they have ever encountered, said in his confession that the main cause of his downfall, ending with a double murder, can be attributed to a long-protracted system of deception and prevarication, and that when he is on the scaffold there will be only two last words, "Don't lie." This on the basis that if the rule be strictly observed it will be impossible to commit any offense that would have to be concealed, which is sound logic and very excellent advice.

Anecdotes of Macklin

One day Dr. Johnson quoted a passage from a Greek poet in support of his opinion. "I don't understand Greek though, doctor," said Macklin. "Sir," said Johnson pompously, "a man who undertakes to argue should understand all languages." "Oh, very well," returned Macklin; "how will you answer this argument?" and immediately treated him to a long quotation in Irish.

One night, sitting at the back of the front boxes with a gentleman of his acquaintance, one of the underbred box-lobby loungers of the day stood up immediately before him, and being rather large in person, covered the sight of the sage from him. Patting him gently on the shoulder with his cane, Macklin politely asked him "when he saw or heard anything very entertaining on the stage, to turn around and let him and the gentleman beside him know of it; for you see, my dear sir," added the veteran, "that at present we must totally depend on you as a telegraph." This had the desired effect, and the lounger walked off.

An Irish dignitary of the church, not remarkable for his veracity, complaining that a tradesman of his parish had called him a liar, Macklin asked what reply he had made to him. "I told him," said th bishop, "that a lie was among the things that I dared not commit." "And why, doctor," returned Macklin, with an indescribable sort of comic frown, "why did you give the rascal so erroneous a notion of your courage?"

Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God hath already accepted they works. Let thy garments be always white; and let not thy head lack ointment. Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity, which he hath given thee under the sun—all the days of thy vanity; for that is thy portion in life, and in thy labor wherein thou laborest under the sun. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest.

I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all. For man also knoweth not his time; as the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare, even so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them.

I have also seen wisdom under the sun on this wise, and it seemed great unto me. There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise men, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength; nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.—Ecclesiastics.

A well-known novelist had the misfortune to be buttonholed by two over-gushing ladies as he was getting into a train. As the train started on its way, they opened fire at him in a manner which he much resented.

Presently the train entered a tunnel.

The novelist raised his hand in the darkness and administered to it a resounding kiss.

When the light returned, he bent over the two ladies, who were icily regarding each other, and said, with suavity:

"Dear ladies, the great regret of my life will be that I shall never find out which of you two kissed me." After that silence reigned.

A college student once asked his professor if he could not take a shorter course than the one laid down in the prospectus of the institution.

"That depends," replied the professor, "upon what you wish to make of yourself. When nature wants to make an oak she works away on the job for a hundred years, but if she only wants to make a vegetable marrow she needs only a few months."

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The Stage

Alcazar

"Peg o' My Heart," entangled in a web of litigation for the past year, has at last been secured by the Alcazar for its last week on the San Francisco stage, beginning at next Sunday's matinee. It will be simply a question of how many people are able to secure seats, and those who play the laggard will find themselves on the outside looking in. "Peg o' My Heart," since its famous two years in New York, has smashed box office records in every American city, large and small. So phenomenal a success has been unequalled in the history of the stage. Its appeal is to every man, woman and child. Perhaps that is because it is vitally wholesome and human, as well as joyously humorous and tenderly pathetic. It is one of those rare comedies that one never tires of seeing. Inez Ragan, the Alcazar's buoyant leading woman, who is winning new friends this week in "On the Hiring Line," should be an ideal Peg, the high-spirited little Irish-American girl, stubbornly patriotic in loyalty to the land of her birth, yet lovable and wittily Irish in her nature. Dudley Ayres has one of his favorite roles, the philosophical, happy-go-lucky Jerry, who is her friend and adorer. Very interesting will be the special engagement of beloved Emelie Melville in the grand-dame role, which she created and played hundreds of times in the original New York production of "Peg." Emily Pinter, Jean Oliver, Brady Kline, Ben Erway and Rafael Brunetto will complete a perfect cast.

"A Tailor-Made Man," another notable popular success, to follow on Sunday, July 25th, is big in humor, romance, humanity and sheer audacity, and in cast, for it has twenty-five speaking parts. It has been secured through special arrangement with Cohan & Harris.

Scotti Opera Co.

Opera performances correct and authorative in every detail, performances that must be of the same high standard in Waco, Texas, or any other moderate-sized city as they are at the Metropolitan Opera House, are some of the things that are insisted upon by Antonio Scotti, who is bringing a great grand opera company from the Metropolitan Opera House to San Francisco early in October for a week of grand opera at the Exposition Audtiorium. Scotti believes that communities that see opera only occasionally are entitled to see the very finest his company is capable of giving, which means that it is as fine as it is possible to give. With artists, chorus, scenery, and even the great orchestra from the Metropolitan Opera House, Scotti has had the world's greatest material with whihc to work, and the result is little less than astounding. To see grand opera just as it is given at the Metropolitan in New York city on the stage of the theatre or auditorium of your home city is a pleasure that comes only too seldom, if at all.

Uda Waldrop Helps the Convention

No one could have sat through even a portion of a session at the Democratic convention without becoming sensible of the vital part the great organ played in its psychology. Every day the eastern correspondents spoke of it, and by this time all the eastern cities have grouped it with the fountains in the Civic Center, our mild climate, Twin Peaks, Russian Hill and Chinatown. Bands would never have been so effective, and its magnificent voice was used more than once to swerve an untimely stampede. For instance, once when the Cox band played "Ohio," the tired delegates were noticeably under the spell of the state where presidents are born. Word was sent up to the Shapiro band to play patriotic airs, but the Cox band held its own. Then Uda Waldrop was notified, and he joined in lustily with the organ's mighty tones until moods were geographically adjusted upon the floor. For the convention session, it would have been hard to find an organist who would have entered so buoyantly into the spirit of the occasion as Uda Waldrop. In San Francisco his well-earned reputation for amiability and desire to please is as well established as his musicianly skill.

The keynote of the programme was patriotism and concentrated Americanism. Therefore music lent its aid. The songs of the people for four generations must be played, and Uda Waldrop knew them all, and what was more to the point, played them too. He was there all the time at every session, except upon a very few occasions when Mr. Lemare played.

The committee and the delegates were so impressed with Waldrop's indefatigable devotion to the musical section of their programme that when they adjourned on the last day after the nomination of Roosevelt, the chairman sent up a request to Waldrop for a programme of classical selections, that they might have the pleasure of hearing the superb instrument at its best. Mr. Waldrop played for an hour, and the assembly paid him the tribute of remaining and listening attentively. After that who shall say that politicians are soulless?

* * *

Tales the Organ Told

It was not all seriousness in the organ loft where the distinguished visitors sat. Waldrop had to have sentries stationed near to prevent encounters with request fiends. For instance, a few pious souls were shocked at the strains of "Over There," "California," "Ohio," "Beautiful Doll," etc., and wished to hear "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Onward, Christian Soldier"—even "Lead, Kindly Light." Mr. Gallagher, official organ tuner, stood guard, and when a request was presented with too pressing vehemence, he managed to convey the laconic but effective "Beat it!" to Waldrop.

The Wisconsin delegates sent a copy of "Oh! Wisconsin," a ditty new to fame, and when it wasn't played shouted through megaphones, "What's the matter with 'Oh! Wisconsin'?" "We want 'Oh! Wisconsin'!" until the chairman had to comply with their demand. It did not make a hit, so was passed into the musical discard.

Mrs. Borden Harriman took a place on the organ bench, where her dowager good looks and smart frocks were pleasant to look at. She was so actively engaged in waving and smiling whenever McAdoo's name was mentioned that at moments she was dangerously near to helping a landslide toward his nomination. Finally the committee sent up a message that no one was to occupy the organ bench except Mr. Waldrop and his wife. Mrs. Waldrop was assigned that seat as a matter of courtesy, so the fair McAdoo supporter went into eclipse.

Mrs. Harriman is a close friend of the Wilson family. Before the President's marriage to Mrs. Galt it was rumored that Mr. Wilson might choose Mrs. Harriman for a bride, but his marriage to his present wife has not lessened the cordiality of their friendship.

Otis Skinner to Film "Kismet"

With the arrival of Otis Skinner in California, all is in readiness for the filming of "Kismet," Skinner's greatest stage success, for release by Robertson-Cole.

L. J. Gasnier, noted director, under whose guidance the production will be secured, has assembled a staff of expert assistants to aid him in his work.

The settings are being designed and erected under the direction of Frank D. Ormston, one of the foremost art directors in the film world. A graduate of the Columbia University and for many years connected with the theatre, Mr. Ormston made a name for himself in motion pictures with the noval and unique settings he created for Pavlowa's "The Dumb Girl of Portici," Lois Weber's "For Husbands Only" and Lew Cody's "The Beloved Cheater" and "The Butterfly Man."

Another important forthcoming production from the same distributing company is "Moon Madness," to be produced with an all-star cast which includes Edith Storey, Joseph Swickard, William Courtleigh, Sam De Grasse, Wallace McDonald and Irene Hunt. This production is soon to be released. It was produced by Haworth, under the direction of Colin Campbell, and tells a romantic story of love and adventure in the desert and the Latin quarter of Paris.

Bertha Kalich, Fairy God-Mother

Not so many years ago, in far-off Roumania, a little girl dreamed wild, beautiful dreams of becoming a great actress. The little girl knew, as only true genius knows, that in her glowed the divine spark, but she knew, too, that before her lay almost insurmountable obstacles—poverty, racial prejudice, lack of influence and opportunity. But before her indomitable spirit all these were overcome, and while still a girl, Bertha Kalich was hailed as a star in the capital of her own country. Then she came to the land of the free, and among the people of her own race she grew in fame as an actress of superb attainments. She was playing in Yiddish then in New York, but studied the language of her own country, so that before long she was a Broadway star. Kalich has never forgotten her days of struggle, and in the midst of her own activities she has always found time to encourage others who too were struggling. And so, when to a visit to the Neighborhood Playhouse recently, she witnessed the performance of a little fifteen-year-old girl, Jean Green, whose artistry in dancing and pantomime at once engaged the interest of the experienced actress, she determined to be a fairy godmother to the promising young child. She learned that little Jean was just graduating from grammar school, that she had won several prizes for her stage work at the playhouse, that she was fairly burning with ambition, but like her own self in childhood—without influence or guidance. The rest reads just like a fairy story. The beautiful and gifted star touched the little girl with a magic wand and announced that then and there she was a professional actress, a member of the star's own com-

ALCAZAR

THIS WEEK—THE LAUGHING HIT
"ON THE HIRING LINE"
ONE WEEK COMMENCING NEXT SUNDAY, JULY 18
Secure Seats Early
For the Best Drawing Comedy on the Stage
"PEG O' MY HEART"
A Breath of Perfume from a Rose-Scented Garden
That Has Gladdened Millions of Hearts by
Its Wit, Sparkle and Tenderness
THE ALCAZAR COMPANY
INEZ RAGAN AND DUDLEY AYRES
SUNDAY MATINEE, JULY 25—A Great Comedy
Immensely Popular Cohan & Harris Success
"A TAILOR MADE MAN"
A Play of Humor, Humanity and Happiness
SOON—"FAIR AND WARMER"
Every Eve.—Mats. Sun., Thurs., Sat.

pany, with an appearance on Broadway itself early in the season when Kalich makes her appearance in "Sophia Korona." She is about to realize her fondest dreams, and, better yet, she is to be the friend and companion of her adored Madame Kalich; which goes to show that there are more ways than one in which dreams come true.

Score Another for Alcazar!

"On the Hiring Line" was the offering for this week, and I imagine that the patrons of our almost faultless stock company liked its comedy complications far better than they did the quiet cutey-cutiness of "The Cinderella Man." Harriet Ford and Harvey O'Higgins are a good comedy-producing team, and each of them must have had those exasperating experiences with household servants which seem to be the irremovable destiny of all home-builders to "keep house," and they embodied them all in this play with fine effect both constructively and creatively. Were it not for the fact that the management has announced one of the prettiest plays ever written for next week, which the same is "Peg o' My Heart," I should question the wisdom of confining the run of "On the Hiring Line" to a single week, for it is truly "some show," and if the original New York production was any better it must have had a veritable star cast. The very pretty and deliciously chic Inez Ragan improves on acquaintance, and scored quite daintily and effectively as the wife in the country who hates that sort of life and is willing to go to any extreme that will project her back into the whirl of Gotham. Of course, she resembles an ingenue bride rather than a housekeeper of extended experience in domestic troubles, but her earnest sincerity more than atoned for the not very important absence of commanding presence. She will be fitted to an eye-flash next week, however, and I predict that some of the laurels of the original Peg will be plucked from her well-deserved crown. Dudley Ayres as the insistent husband who is determined to live in the country despite the lack of help, and who hires two detectives to act in that capacity, made another stride forward to inspire forgetfulness of his several capable predecessors. Al Cunningham, fresh from his recent actual experience in capturing a burglar, was simply immense as the detective-butler, and Anna MacNaughton as his associate maid-sleuth again proved her ability to play strong character parts very admirably. Once more it is to be regretted that clever Emily Pinter did not have a stronger part to write about, and little Jane Oliver proved to the satisfaction of all those present that she was in the cast. Ben Erway again scored pleasantly, and so did Brady Kline as the actor out of a job, once more suggesting, however, the old query to authors: "Why should the unemployed actor always be made to act and appear like a mendicant?" To conclude, "On the Hiring Line" was too good for one week's run, but that's Ed Price's business.

Clay M. Greene.

THE WISE MAN'S SACK

By S. Weir Mitchell

At noon prayer, on a Friday, in Ramazan, the Caliph looked from the Maksurah and saw the Khateb exhorting the many who were poor or sad by reason of death, and who daily went to and fro from the house of weeping to the grave of loss, and found neither peace in one nor forgetfulness in the other. At last, seeing that none shed their sorrows or sought comfort, but still slept on the bed of grief and watered the pillows of lamentation, the Khateb descended from his seat, and sat himself by the fountain in the courtyard, and one by one repeated the Hundred Sacred Names, and murmured "the words light on the tongues of men and heavy in the balance of God." Then came one, a teller of tales, and the son of a teller of tales, and the father of all such as listen to a tale and love it. And as the Khateb murmured and mumbledf, the teller of tales lifted his voice to the faithful and said:

"Once in a strange land a king took a city and, meaning to destroy it, bade each dweller therein to carry away with him what most he valued. Some took gold and some food, but one a great sack. Said the king, 'What is that you carry?' And the man replied, 'It is full of laughter.' To him returned the king, 'You are wise. I have forgotten how to laugh. Divide with me.' Whereon said the man, 'Allah teacheth charity. Take what you will.' And the king took, and grew gay with the wine of mirth, and said, 'This shall ransom the city.' As for him who bore the sack, he made him lord over all who cannot smile."

Such as heard this story were moved to merriment and forgot to weep. But the saint cried, "When death taketh thy city, canst thou carry away a sack of laughter?"

"I know not," said the teller of tales; "Allah, who maketh all, is maker of mirth, as of grief. Some say, 'Who wins, laughs;' but I, 'who laughs, wins.' Therefore let us fill our mule bags with laughter and our camel bags with mirth, and wait for the king to destroy this city of earth."

The other night Maisie's father brought a guest home to dinner, a very intense young man. He sat next to Maisie at table.

"Everyone has a mission in life," he murmured to Maisie after the fish course.

"Is that so?" asked Maisie in surprise. "What is yours, then?"

The prig cast his eyes up to the ceiling.

"My dear young lady," he said, "my mission is to save young men."

It was too much for Maisie.

"That's fine," she giggled, "I wish you'd save a nice one for me."

"I thought I had hit on a great scheme not long ago," said the fat man.

"What was it?" asked the man with the tall hat.

"Why a fellow down in the country had occasion to send me twenty-five dollars by post. Now, you know it is a well known fact that money can be detected in an envelope by the smell. So I wrote to him to perfume the letter, in order that the scent of the money could not be noticed."

"Um! How did it work?"

"Oh, the letter went through all right, but the letter being scented my wife opened it; so I never got a sight of the money."

"Well, John," said the doctor, who had been rather rudely roused from his afternoon nap, "what's wrong with you?"

"I've sprained my wrist rather badly, sir," explained the blacksmith of the village.

The doctor examined the wrist and looked grave.

"Thomas," he called to the surgery boy, "go upstairs and bring me down that phial on the table."

With indignation on his face, the blacksmith started to his feet.

"File!" he yelled. "No, you don't! If this hand's to come off you'll use a knife or an axe."

"I'd like to go to the hills this summer, but my doctor has ordered me to the seashore." "That's funny. My doctor has ordered me to go to the hills and I'm crazy for the sea." "Let's swop doctors."

Barber—How do you like the razor, sir?

Victim—I could hardly think it was possible that I was being shaved!

Barber (flattered)—Then what did you imagine, sir?

Victim—That I was being sandpapered!

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Anglo & London Paris National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS JUNE 30, 1920

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts		$ 42,958,005.63
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation		3,700,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds and Certificates		8,972,062.00
Other Bonds		8,478,009.86
Other Assets		1,552,098.18
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances		24,670,046.73
Commodity Drafts in Transit	$ 8,482,198.43	
Cash and Sight Exchange	22,541,010.47	31,023,208.90
		$121,353,431.30

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	$ 5,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	3,294,749.69
Circulation	3,576,800.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign, and Acceptances	24,670,046.73
Federal Reserve Bank	4,697,000.00
Bonds Borrowed	2,012,000.00
Deposits	78,102,834.88
	$121,353,431.30

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Bullish sentiment that was so pronounced early in the weak and which brought about a general advance throughout the list was found lacking toward the close of the week, and as a result prices were generally lower.

Confidence that the verdict of the Interstate Commerce Commission would be a liberal one and a report from Washington that not only would the increase cover what is required under the transportation act, namely, a 6 per cent return on property valued, but that passenger rates would be put up enough to also make good the impending extra wage increase. While this additional incentive was being given the buying of rails, the industrials were rendered, at least temporarily, less popular by the new evidence coming to hand of the serious effect of the car shortage upon operations in various industrial lines. The real reason for the weakness in the industrial list, especially in the steels, leathers and boot and shoe shares, was the fear that the car shortage would not be relieved quickly enough to prevent a partial suspension at the mills and factories.

Sentiment early in the week became too bullish, and the market became overbought.

The crop movement period is on now, and with the winter wheat crop beginning to move at fancy prices, it will mean considerable money to finance it, and for this reason bankers are discouraging any new speculative ventures and are restricting credit wherever possible. Money rates are high and there is no immediate prospect of cheap money until fall.

The car shortage continues acute, although there was some relief the past week, but conditions are far from normal, and this means that additional credit must be provided for a longer period than usual.

Crop conditions generally are exceptionally good, with an abundant yield of all grains in prospect. This will insure a tonnage that will tax the credit of the banks, as well as the railroads, for some time to come.

With the big increase in freight rates promised the roads, it will mean a very prosperous season, and earnings will be on a basis where there will be no question about dividends being assured, and, in some cases, those roads that are not paying dividends will be in a position to pay initial dividends. This should give us a better market for all classes of railroad securities and put them in a position where their credit will be on a par with pre-war conditions.

With money conditions becoming more normal later in the season, we look for a big market in railroad shares, which have been dormant for so long. The rails are prime favorites amongst a certain class of speculators, and now that they are coming back to their own, Wall Street will welcome a big bull market led by them, which should give stability to the balance of the list.

We are now going through a period of deflation in the commodity markets, which unsettles the industrial situation, and this accounts for the lack of trend in the industrial list, but once we get things adjusted to a basis where there need be no fears of abnormal declines in raw material, business will get on a firmer basis, which will give encouragement to the investor and bring about a market that has stability enough to warrant purchases, and we believe that we are not far from that level now.

Cotton—Notwithstanding the favorable government figures issued last week, as well as the improvement generally throughout the belt since the report was made up, the market did not decline more than a few points, and, in fact, prices have been generally on a higher basis since.

The main reason for the resistance to the more favorable crop conditions was the overwhelmingly bearish feeling that had existed, and when the market did not decline, shorts became uneasy and bought back their contracts.

The market at no time was what could be called a broad one, and it seems trade is mostly limited to the New York professional element and the southern professional trader. Outside public are not in the market at present, and this accounts for the market's narrowness.

On the whole, the crop is doing well, with only here and there an occasional poor report, due to excessive moisture. Farm labor is plentiful, as any numebr of Mexicans have crossed the line into Texas, attracted by the high wages being paid. There is some cotton being picked in the extreme southern part of the belt and some new cotton has already appeared in the southern markets.

Since the government figures were compiled, private statisticians have been busy with their semi-monthly reports, which would indicate a further improvement to around 73, or about three points better than on June 25th.

The crop has July and August yet to go through, and these two months are the most trying on the crop. The recent rains have brought out numerous reports of boll weevil damage, but as yet the trade have not given much attention to these reports, owing to the fact that this pest is present every year and the damage reports to the crop from this pest is expected. However, he seems to be more numerous this year than in other years, and should we get a period of wet weather it might easily develop into a market factor.

The rank and file of the trade seem to be short, and it would take but very little buying, coupled with a few crop scares, to bring about a higher level of values, inasmuch as the new crop futures are selling at such a big discount under spot cotton.

Bears are being encouraged from day to day by reports of poor demand for cotton goods, as well as the closing down of numerous woolen mills and the general lack of snap in trade generally, and are using this argument whenever the market shows weakness.

We look for a traders' market for the time being, and would prefer scalping the market until something more definite in the way of news moves the market.

"Bah! Money, money, money! That is all you Americans think about! You have no true aristocracy—no pedigree." "We haven't, eh? You ought to see the pedigree this dog of mine's got. It's as long as your arm."

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Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco
Mission Branch—Mission and 21st Sts.
Park-Presidio District Branch—Clement and 7th Ave.
Haight Street Branch—Haight and Belvedere Sts.

June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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Pink Dominoes

"They are fools who kiss and tell," wisely has the poet sung,
Men may hold all sorts of posts if he'll only hold his tongue.

Jenny and Me were engaged, you see,
On the eve of the Fancy Ball;
So a kiss or two was nothing to you
Or any one else at all.

Jenny would go in a domino—
Pretty and pink but warm;
While I attended, clad in a splendid
Austrian uniform.

Now, we had arranged, through notes exchanged
Early that afternoon,
At Number Four to waltz no more,
But to sit in the dusk and spoon.

(I wish you to see that Jenny and Me
Had barely exchanged our troth;
So a kiss or two was strictly due
By, from, and between us both.)

When Three was over, an eager lover,
I fled to the gloom outside;
And a Domino came out also
Whom I took for my futu[illegible] bride.

That is to say, in a casual [illegible]
I slipped my arm aroun[illegible]
With a kiss or two (which [illegible]g to you),
And ready to kiss I fo[illegible]

She turned her head, and [illegible] said
Was certainly not m[illegible]
But ere I could speak, [illegible] shriek
She fled and left me [illegible]

Then Jenny came, and I s[illegible]
She'd doffed her don[illegible]
And I had embraced an a[illegible]
But I did not tell he[illegible]

Next morn I knew that t[illegible] two
Dominoes pink, and o[illegible]
Had cloaked the spouse o[illegible]ian Vouse,
Our big political gun.

Sir J. was old, and her hair [illegible] gold,
And her eye was a blue cerulean;
And the name she said when she turned her head
Was not in the least like "Julian."

Now, wasn't it nice, when want of "piece"
Forbade us twain to marry,
That old Sir J., in the kindest way,
Made me his Secretary?

—Kipling

E. Law

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON GUARDIAN'S APPLICATION FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
Department No. 10, Probate. No. 16330.
In the Matter of the Estates and Guardianship of FELICE BORRONO and GIULIO BORRONO, Minors.

It appearing to this Court from the verified petition this day presented and filed herein by MARIA LEONARDINI, formerly MARIA BORRONO, the guardian of the persons and estates of FELICE BORRONO and GIULIO BORRONO, Minors, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to said wards, on the ground that the sale thereof would be beneficial to said wards and for the best interests of their estate;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said wards, and all persons interested in said estates, appear before this Court on Monday, the 19th day of July, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day ,in the courtroom of this Court, Department No. 10, in the City Hall (Civic Center), of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks before said day of hearing, in the TOWN TALK, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, June 21st, 1920.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed, June 21, 1920
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. F. CAVAGNARO,
Attorney for Guardians,
550 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-26-4

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
No. 107476. Dept. No. 9.
In the Matter of the Application of LEVY REAL ESTATE COMPANY, a Corporation, to Dissolve.

NOTICE is hereby given that the application of LEVY REAL ESTATE COMPANY, a Corporation, for a decree dissolving said corporation, will be heard on Monday, the 26th day of July, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the court room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 9 thereof, at the City Hall, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE is hereby given that before said hearing any person may file his objections to said petition and application.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 12th day of June, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANCIS L. ASHE,
Attorney for Applicant,
816 Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-19-5

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
In the Matter of the Estate of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a petition for the probate of the will of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased, and for the issuance to GERTRUDE RICHTER of letters testamentary has been filed in this Court, and that Monday, the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 9 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated, July 6th, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

Charles F. Hanlon,
Attorney for Petitioner,
501-4 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-10-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
EMMA GLEASON, Plaintiff, vs. JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

Dated: May 27, 1920.
JOSEPH L. TAAFFE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
BELLE J. MOORE, Plaintiff, vs. PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: April 27, 1920.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES F. ADAMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1606 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-29-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of CHARLES F. HANLON, rooms 501-504 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said offices the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased.

FRANK W. DEAN,
Administrator of the Estate of
WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, June 29th, 1920. 7-3-5

NOTICE OF DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That I, the undersigned, EDWARD E. SCHROEDER, hereby certify that I am doing business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and designation of PACIFIC COAST PIANO REPAIR SHOP; that the principal place of business carried on under the said fictitious name is at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that I am the sole owner of the said business; that my full name is Edward E. Schroeder, and my place of residence is No. 36 Steiner Street, San Francisco, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 29th day of May, 1920.

EDWARD E. SCHROEDER.

Endorsed: No. 5102.
Filed June 4th, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 1st day of June, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty, before me, J. D. BROWN, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared EDWARD E. SCHROEDER, known to me to be the person described in, whose name is subscribed to and who executed the annexed instrument and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) J. D. BROWN.
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

My Commission expires April 4, 1922.
Rooms 206-7, Humboldt Bank Building,
Phone Douglas 2324. 7-3-5

SUMMONS

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
AUTIE McCOY, Plaintiff, vs. DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN UNDER my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this July 7th, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

Schonfeld & Dunn,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 7-10-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

Dept. No. 2. No. 106183
In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

HAZEL M. DAY, Plaintiff, vs. TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send greeting to TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, 20th day of April, A. D. 1920.
(Seal of) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Superior Court) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

B. V. Sargent,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
212 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-17-10

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A Burlesque in Politics

Among the Bolters

Ohio vs. Virginia

Stage and Social

TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnett.....Editor

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The League Is an Issue

The sooner voters cease to jump at political conclusions before carefully considering the danger of haphazard opinion without analysis of its reasons why, the better able they will be to grasp the meanings and purposes of their party platforms. It has grown to be the fashion among many thousands of voters, both Republicans and Democrats, to oppose a league of nations in any form whatever, basing their opinions entirely upon the warnings against "entangling alliances" enunciated by some of our first presidents beginning with Washington. They have not paused to consider that the United States of the Eighteenth century does not in any sense resemble the United States of the present day; that it is now the most powerful nation in the world instead of being the weakest; that the venerable principle was violated by unavoidable entanglement in the world's war, and having become so entangled, we cannot unscramble ourselves without acknowledging that we are quitters, unwilling to perform our share of the obligation we squandered our billions and shed our blood to assume. Vulgarly speaking, we—or at least a great many of the most important of us—are showing a disposition to "duck" from under the provisions of the league of nations, and isolate ourselves from participation in the great international union we helped to create.

The United States cannot afford to perpetuate such isolation, without vitiating its international importance, hampering the operations of commerce, and causing other nations to impugn our diplomatic integrity. Whether or not our representatives at Versailles did well or ill in insisting upon the promulgation of this document as originally written, and refusing to accept any revision of it, has nothing to do with the case. We have, through our elected or appointed representatives, made ourselves part and parcel of the league of nations, and to withdraw from it now altogether would be cowardly, vacillating and inadvisable to a degree. To be sure, it is an entangling alliance, but we went into it deliberately, and our colleagues in the pact are as deeply entangled as we are ourselves. So, in the gradual disentanglement and extrication, all concerned should stand together, for at no juncture in the world's diplomatic history has "united we stand, etc.," applied so strongly as in the present one. The Democratic candidate, James M. Cox, after long and earnest conferences with President Wilson, decided to commit his party to the league of nations pact as originally drawn, leaving it to the next congress to ratify, amend or consign it to the oblivion of diplomatic errors. Warren G. Harding has not as yet definitely stated his position unequivocally, but no doubt will do so from the "listening post" of his front porch, for the league of nations is a campaign issue, it is the dominant one of the coming election and cannot be avoided without future confusion et whatever party so passes it by.

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Among the Bolters

There is still much speculation, and no little amusement, over the doings, hopes and threats of the disgruntled ones who are looking over the well made fences that surround the two great parties, wondering what the chances may be of ultimately breaking through or remaining away altogether to nurse their their several discomfitures or mend the wounds of their respective hobbies. The long talked of, and sometimes feared third party, automatically strangled itself at its birth, by obdurately refusing to admit to its platform any issue not Bolshevistic, and by the nomination of someone named Christenson, a candidate nobody knew until he spoke from the convention floor and showed a face that would look more or less statesmanlike on campaign posters. Senator Hiram Johnson may be said to have practically emerged from the ranks of the malcontents and returned once more to the promising confines of the Republican fold. Of course there is now a very predominating IF that is cropping out of his recent declaration to support "the candidate of the Republican party" (name not mentioned), but now, in mentioning the name for the first time, he promises his active support, provided that Harding will declare against a league of nations pact in any form whatsoever. As such a declaration is not at all likely to be made, the senator's position is not yet clearly defined, and it is not yet clearly established in what direction the Johnson feline is finally going to jump. The eventually somewhat quieted Mr. Bryan as far as can be learned from the eastern papers, still has his opinions "buried with his cause", but there seems to be a feeling that he yet can be enticed away from the cemetery of his hopes to be a candidate of the Prohibition party, which appears to be the only way to secure a popular vote for or against the Eighteenth amendment. Senator LaFollette has been suggested as his running mate, he has been suggested as LaFollette's, but as each gentleman has his own notions of political supremacy, it is not likely that either combination can be brought about. For the purposes and principles often enunciated by both of them at different periods of threatened party secession, either combination would find a following that might entice a large number of voters to its support, which cannot be said of the only new party that has yet been given technical form if not political substance. The Hearst papers have been notified by telegraphic editorial from their owner to come out for no candidate until the principles of all platforms are duly announced, when he will make his selection with "efficient enthusiasm". The Committee of Forty-eight has adjourned *sine die,* without organizing a fourth party to nominate La Follette or Hearst, and so, at last, it may be assumed that the nominations are closed.

* * *

Turkey in Europe Doomed

After many backing, fillings, sailing before the wind and tacking painfully and slowly, those who have the power to bring about that long hoped for eventuality, seem to have decided upon a definite course at last, and there is every probability that the elimination of the Turk from European affairs, and the supplanting of Moslem rituals in the the mosque of St. Sophia by the Christian ones for which it was originally reared, will be effected before another year has begun. This might have been done long ago, but for the dog-in-the-manger attitudes of the principal nations with reference to the control of the Bosphorus, and each of them preferred to allow the Turk to continue his shocking enormities rather than that any of the others of them should assume sovereignty over the approach to the Black Sea But now the league of nations—regretfully acting without the concordance of the United States—seems to have been aroused into an attitude of real aggressiveness, and has declared that it will not submit any longer to any sort of power for Turkey in Europe; an ultimatum, in addition to the present tentative one, will be issued in the near future. Turkey had no business whatever in the world's war, entered it ostensibly as an ally of Germany, was or was not that by turns, and still continued her invasions of the rights of all Christian

peoples, involving, of course, the massacre of all who were not followers of Mahomet. Many times they have been taken to task for this continued breaking of promises and the natural laws of humanity, but being now apparently driven to bay, sued the powers at Versailles for peace and asked for terms. These were impertinently refused by the Turkish government, and now they are told that unless they at once recall their refusal they may retire to Asia Minor, the land from which they invaded Christian Europe, and have been allowed tenure of their conquest for selfish reasons alone. These reasons have been finally negatived by the continuation of Turkish fiendisness and misrule, and now the Moslems have been given ten days to accept the terms of peace offered or they will receive an ultimatum which it is already intimated will involve the driving of them across the Bosphorus, irrespective of which other nation shall eventually control it. It is sincerely to be hoped that it is not another expedient on the part of Versailles to frighten the Turks into terms; that they may continue to believe in their ability to continue their sway; that the Christian hope of many centuries may become realized through the force of Christian arms and this blot on Christian civilization become finally and effectually removed. For the reasons already enumerated, the Turks have been tried and found wanting in every particular; but these reasons are not now of sufficient importance to longer balance the shocking conditions opposing them, and it seems to have been finally decided that "the unspeakable Turk" must go.

A Greater San Francisco Possible

All true San Franciscans, who believe that their city is wonderful enough, and great enough as it is, are not disposed to consider favorably any expansion of its population or its limits except through a natural evolution of growth. But the Civic League apparently has no such sentiment to clog the wheels of its ideal machinery of business progress and has again revived the several times seriously mooted question as to whether we should not increase our area, and, of course, our population by the absorption of surrounding cities and towns, after the fashion of Los Angeles on the Pacific and New York on the Atlantic. It is pointed out that through such a process of expansion New York became at a single bound the largest city in the world, not only in population, but in volume of trade, and at the same time leaping into a civic importance that would have been acquired in no other way. It is unfortunate that the wonderful growth of Los Angeles has been cited as being another proof of the wisdom of the expansion idea, for its bears but small relation to the benefits effected by the law that created the greater New York. That was a geographical necessity, Los Angeles is a geographical joke, and it is much to be feared that what the Civic League aims to do with San Francisco would mean the perpetration of another one. The absorption of the county of San Mateo would be a natural one geographically and of great benefit politically and commercially. But the addition to our body politic of Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley—some have also suggested the inclusion of Sausalito and San Leandro—certainly should appeal to the geopraphical sense of humor as did the creation of the greater Los Angeles. As in the case of New York so it would be with a greater San Francisco, and the voters of all localities involved would decide for themselves through a referendum. It may be said, however, that as soon as the New Yorkers had learned by experience, just how to govern and tax its five boroughs of Manhattan, Kings, Queens, Richmond and The Bronx, there was no complaint to the effect that a mistake had been made. Each borough really has its own active mayor in the person of a president of the borough, with representation in the board of alderman in the City of New York, and the mayor of New York really acts in the same capacity as would the governor of a state, which, as a matter of fact, that city is, as regards area, population and volume of business. It will be interesting to note how Oakland would receive the suggestion to be part of the greater San Francisco, for her disappointment at not having been able to absorb the population of San Francisco following the calamity of 1906 may be difficult to overcome. Moreover she has brought herself into the prominence of a real metropolis and might not be willing to sacrifice the sovereignty so proudly won. She has also learned how a city should be governed, and might not accept with meek reticence any change that would involve dictation from across the bay. However, the whole subject may be said to be not yet out of dreamland, and until it is, why worry over it? Seriously though, for many reasons it is worth submitting to a vote of the peoples concerned.

The Organ In the Forest

By Clay M. Greene.

(On the Dedication of a Pipe Organ in Bohemian Grove.)

I stood alone and wept in the darkness of the forest,
And yet my soul was sighless as a bridal kiss,
And in my heart there throbbed no pang of sorrow or of pain.
Within my veins there flowed a tingling sense of joy unspeakable,
That thro' my three score years and ten I had not known before.
Mine ears, oft gladdened by a thousand bursts of melody
From tuneful songs and strains of reed and string,
Now found them all forgotten as if they never had been.
For thro' the silence of Bohemia's vast cathedral—
Pillared and aisled by gaunt yet fresh sequoias—
Stalwart as youth despite the burden of their thousand years—
There welled soft pealings from a magic organ
Lofted by those who loved Bohemia best,
To break the silence of her enduring temple,
And, wooed by fingers rich in the touch of harmony,
Lift soulful paeans of liquid praise to Nature and to Manhood.
Now, as I listened, words seemed borne upon those magic tones,
And Music, come to me in spirit form, spoke in mine ear:
"Lo! listener enraptured, blest art thou indeed.
That thou art here to thrill amidst these thralling solitudes of Nature,
And hear her praises sung in matchless melody
Such as the world has never known down thro' the ages!
For in this organ-praise to Nature's sons by my fond votaries,
Thou'st heart it pealed in Harmony's most rare perfection,
That churches never knew in praises unto God."
Then swelled those wondrous tones again until it seemed an hundred organs played,
With every giant tree become an organ pipe in clustered groups,
Like mighty instruments played by one set of fingers,
So that each wooded gorge might lift its voice in praise
Unto Bohemia's new found land of harmony.
And so it was I felt that magic inspiration,
There in the black of night to thrill 'neath melody's perfection,
And stand alone and weep in the darkness of the forest.

Bohemian Grove, July 17, 1920.

A San Franciscan Helps Czecho-Slovakian Commerce With United States

By Helen M. Bonnet.

Herbert E. Law, the brilliant San Francisco financier, has just returned from Europe, where for seven months he worked as a member of a commission to study and report upon economic conditions and general situation in Czecho-Slovakia having a view of establishing commercial relations with the United States and, in conjunction with Great Britain, to assist those countries in a commercial way, instead of dispensing charity. The commission conducted their investigation in Vienna, Prague, Buda-Pesth, Brunn, Bretta-Slavia, Salsburg, Cologne, Dresden, Mecklenburg and a few other cities. That the research was exhaustive is evidenced by the fact that in seven months Mr Law and his co-worker, Victor E. Freeman, of Freeman-Sumner (textile experts of France, U. S. and Canada), were absent from the work they set out to accomplish for only one evening. The fruit of their survey was a five-year contract to exchange raw material from the United States in the amount of $50,000,000, to be returned to the United States as manufactured product in the amount of $150,000,000, shipments to be exchanged every six months. Experting the situation involved the investigation of mills, the guarantees of banks together with a general characterization of all elements entering into the commercial international agreement.

Mr. Law, interviewed last week in the midst of his multiple activities, said that the cessation of the industries of Great Britain and continental Europe which supplied, not only themselves, but Central and South America as well as the far East, exhausted all stocks of materials on hand and made an impossible demand upon the United States and Japan. The great necessity for manufactured products and foodstuffs to supply the ordinary requirements, with only part of the world producing, created new conditions in the field of labor, the most important of which are: fewer working hours; higher wages and a greatly increased demand for luxuries from those classes formerly satisfied with the cheaper grades, which inevitably brought about the present unprecedented high prices.

The textile industry was thus affected; so the problem of wearing apparel became as hard to solve as the foodstuff situation.

Mr. Law was enthusiastic in speaking of Czecho-Slovakia (formerly old Bohemia in Austria and Slovakia in Hungary, with Moravia and part of upper Austria and Silesia), with its population of 14,000,000. He calls Czecho-Slovakia the valley of paradise and the earths' center of the textile industry.

He admires the character of the people, who, he says, have the characteristics of a primitive race; they are clean, fine, straightforward, rigid in their living conditions. While under Austrian rule they were forbidden to propagate their own language or to practice their own church ritual, yet their language survives intact, their religious ceremonies are as definitely fixed as in their early history, when Bohemia was a cradle of modern civilization.

He found the people wedded to work, committed to the doctrine of reducing their troubles by the working process instead of waiting for the millenium to arrive. Mr. Law attributes the present attitude of the Czechs to the resolute character of their chief executive, President Masaryk, whose genius of control lies in getting people to work along lines they themselves understand best, from his surrounding legislative council to the peasants in the field.

When the war broke out the Austro-Hungarian armies contained 600,000 Czechs (Bohemians) and Slovaks, who were compelled to fight unwillingly against their Slavic kin in Russia. Soon 300,000 of these made their way to Russia and fought under General Brussiloff and others. They were the only troops that remained loyal where Bolshevism infected the Russian armies. When the Russian front crumbled, the Czecho-Slovak armies, at the word of Professor Masaryk, who was in Washington (whither he had come to intercede for his people) started a 4,000-mile march in the hope of reaching Vladivostok, crossing the Pacific and Atlantic to reach the western front and resume their fighting. Their gallant battles in Siberia against Bolsheviki won the admiration of the world. France was the first nation to recognize their independence, formally presenting the Czecho-Slovak flag to an army on the western front in June, 1918; Italy and Great Britain followed, and Professor Masaryk was made president in November. The United States recognized the new republic and, through Masaryk's efforts, extended a credit of $7,000,000 to them. A national assembly ratified all preceding actions and confirmed Masaryk's presidency.

Mr. Law has made a great many visits to Europe, but he found his residence there during the past year saddening. For instance, in Austria the population of 12,000,000 has now 6,000,000 who are non-supportive, the reason being that Austria, not being an agricultural country, cannot in the new order of things depend upon its former resource, manufacture. The people complain that the existing economic division is as malevolent as a racial one. They sullenly declare: "President Wilson gave the Czechs the water, the Austrians the cup." Great numbers of people are suffering starvation and the spirit of Europe as it existed before 1914 is gone. This is manifested in the withering of the beautiful parks, the absence of music and all forms of art in the scheme of life. The things that wealth maintained have vanished—their ghosts make a showing directed by plebeian efforts which, after a time of suffering and strenuous striving, will assert themselves as they have ever done; but for a long time the withdrawal of monetary support must have paralyzing effect. The splendid, stirring Czecho-Slovakian music is a vital artistic force. Who ever heard the superb, glowing voice of Emmy Destinn in a Bohemian air could doubt it? A people who have such music can not perish artistically.

Mr. Law described the people as physically hardy and intellectually assimilative and versatile. For instance, U. S. Minister Crane's undersecretary is a Slovak girl of nineteen. She is six feet tall, very good looking, innocent of the guile of the world. She is an efficient clerical executive, speaks Czech, French, English and German fluently. In the Schonbrunn palace, which Mr. Crane purchased, she not only hires the servants, conducts the household, but directs the social affairs. Not seldom she goes on important missions to foreign embassies, where her youthful naivetê wins success that trained diplomats have been known to fail in achieving. Her secretarial superior is a San Francisco woman, Mss McCullough, a former Wells-Fargo Nevada Bank secretary, who went over to Europe to do war work in Czecho-Slovakia.

Another San Francisco woman whom Mr. Law was glad to tell of as having distinguished herself abroad is now the wife of U. S. consul-general at Vienna, the beautiful southern girl, Mrs. Peggy Pratt, who has a large circle of friends in this city who admire her for her many fine traits of character.

Mr . Law suggested Mrs. Pratt during the war to the head of the U. S. secret service department for diplomatic service in the department of justice. One of the requirements was that the lady sought should be one with no thoughts of marriage in mind, as the department was continually losing its workers by the matrimonial lure. Mrs. Pratt stood the test six months, choosing as her husband an American navy officer who was in line for the presidency this year at Annapolis, but who chose the diplomatic service instead. Mrs. Pratt's little son had a deformed hand which had resisted all non-surgical treatment in this city. When Mr. Law met him in Vienna with his new step-father, the boy's hand had been made normal by the magic touch of Dr. Lorenz, the famous surgeon who came out to Chicago to operate upon the Armour child and the same distinguished specialist whom Judge Graham told us, for last week's paper, was unimpressed with the natural grandeur of Yosemite. Doubtless, as Judge Graham said, the wonderful surgeon preferred to the calm contemplation of nature's wonders, the stress of rectifying nature's mistakes or readjusting her mutilated handiwork.

Just as Mr Law was launched into a description of Dr. Lorenz's marvelous hospital, a summons came to him to attend a bank meeting. As he took his leave, he said he was glad to be back in San Francisco again. And who wonders, taking into account his part in its reconstruction? And yes, he returns next year to Czecho-Slovakia to fulfill the terms of his two-year contract of voluntary service without compensation.

All the world must be clothed as well as fed. The mills in England are booked a year in advance; in Ireland the mills by common agreement are operating at 25 per cent of their capacity owing to scarcity of raw materials; our own mills are working to capacity at prices higher than at any time during or since the war. So, in Czecho-Slovakia where the mills are in excellent trim and where the people have an intense desire to restore the material welfare of their native land by diligent enterprise, America holds out a helping hand and offers terms which that land can accept without a sense of personal loss of dignity. It may be parochial, but we can't help a thrill of pride that a San Franciscan's reconstructive genius has been recognized as a medium to help a gallant young republic to rehabilitate itself, to take its place and grow strong among the nations of the world in the era of peace which is dawning.

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A Dilemma

By S. Weir Mitchell

I was just thirty-seven when my Uncle Philip died. A week before that event he sent for me; and here let me say that I had never set eyes on him. He hated my mother, but I do not know why. She told me long before his last illness that I need expect nothing from my father's brother. He was an inventor, an able and ingenious mechanical engineer, and had made much money by his improvement in turbine wheels. He was a bachelor; lived alone, cooked his own meals, and collected precious stones, especially rubies and pearls. From the time he made his first money he had this mania. As he grew richer, the desire to possess rare and costly gems became stronger. When he bought a new stone, he carried it in his pocket for a month and now and then took it out and looked at itt. Then it was added to the collection in his safe at the trust company.

At the time he sent for me I was a clerk, and poor enough. Remembering my mother's words, his message gave me, his sole relative, no new hopes; but I thought it best to go.

When I sat down by his bedside, he began, with a malicious grin.

"I suppose you think me queer. I will explain." What he said was certainly queer enough. "I have been living on an annuity into which I put my fortune. In other words, I have been, as to money, concentric half of my life to enable me to be as eccentric as I pleased the rest of it. Now I repent of my wickedness to you all, and desire to live in the memory of at least one of my family. You think I am poor and have only my annuity. You will be profitably surprised. I have never parted with my precious stones; they will be yours. You are my sole heir. I shall carry with me to the other world the satisfaction of making one man happy.

"No doubt you have always had expectations, and I desire that you should continue to expect. My jewels are in my safe. There is nothing else left."

When I thanked him he grinned all over his lean face, and said:

"You will have to pay for my funeral."

I must say that I never looked forward to any expenditure with more pleasure than to what it would cost me to put him away in the earth. As I rose to go, he said:

"The rubies are valuable. They are in my safe at the trust company. Before you unlock the box, be very careful to read a letter which lies on top of it; and be sure not to shake the box." I thought this odd. "Don't come back. It won't hasten things."

He died that day week, and was handsomely buried. The day after, his will was found, leaving me his heir. I opened his safe and found in it nothing but an iron box, evidently of his own making, for he was a skilled workman and very ingenious. The box was heavy and strong, about ten inches long, eight inches wide and ten inches high. On it lay a letter to me. It ran thus:

"Dear Tom: This box contains a large number of very fine pigeon-blood rubies and a fair lot of diamonds; one is blue—a beauty. There are hundreds of pearls—one the famous green pearl and a necklace of blue pearls, for which any woman would sell her soul—or her affections." I thought of Susan. "I wish you to continue to have expectations and continuously to remember your dear uncle. I would have left these stones to some charity, but I hate the poor as much as I hate your mother's son,—yes, rather more.

"The box contains an interesting mechanism, which will act with certainty as you unlock it, and explode ten ounces of my improved, supersensitive dynamite—no, to be accurate, there are only nine and a half ounces. Doubt me, and open it, and you will be blown to atoms. Believe me, and you will continue to nourish expectations which will never be fulfilled. As a considerate man, I counsel extreme care in handling the box. Don't forget your affectionate

"UNCLE."

I stood appalled, the key in my hand. Was it true? Was it a lie? I had spent all my savings on the funeral, and was poorer than ever.

Remembering the old man's oddity, his malice, his cleverness in mechanic arts, and the patent explosive which had helped to make him rich, I began to feel how very likely it was that he had told the truth in this cruel letter.

I carried the iron box away to my lodgings, set it down with care in a closet, laid the key on it, and locked the closet.

Then I sat down, as yet hopeful, and began to exert my ingenuity upon ways of opening the box without being killed. There must be a way. After a week of vain thinking I bethought me, one day, that it would be easy to explode the box by unlocking it at a safe distance, and I arranged a plan with wires, which seemed as if it would answer. But when I reflected on what would happen when the dynamite scattered the rubies, I knew that I should be none the richer. For hours at a time I sat looking at that box and handling the key.

At last I hung the key on my watchguard; but then it occurred to me that it might be lost or stolen. Dreading this I hid it, fearful that some one might use it to open the box. This state of doubt and fear lasted for weeks, until I became nervous and began to dread that some accident might happen to that box. A burglar might come and boldly carry it away and force it open and find it was a wicked fraud of my uncle's. Even the rumble and vibration caused by the heavy vans in the street became at last a terror.

Worst of all, my salary was reduced, and I saw that marriage was out of the question.

In my despair I consulted Professor Clinch about my dilemma, and as to some safe way of getting at the rubies. He said that, if my uncle had not lied, there was none that would not ruin the stones, especially the pearls, but that it was a silly tale and altogether incredible. I offered him the biggest ruby if he wished to test his opinion. He did not desire to do so.

Dr. Schaff, my uncle's doctor, believed the old man's letter, and added a caution, which was entirely useless, for by that time I was afraid to be in the room with that terrible box.

At last the doctor kindly warned me that I was in danger of losing my mind with too much thought about my rubies. In fact, I did nothing else but contrive wild plans to get at them safely. I spent all my spare hours at one of the great libraries reading about dynamite. Indeed, I talked of it until the library attendants, believing me a lunatic or a dynamite fiend, declined to humor me, and spoke to the police. I suspect that for a while I was "shadowed" as a suspicious, and possibly criminal, character. I gave up the libraries, and, becoming more and more fearful, set my precious box on a down pillow, for fear of its being shaken; for at this time even the absurd possibility of its being disturbed by an earthquake troubled me. I tried to calculate the amount of shake needful to explode my box.

The old doctor, when I saw him again, begged me to give up all thought of the matter, and, as I felt how completely I was the slave of one despotic idea, I tried to take the good advice thus given me.

Unhappily, I found, soon after, between the leaves of my uncle's Bible, a numbered list of the stones, with their cost, and much beside. It was dated two years before my uncle's death. Many of the stones were well known, and their enormous value amazed me.

Several of the rubies were described with care, and curious histories of them were given in detail. One was said to be the famous "Sunset ruby," which had belonged to the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa. One was called the "Blood ruby," not, as was explained, because of the color, but on account of the murders it had occasioned. Now, as I read, it seemed again to threaten death.

The pearls were described with care as an unequalled collection. Concerning two of them my uncle had written what I might call biographies, —for, indeed, they seemed to have done much evil and some good. One, a black pearl, was mentioned in an old bill of sale as—She—which seemed queer to me.

It was maddening. Here, guarded by a vision of sudden death, was wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice." I am not a clever or ingenious man; I know little beyond how to keep a ledger, and so I was, and am, no doubt, absurd about many of my notions as to how to solve this riddle.

At one time I thought of finding a man who would take the risk of unlocking the box, but what right had I to subject any one else to the trial I dared not face? I could easily drop the box from a height somewhere, and if it did not explode could then safely unlock it; but if it did blow up when it fell, good-by to my rubies. Mine, indeed! I was rich, and I was not. I grew thin and morbid, and so miserable that, being a good Catholic, I at last carried my troubles to my father confessor. He thought it simply a cruel jest of my uncle's, but was not so eager for another world as to be willing to open my box. He, too, counselled me to cease thinking fabout it. Good heavens! I dreamed about it. Not to think about it was impossible. Neither my own thought nor science nor religion had been able to assist me.

Two years have gone by, and I am one of the richest men in the city, and have no more money than will keep me alive.

Susan said I was half cracked like Uncle Philip, and broke off her engagement. In my despair I have advertised in the "Journal of Science," and have had absurd schemes sent me by the dozen. At last, as I talked too much about it, the thing became so well known that when I put the horror in a safe, in bank, I was in constant fear of burglars, and my landlady gave me notice to leave, because no one would stay in the house with that box. I am now advised to print my story and await advice from the ingenuity of the American mind.

I have moved into the suburbs and hidden the box and changed my name and my occupation. This I did to escape the curiosity of the reporters. I ought to say that when the government officials came to hear of my inheritance, they very reasonably desired to collect the succession tax on my uncle's estate.

I was delighted to assist them. I told the collector my story, and showed him Uncle Philip's

letter. Then I offered him the key, and asked for time to get half a mile away. That man said he would think it over and come back later.

This is all I have to say. I have made a will and left my rubies and pearls to the Society for the Prevention of Human Vivisection. If any man thinks this account a joke or an invention, let him coldly imagine the situation:

Given an iron box, known to contain wealth, said to contain dynamite, arranged to explode when the key is used to unlock it—what would any sane man do? What would he advise?

The Spectator

A Burlesque in Politics

The most interesting feature of the now defunct third party was the attempt to give it all the spectacular thrills of a publicity that goes with a nominating convention. The Hearst papers were especially eager to get the public excited over the nominees. It was even said that men were betting whether Ford or Frazier would get the necessary 270 ballots. At 2:30 one afternoon "the curtain rose" on this drama. Place: Chicago. In the first act there was an amalgamation. Several hours later a disintegration began. The Farmer-Labor party was launched and began its political career by bolting. The Single Tax party also bolted. The Non-Partisan Leaguers (very red and radical) disapeared. Emissaries from the Prohibitionists turned away in wrath. There were bolts from the red and bolts from the blue. Within twenty-four hours the Committee of Forty-eight could not have told whether dissatisfaction could best be shown by returning to one's hotel or keeping seat in the convention hall. There were also "breaks" and "splits", "no quorums", intrigue, and, throughout, mighty-voiced orators proclaiming to the nation that the spirit of liberty could not be crushed, yet they admitted it had been slightly down-trodden from within and without. Spies, traitors, Wall Street demagogues, upstarts were everywhere, and rampant. The endeavor of a few news correspondents was to make these problems appear of vital import to a country engaged in electing a president. The Third Party nominee would emerge all the more glorious for the climaxes that had raged about him. Thus far he hasn't emerged sufficiently to attract wide attention. The man of the hour forgot to wind his watch.

Ohio vs. Virginia

The fame of Virginia as the mother of presidents will be passed this year by Ohio, since the latter state sends forth both the Republican and Democratic candidates. Virginia's claim was contemporaneous with the early years of the nation, giving us four presidents of the first five. Subsequently only one White House head of the family hailed from the southern state. The list is made up of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Tyler. From Ohio came W. H. Harrison, Hayes, Garfield, McKinley and Taft. Their "home towns", the basis of the claim, were in these states. And they were born there, with the exception that W. H. Harrison of Ohio was born in Virginia. Taylor was born in Virginia and elected from Louisiana. Grant from Washington, D. C., and Benjamin Harrison of Indiana, were born in Ohio. So, from the standpoint of birth, Virginia has to date seven presidents and Ohio six. Otherwise, it is five to five. Ohio has the pleasant predicament of seeing its governor and senator in a contest for the chief office of the nation, and we have just been regaled with the news that a daughter of Governor Cox, Mrs. D. J. Mahoney, is, through her mother, related to Senator Harding, having considered him as an uncle. Ohio is what we should call an outstanding state.

While the world is applauding the nomination of James Cox, and he is being discussed from all of the angles that a public man is subjected to, let us remember one thing—that back of the boy was a wonderful mother — a courageous, straight thinking woman, with God in her heart, and the love that strengthens, trains and perfects a man for responsible duties—with such influences a man never goes very far wrong.

Ohio's successful governor will prove equal to the duties of president. He comes of the fearless, tenacious right spirited stock—and through all responsibilities there will be a guiding hand for what is good and just from the everlasting influences of a good woman—his mother.—Columbus Dispatch.

What Is a National Convention?

They have lowered the banners out at the Auditorium; the camouflage hedge round about the entrance, having no root, withered, was plucked up and cast into the fire to burn; the tinselled things within are folded up against another day and the gigantic cavity in steel and granite encompasses a silence akin to that which lays on a prairie where a little while before a storm went. The convention is over. But what was it —and its brother in Chicago?

Merchants, restaurateurs and innn-keepers will wax eloquent over its advent; transportation companies will enthuse in relating the worth of it; political beneficiaries will hail it as a providential dispensation in their favor, and San Franciscans generally are glad in the assurance that they were worthy hosts to the thousands who came to the Golden Gate. From a social and financial standpoint the convention measured expectations—was a success. But, nationally speaking, what was accomplished?

A non-partisan visitor from one of Jupitor's moons, attending every session thereof, would have seen it thus:

A great concourse of delegates representing the various sovereign States, the territories and dependencies of the great United States gathered at the most stressful period of the country's history to deliberate for her preservation. Yet in spite of the serious work that was theirs to do, hilarity seemed the predominant note wafted to Sec. F, Seat 69, where sat the Jupimoonian. There were eloquent speeches sounding the virtues of individuals or their wares, while vituperation was palefully emptied on the men and things of a mentioned Chicago conclave. Then, after some measure or person was proposed, delegates, like children round a maypole, gamboled whither a leader led them—not all together, but one by one as though impelled, not by judgment, but rather by fanaticism, shame of isolation, or, as an earthly put it—anxiety to get on the band-wagon.

Now man or measure approved by this spectacular demonstration may not have been the best for the nation, but the keynote of speech and action seemed ever: The party must win!

Something in favor of prohibition and something against it were advanced by rival declaimers; the delegates weighed, not the worth of argument, but entirely the vote-getting effect of approval or disapproval.

Humans dubbed presidential dark horses, hidden until the psychological moment in the darkened recesses of secretive scheming, were suddenly trotted out as bogies to confuse the delegates. These were in turn pilloried or landed according to programme and out of the melting pot tended by the initiated would be drawn a candidate bethought of and settled on at the beginning. And always it was—not the nation; not the people—but what these had to bestow; votes—and thus—victory!

So, the race was unto the swift and politics exemplified itself as an enduring and unchanging thing on whose escutcheon is deep graven the legend: "Give us votes—God will preserve the Republic."

Touching Wood

When you said some euphemistic thing and then, amid laughter, touched wood, you never thought that it had any relation to the Christmas season, did you? You thought it was a custom, a mere semi-superstition; that somehow if you touched wood ill luck would not come. In the dear old dead days wood was the holy article of the Crucifixion, and when you touched wood you were really putting your hand across the ages and reminding yourself that only the touch of the cross can save you from evil.

Who will not avoid walking under a ladder if he can avoid it? Watch people in the street, and you will see them step off the pavement rather than walk under a ladder, even though they might do so safely. You may reply that it is because people take no risk of falling debris. If you reply so, you are wrong. Once again it is the subtle call of ancestry in the blood, directing and controlling our movements.

You will find the explanation in a picture at Sienna called the "Descent from the Cross". In that picture you will see the devil putting out all his mental and physical force to prevent the Dead being taken from the cross. The figure of the evil one is under the ladder pulling and pushing against its holy stability, and making the shadow terrible and hateful. Of course you have forgotten this idea—you have never seen the picture. But it was at one time part of the duty of all good Christmas to remember it and pray daily against this force which tried to upset the ladder of the charitable act, and also to keep back from a ladder under which the evil one was always to be found.

Women—Grave and Gay

Some writers fly for help to the field of women's politics, many of the difficulties concerning which, gathered into a heap, can now, it is hoped, be carted away under the Sex Disqualification Bill. Room is provided for new fantasies to be woven around that Promised Land, which may soon be entered now, "our vanguard having crossed Jordan". A warning note is struck that the Hallelujah Chorus filling feminine ears should not be allowed to drown: "Today is the day of the Olympians, those who will make our traditions and command our respect. The day of the ordinary woman who may fail is not yet." It is the pioneers who have bored the way through. In the easy days that come after, when the light of day has pierced the tunnel, women must see to it that they are up and doing.

From contemplation of lofty designs and like

effects we are continually being rushed to the opposite quarter inhabited by the women of fashion and extreme ideas in clothes. Father Bernard Vaughan, concerning whom it is written that

"The pink and purple patches of a second-rate revue,
And Mrs. Gossip of the 'Sketch' are tame compared to you."

as usual, seems to be heading the fault-finding profession.

Shortridge Gaining Ground

Endorsement of Samuel M. Shortridge, Republican candidate for United States Senator, by the Republican County Central Committee of San Francisco has given added impetus to his campaign which has already met with widespread popular favor and is gaining ground daily in all parts of the state.

The addition of San Francisco to the long list of Republican county committees that have endorsed Shortridge is expected to result in more such endorsements as soon as the party organizations are called together.

San Diego, Solano, Yolo, San Mateo, Siskiyou, Nevada, Imperial, Lake and El Dorado have pledged him support.

The San Francisco resolution was unanimously adopted Thursday evening after a fight to have William Kent endorsed was lost on a record vote of 35 to 2. The resolution, which urges support of Shortridge at the August primary election and the November general election, also indorses the national ticket, Harding and Coolidge, and Representatives Julius Kahn and John I. Nolan for re-election. The resolution reads:

"Resolved: That we pledge our loyal support to the candidacy and election to the office of United States Senator of that able, upright, lifelong supporter of Republican principles and American ideals, Samuel M. Shortridge."

R. M. J. Armstrong offered the Shortridge resolution. W. S. Scott made the fight for Kent and was charged during the meeting with being a paid worker for Kent headquarters. Armstrong reminded Scott that when he wasn't on the payroll of the opposite candidate he was out working for Shortridge. All of the strength of the committee favorable to Senator Hiram Johnson went to Shortridge, and several members who at the last meeting had favored the endorsement of Herbert Hoover instead of Johnson for president also lined up for Shortridge.

Israel Not a Nation

The opinion of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, held at Rochester, upon the proposed establishment of a Jewish State in Palestine, was expressed in the following resolution:

We hold today what the conference declared anent the Balfour declaration two years ago. We do not subscribe to the phrase in the declaration which says Palestine is to be "a national homeland for the Jewish people". We believe that Israel, the Jewsh people, like every other religious community, has a right to live, to be at home and to assert its principles in every part of the world.

In the present cihcumstances we declare that, while nothing Jewish is alien to our Jewish hearts, and while we are ready to help in the work of rebuilding Palestine for some Jews, we re-emphasize the view of Jewish life for which our conference stands—that Israel is not a nation, but a religious community; that Palestine is not the homeland for the Jewish people, but the whole world outght to be its home.

Richness of the Sea

There is more gold in the sea than in all the gold mines that have ever been discovered, says "Everyday Science". Every ton of sea-water contains about one grain by weight of gold. There are over four thousand million tons of water in a cubic mile, and the oceans are estimated to contain three hundred million cubic miles of water.

Thus it is easy ot record the amount of gold in the sea. It is about ninety thousand million tons. Since the time of the South Sea Bubble to the present day, people have been trying to get some of it, but far more gold has been spent in the attempt than has ever been squeezed out of sea-water.

Law-Breakers and Hypocrites, the title of an editorial in the Portland "Spectotar" is the most outspoken and illuminating statement of the Dry Plank issue which has come to light since the comic opera Prohibition law went into effect. Its text is:

"Had the Democratic party possessed the courage of its predelictions, and forthrightly declared for such changes in the prohibition laws as would have restored light wines and beer to the people, there would have been an interesting battle of ballots in November. The 'Spectator', bowing with all deference to the opinions of many of its white-ribbon readers, has no hesitancy at all in declaring that the prohibition law, as we have it today, is an utter failure—as far as the manufacture, sale and consumption of alcoholic liquors are concerned. Of course, the distillery, the brewery and the saloon, operated under federal, state and city license, are all out of business. Whether this fact is something to rejoice over is a question whose answer may well be left to that great body of our fellow-citizens who daily violate the prohibition law by concocting home brews, by giving or receiving liquors, by purchasing of bootleggers, or by practicing bootleggery themselves.

"It is said there are some persons who never violate the prohibition law, either in its letter or spirit. Very well, if there be ten such good men, the country may be saved. But the prohibition law does not prevent the manufacture, sale and consumption of liquor. As you say, the law against bigamy is broken, without any general demand for its repeal. Quite so; but no one breaks that law for gain, and its violation may be considered its own best punishment. Hardy persons of both sexes, of all conditions, and of many creeds, declare that violation of the prohibition law is a distinct pleasure, made more enjoyable by constant repetition. They think the law interferes with their personal liberty, and their hitherto inalienable right to pursue happiness in whatever way pleases them, as long as that way does not entrench on the rights of others. The number of persons of that mind is growing constantly greater, with the result that we shall shortly have a nation of deliberate, willful, unashamed—but none the less criminal—law-breakers. Those who break the law, and are caught at it, with equanimity suffer arrest and pay their fines—now, although some of them know that the officer who apprehended them, the jurors who try them, and the judge who sentences them do so between drinks. Having paid his fine, and thus having expiated his crime for violating the prohibition law, the citizen walks forth to pursue his old courses, the while thanking heaven that he is not as these, who add hypocrisy to their law-breaking.

What are we going to do about this law that so few observe and so many violate? Observe and enforce it, you say. Undoubtedly, we should do so. But unfortunately those who are paid to enforce it do not observe it, and many of those who do observe it, are too well repaid to wish to see it enforced. As it stands today, there seems to be no more chance of its enforcement than of its repeal. As bone-dry prohibition seems to be a violation of the citizen's right of personal liberty, the citizen seems to regard the violation of the bone-dry prohibition law as a just, proper and natural thing. Prohibition was designated to save us from the curse of the liquor habit. The police court records prove it has utterly failed in this beneficent purpose. The police court records show that it is making us a nation of law-breakers —and hypocrites."

Everyone Feels the change that has come over business---The feeling is different from that of six months ago, or even one month ago.

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A N. Y. Estimate of McAdoo

The following was published in a New York financial paper during the session here of the convention:

"If by any chance Mr. McAdoo should be nominated we feel that he will be one of the easiest men in the whole party to defeat. As a public official he was a conspicuous failure. As director general of the railroads of the United States, he mismanaged those properties in a way which is familiar to everyone in this country. To begin with, he was not at all qualified for the position. His only previous railroad experience was in the promotion of the so-called "McAdoo Tunnel," between Jersey City and New York. This tunnel has been a convenience to the public, but it has never been a financial success, and the chances are that it never will be. The cost of building the tunnel was in excess of all preliminary calculations, and most of the people who invested in the securities of this company have lost a great deal of money. When we consider that the principal work in connection with the construction of such a tunnel had to be done by technical experts, we can readily see that the railroad experience acquired by Mr. McAdoo in this connection was of little value. So he came to the position of director general of the railroads of the United States with poor qualifications, and this was apparent throughout his tenure of office. His greatest blunder was in increasing the wages of railroad employees beyond the point which the railroads could afford to pay, and the result has been that most of the railroads of the country have been practically bankrupt.

* * * *

McAdoo's Bid for the Labor Vote

"In making these wholesale increases in wages of railroad employees, Mr. McAdoo made a strong bid for the support of these men in any subsequent political aspirations that he might have. However, it is well known that the railroad men themselves were aware that the railroads were not in shape to make these increases in wages. The director general in his calculations increased his expense account over his income account, which is the greatest blunder that any business man can posibly make. He made certain sweeping and badly calculated increases in the charge of freight and passengers, and reduced the service so that it was cut down to a degree almost unbearable. Since the government took over the railroads, the public have been offered a miserable service. The rolling stock and equipment of the railroads have degenerated, and their income has been so impaired that they have had practically no money to spend for up-keep or improvements. Consequently, the railroads cannot be blamed for the poor service they have given the public. The blame for this falls upon the director general and his associates. I merely mention these things because at the moment, it looks as if Mr. McAdoo might possibly be the nominee of the Democratic party, and we might just as well know some of his qualifications. I do not mean to imply that Mr. McAdoo is a stupid man. I am willing to admit that he is fairly bright, average sort of man, but in his profession, as a lawyer, prior to his connection with the McAdoo tunnel, he never made any particular stir in his profession, and, as secretary of the treasury, I consider that he displayed only average ability. As director general of the railroads, he was a distinct and positive failure.

* * * *

Mistakes in Railroad Legislation

"Having made some references to the railroads, it might be well to consider for a moment, the present railroad law, and the duties which devolve upon the Interstate Commerce Commission, as a result of that law. The commission is required to grant a subsidy to the railroads, equal to about 6 per cent of their value. This burden falls upon the public, and is due to nothing but the extreme stupidity of the government. If our government had left the railroads under the manafement of their own presidents and directors, with instructions that they should co-operate, the country would have had an ideal railroad service during the period of the war. Instead of this the railroad presidents were all deposed, and inexperienced men were appointed in their places. The consequence of all this is the present state of the railroads, with which we are all familiar. The government is now compelled to hand over to the railroads a large sum of money, to keep them from going to the wall, and this is not the fault of the railroads in any sense or of their management, but is the direct result of government mismanagement and control.

* * * *

What Is the Present Physical Value of the Roads

"The present railroad law is to be carried into effect by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the railroads are patiently waiting for them to announce just what amount of money is to be turned over to each operating company. It is generally supposed that the 6 per cent valuation will be calculated upon the cost of the railroad, as shown by the books of each company. That is the only valuation which the commission has to go by at present. We must remember, however, that several years ago a commission was created by congress to determine the physical value of our railroads. The commission has been working for a great many years, and I am told by an experienced railroad man that in his judgment it will take more than two years longer to complete their job. When we consider that the values are changing constantly, we wonder whether this commission will revise any of its values that they arrived at five years ago.

* * * *

Change of R. R. Values

"Certainly, the value of real estate has changed materially during the past five years. The cost of equipment, locomotives and building material used in railroad terminals have all practically doubled, and in some cases quadrupled in price. We would like to know how this commission is going to revise its valuations, so as to bring them all up to date.

Meanwhile they have spent millions of the people's money in this absurd work upon which they are engaged. As soon as the railroads know the amount the Interstate Commerce Commission will grant them, they will be able to determine whether or not they can continue the payment of regular dividends. There is a provision in the railroad law which requires the railroads to give back to the government the amount they earn, in excess of 6 per cent allowance from the government, so, according to the present government law, there will be no chance for our railroads to accumulate any surplus of their own, even though they should earn it. Consequently I feel forced to the conclusion that the railroads are practically controlled by the government, which means that they are very undesirable as investments.

* * * *

Politics Disrupt Business

"We all know how bad government control is of any industry. It is always tainted by politics, and has never in the past been satisfactory. On the contrary, it has been nothing but a series of stupid blunders, and that is what I fear we may expect in the future. If the railroads could only be withdrawn from the blight of government control, and government interference, we believe, in a few years they would ge on their feet again. Some of the railroads are showing very good earnings. Without mentioning a long list, I might refer to the St Louis and San Francisco Railroad. This company's earnings have been decidedly helped by the development of the oil industry in Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. It would seem to me that the common stock of this company was rather an attractive speculation. The prior lien 4 per cent and 5 per cent bonds look like a safe proposition. Another railroad which is doing well is the Southern Railway. Its earnings between March 1st and June 1st of this year show an increase of over six million dollars, as compared with the same period last year. It is encouraging to holders of railroad securities to note these improvements in earnings, and if we could feel that the railroad properties themselves would benefit by the improved earnings, there would be some hope for the people who have their money tied up in railroad securities. The unfortunate part of it is that under present conditions, railroads are not benefited especially by improved earnings, but they suffer if their earnings go in the other direction.

* * * *

Depreciation of Values Due to Government Meddling

"It has been said that the Democratic party, at its convention at San Francisco, would make a strong bid for the labor vote. They claim for political purposes particular friendship for the labor unions, and especially for those unions which are identified with railroad labor. It might be well, right at this point, for politicians to con-

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sider that in connection with railroads there are two very large and distinct bodies of voters. On one side we have the railroad employees and on the other side we have those people who have invested their savings in railroad securities. Every time the railroad employee gets an increase in wages, which the railroad cannot afford to pay, but which is arbitrarily granted to them, the man who has invested his money in railroad stocks or bonds suffers a loss. The holders of railroad securities have been made to suffer terribly by the steady depreciation in the value of these securities. They are fully aware of the causes and it may be counted upon as a certainty that this class of people will express their disapproval of the government management of railroads the first time they have an opportunity to vote. Practically every individual voter, both men and women, who own depreciated railroad investments are against putting in power candidates who are responsible for their losses. It is not only in the case of railroad investments that these people have suffered, but the government has managed and ruined the express companies of the United States, and the hundreds of thousands of people who own express stocks have seen their investments go down until they are almost worthless.

The question now arises, which is the stronger class, the united bodies of investors in the United States or the railroad employees. It might be well to remember right here that a large class of labor men are also investors in a small way. Hundreds of thousands of labor men are holders of stocks, and the fact that Mr. McAdoo increased their wages when he had no real right to do it, and at the same time decreased the value of their investment will not count. We think the labor man would prefer to have his investment hold its own, or increase in value, rather than to receive an increase in wages.

* * * *

Wall Street Continues Dull

"There is no particular change in general conditions so far as Wall Street is concerned. Money rates continue to be uncomfortably high, ranging from 7 per cent to 12 per cent. Speculation is practically at a standstill. Banks which are holding up money rates are making a great deal of money. This period of high money rates has been a harvest for the banks. The Federal Reserve Bank has been making a great deal of money this past year, and we beg to state right here that we entirely disaprove of the Federal Reserve Bank accumulating a large profit account, as the bank was not created for this purpose, and when they show a big profit it is at the expense of the business men of the country.

* * * *

Bad Time for Business is Coming

"Prices continue high, and profiteering is going on as usual. There has been, however, a very noticeable falling off in the buying power of the country. People have begun to get tired of paying high prices in order to dispose of their stock. Manufacturers throughout the country report enormous cancelations of orders, and this foreshadows a closing down of a large number of factories. Everyone says that the wages of labor cannot be reduced. That may be so, but there is one thing that can happen very readily, and that is factories may close down, and labor be discharged. So while the laboring man's wages may not be reduced, it can be stopped altogether by his losing his job. Everyone knows that the present scale of wages cannot be maintained, and the arbitrary demands of the labor unions that present high wages be continued indefinitely only means the bread-line. I predict by next fall that the bread-line will contain hundreds of thousands of men. Business is slowing down with a certainty. The buying power of the whole world has been impaired to such an extent that it cannot help being felt by the laboring class as well as all other classes. The price of labor, as well as all other prices, has got to come down, as a preliminaary to again doing healthy business. Just at the moment, the only people I know of who are profiteering successfully, are the landlord and dealers in goods. The farmer who lives ten or fifteen miles from the nearest railroad station sells his fruit and eggs and poultry at the same prices as dealers in the most exclusive sections of New York. I have made a particular investigation of this point, and find the above statement to be correct. Landlords and the holders of real estate are making herculean efforts to dispose of their property, and the unwary are being led into all sorts of schemes by which property is transferred from its present owners over to them at exorbitant prices. But the end of this profiteering and swindling is undoubtedly in sight. Business throughout the country is terribly bad, and anyone who believes to the contrary can readily find out his mistake by a little inquiry and careful investigation. It is safe to say that business cannot continue to be done on the present scale of prices."

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Marines Summer Shooting School.

Young men who aspire to become marksmen with the pistol or rifle are offered an opportunity by the United States Marine Corps.

The Marine Corps is conducting a summer school of instruction for civilians at Mare Island from July 26th to August 8th. Students of universities, colleges and high schools are eligible for instruction in the use of the service rifle and pistol. In addition they will have an opportunity to learn something about machine guns and automatic rifles.

The only expense will be the cost of transportation to Mare Island and about eighty cents a day for "chow", which includes plenty of "seconds". Applicants may enroll by reporting on Mare Island July 26th or by writing to the officer in charge of the "Summer School of Instruction for Civilians", Marine Barracks, Mare Island, California.

Explanation of Glass Shortage

According to a report by the National Association of Window Glass Manufacturers in an Atlantic City convention the existing shortage of glass throughout the United States and Canada reflects a world-wide situation and is attributed by some of the largest manufacturers to these contributing causes:

"A reduction of window glass output by 50 per cent in this country during the duration of American participation in the World War, or practically two years.

"An almost total suspension of glass-making in western European countries while the allied nations were fighting the central powers and slow recovery from a practically complete paralysis of the glass trade there.

"Shortage of labor and decreased production in consequence throughout the United States during the last year."

W. H. Flood of Philadelphia, one of the best-known manufacturers in the eastern states, is now in Europe studying the glassmaking situation in England, France and Belgium. Upon the strength of his preliminary reports, it was asserted in the directors' meeting that American glassmakers had no cause to fear European competition for 1921 at least. Practically all of the allied countries are clamoring for glass in their reconstruction programs, and production is lagging. Devices are being used in lieu of machinery destroyed by the Germans, which were accounted antiquated in the United States twenty or even thirty years ago.

A Hall of Fame for Us

California's plan to establish a Hall of Fame Records will no doubt culminate in an edifice where people can stand and gaze as well as read. The idea at present is to confine the immortals within the famous period of the late war. Civilian patriots will take fame alongside military heroes. But in the course of time, such a structure will seem to demand a wider scope; the war will not be so sharply set in the popular mind, and there will be a general desire that all noteworthy Californians be included, from Gaspar de Portola to Mayor Rolph—and then some; for they will continue to do renowned deeds at a high average. Headquarters of the California archives will be in Berkeley, connected with the University. It is to be hoped that an important site will be selected. In fact, as fame goes, and since this is to be a state institution, conducted from Sacramento, the best place would, of course, be San Francisco. This is a case where the multitude should have preference. A lesson might be learned from New York's Hall of Fame. That is also connected with a college library. The situation is in a remote part of the New York University grounds, which are beyond 200th street. The hall, colonnade on a commanding terrace, has many scenic advantages, with the exception—few persons are there to see. Of all the amusements, resorts and places of interest in New York City, its Hall of Fame is the least visited. I rambled there on three occasions. Twice the place was deserted. At the other time two young men of the loafer type were vacuously ambling about. The bronze tablets are inscribed with words that have an air of uplift and pedagogue propaganda. The whole impression is one of solitude in a school room. In San Francisco a Hall of Fame could indeed be made famous. It must be in the right part of town, and it must be inscribed to men and women who are truly great. In the New York wilderness are perpetuated such names as George Peabody, Asa Gray, William Channing, Jonathan Edwards—good men, but not inspiring in that place. California could easily evade the attempts of prominent families to foist their ancestors on the public that way.

"What do you think of a man who constantly deceives his wife?" "Think of him! I think he's a wonder."

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The Bohemian Cremation of Care

This annual Bohemian function, always given during the week before the Grove Play, was held on Friday night last with more than usual attention to spectacular detail and stage management, and was almost unanimously pronounced to have been the most ambitiously entertaining one yet produced by this untiring aggregation of clever authors, musicians, actors and laymen, the latter being always carefully trained to become attentive and cultured auditors.

The book of this year's cremation was written by Almer M. Newhall, scion of an old San Francisco family, who made his debut as author and poet in Bohemia and scored a success that promises an invitation to occupy the much more important position of Grove Play author in the near future. His conception was interesting, his verse graceful, dignified and smoothe, and the construction of the plot, which ended with the incineration of Dull Care in his prison cell, very good indeed. The marches, choruess and several thrilling fanfares of trumpets were composed by Joseph D. Redding, who, all things considered, is perhaps the most talented, versatile and energetic worker in Bohemia. The cast was as follows: High Priest, M. C. Threlkeld; Dull Care, Richard M. Hotaling; Good Fellowship, Ernest H. Denicke; Tradition, George T. Klink; Despondency, Sumner Hardy; Dame Gloom, Walter S Weeks; Remorse, E. V. Saunders, and The Spirit of Bohemia, Roy M. Pike. The superb lighting effects were by the youthful veteran, Eddie Duffy; Properties and Effects by Harry S. Fonda and Harry P. Carleton, while the certainty of capable stage direction had been secured by commandeering the expert knowledge of Frank Mathieu as stage director.

The Low Jinks

After a recess of an hour, during which the Bohemians gathered about the campfire to listen to the inspiring strains of the new organ, the audience headed by the Club Band marched to the smaller theatre in Field Circle, where the Low Jinks was held under the management of Richard M. Hotaling, who can adequately perform any service exacted from him, with equal efficiency and no preference for any particular one. Field Circle had been transformed into a veritable country circuit, and the entertainment was confined to the Freak Show and Vaudeville entertainment, supposed always to follow the programme in the ring. Fred Myrtle was inimitable as a British "Spieler" and ticket seller, while "Buzz" Francis occupied a similar position on the stage, and did it admirably. Dan Hanlon was a wild and woolly cowboy, with topical songs; Harry Robertson, a wild man, who sang wonderful ballads; Riley Harden, the Fat Woman; Charley Field, the Living Skeleton; Bren Brady, the Strong Man; Spencer Grant, the Ventriloquist; Richard M. Hotaling, Clown; Fritz Denicke, Peanut Man, and Wally Weeks gave a club-swing act with the grace and celerity of a true professional. Two mysterious voices in the darkness of the hillside, projected by Dick Hotaling and Roy Pike, discussed "Joe Redding's new organ" in pungent travesty, written by Charley Field, and the program ended with a marriage in the bear's cage, in which Horace Miller was the groom, Arthur Fenimore the bride, Dion Holm the clergyman, and Joe Mora and Ray Coyle the Bears.

During next week there will be entertainments each night about the camp fire; on Friday, Low Jinks in Field Circle with Isaac Upham as Sire, and on Saturday night the Midsummer Encampment will close with the Grove Play, "Ilya of Murum", by Charles C. Dobey, and music by Marcelli. The subject is one of Russian folk lore fantasy, and glimpses at the rehearsals indicate that it will not be far behind the best of Bohemia's grove plays.

A New Discovery in Music

The musicians in the Bohemian Club—and their names make a legion of our best ones—are agog with excitement over the singular effects created by the pipe organ dedicated last week in the redwood grove of the club near Monte Rio, where the summer encampment is now in full blast. The blasts from the organ, however, have been the main feature among the great variety of entertainment offered each afternoon and evening, not only for the reason that it is most likely the first in the history of music when an instrument of this nature has been permanently installed in a forest, but it is declared to have furnished an entire new feature in music. Not only has it been discovered that a pipe organ amid these surroundings is vastly more effective in tone and volume than when played in an auditorium or cathedral, but there is an utter absence of overtone, which has always been a confusing detriment to the perfect resonance of organ music in the self disturbed acoustics of an indoor location full of reverberations. The foliage of the lofty redwoods appears to absorb the disturbing overtone and leave the proper tones to distribute their sweetness into all corners of the grove within 300 yards, and there is one spot where they can be heard in almost absolute perfection at a distance of 500 yards, nature having furnished some mysterious sort of sounding board to create this wonderful effect.

In several places this knot of giant redwoods will appear to absorb the volume of sound into itself, hold it there and create the impression that the organ islocated there rather near near the wooded hillside hundreds of feet away. An entirely new problem of phonetics is here involved, and the Bohemian musicians have been busy all the week in endeavoring to solve it understandingly so that the layman may be convinced how it all happens. In the meantime the new organ is the headliner of the weeks programme, and knots of wondering Bohemians may be found in many wide apart localities, enjoying the apparent plurality of organs and vainly endeavoring to fathom the mystery in this new vagary of harmony.

The Tildens

Three brothers arrived in California in the early fifties—William Percival, Thomas Ware and Edwin Marmaduke Tilden—all doctors like their father, grandfather and, indeed, most of their ancestors, who were located at Great Oak Manor, Kent county, Maryland.

Thomas returned East to take part in the Civil War and was imprisoned as a rabid rebel. Freed from prison, he retraced his steps westward and, resuming his practice in a California town, died peacefully in bed. One of his sons is Marmaduke Tilden, today the lumber king of Alameda county.

Unlike his brother, William P. was a staunch Union Democrat and took part in the turbulent politics of the period, knowing all the leading men of the era, like Broderick, Terry, etc. He was superintendent of the Stockton Insane Asylum and several times a member of the legislature. He married a girl 16 years old who had crossed the mountains in the same train that is made historically memorable by the fact that the Donner party got detached from it and was caught in the early snows of 1845-46. This girl is still living as one of the few survivors of the period. A son of this family lost his hearing in his childhood through scarlet fever, but developed into the great sculptor of the West—Douglas Tilden, who is mentioned in the memorial records as the "greatest living deafmute."

The third brother, Edwin, had a more picturesque career. He joined the Walker expedition as doctor and, on the failure of the second filibustering attempt, was never heard of again. One lamentable episode of his disappearance was that, though all the names of all the Tilden ancestors are known and preserved today, Edwin had taken with him an old Bible with family memoranda up to the earliest times, and this precious volume is irrecoverably lost. He left his family in Philadelphia. A son named William Tatem became one of the millionaire merchants of the city. It is his son William Tatem, Jr., who with our Johnston, is upholding the American honors at lawn tennis and be destined to be the world's champion.

Sufficient attention is not generally paid to the fact that, though they are co-related in blood, there are two Tilden branches in this country. Two members of the party departed for America, one settling in Scituate, Mass., in 1628, and another at Great Oak Manor, Kent county, Maryland, in 1648. The renowned Samuel J. Tilden was a descendant of the northern branch. The founder of the southern family was first cousin of Sir Richard Tylden of Milsted, England, and grandson of Sir William Tylden of Great Tyldens, Kent county, England. Thus the American Heraldry says that the Tildens (still spelt Tylden in the old country where the baronetcy exists) are one of the few American families who have an unquestioned right to a crest. The motto of the coat-of-arms is "Truth and Liberty."

Sporting Clothes

The myriad fads of modish women have certainly come to a point where milady will have

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to take a determined stand and say that this or that is or is not becoming to the sex. Every age has its distinctive garb. Ours must follow the same law, asserting its claim to beauty among the beautiful things of all time. Such pastimes as the automobile, hiking, golfing, dancing have a potent effect in establishing the general lines and colors of costumes, for, the fashionable woman of today is a sporting duchess as compared with the prudent housewife of yore. Leather coats, blue sweaters, flimsy skirts, filmy stockings, brilliant booties, hiking togs and all that sort of thing have changed at least the outdoor personnel of the street concourse of women from a slow, solemn promenade to a carnival of glittering abandon. It has also been noted by bashful, Peeping-Tom historians that women are becoming larger in all directions. Have we not been reading that the costumers mourn the perfect thirty-six manikin as hard to find these days? The thought then comes, if the model is becoming scarce, then likewise the ladies of the same dimensions So why not change the standard to a perfect forty? It may be, though, that women will always have fixed in their minds the magical thirty-six, and howsoever they flourish beyond that the charm of the old ideal will remain and they will inspect gowns made to no other form. They will golf, dance and eat candy until the ingenuity of dressmakers is taxed to the utmost. What the utmost is in exact inches none will dare reveal. The wag who used to say "sweets to the sweet" when handing the girl a box of candy, might have added "eat and grow fat thereon". We still have a number of slim princesses in local society; besides, more than a few perfect thirty-sevens, and we hear that many of them are on a strict diet. Their motto is: "Tea and dry toast to the sweet."

"Lady Astor's Canting Attitude"

The above quotation is from that ungallant yet redoubtable Britisher, Horatio Bottomly, member of parliament and editor of "John Bull". He refers to her ladyship's conservatism on divorce laws and prohibition, after availing herself of a good American divorce and champagne entertainment in the old free days. From various accounts it appears that her ladyship, after election in a sort of Billy Sunday campaign of slang, pep and vaudeville, assumed a somewhat haughty post taking her seat in the grand shadows of British parliament. Either the stupendous situation quite overcame her dainty little soul, or she soon found that, once a person occupies office, an appeal must be made to the conservatives and stand-patters, if one clings to any social standing at all. Most radicals ease off and become ministerial in their manner when surrounded by all the paraphernalia of statecraft. There is always a feeling that ambition and high society go hand in hand. It is hard to differentiate between state pomp and social favors. At any rate Lady Astor's skittish campaign gave no token that she would eventually be severe on popular morals. Horatio Bottomly's views is that the American beauty fooled the British electorate into making her an M. P., and now, as an advocate of mid-Victorian austerity, she is "as bad as the best of them". Bottomly states that most of her constituents feel the same way about it, and that next time the lady will have to address an entirely new set of voters. If she continues to stand for prohibition and general sanctity, the upshot may be that the Britsh Parliament will sink back into its ancient rut without experiencing that modernizing jazz which Lady Astor was supposer to bring with her.

Lady Astor's Divorce Story

Lady Astor, M. P., recounted the circumstances of her divorce in 1903 before the annual meeting of the Unionists Association in Plymouth, with a view to rebutting charges printed in a London newspaper last May.

Lady Astor declared she had confidence that the electors had trusted her, but said it was due them to know all the facts so they could judge whether she still deserved their confidence.

"It is a painful duty to revive these old troubles and sorrows," Lady Astor said, "but there are indications that certain influences, which often lead to corruption in politics, are trying to undermine my position. It will be for you to decide whether you will allow this campaign to succeed."

A resolution was adopted unanimously expressing condemnation of the newspaper attack and assuring Lady Astor of the electors' "unbounded esteem and confidence."

Col. and Mrs. Robert McMillan's hosts of friends here regret their early departure from Fort Winfield Scott to the colonel's new station, Mobile, Ala The charming and popular Mrs. McMillan was Léontine Blakeman. En route to her husband's new post Mrs. McMillan will visit her cousins, Mrs. Willard Chamberlain (Innes Keeney), of Pittsburg, and Mrs. T. E. Tomlinson (Ethel Keeney) of New York.

Col. and Mrs. Charles Leonard Phillips are visiting their daughter and son-in-law, Major and Mrs. Ralph C. Harison, in Mill Valley. Colonel Phillips is instructor of military tactics at Washington University under the famous Dr. Suzzalo.

Mrs. M. B. Walker of San Francisco, who motored down from Los Angeles, is enjoying a visit to La Jolla.

Mr. Charles F. Hanlon of San Francisco is in Santa Barbara, whither he motored with a party of Los Angeles friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mighels are the proud parents of a baby daughter. Mrs. Mighels was charming Eleanor Tay, daughter of Mrs. Frederick Henshaw, who as Helen Walker was one of San Francisco's daughters whose beauty was a sensation in society.

Del Monte Notes

Among the interesting events of the past week at Del Monte was a dinner party given in honor of General A C. Erwin of the Monterey Presidio. The occasion of the affair was the retirement of the general. He is one of the most popular army officers and he leaves a vacant place that will be hard to fill in the hearts of the men with whom he was associated. The dinner party was attended by fifty guests. The tables were prettily and appropriately decorated. Dancing in the Palm Grill followed the dinner.

Mr. Ford Sterling, movie comedian from Los Angeles, visited Del Monte over the week-end to indulge in a few days of golf and a complete change and recreation from the strenuousness of the days in the southern city.

Miss Dorothy Gage, who is at Del Monte from San Francisco, finds delight in a daily swim in the Roman Plunge. Mrs. John Early Evans and Miss Victoria Evans also indulge in that pastime at Del Monte.

Among the younger set taking up golf quite seriously are Miss Elizabeth and Miss Mary La Boyteaux of New York, Miss Marion Baker, who is their guest, and Miss Ames, daughter of Mrs. Harry Scott. They are frequently seen on the links playing a foursome. Mrs. Harry Scott has taken a house at Monterey for the summer.

The picturesque open air plunge at Del Monte has been the scene of a number of interesting water events which have atracted the attention of the large summer crowds now at that resort. Over the week-end a team of Olympic Club water men performed in an aquatic circus which included a water baseball gaem and diving and swimming competitions.

An event at Del Monte to which the youngsters who are spending vacation days at the seaside resort are looking forward to is a horseback picnic to the deserted Indian village at Pebble Beach. After their ride they will sit down to a wonderful "spread" of good things, which only the Del Monte maitre d'hotel knows how to provide.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, who have a beautifnl home at Pebble Beach, have gone into the Arizona desert—haven of the artist—where they will paint and sketch. They are to be away for a month or so and they will be missed by their many friends at Del Monte.

Fanny Hurst, the writer, and her husband are making a stay at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted B. Wilcox, Jr., of Portland, have canceled their proposed trip to Honolulu and are back at Del Monte for another visit. They have been entertained by Mr. and Mrs. George B. Carpenter and Mr. and Mrs. David Kerr of Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Pliny E. Holt of Stockton are entertaining extensively in their new home at Pebble Beach. Mr. Holt has become a member of the Del Monte Fishing Club. He spends much time playing golf on the seaside links and at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Rice of Honolulu are making a stay at Del Monte Lodge. Mr. Rice is a member of the famous Hawaiian polo team, and while at Del Monte has been spending much of his time at the polo fields, where Hugh Drury, Felton Elkins, Harry Hunt and other players are practicing. The Hawaiian polo four is contemplating coming to Del Monte next winter.

Mr. William F. Humphrey is at Del Monte indulging in golf.

A party from Oakland registered at Del Monte is that of Mrs. John J. Valentine, Mr. P. C. Valentine and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Leimert.

E. H. Heller from Menlo Park is a visitor at Del Monte, his favorite summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Ritter, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Anderson, Mr. Frank D. Madison are sojourning at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Niven are frequent visitors at Del Monte. This year they will be at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy of Los Angeles with Bernardine Murphy and Mrs. Murphys sister, Miss Sue Sinnott, are enjoying their beautiful home at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. C. F. Dillman and daughter, Miss Corinne, are at the hotel.

A number of prominent people from the southwest have been at Del Monte during the past week. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Ferris of Dallas are enthusiasts of fishing.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Peckrell of El Paso, Texas, are at Del Monte with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Peckrell of Los Angeles.

Governor and Mrs. William Gardner of Missouri are among the distinguished guests who have visited Del Monte. The Gardners have

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gone to Long Beach and plan to return to Del Monte the latter part of this month Governor Gardner is an enthusiastic golfer and was impressed with the seaside course at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs, John Neyland have arrived at Del Monte to make an extended stya. Mr. Neylan is out on the golf course frequently and has engaged in some exciting foursomes with Mr. Herbert Fleishhacker, Chief of Police D. A. White of San Francisco and Mr. Dan Mahoney. Mrs. White and Mrs. Mahoney are in the party and have taken an interest in the summer sports at Del Monte.

Mr. J. T. M. Johnstone of St. Louis has joined his family at Del Monte.

Concert for St. Anselm's

The second concert of the summer series will be held Sunday afternoon, August 6th, in Saint Anselm's auditorium in Ross.

Myrtle Leonard, a young contralto of New York, will appear, also Reverend Edgar Boyle, lyric tenor; Rudy Seiger, violinist; Uda Waldrop, pianist.

The following are patronesses and have sections reserved for all the concerts: Mesdames James K. Armsby, Stanley Arnold, Truxton Beale, Henry Bothin, George Brooks, Joseph Coffin, Leonard Douglass, Milton Esberg, William Kent, de W. Kittle, Charles Gagan, George Young, Mary Manning, Benjamin Dibblee, Frank Howard Allen, Jr., Joseph Ross, Uda Waldrop, Charles Macomber, H. G. Stratford, James Gilhuly, James Moore Sheehan; Misses Gertrude Byrnes, Kathleen Byrnes, Margaret Mee and Maude Fay.

Techau Tavern's New Departure

Always the center of new features, Techau Tavern has inaugurated an After Theatre Special in the nature of a novel souvenir dance. Every dance following supper after the theatre is a souvenir dance. Hilson's Ladies Toggery Orders and Melachrino Cigarettes are given as favors to the lucky ones. "Compare the music" is the compendium of praise for the dulcet tunes played by the Techau Tavern Dance Orchestra, which is the favored attraction of those who follow the latest in dance music and dancing atractions. The Artists' Revue still holds its place in the spotlight by virtue of its clever revues, colorful costumes, sparkling dances and charming beauty of its talented girls who compose its ensemble.

Casa del Rey

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jeffery and their daughter, Miss Muriel, have just completed an extensive motor trip through the state, stopping at Lake Tahoe, Yosemite, Del Monte, Los Angeles and other places of interest.

Mr. Jeffery has gone east on a business trip, leaving his family at the Casa del Rey for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Sharon, Hurford Sharon and Miss Marcissa Cerini, of Piedmont, who are also making an automobile tour, stopped at the Casa del Rey for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs Harry A. Goedje took a party of friends to the Big Basin and other scenic points. The group included Miss Ruth Collier, Miss C. M. Goedje and Mrs. Bert Bayse.

Judge F. A. Griffin, accompanied by his wife and young daughter, are guests at the Casa del Rey, where they will remain for a month or more. With them are Mrs. Cora Jacobs and Miss Eleanor Jacobs.

Another interesting family group is that of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Eister, their son, Richard, and Mr. and Mrs G. J. Eisert, all of San Francisco. Miss Katherine Gresler is accompanying them; they spend most of their time on the golf links, over which they all seem very enthusiastic. Mrs. J. A. Williams is also with them and her small daughter, Miss Franc Pixley Williams, a name sake of the late Frank Pixley, librettist of many a beautiful light opera, among them being the Prince of Pilsen.

Mrs. Ralph McLearen is a guest at the Casa del Rey, where she will remain for some time. Her mother, Mrs. F. D'Arcy Brown is with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce H. McBirney, who were married recently at St. Dominics' church, stopped at the Casa del Rey on their honeymoon. Mrs. MsBirney was Miss Genevieve Leonard, daughter of Dr. and Alexa nder T. Leonard, and is well known in San Francisco society.

Another of the many bridal couples staying at the Casa del Rey just now is Dr. and Mrs. A. Gottlieb, who have a host of friends in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Chickering of Piedmont were also visitors at the hotel for a few days, accompanied by Mrs. Allen L. Chichering.

A Womans' Song

Aye! pluck the rose in noontide's burning heat,
At even, watch its petals at your feet;
But you who taught me love, learn of me then
The mother-love that women keep for men.

Aye! pluck the rose no flower shall bloom in vain,
And summer's hours give place to winter's rain;
Yet when those sweet days pass do not repine,
A woman's heart holds greater love than thine.

Far deeper joys than burning kisses know;
Far gladder hours than all a noonday's glow
I'll show you, lead and teach you then,
From out that love which women keep for men.

—Arthur E. Lloyd Maunsell.

The Stage

"Peg O' My Heart"

Here we are again and once more the Alcazar company fulfills a prediction and adds another laurel or two to its already enviable record. It was very evident, indeed, judging from the two or three previous efforts of Inez Regan in the leading roles assigned to her, that she was by temperament, personal appearance and a number of other qualifications especially fitted to play the leading role in Hartley Manners' best play, "Peg O'My Heart" almost as well as Laurette Taylor, the talented as fascinating original. To tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, if nature had endowed Inez Ragan with the appealing gentleness and singularly soft voice of the first Peg, she would have been even better, for she registers her comedy points with a comical aggressiveness which Laurette Taylor does not possess. Our attractive and clever little leading woman of the Alcazar must not regard this as any criticism of her performance, but, being a comparison, which is generally odious, she may not be altogether pleased. I am inclined to accord second honors in this admirable cast to Ben Erway, whose portraiture of the ineffable little cad Alaric, stamped him as being quite the best comedian that has graced the Alcazar stage in many a day, and it is also inspired the regret that he will not be with us long for some Broadway scout or other will discover him and consign him to the more important spheres of theatredom. This paper's especial favorite, Emily Pinter, had a strangle hold on the unpleasant role of Ethel. It seemed to matter but little to her that she was utterly out of sympathy with her audience, and the fact that everyone knows she is in no sense a snob, is another indication of her excellent method, for she really seemed to revel in her cruel prods at the adorable Peg. Dudley Ayres played the lover Jerry for all the part was worth, which is saying a great deal, since it is not a very exacting one and merely a good "feeder" for the almost monologistic heroine. Brady Kline was nearly as good in the insidious deceiver role of Brent, and Rafael Brunetto gave the requisite directness and dignity to the conventional stage lawyer. It is to be regretted that the ever efficient Jane Oliver was merely a housemaid in a single scene, but when her opportunity to show her real mettle arrives she will again prove how capable a member of the company she is. Emelie Mellville was the epitome of perfection as the snobbish aristicratic mother, and Al. Cuningham really made a good part of Jervis the Butler. In short, this production was altogether good, not forgetting the admirable setting and stage management, and even the dog Michael reflects great credit upon the property man who found him. From the true critical standpoint, it is feared that there will be an equally favorable review to write of "The Tailor Made Man" next week, thereby subjecting the scribe to the danger of removal from office for "persistent favoritism".

Clay M. Greene.

The Bohemian Grove

Few people outside the membership of the Bohemian Club have any idea of the great area and material importance of its splendid estate among the red woods and mountains of the Russian River. Here it has supplied its membership with perhaps the most completely equipped camp in the world, not only for the giving of its annual entertainments of world wide fame, but where its members may pass their vacations surrounded by every comfort, and this without going beyond the limits of the beautiful estate in which each one has a proprietray interest. The estate is over nine hundred acres in extent, and in addition to the space alotted to the camp proper, it is bisected by several canyons covered by virgin forest, and its hillsides are traversed by many miles of trails through its own vistas of magnificent scenery. There are nearly two hundred camps owned individually or by groups of Bohemians, and some of the last named are very elaborate, although the rules specify that tents and not wooden buildings must constitute the only abodes. The larger camps are characteristically named, according to the tastes or inclination of their owners, and among the most prominent ones may be mentioned "Mandalay", "The Igorrote

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THIS WEEK ONLY—THE PLAY ADORABLE
"PEG O' MY HEART"
WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE, JULY 25
Big Special Cast of Twenty-five in
The Famous Cohan and Harris Comedy Success,
"A Tailor Made Man"
The Audacious Adventures of Ambitious Youth, Wittily, Delightfully Described by Harry James Smith
NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
DUDLEY AYRES—INEZ RAGAN
SUNDAY MATINEE, AUGUST 1 The Comedy Cocktail Avery Hopwood's High Temperature Frivolity
"FAIR AND WARMER"
Boiling Over with Feverish Fun
SOON—"REBECCA OF SUNNY BROOK FARM"
Every Eve. Mats. Sun., Thurs., Sat.

Village", "The Star and Garter", "The Angels", "Woof!", "The Moonshiners" and "Toyland".

During the midsummer encampment, which is generally of two full weeks duration, the grove assumes the importance and dignity of a real town of 1,500 or more inhabitants, which include members, servants, waiters, cooks and laborers, and these are governed, or, rather, held in subjection, by a Grove Committee under the leadership of Grove Captain E. J. Benjamin, which sees to it that the grove rules are observed, and specifies penalties for infractions of them, although it may be said that their authority is by no means severely exercised. There is a complete telegraphic, telephone, express and postoffice service, and a hospital is maintained with a trained interne in charge, and under the direction of a physician member appointed annually. The great refectory will comfortably accommodate 1,200 members and the forest kitchens are complete in every detail. The majestic natural theatre will seat 2,000 auditors without crowding, and its stage is equipped with the most approved equipment for lighting and other stage effects. Field Circle, the smaller theatre, is devoted to entertainments of lesser importance, and each night during encampment, impromptu shows are given about the campfire, in the wide spreading Stow Circle, which has this year been furnished with an added attraction in the shape of the great pipe organ, recently installed nearby at a cost of $16,000. Taken by and large there is certainly no camp in the world so large in area, so completely appointed, or so consistently patronized as is this summer home of Bohemia. Its membership, although somewhat exclusive, is commendably democratic, and an membery, rich or poor, may aspire to the presidency. Newspaper men, bankers, judges, lawyers, clerks, railroad men and artists have been successful presidents, and this year the baton of command has been entrusted with supreme confidence to the truly Bohemian grasp of Haig Patigian, the distinguished San Francisco sculptor.

Emily Stevens in a Great Revival

"Forget-Me-Not", an old melodrama which had a sensational success in the '80s, has recently been revived in New York with big success. Emily Stevens plays Stephanie, the heroine, whom Rose Coghlan made famous in early days and whom all San Francisco worshipped in the person of Jeffreys-Lewis. The Alcazar has an excellent cast at present to produce it. The logical unscrupulous Stephanie would be beautiful Emily Pinter, who "vamps' so well, while the captivating Miss Ragan would score as her virtuous rival. Dudley Ayres and the other clever men of the company could render a faithful reproduction of the play which, if it can rouse New York to enthusiasm, ought to be caviar to our unjaded appetites.

Alcazar

From the laughter and pathos of "Peg O' My Heart", delightfully portrayed this week, the versatile players of the New Alcazar, will next Sunday turn to the essentially American comedy "A Tailor Made Man", which the late Harry James Smith, cut off at the height of his success, made joyous with youth, optimism and the sheer audacity of a big ambition. Its hero, plucky, resourceful, highly charged with the magnetic force that gives youngsters of this feverish period power to conquer obstacles, is a clothespresser through necessity. While ironing out the creases in a plutocrat's "dress suit", it occurs to him that he would like to be a plutocrat himself, just to se how it feels. Calmly arraying himself in borrowed finery he invades a fashionable function, financed by 17 cents of his own and a fifty-dollar bill that he finds in the purloined vest pocket. He is a swift worker and quickly rises to dizzy eminence in high society and big business. Keen wit, smart satire, sharp edged thrusts at fads and follies of employers and workers, are hilariously blended in the novel play which enjoyed extraordinary success here, as in the east, and proved a gold mine for Cohan and Harris. It requires the largest cast assembled in years at the Alcazar—some twenty-five speaking characters—and is a costly thing to stage for a single week. Dudley Ayres, John Paul Bart, Inez Ragan, Alfred Hesse (of Ethel Barrymore's New York company) as the fiery foreign idealist, Dr. Sonntag and Henry Shumer, with Emily Pinterfi Jean Oliver, Gladys Emmons, Eunice Gilman, Grace Finnell, Brady Kline, Ben Erway, Rafael Brunetto, Al Cunningham and the standard favorites all have attractive roles.

"Fair and Warmer", due Sunday, August 1st, is fast and furious frivolity, of fever heat temperature, never staged at the Alcazar, but has caused the mercury in the farcical thermometer to boil over the top in all sorts of climatic zones, American, European and Antipodean.

Tom Bunyan in Antwerp

"Let the best man win", and he did in the "Bulletin" contest. He received the highest number of votes and on August 1st will be off for the Olympic games. He was the logical candidate and needed not for votes to go outside the Olympic Club, where he is manager of the junior department. There he is monarch of all he surveys, for his little realm is the kingdom of love. The boys love him because he is a true sport and always kind, considerate and planning something for their happiness. The men are fond of him and respect him because he can manage the kiddies and has their confidence.

Mr. Bunyan should be able to give sportsmanlike and graphic descriptions of the Antwerp meet. Who knows, perhaps he inherits some of the literary skill of his illustrious ancestor, John Bunyan?

An indisputable proof of his popularity with his young charges is the recent assertion of the librarian in a residence district where a large number of juvenile Olympians live that there was no book more in demand than "Pilgrims Progress". She ascertained the cause to be that they thought it must be a "bully book, 'cause the author was a grandfather or uncle or something of Tom Bunyan."

From a "Wet" Section

She was a raw country girl and had gone to her new position in town. The mistress was explaining the art of laying the table and was showing her how to place the glasses.

"But, ma'am," said the girl, "you don't want all those glasses on at the same time, do you?"

"Certainly," replied the mistress. "Why not?"

The girl was silent for a moment, then she said, "All right, I'll put 'em just as you say, only I hope you won't blame me if you get a headache mixing your drinks so."—Minneapolis Tribune.

The Reason for It

He frowned in perplexity on hearing once more that she was not at home.

"I wonder, Jimmy," he said bitterly, "if your sister realizes that I have treated her to three taxi rides and four concerts this month?"

"You bet she realizes it," said the small boy, grinning. "That's why she's keeping her engagement to Joe Johnson a secret."—Minneapolis Tribune.

"I was surprised to hear you were kissing my girl in the dark the other night!" "No more surprised than I was when I saw her in daylight!"

THE ONLY WAY TO WIN

It takes a little courage
And a little self-control
And some grim determination
If you want to reach the goal.
It takes a deal of striving
And a firm and stern-set chin,
No matter what the battle,
If you're really out to win.

There's no easy path to glory,
There's no rosy road to fame;
Life, however we may view it,
Is no simple parlor game;
But its prizes call for fighting,
For endurance and for grit,
For a rugged disposition
And a "don't-know-when-to-quit."

You must take a blow, or give one,
You must risk and you must lose,
And expect that in the struggle
You will suffer from a bruise.
But you mustn't wince or falter
If a fight you once begin,
Be a man and face the battle;
That's the only way to win.

Cause to Worry

A vigorous-looking woman boarded a car and pushed a small boy down on the seat. The other passengers noted that the boy had his head completely hidden by a tightly fitting saucepan, and their sympathetic inquiries elicited the fact that his unhappy mother was taking the equally unhappy youth to the hospital to "have it took off."

"But how did he get it on his head?" asked a passenger.

"He was playin' at soldier, and wanted a helmet, so he took the saucepan," said the mother.

"It'll be a bad job for him!" said another passenger.

"It's a wuss one for me," retorted the mother; "it's the only saucepan I've got, and there's my breakfast in it!"

Classified

He was demobbed and did not care what happened, he felt so happy. For the last time he faced the sergeant major, the man who had made life a burden so long.

But this time he came to the ordeal with a smile on his face.

"Now, my man," snarled the sergeant major, haughtily, "answer my questions smartly. What did you do for a living before you joined the army?"

"I was a clerk in an office, sir!" replied the private, happily.

"Washing out ink spots, I s'pose?" sneered the autocrat.

"No, sir!" replied the private, sweetly. "We employed a retired sergeant major for that sort of work!"

His Real Grievance

Bringing with him an electric atmosphere, the man strode into the newspaper office and banged his stick on the counter.

"Where's the editor?" he shouted, angrily.

"He's—he's out," replied the clerk, nervously. "What has he done this time?"

"In that advertisement for my valve-less motor," stormed the visitor, "he's turned the second 'v' into a 'u'!"

The mistress of the house entered the dining-room just as a burglar was in the act of purloining the silver. "What are you doing?" asked the lady. "Oh," returned the thief, "I am at your service, madam!"

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It was a week of reaction for the industrial shares particularly. The Steels, Motors and Equipments were hard hit by pressure of selling orders, although, undoubtedly, most of the selling was for short account.

There was no real news, outside of the usual stiff money rates, to account for the break in the market, but the street was filled with bearish rumors. Some of these rumors included talk of a shut-down of the steel industry, possibility of another European war as the result of the situation in Poland and talk of a railroad tie-up to include the entire country. However, leading bankers blamed the reaction on an over-bought condition of a weak character.

On the other hand, earnings of the various companies were reported excellent—notably Lackawanna earned $2,000,000 the first quarter, which was sufficient to pay dividends for a full year. Studebaker will earn close to $7 per share the second quarter, which is far in excess of dividend requirements.

Credit conditions, however, are not improving. It is figured that, at least, two million tons of manufactured steel products are waiting to be given to points of destination.

Although the copper market is rather quiet, the tone is reported as firm. Business is being done every day in moderate quantities—as well as carload lots at 19 cents per pound for third quarter delivery, and the leading authorities are optimistic on the outlook. One of the main reasons for the optimism is the fact that the leading sellers are getting orders for small lots from consumers, who usually place their business with the dealers who are willing to shade prices. This is taken to indicate that there is little or no metal available from these outside sellers at present.

A waiting attitude may be seen in the stock market for the present with irregular activity on account of the talk of a strike by the railroad unions in case the wage decision expected to be handed down Tuesday shall be unsatisfactory to them, otherwise money permitting rallying on a stronger technique might well be expected. The European war situation continues to receive close attention in some quarters.

Cotton—Cotton had a continuous advance throughout the week, attributed to better Liverpool cables, reports of too much rain in the central and eastern belts and further improved trade advices from Manchester and the Far East.

There was a considerable short interest created, owing to the improved condition of cotton shown in July 1st report. The persistent foreign buying caused the shorts to find less cotton for sale than they anticipated.

Not in recent months has sentiment on the floor been so confused, nor opinion so divergent on the question which is now agitating traders, namely, whether the drastic decline of the past few weeks has brought cotton near the cost of production. Statisticians further complicate the problem by failing to agree. A government report early in June indicated a carry-over in the neighborhod of three million bales. A month later these figures were revised in upward direction from which some see a carry-over of five million, while others believe both should be discarded.

Some traders accept southern figures, which show growing costs around 30 cents a pound at their face value—an equal number declare these estimates to be questionable propaganda. There are traders who hold demand will not make the price next year, but that the world will readily take 15,000,000 bales of American cotton if the price is right. Those who agree on this generality, however, cannot agree on what constitutes a "right price."

Mrs. Benham—Talk is cheap.

Benham—Yes, and it's lucky for me that it is. You use so much of it that if it were expensive you would ruin me.

Whipper—I advertised for a job and didn't get a reply. How was it you received so many answers.

Snapper—I advertised for a wife.

"Well, doctor, do you thing it is anything serious?"

"Oh, not at all. It is merely a boil on the back of your neck, but I would advise you to keep an eye on it."

Husband—Another new dress? Where do you suppose I shall get the money to pay for it?

Wife—You must excuse me. I didn't marry you to give you financial advice.

One of the Mourners—Mahoole—don't look so sad. Th' deceased sid he wanted ivry wan to be chareful at th' wake.

Hogan—How kin Oi when he owed me twenty dollars?

"Now, children, what did Man descend from?" asked the school teacher.

"Monkeys," replied the bright boy.

"And what did monkeys descend from?"

"Trees, madam."

Amanda—Do you remember ten years ago you confessed your love for me, how cruelly I refused you? I'm older now, and think differently.

Algernon—Well—er—so do I.

"Have you any idea how short that skirt is?"

"Yes; and I've a fair idea of how long it will be before you get me another one."

"Allow a horrid man to kiss me—never!"

"Neither would I. But, thank goodness, there isn't one among all my male acquaintances."

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Haight Street Branch—Haight and Belvedere Sts.

June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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Weaving a Gigantic Tapestry in Edinburgh

The first of a series of tapestries which Lord Bute some years ago ordered to be made to decorate the grand hall at Mount Stuart is nearing completion. The full-sized cartoon on the completed tapestry will occupy a space of 32 feet 6 inches by 13 feet 4½ inches. For the weaving of the tapestry premises were erected at Corstorphine. The craftsmen were trained by Mr. G. W. Thomson. The work was interrupted by the war, but the premises have now been reopened and the work resumed. Some idea of the amount of work involved may be gathered from the fact that the total surface of the tapestry measures 61,000 square inches, the warp representing a total length of twenty-one miles. The motive is a hunting scene with Highland figures.

The Useful Boarder

A man visiting a manufacturing center recently learnt that the daughter of a small shopkeeper with whom he had some dealings was to be married "when they got the boarder, says "A Londoner" in the "Evening Standard." This curious qualification led to investigations, which showed that it is quite a common thing nowadays in this—and by inference other similar centers—for young people anticipating matrimony on limited means to secure a suitable boarder to contribute to the household expenses. The high cost of commodities and the comparative cheapness of catering for one extra person is, of course, the reason; but the matrimonial barque which is dependent upon a boarder seems a dangerous vessel upon which to venture a life's happiness.

Jones—My wife told me when I got in at two o'clock this morning that she didn't propose to waste any words on me.

Evans—Ah! you were in luck!

Jones—Not much! She didn't waste any words; she used every one in the vocabulary.

Preparedness

"John, get me a dozen buckets on your way home, will you?"

"For heaven's sake, Maria, what do you need all those buckets for?"

"I don't need them just yet, but I saw in the paper today where all the bucket shops were being shut up."—Baltimore American.

Woman's Intuition

They had just become engaged.

"I shall love," she cooed, "to share all your griefs and troubles."

"But, darling," he purred, "I have none."

"No," she agreed, "but I mean when we are married."—Dallas News.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON GUARDIAN'S APPLICATION FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 10. No. 29497.
In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of FREDERICK V. DEWEY, Third, a Minor.

It appearing to the Court from the petition this day presented and filed by F. V. DEWEY, JR., the guardian of the person and estate of FREDERICK V. DEWEY, THIRD, a Minor, praying for an order of sale of the real property belonging to said Minor; that it is necessary or would be beneficial to said Minor that said real property be sold.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of the said Minor, and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, on Monday, the 23rd day of August, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the courtroom of this Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real property.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of this order be given to all persons interested in the estate of said Minor by publication thereof at least once a week for three (3) successive weeks before the said hearing in TOWN TALK, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court this 19th day of July, 1920.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

PERCY E. TOWNE,
Attorney for Guardian.
Chronicle Building, San Francisco. 7-24-4

Jones—How is it you haven't asked me to pay your account?

Tradesman—I never ask a gantleman for money.

Jones—Indeed! Then how do you get on if he doesn't pay?

Tradesman—Well, if he doesn't pay after a certain length of time I know he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him.

"Jack, I wish you'd give that young brother of mine a talking to. It's time he thought of choosing a career."

"Judging by the hours he keeps, I thought he was studying to be a night watchman."

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
In the Matter of the Estate of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a petition for the probate of the will of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased, and for the issuance to GERTRUDE RICHTER of letters testamentary has been filed in this Court, and that Monday, the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 9 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated, July 6th, 1920.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

Charles F. Hanlon,
Attorney for Petitioner,
501-4 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-10-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
EMMA GLEASON, Plaintiff, vs. JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to JACK GLEASON, Defendant

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

Dated: May 27, 1920.
JOSEPH L. TAAFFE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
BELLE J. MOORE, Plaintiff, vs. PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated: April 27, 1920.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES F. ADAMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1606 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-29-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of CHARLES F. HANLON, rooms 501-504 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said offices the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased.

FRANK W. DEAN,
Administrator of the Estate of
WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased.
Dated: San Francisco, June 29th, 1920. 7-3-5

NOTICE OF DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That I, the undersigned, EDWARD E. SCHROEDER, hereby certify that I am doing business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and designation of PACIFIC COAST PIANO REPAIR SHOP; that the principal place of business carried on under the said fictitious name is at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that I am the sole owner of the said business; that my full name is Edward E. Schroeder, and my place of residence is No. 36 Steiner Street, San Francisco, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 29th day of May, 1920.

EDWARD E. SCHROEDER.

Endorsed: No. 5102.
Filed June 4th, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 1st day of June, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty, before me, J. D. BROWN, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared EDWARD E. SCHROEDER, known to me to be the person described in, whose name is subscribed to and who executed the annexed instrument and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.
(Seal)

J. D. BROWN.
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

My Commission expires April 4, 1922.
Rooms 206-7, Humboldt Bank Building,
Phone Douglas 2324. 7-3-5

SUMMONS

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
AUTIE McCOY, Plaintiff, vs. DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN UNDER my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this July 7th, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

Schonfeld & Dunn,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 7-10-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

Dept. No. 2. No. 106183

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.
HAZEL M. DAY, Plaintiff, vs. TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send greeting to TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, 20th day of April, A. D. 1920.
(Seal of) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Superior Court) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

B. V. Sargent,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
212 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-17-10

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Chicago and Francis

Stage and Social

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXVII. San Francisco-Oakland, July 31, 1920 No. 1468

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Theodore F. Bonnett.....Editor

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

New World's War Looms

At the outset it is conceded that among many people a statement of this nature would be regarded as a flight of wild sensationalism. Nevertheless, contemplation of the conditions that now exist in all parts of the world—some of them but remotely concerned in the war presumed to have ended more than a year ago—cannot but create the impression that the curtain has merely fallen upon the first act of the tragedy of nations, and that the second act is about to begin. It might even be said, without in any way conflicting with the truth, that ever since the armistice was signed in November, 1918, there has been a bloody intermezzo going on, so that between the acts there might be no dullness or lack of interest to bore the audience. The news comes from Washington that the government is greatly concerned over the condition of affairs in Europe and seems to regard a general war there as not only impending but almost inevitable. England—although in a lesser degree, perhaps—seems to be equally disturbed, but has not apparently made up her mind which way the continental mouse is going to jump and which her bellicose cat will be in the natural order of things bound to follow. France, the birthplace of the leagen of nations which was designed to secure a world's peace, has been ever since the armistice in a technical state of war, and is now bombarding towns in Syria, although in the causeless world's upheaval, all the Arabs cared for was to regain part of the lands wrested from them by nations seeking territorial expansion. None of the nations seems to have made up its mind what action to take with Bolshevistic Russia, and all of them are apparently marking time until what the Bolshevistic armies are going to do with poor Poland has been finally determined, and then they will no doubt take some action or other. Japan has at last come out in the open and begun to occupy portions of Siberia with every indication that she intends to continue her sovereignty there, and it is pleasing to be able to add, that the only nation with a definite purpose which brooks no interference is valiant and rapidly expanding Greece. She has gone about her business of enforcing restoration of her stolen territory in a businesslike way, has almost regained all of Thrace, is in possession of Adrianople, and doubtless will have the Turks driven across the Bosphorous, where they belong, while the allies are in a diplomatic dream as to what to do with that delectable though very knotty aquatic problem. The cause, the irritant, the head and front of this impending second act of the world's war is Bolshevism and there seems to have been no concerted plan yet devised by which it can be met and crushed. To the credit of the shrewdness of despised Germany, be it said that she is the only nation to have taken a step in that direction by forbidding the exportation of munitions of war into Poland or Russia. It would be interesting to know what part the United States is going to play in this second act after having played so prominent a one in the climax of the first. Are we going to withdraw from the league of nations, signed by our President with a view of enforcing the peace of the world, because we are tired of war? The other nations are tired of war, too, but if they are unable to enforce that peace we should show them how as we have already done before in the first phase of the conflict. The league of nations is an international necessity, and as such we must play our part in it.

* * *

Why Not Race Here?

One day last week a knot of men in a local club seemed to have found considerable amusement in an editorial of "The Chronicle" which had suggested that if another contest for the America's Cup should be necessary, it ought to be sailed on the Pacific Coast. Why not? These gentlemen, none of whom was a yachtsman, argued merely from the point of view of economy. Why, they thought, seeing that probably a million or a million and a half dollars must be expended to conduct one of these races, there should be entailed the added expense of a voyage through the canal to San Francisco. Again, why not? It is safe to say that not one of the many contests that have been sailed for this time honored trophy has been entirely satisfactory to all concerned, and that is an outcome which should be inseparable from the rules of fair play. The writer has seen many of these contests and not one of them indisputably proved the superiority of the cup defender over the challenger, which should be considered the sole and only purpose of them. The weather conditions of the Atlantic coast are not such as to guarantee this test of superiority, because the winds are too variable, thunder squalls too likely to wreak damage upon rigging, and those awful calms entailing luffing matches, that are no test of either speed or handling, altogether too frequent. The race just finished was a glaring example of this unsatisfactory test of speed. The first one was a pure fluke and all of the others either drifting or luffing matches without steady winds to put the sailing qualities of the two boats to a fair test. Such a result would not be possible in the summer weather of the waters in and about the waters of San Francisco Bay, with their steady winds and currents about which there could be no possible mistake. It is easy to conceive an admirable triangular course of ten miles to a leg in the waters of the bay, with a starting line off the Marina, the first mark off Alameda, and the second somewhere in San Pedro Bay, with a run home to the Marina through Racoon Straits, where it could be witnessed by almost our entire population from the citys' hills and shore promenades. The course to windward and return would be through Golden Gate seaward. Anyway the experiment is well worth the trial, for, as "The Chronicle" said, there is no other way of positively depending upon steady winds and a flowing sea on any other coast of these United States. There were the same adverse opinions as to the unavailability of San Francisco for the holding of a political convention, and the great success of our first one should justify us in making a bid for the next race for the *America's* Cup.

* * *

Mr. Bryan Still Sticks

Those stalwart and irreconciliable Bourbons who regard party considerations as being paramount to personal ones under any and all circumstances, must now be throwing fits of disappointemnt and vituperation because the party is not going to lose the irrepressible William J. even after the unequivocal squelching of the purposes and policies for which he came to the San Francisco convention. His oratorical efforts, as was of course to be expected, evoked wild salvos of uproarious applause from the galleries, but within the confines of the delegates' corral all was silence except among those few faithfuls whom he can still sway and there never yet was a political gathering without a considerable percentage of foolish people in it. Nothing said by him was listened to seriously, not a single one of his demands or suggestions was adopted, and after it was all over, strangely enough, he refused to talk further than to say that "his heart was buried with his cause". It is not

probable that he was so fortunate as to be handed a recent issue of this paper which contained the suggestion that his only haven of just appreciation was in the Prohibition Party, of which he not only was the natural candidate, but it would be the one way by which he could determine "just where he was at" in respect of his personality, his influences or his policies. But he went somewhere a' fishing and during his absence the delegates of the Prohibition party assembled at Lincoln, Neb., no doubt for the express purpose of being near his home, nominated him by acclamation—with as much enthusiasm as should be expected of bone dry natures—for President of the United States, and were correspondingly jubilant. But when William J. returned to the regions where telegrams may reach, he was notified of the honor sought to be thrust upon him and was thoughtles enough to turn it down. He declined the nomination, of course with tearful regret, because he is a Democrat—the Democratic party had thrice honored him as its candidate for the presidency and he felt in duty bound not to desert it at the beginning of the most crucial campaign in its entire existence. Consequently, since some candidate must be nominated, the convention chose Aaron Watkins of Ohio, whose only qualification seems to be that he hails from Ohio, the birthplace of presidents. But the question still remains, what is the Democatic party going to do with him now that he has wished himself back in the fold? How can it accept him on the stump after he has already declared against the dominant points of its platform?

* * *

A Law to Enforce Voting

The Civic League of Improvement Clubs and Associations—civic league for short—has succeeded in many efforts toward the securement of better government for the city of San Francisco. Many of its suggestions, as a matter of course, have been passed by without notice from the officials against whom they were directed, and one or two of the best of them would have secured the intended reforms for the public good. Its demand for the abolishment of the police courts, and the adjudgement of petty cases by the addition of four new departments to the Superior Court, means the publishing to the world that we are ashamed of our present trial system, which is a blot upon our civic pride, but perhaps such a course is an existing need. The further demand that certain of these police judges be removed from office by an appeal to a recall by vote at the polls may also be a public necessity. If such malfeasances as have been alleged against these judges be true, it is not enough that they be tried by a jury that may not convict them, and so the only proper relief from a continuance of the offences of which they are accused is by a recall, for it would most likely remove the possibility of further continuance of them. But when, as was announced last week, the Civic League proposes to have a law enacted which shall provide for compulsory voting, and specifying a severe penalty for violation of it, then that august and energetic convocation of public spirited men is exceeding even its self-enumerated prerogatives and makes itself the object of loud outbursts of American humor. In other words, it is to laugh. We have much too many laws now that are calculated to enchain public opinion in the bonds of cant and prejudice, and one that should prohibit the free and independent American citizen from voting when he pleases and for whom he pleases, would be an invasion of his right of special privilege which he would not submit to. It is of course a pity that so many of our best informed voters should prefer spending election day in the country and at the seaside rather than at the polls, but that is their right and one that must not be interfered with. Imagine a case where a voter sees no candidate, nor party platform for which he can consistently vote, and yet the law would compel him to exercise his electoral franchise in support of some policy which he might feel it his duty to oppose. Reduce taxation? By all means. Secure the honest administration of justice and recall those who have not so administered it? Yes, and thank you for such reform, gentlemen of the Civic League! But to compel free citizens to vote when they do not wish to, or see no necessity for it, think again, for such a law would never be obeyed.

* * *

The Oil Strike

We are now being entertained by a genuine novelty in business economics, for corporations are now on strike against the government of the United States! Now shall capital know how it is itself, and it is to be hoped that it may learn something about such matters that will be of value to it in future similar upheavals. A long time ago the government at Washington, through its officials duly appointed for that service, specified a price that it would pay for all classes of petroleum products, and since that time those prices have prevailed. But there came a time when—at least according to the several groups of oil magnates—there was an actual (or threatened) shortage of such products, especially gasoline, and their dividends were not large enough. Accordingly, the government was notified by some of these companies—unfortunately those having the largest supplies in storage — that they would not continue to supply fuel oil for the navy at a lower price than two dollars per barrel. The Navy Department demanded that its fuel should continue to be supplied at the old price which was several cents less, with the consequence that two destroyers were warped alongside the docks of one of the striking companies, notice given that their oil was commandeered and the ships' tanks filled, with a force of jackies standing by to prevent interference. The company so summarily divested of some of its previous stock at a legal price protested to the State Department that no nation has any right to commandeer products under private ownership in times of peace, but the protest is likely to be disregarded, especially since another company has notified the naval authorities that they may have all the fuel oil they may deem necessary at the government's specified price. Manifestly, there is something of which the public has not been informed with reference to the prices for these products, more especially gasoline. A case in point is the experience of an automobile owner who recently made a run from Los Angeles to San Francisco. In some places there was no gasoline to be had, those that had any on hand exacted rates for it varying between thirty-nine and twenty-seven cents per gallon; he purchased a small quantity here at twenty-six cents, and finally filled his tanks for the return trip at twenty-three and a half cents. What the government should do would be to fix a price for this much needed commodity and forbid any variation from it.

To My Darling Boy, Theodore

Ah! but I miss you, beloved one,
Thro' all of these busy days,
And then, when the grind of it all is done,
I long for the many ways
That have wound so closely about my heart:
For the wisdom you never knew,
And the good-bye kiss as we daily part,
And the promise I see in you.

I sigh for your chats about movie stars,
And the tread of your noisy feet;
And the sound of your voice that's all music bars,
And ever so soft and sweet.
The boy never knows how that music swells
In the breast of a mother, dear;
And he'll never learn the joy that dwells
In her heart when her loved one's near.

Do you know that your smile is far brighter to me
Than the glow of the brightest sun?
Have you thought that the good in you I see
Is grander than victories won,
By the biggest men, and the bestest boys
That the world has ever known?
And how shall I lose all your childhood's joys
When my boy has to manhood grown?

I miss the dear smiles of your bonny face,
And even its cloudy frowns,
For when you are gone there is never a trace
Of the mad little ups and downs,
Of sweetness and sourness that sometimes come;
But in them no fault I see,
And I'll love them again when your visit's done
And you have come home to me.

CLAY M. GREENE.
July 20, 1920. (Inspired by a mother)

Chicago and Francis

By C. F. G. Masterson.

In pursuit of my trade as a reviewer it befell a while ago that I was reading two volumes dealing with subjects of especial interest. The one was a description, compiled with enthusiasm and pride, of the triumphs of the New America. The other was a record, a little sentimental, but very pleasant and simple, of the lives of the followers of Francis. And the chance combination of two such subjects set one a-thinking.

The New America exhibits a nation definitely organized for one purpose, straining every nerve and sinew to attain that end. "Business" is the all-absorbing interest; by the side of which nothing else counts at all. The nation is joyously set on the commercial conquest of the world. As in former times the people organized throughout as a military race was enabled to trample down all [illegible], so in a commercial age the people which has with devotion moulded everything towards commercial energy is destined to crumple up its less single-hearted competitors. The vision is presented of a life where all interests are ruthlessly planed away. In parallelogramed cities of monotonous architecture, amid the shrieks of whistles and the noise of telegraphs and monster-phones, a vague impression appears of eager men in a crowd. They rise hastily from sleep to rush from factory to counting-house, consuming meals in their shirt-sleeves and toiling with a rude energy which is one of the wonders of the modern world. Leisure, solitude, art, literature, meditation, religion—all these are brushed aside as by-products, apart from the main business of life. Socialism has made less progress than in any other civilized country: with each man possessing the marshal's baton in his knapsack, why turn aside to raise all to the level of lance-corporal! High above the throng tower the figures of those who have attained: a Jay Gould, a Vanderbilt, a Carnegie, who started with the proverbial penny. Such unified energy is producing its results. Already the old nations, with their militarism and their ideals, are feeling the commencement of the strains: the cry has gone forth for a Europe united against the common enemy—the new Barbarians knocking at its doors. But the flimsy barriers which such a Europe can erect are destined to be swept aside. The figures of commercial progress for even ten years in America are something stupendous; in steel, in oil, in pig, in cotton, the output springs upward in a night. For a moment there is respite while the internal markets absorb the energies of the factories: but in a few years' time America will once more leap forward to the commercial exploitation of the world. In the perfect adaptation of means to an end and the throwing over as lumber of all that does not subserve that end she stands unrivalled. We bow to our future conquerors.

America is changing beneath our very eyes. Yesterday's books concerning her are antiquated; descriptions of ten years ago are hopelessly out of date; between the writing of a book and its publication half its facts have changed. Yet the New America still awaits its interpreter. What exactly is the meaning of the events daily recorded; not in terms of oil or pig, but in their inner and larger meaning? What is significance, i. e., of the vast system of popular colleges in the cities of the Mississippi Valley? What contribution to human welfare is provided by (say) Athens, Georgia? What exact function in its spiritual progress of mankind is performed by the Sixth Methodist Episcopal Church of Minneapolis? These are the kind of problems upon which we seek light.

American civilization has "come to center about the conception of life as a matter of industrial energy". With rude strength, utter devotion, and boisterous energy, the American capitalist and worker have combined in alliance for the commercial exploitation of the world. Life itself vanishes in the terrific elaboration of the giant machine. In America there are "two kinds of slaves, the nigger and the white". Youth is everywhere evident. "Under the new strenuous régime there are no old men." Men as well as machines are thrown with reckless disregard to the scrap-heap. "America is paying more for her industrial success than we would care to pay; more, indeed, than humanity can afford." The women alone live. While they read books, discuss art, or pilgrimage through Europe, the men, in the midst of the shrieks of whistles and the clang of machinery, provide a panorama of a stampede from counting-house to factory, wolfing up meals of oyster-stew in an atmosphere of perpetual dyspepsia.

"Where are all your old men?" asks the visitor as he gazes at young, tired faces everywhere. "Come up to the cemetery and I will show you," is the genial reply.

The Spanish war marked a deep-cut moment of change; and the American nation is still intoxicated with the east with which it crumpled up an historic military power. To the other nations of the world its entrance into Welt-politik has been like a descent of a brigade from the planet Mars, wielding a force singularly potent, absolutely new, and not quite accountable. The result has left the American people, on the one hand, with the legacy of great possessions: "an American Empire is arising." Forgetting their greatest President's dictum that "the Almighty never made a people good enough to rule over other people," stimulated by the alluring claptrap concerning the White Man's Burden and the Trustees of Progress, with the unlimited possibilities of trade exploitation that "expansion" always provides, they have set themselves to the task of elevating the Philippines and Cuba to the civilization of Chicago. And on the other hand, with the taste of blood once whetted, their appetite for large interventions has been aroused. So they lecture Roumania on its treatment of the Jews, consider the possibility of intervention in Turkey, and elaborate a navy for fresh conquests. In a few years the lectures are destined to find their fruit in action: and with that action the Coming Race enters into its heritage.

Turn from this vision of the complacent, shouting twentieth century to the pictures of the influence of an ideal in that strange Europe of seven centuries ago. Life is rude and troubled. Wars and brutalities abound, the Empire and the Church are fighting for a world mastery; wolves, as in Salimbene's picture of the miseries of the time, howl under the walls of the little cities of Italy and at night enter the towns and devour men. There is little comfort and no content. Life has not yet come to revolve round an economic centre. But in all the chaos of a world but imperfectly comprehended, full of fear and strange adventure, there are interests leading to high spiritual endeavour and the triumph of the soul. The wonder is not in the unique and gracious figure of Francis. This, indeed, is a miracle. But similar if less complete miracles abound in the history of Christendom. But it lies in the spirit of the sons of Francis: in that madness from beyond the boundaries of the world, which fell upon so many quite ordinary men, merchants, soldiers, citizens, who in this century might have served a Beef Trust or engineered a corner in wheat. After twelve hundreds years, attempts had again been made faithfully to follow the life of the Master. The living example of the Christian life had once more proved its appealing power. And the thirteenth century recognizes for a moment at least the key to the secret of the transitory life of man. By the end the spiritual impulse is fading into the light of common day; the followers of Holy Poverty are becoming less faithful to their allegiance. But even at the end, a hundred years after the Blessed Francis, the new Art is drawing all its inspiration from his life and teaching. Dante is proclaiming the greatness of the Franciscan ideal; and such a miracle can happen as that strange pilgrimage of kings and cardinals to the mountains, to bring down from his refuge amongst the clouds a hermit who in a moment of madness or inspiration had been elected to the proudest position in the world, to inaugurate the golden age.

Haunting the whole of this tumultuous and fascinating time is the ideal of the Great Restoration: the sense of impending change in that visible revelation of the Kingdom of God to which the best minds turned with the eager longing of children. The third Kingdom, the Kingdom of the Holy Spirit, was about to dawn. Today, or at furthest tomorrow, the Angel of the Everlasting Gospel would proclaim the entrance of the armies of God.

They are a fascinating company—these children of Francis, the members of the new order of spiritual chivalry enrolled in the service of their Lady Poverty. First are those who were with him. Nos qui cum eo fuimus, possessing some infection as it were of the altogether personal charm that surrounds the little poor man of Assisi. Bernard, who had loved him so, died protesting "I feel in my soul that for a thousand worlds I would not have been other than a servant of Christ. Hear my prayer, that ye love one another." Rufino nursed him at the end. Giles in his high perch at Perugia spoke his rough words of common sense and saw visions of eternal things. Masseos life was broken by the death of his master. Leo, the pecorello di Dio, the little sheep of God, so humble and patient, could kindle into fierce anger at the violation of the rule in the building of the great Church of San Francesco, the wonder of the world. And after these came the long succession of those who gladly took up the torch from the first followers, rejoicing in the revelation of the secret. In front

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are a few selected figures: Salimbene, the kind-hearted gossip and traveller, in whose Chronicles lives all the life of the mediaeval world; or John of Parma, the great General of the order, journeying on foot from house to house along the roads of Europe, taking the humblest place and the meanest duties at his visitations, as befits the greatest in this strange reversal of human standards: in the banqueting-hall of the king found amongst the tables of the poor. The strangest, most attractive figure is Jacopone da Todi, with his austerities and his joyousness; his tender songs over the Christ Child and his poetry, through which breathes the open air and all the hot, coloured life of Southern Italy: "sun and sky and flowing water and flower-lined roads." Visions of unimaginable sweetness attend him in his prison; the End in Good unimagined and measureless Light is ever before him; he weeps "because love is not loved" and "would fain have suffered for the demons in hell and have seen them go before him into Paradise". At his death "it was believed", says the chronicler, "by those standing near that he died, not so much conquered by his malady, though that was grave, as from extraordinary excess of love". And behind these greater figures is a multitude of forgotten common people who have caught fire at the message and whose life has become transformed; as those who set out to convert the Mohammedans, or the Friars that came joyfully singing into Stynkynge Alley in the city of London in England, or the obscure and shadowy figures who are discerned tending the lepers or following the track of the great armies to nurse the wounded and bury the dead.

Later there is conflict between the strict and the relaxed; the world rolls in again and stifles the ideal; and the faithful retire to the mountains with gloomy prophecies of ruin to become the soured and bitter Fraticelli of the fourteenth century. But in this early time the vision seemed not far away. There is a strange reason, a kind of disordered common sense, an unanswerable and rather distressing logic, subservise of the respectabilities and the gospel of success about these followers of Madonna Poverty. Here are none of the austerities and contempt of the world, the pitiless laceration of the body of an earlier and gloomier time. Though pilgrims and strangers, seeking a country, they go singing through a land which for them is very fair. They love all natural things—the unclouded sky and the hot nights of Umbria. Lacking all possessions they are full of song in praise for God. They all love men and women, are passionately affectionate one to another. They are cheered by the abiding vision of the unseen world. Life when released from the intolerable burden of possessions they proclaim as very good. There is a blitheness here, somehow vanished from the modern manufacturing city; and absurd satisfaction in the picture of the world as a cloister lacking in the more up-to-date picture of the world as a factory.

And despite the changes of the intervening years, how singularly temporary is their appeal! The Sacrum Commercium Beati Francisci cum Domina Paupertate, the prose version of Giotto's picture in the lower Church of Assisi—in its eloquence shrewdness the summary of the whole spirit of the Franciscan revival—might have been written yesterday. St. Francis in his quest for Holy Poverty will go to the great ones and to the learned sages. This he did. But the great ones and the sages answered him hardly, saying, "What new doctrine is it thou bringest to our ears? Let the Poverty thou seekest be thine and thy children's after thee. For us be the enjoyment of delight and the overflowing of riches. For brief and full of labour are the days of our life and in the end of man what refuge? Nothing better have we found than to eat and drink and be merry while we live." And the temptation of Avarice, determining to take unto her the name Prudence and speaking humble wise, might have been delivered by any ecclesiastical dignity explaining the "twentieth century spirit of Francis" in Sabatier meetings.

"With all peace and quietness you can work your own salvation and others, if once your storehouse be full. . . . . Will God not accept you if you have herewith to give to the needy and are mindful of the poor? . . . What fear for you in the contact of riches, since ye hold them as nothing? Evil is not in things but in the mind—for God saw everything that He had made and behold it was very good. So to the good all things are good. . . . O how many rich men spend foolishly, whereas, if you had wealth you would turn it to good use: for your purpose is holy and holy your desire."

An appealing vision was needed to combat a temptation so subtle and plausible. It was found in the vision of that Lady Poverty as Giotto painted her who "alone clave to the King of Glory when all His chosen and loved ones left Him in fear".

"I am not rude and unlearned, as many think; but ancient and full of days as I am, I know the nature of things, the variety of creatures, and the changes of the times. I have known the restlessness of the human heart, learning it now in my experience of the world, now by subtlety of nature and now by gift of grace. I was in the Paradise of God when man was naked, wandering through all that spacious realm fearing nothing. . . . There I thought to remain forever. . . . Very joyful was I, sporting with him all the day, having nothing of my own, for all was God's."

Back one is driven to the old haunting question. Which of these have attained the real secret of success—these visionaries of Umbria long dead, or the solid live men who have made Chicago? those who get, or those who give? Truly if they were right then the modern world is altogether wrong. A modern novelist, M. de Coulevain, has attempted to represent the conflict of these ideals—the product of Modern America in its most cultured and effective form with this dream world of the past. His heroine visiting Assisi only expresses regret that St. Francisco and St. Claire never married. The language of the Saints towards the real things of the Eternal world is uncouth and alien to her. "There will never be any saints in America," she confidently asserts.

No! No! I don't see an American divesting himself of his goods, preaching poverty and talking to doves. Instead of St. Francis we shall, may be, have been who will lessen poverty and make the world a more comfortable place."

Wealth accumulated as a reality, wealth distributed as an ideal—here is the watchword of the spirit of the age. It may sem madness to cling to any divergent dream. Yet a certain suspicion still refuses to be stifled. "What shall it profit?" appears at times written large over all the monstrous buildings and shrieking factories. For long after Chicago and Birmingham and all the products of a complacent and mechanical age have become the habitation of bats and owls, men's hearts will still turn with longing towards the little brown cities of Italy, for love of those lives whose fragrance clings to their crumbling walls and appeals across the silence of so many dead centuries.

—From In Peril of Change.

The Spectator

The Japs Are Growing Humorous

The serious and difficult of solution Japanese problem has been more or less lightened by a manifesto from a high official at Tokio, which shows a disposition to follow the custom of American politics and claim everything in sight until the returns are in. This singular document, in real studied Japanese English, makes the assertion that California is deeply ungrateful because the Japanese people actually elevated the agriculture of this state to its present exalted position by their wisdom, their expediency and their unapproachable energy. We are told that the country about Fresno would be now a barren waste but for the industry and intelligence of the Japanese, who first discovered that it was an ideal district for the building up of a great raisin industry; but for them the great potato lands along the San Joaquin river (this document calls . Oakin), would still be a vast desert of weeds, and for this we are asked to discontinue our opposition to Japanese aggression. It is much to be feared that this earnest plea of the most wily of our Oriental invaders will be disregarded as it should be, and that further restrictions be placed upon a condition that is in all essential respects a menace to home rule in American agriculture. It was very nice indeed for our forebears to open the gates of a free land to the oppressed people of foreign ones that they might find a haven of refuge. But it was never intended to invite a denationalizing of the most fertile districts of one of the most productive states, by a people with whom assimilation is impossible and business partnership inexpedient. There are some people who have travelled, and many others who from selfish motives alone would have the American people believe how sincerely the Japanese love, respect and venerate them. But while there may exist some good reasons why we may nurture this belief, we should at the same time rejoice that our government foresaw the great wisdom of creating a substantial Pacific fleet.

Portent of the Goat Fad

Of all oddities that have appeared since the war, the ladies of London take the prize with their pet goats. Not that the goat is an ill-looking animal, in fact, he is quite ornamental in his general lines. Yet I cannot fancy that his habits in a London drawing room differ materially from the breed on Telegraph Hill, where they are never taken into the parlor. Strange, is it not, that this craze comes at a time when there is so much talk about the transplanting of goat glands? Renewing one's youth by a surgical operation wherein the modern Ponce de Leon becomes possessed of the goat's emotional nature, not to say behavior, is a triumph of science that excels the air ship and the phonograph. Physicians who perform this miracle are besieged with applicants. Can it be that the grand dames of Merrie England are, for such purpose, raising their own goats or pampering the animals at the behest of their ageing lords? Recent experiments have been proclaimed as successful for women as for men,

and much more reliable than monkey glands. Besides, there are some chaps who would have their doubts about what monkey tricks would or would not follow the acquisition of a chimpanzee's interstitials. The goat's reputation in that regard is old and poetic as the hills—classic Greek hills at that; for were not the fauns and satyrs goat-legged? The satyrs were the gay old roues of mythology, and the sixty-year-old satyr of today's fast living oft sighs for "an afternoon in the life of a fawn." The transatlantic society reporter was so good as to inform us that the Countess Folchi Vici of Brussels created several furores by leading one of these butting brutes through Belgian ballrooms. The remarks, if any, of young and old Belgian counts on the side lines would have been of added interest.

Substituting Doctors for Police Judges

The plan to establish a clinic where criminals will be treated free and their unlawful impulses cured is very, very modern. By establishing such a resort, San Francisco would make itself known as one of the most enterprising cities of the world. Suggestions of this nature were bound to follow the study of drug evils. If society engages to lead the cocaine fiend out of bondage (when he is willing to be led), why not go further and help every law-breaker to mend himself? The drug-using and criminal class are closely allied. Despite all efforts to stop the traffic the general result has only made the dope-vendor use a little more ingenuity to reach his craving customers. China has ben gradually divested of the poppy, according to messages from Pekin; but China is a vast country, and nobody knows just what is going on there. India is still a hotbed of the narcotic blossoms, as it was in the days when De Quincy wrote his "Confessions of an English Opium Eater". It has been said that if a person continue the use of narcotic long enough he will, one way or another, come to the attention of the police. So the study of the opium and the investigation of criminal instincts should lead to some important results. Tabulation of the 500 cases will go towards a remarkable volume on criminology—perhaps the most valuable that has yet appeared on a still hideous problem of civilization.

Schwab's Pointers on "Getting There"

Charles M. Schwab in a recent talk to Princeton undergrads said:

"Boys, you can have a good time in life or you can have a success in life, but you cannot have both. Never before in history has there been such an opportunity for the successful man as there is today.

"The real leaders in industry are not always the men who make the most money. The successful man is the man who has accomplished the object he has set out to attain. I am going to try to give now what seems to me to be the fundamentals for a succesful life:

"First, unimpeachable integrity. This is the very foundation.

"Second, loyalty. Be loyal with the people with whom you are associated. Make your employer believe you are with him always.

"Third, a liberal education in the finer things in life, of art, of literature, will contribute toward a success in life. Man needs imagination, and these are the sources for it.

"Fourth, make friends. Enemies don't pay. Whatever your misfortune in life, boys, just laugh.

"Fifth, concentrate. Learn to concentrate and think upon the problem in your mind until you have reached a conclusion. Don't be afraid of mistakes, but it is the fool that makes the same one twice.

"Sixth, go at your work. You may not find yourself the first year. Don't hesitate to change from distasteful work, but don't change because difficulties come up or troubles arise. Give the best that is in you. Let nothing stand in the way of your going on."

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Poland Again Defending Civilization

After the partition of Poland and the fall of Napoleon, the Moscovites became very arrogant and aggressive with their Nihilistic principles to western civilization.

The Muscovites are eastern Russians who for many hundred years were under the influence of the Tartars. They were tyrannized by the Tartars, and lost their docile Slavic nature to such a degree that they finally became Nihilists.

The western Slavic nations, that is, the Poles, Ukrainians and others, never were subjugated by the Tartars, consequently they retained their Slavic docility and Christian culture.

Fortunately, to resist the invasion of the eastern hordes, the Poles, Ukrainians and Lithunians have a very favorable geographical and strategic position. Their country is located between the Baltic and Black seas, and the eastern border is protected by the enormous marshes of Pinsk as well as impenetrable forests. This is where Poland has checked the Tartar invasion and saved the civilized world from destruction.

If Poland is not restored to its former greatness as before its partition the small states recently created in this strategically important locality will be destroyed by the Muscovites, the modern Tartars, or Bolshevists, and ultimately the whole civilized world will be menaced by their invasion.

Isador Lowenberg Memorial

In honor of her deceased husband, Isadore Lowenberg, Mrs. I. Lowenberg has just made the following donations: Roman Catholic Orphan Asylums, $1,000; Protestant Orpham Asylum, $1,000; Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum New Building Fund, $1,000; San Bruno Community House, $500; Emanuel Sisterhood, $250; San Francisco Tuberculosis Association, $100; San Francisco Association for the Blind, $100; Young Women's Christian Association (San Francisco), $100; Associated Charities (San Francisco), $100; Happyland, $100.

Mr. Lowenberg and his wife were always concerned in works of charity and public benefit and were broad mineded and all embracing in the bestowal of their bounty. This latest gift to San Francisco's charities shows that the same trend of thought operates in the brilliant mind of the widow of Mr. Lowenberg, and that her generous hand exercises no partiality in the bestowal of favor upon the needy of the fair city which she and her husband have loved so dearly through their long wedded life.

The Unprotected Business Man

The many business associates and friends of Charles F. Gallagher, advertising agent and former secretary of the Downtown Association, were amazed and grieved to read in the newspapers that he had been charged with unwelcome familiarity with a young woman who had visited his office upon a business matter. These friends lost no time in expressing their confidence in Mr. Gallagher and they do not doubt that the outcome of the case will be a complete exoneration for him.

The late Judge J. V. Coffey used to counsel his associates of the bench that to receive a strange woman alone in his office was a dangerous proceeding for a profesional or business man. "The lady could scream, declare you had insulted her, and, deny it as you would, doubt would linger in some minds forever as to your innocence."

The lone man is sometimes in as dangerous a predicament as the unprotected woman; so in these days of business proficiency, unknown members of the fair sex should be accompanied by chaperones of certified respectability when calling at business offices, or else Chief White should detail at least one police woman to every floor of an office building to guard the unwary business man. There are plenty of policemen in the City Hall and Hall of Justice to protect our officials.

Mr. Gallagher is a well-bred young man of great business energy and commendable initiative. He has won success and the confidence of his clientele by his uniform courtesy, so it is very difficult for them to give credence to the story which the young lady told.

Give the Plumber a Chance

How much more democratic to give our plumbers and gasfitters an opportunity to help finance the campaigns of our candidates, instead of restricting that privilege to a few close friends or admirers among the rich! It is only by incorporating the politacally ambitious that we can smash the Oligarchy of Wealth in this country. It is only thus that the ditchdigger and the street sweeper may hope to press an equal claim upon the successful candidate with the manufacturer of soap or chewing gum.—Portland Spectator.

Wicked Co-Eds Expelled From Stanford

For the last few months Palo Alto has been far behind Berkeley in the matter of university scandal, but now shows signs of returning vigor by expelling to co-eds. These girls, we are assured, did on several occasions, though warned to the contrary, "persist in their ill-advised con-

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duct." The warning was done by Miss Harriet Bradford, dean of women. Among the thrills that the co-eds practiced, here and there, ever and anon, was the smoking of cigarettes. They carried matches. One of them rolled her own, pulling the bag-string with her teeth. The latter detail is just a wild fancy of mine, and I am enamored of it. Anyway, the fact that young women were puffing and tryiing to blow rings got on the nerve of the college boys, it seems, and higher education was at a standstill. All this lighting of matches and blowing of smoke took place on the campus, in full sight of young men who will subsequently be the backbone of the nation. Other deeds took place, in sight of only a few. Tis said that one of the girls tried to climb a palm tree while not in climbing costume. Both of them were accustomed to whistle as they went along. Neither of them did anything that a police officer would have called a misdemeanor, but the happy-go-lucky pair just persisted in showing they had no regard for authority nor the traditional ethics of Leland Stanford junior or senior.

Berkeley Has Good Press Agents

Some will be glad and some be sad to learn that the celebrated shock perpetrated by the Delta Kappa Epsilon recently was no shock at all. Nothing naughty happened, and, besides, the Delta Kappas weren't there at the time. Other men were there and—well, the official report is that somebody exaggerated. In Oakland they say that every male inhabitant over the age of eighteen, in Richmond, Martinez and Berkeley, is a press agent for his respective town, and that is how these wild tales of college boys, who are naturally studious, get into the day's news, causing people to imagine that the U. C. mixes hilarity with geometry. Another thing: Berkeley is struggling to acquire a reputation quite unlike the D. K. E. kind. There is no such thing as dancing on tables, with or without seven veils in Berkeley. This information has been specially directed o the unincorporated communities of Cragmont and Thousand Oaks. These two settlements have no municipal government—no policemen, no firemen; not even a mayor's secretary. When somebody's chimney throws out sparks in Cragmont, boys in the street run to Berkeley hollering "fire!" And the Berkeley firemen have to lay down their pinochle hands to show their good will. When somebody blows a police whistle in Thousand Oaks, a Berkeley cop responds and says, "What's up?" Officials of the College Town think that the Oak-Dwellers and Cragmontese should pay for this service, and other bits of municipal attention, the total price of which has been figured at $25,000 a year. Upon payment of this sum the residents of the socalled No Man's Land will be entitled also to have their mail addressed "Berkeley". They are fashionable folk in the aforesaid districts, yet none too good for the city of frats and faculties, where the strictest of moral discipline is maintained, although the millionaires are not so many as in Cragmont. There are half a dozen university graduates on Berkley's police force, which is reputed to be conducted in a manner as scientific as any in the country, and this efficiency is not the result of keeping tab on the Delta Kappa Epsilons.

Bill-Henry Hats in Demand

Western hat stores are not the only ones that keep in stock the old-fashioned slouch headgear. When the voting season begins, you can see wide brims in any part of the country. Politicians, as a rule, regard this part of the attire equal to at least a dozen stump speakers. With the black necktie, the long, dismal-looking frock coat, big round cuff buttons and a pocket full of cigars, your statesman feels he is in full regalia for the hunt. Of course, he goes to the chase as a farmer. Every candidate that ever lived in a small town for a year or more tells the world that he is a hay-forker at heart, loving nothing better than getting among the cows and fodder. I see that Governor Coolidge has had himself photographed as a Rube down on the Vermont homestead. This picture might attract a thousand or more voters for the Republican vice-presidential nominee. Most observers will see something fakey in it. The gov. is wearing what he would have you believe is the ugliest linen "duster' or cowherder's uniform that could be bought in Vermont. Yet it looks something like an artist's smock. If Coolidge should prove to be a Bohemian from a Boston art school, then good-bye political ambition. Maybe the huge boots will save the day for him. They are so big that one fancies 19-dollar shoes inside. This costume won't explain away Cox's charge that the Republicans have bargained for 15,000 Chautauquan orators. You know what this means. The Republicans are sending out lines for the dry vote. Being on the right of the fence (on the farm or off) should count for more than having a pitchfork on one's escutcheon. Most voters have that idea; but you can hardly get a candidate to see it that way.

Guiana Forests Promise Wealth

French Guiana has always been noted for the extent of its resources in timber. The forests of Guiana are similar in every respect to those of Brazil and are in fact the continuation of the Brazilian forests.

Guiana may be considered as an immense virgin forest watered by twenty-two rivers, which have their outlets in the lower plains of the coast. These plains are covered with mangroves or are made up of narrow savannahs indented with deep creeks. The great equatorial forest, indeed, has its beginning about twenty miles from the coast and comprises almost all the species of the tropical zone. Industrial and precious timbers are extraordinarily abundant, in addition to a large number of secondary species, textile and oleaginous plants.

After long years of indifference, during which unnecessary obstacles were played in the way of developing these resources, the merchants and manufacturers of France, thoroughly informed as to the value and variety of the colony's resources, and certain of the desire of the colonial administration to encourage their efforts, finally made up their minds to organize serious enterprises in this new country.

Among all the projects which have been suggested, those which relate to forestry appear likely to have the most fruitful and speedy results. The hydrographic study of the country shows that it is intersected with numerous waterways, and that during the rainy season access may be had by water from one basin to another. Thus the question of transportation may easily be solved; labor is abundant and cheap, and finally equipment and supplies would not involve a heavy investment. As for the marketing of the products, it is certain that, however large a quantity is produced, the demand will always exceed the supply.

Moreover, the exploitation of the Guiana forests is a sine qua non of the agricultural development of the colony, since the clearing of the land is necessary before important enterprises can be considered, either in agriculture or mining. From every poitn of view, the ground will be prepared —by railway lines, plantations and mining projects. Rich and generous as it is, the vast virgin forest of French Guiana will reward competent and intelligent labor with enormous wealth, and finally open up the way to development of gold deposits, whose value cannot yet be calculated.

Mazout Successfully Used as Fuel

One means of solving the coal problem as applied to transportation in France has been evolved by the Orleans Railway. This company proposes in the near future to run no fewer than 400 heavy locomotives with mazout, a residue of petrol, the production of which is being pushed. Experiments with this fuel have been most suc-

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cessful and trains drawn by engines adapted to its use are made easily to attain a speed of sixty miles an hour.

The company recently inaugurated this type of locomotive with an express train from Paris to Tours, and this section is now being served regularly by means of such locomotives, drawing both passenger and freight trains. It is estimated that the 400 locomotives which the Orleans system is to employ will consume 300,000 tons of mazout annually. On the same line freight trains of 1,200 tons, drawn by powerful engines, have for some time been running regularly on mazout between Paris and Tours.

Whooping Cough Prevalent

Reports of the widspread prevalence of whooping cough come to the State Board of Health from many sources, although the reports received from health officers do not show any very great increase. It is important that cases of whooping cough be reported, as required by law, and health officers should take steps to secure such reports from physicians who may be dilatory in the matter.

This disease is one of the most serious diseases of childhood and military tuberculosis more often follows whooping cough than any other communicable disease that is commonly found among young children, and as a predisposing factor in general tuberculosis whooping cough is second only to measles. All children, but especially very young children, should be protected against this disease. Most deaths from whooping cough occur during the first year of life.

Because of the fact that the disease may be communicated during its late stages and during convalescence it is particularly difficult to control. Every case of the disease should be promptly isolated. It is impossible for the health officer to take control of all cases, because in many families in which cases may occur, physicians are not called. Public health nurses learn of many such cases and are able to give the health officers reports of many cases that might otherwise escape their attention. Children should be guarded against whooping cough as zealously as against diphtheria, scarlet fever, smallpox or any other communicable disease. It is much more dangerous than any one of them.

A Recipe for Old Age

In the memoirs of Baron de Grimm, written between the years 1753 and 1790, appears an account of the death of a member of the French Academy, a physician of eminence, one John J. de Mairen, at the age of 93 years. "He had arrived at this great age," say the memoirs, "without any infirmity, and preserved his good looks, his activity, as well as the entire use of his faculties to the last moment of his life." Until his last illness he scarcely missed going out a single day; he lived in the best society, dined out almost every day, and passed the afternoon in making visits and the evening among his books. "He was exactly the kind of a person to live to a great age," says de Grimm, "his head was well formed, he had great equanimity of temper, great moderation in his passions, or rather he was destitute of passions, he had sensibility enough to engage the regard of those with whom he associated, and to contract those ties of intimacy which were sufficient for him, which have not indeed the charms of friendship, but which do not draw after them the same obligations. He had not warmth of heart enough to feel the necessity of an attachment which rules despotically; of a friend who disposes of us at pleasure, who forms the happiness or the misery of our lives. he had much prudence and foresight, paid great attention to himself, and was very methodical in whatever he did." Is this a text on geriatrics?—Medical News.

If You Have a Stock

To every pint of port allow one large cup of water, one tablespoonful of sugar, half a saltspoonful of cloves, and half a saltspoonful of cinnamon, also about the same quantity of grated nutmeg. Tie the spices in a muslin bag, and put this, with the water and sugar, into a lined saucepan. Simmer for a few minuts, take out the spices, and add the wine. Result, mulled port.

Bonus-for-Families in France

At least one thousand manufacturers or other employers of labor in France are now encouraging large families by special bonuses independently of all government aid, but with the moral backing of the administration, which is doing all in its power to encourage such a plan.

But She Hadn't

Mrs. Jones thought she'd try the effect of a little praise on her new maid.

"How nicely you hvae ironed these things, Jane!" she said admiringly, as she inspected the garments hanging before the fire to air.

Then, glancing at the glossy linen, she continued, in a tone of surprise:

"Oh, I see; they are all your own!"

"Yes," replied Jane, "and I'd do yours just like that if I had time, ma'am."

Manners and Customs

"Describe the manners and customs of the people of India," wrote the geography teacher on the blackboard. A small boy in the front seat chewed the end of his lead pencil into pulp, and then disposed of the subject by writing, laboriously: "They hain't got no manner and they don't wear no customs."

He Had Them

Miss Chester—I should think that sometimes you must get tired of your selfish, solitary existence and yearn for the joys of domestic life.

Mr. Batch—Oh, I don't miss them very much. You see, I have a gramophone and a cat that nestles up to me and purrs whenever she wants anything, and the bills my chauffeur runs up are outrageous.

A Good Reason

"Is it true," demanded the principal of the ladies' college, "that you were found smoking cigarettes?"

"Yes," said the girl student coolly.

"What explanation have you for your unladylike conduct?"

"I didn't know it would be found out," said the girl.

The principal's brow relaxed.

"I couldn't have given a better reason myself," she agreed. "You are excused."

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Social

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Lilliam Donnelley of Washington, D. C., is visiting her brother, Dr. Maurice O'Connell. After her long absence in the East she is receiving a cordial welcome from her many friends in San Francisco. Mrs. Donnelly plans to motor to Coronado next week with friends and may leave in the fall to visit her sister, Mrs. Hills, in Hawaii.

Miss Terys Dietle is leaving for Los Angeles on Saturday to visit Miss Doris Fredericks, whose guest she will be until the return of the two to college in August. They are roommates at U. C., both being Chi Omegas. This is their senior year. Miss Dietle majors in physical training and public speaking; Miss Fredericks in economics.

Miss Fredericks is a remarkable beauty. She is the daughter of John Fredericks, who served in the Spanish-American war as a captain, and ran for governor of the state some years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Roos, Mrs. William B. Tubbs, Miss Tubbs, Dr. and Mrs. George Ebright, Messrs. and Mmes. Frank B. Anderson, James Madison, Herbert E. Fleishhacker, Robert C. Judge and Dr. and Mrs. R. Hammond (Stockton) are enjoying Del Monte.

Sandwiches

The sandwich derived its name from the fourth early of Sandwich, who was born 202 years ago. Like most of his noble contemporaries he was fond of gambling. When the stakes ran high he could not tear himself away from the table but had the servant bring him slices of bread and ham. Other noble gamesters initiated his example and called his form of refreshment "sandwich"'

Attorney W. F. Humphrey's Financial Plan

William F. Humphrey, president of the Olympic Club of San Francisco and member of the U. S. General Olympic Games Committee, is going to start a movement to devise an entirely new plan of financing the U. S. team that will go to the Olympic games every four years.

Humphrey was spending his vacation playing golf at Del Monte when word came from the Olympic committee in the east that the Olympic athletes would not be sent to Antwerp unless the club contributes $6,000 of the expense money.

"It is signally all wrong to pick the representative American athlete through this system of sending only those club representatives with financial backing", argues Humphrey. "Our country should be represented by the best athlete regardless of whether they are backed financially or not. I appreciate that this will require a large sum of money and I propose to spend the entire four years in getting it to gether. A monthly assessment should be levied on each bonafide athletic club in the country. By collecting this money monthly it would not be a financial strain on the clubs and it would at the same time be steadily building up a big fund. Our games committee would then be in a position to operate on the right system of selecting the athletes on their ability and not on their financial standing. Certainly all of us want to see America win the Olympic games, and in order to do this we must have our best athletes in the competition."

* * *

There will be inaugurated at Del Monte on August 6th and 8th a tennis tournament that will be an annual affair. It will be several years since Del Monte has had a representative tennis tournament. For years previously the Pacific Coast and California State championships were staged on the Del Monte courts.

The new concrete courts have recently been constructed at Del Monte, which will provide six courts in order to run off the matches.

Dr. Margaret Fries and Miss J. P. Fries of New York are visiting their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. William Fries at the St. Francis Hotel, on their way to Alaska.

The Bohemian Grove Play

The midsummer encampment of the Bohemian Club was terminated with more than usual eclat by a surprisingly thrilling performance of t his year's grove play, "Ilya of Muron", on Saturday night and a full orchestral concert on Sunday morning, after which considerably more than a thousand Bohemians returned by train and motor to the city, congratulating themselves that they had witnessed one of the most successful productions of their club's notable career. The concensus of opinion seemed to be that the great volume of congratulation showered upon the author and composer of the evening should be equally divided, for each had contributed an equal share toward the unusual aplomb of the evening, and that each of them should contribute half of his share to Reginald Travers, the producer, and Edward Duffy, the director of the stage lighting, for all of them had been equally contributory to its success.

Author and Composer

This occasion marked the debut of Charles Caldwell Dobie as the author of a grove play, which carried with it the honor of being the Sire of the evening, and he has every reason to be proud of the place he has won on the pages of Bohemian grove play history, for many capable authors have preceded him, and it is said that few, if any, have surpassed him. It was also his debut as the author of any play of length, and his ingenious construction, sense of characterization and graceful diction, stamp him as sure of becoming one of the dramatists of the future. His play is idylic and symbolical in form, intensely religious, and was based on two or three stories of Russian folk lore, which have been woven together with a keen sense of the dramatic fitness of things. It relates how the cripple, Ilya, miraculously restored to health, was sent out into the world to spread the truth, but soon fell under the blandishments of a sorceress Amazon, after overthrowing her in a combat. Repenting of his sin, however, he casts her from him and becomes a great soldier, returning when he bids farewell to the world and sets forth to find the Holy City. This plot was enfolded most ingeniously, embellished with brisk action, pageantry and dramatic situation, and what was unusual for a beginner, this was effected by brevity of speeches and no stretches of long dialogue.

The music by Underico Marcelli was in every way delighted, showing the skill of an expert musician, a master of orchestration, and a sense for the appropriateness of what kind of music should be composed for a grove play. There was a great deal of it, for aside from vocal efforts it was full of incidental music and two entreacts, but was never monotonous or repetitive.

* * *

The Cast

It is quite probable that no Grove Play has been better cast than was "Ilya of Muron", and the history of these annuol productions is full of histrionic successes. Dion Holm as Ilya, developed a talent that might well be envied by many of oru best leading men, for his reading of the somewhat stilted lines was truly admirable, whether as the bedridden cripple, the ambitious youth, or the rugged and stalwart soldier, and his gestures and action indicated that in gaining an expert lawyer, the world has lost a capable and efficient actor. William S. Rainey was notably excellent, too, in the even more exacting role of Nightingale the Robber, a symbol of evil in the guise of a bird. But this was expected of him, for he is without doubt among the best amateurs that even California has produced. William B. Hanley gave great dignity

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and elocutionary beauty to Zlatigora the Warrior-Enchantress, as also did E. Malcolm Cameron as Falson, a Demi-god; his final scene, where he slew his own mother, being especially thrilling. Frank P. Deering and Harold Baxter were very effective indeed as the father and mother of the hero, so also was Benjamin Purrington as Prince Vladimir. In fact the entire cast was more than good, but especial mention should be made of Ralph Lachmund, Easton Kent and Frank Rodolph as the three miracle-working Wayfarers, both musically and dramatically.

Casa del Rey

Mrs. Hubert E. Law was hostess at a luncheon last Monday afternoon at the Casa del Rey, after which they motored to the C. C. Moore's home, spending the afternoon by playing golf and getting in trim for the tournament, which will be held on the Moores' private links next week end.

The guests were Misses Josephine Moore, Lucy Hanchett, Alice Hanchett, Augusta Ames, Mrs. Louis E. W. Pioda and Mrs. H. R. Warner.

Mrs. Law will remain with Miss Moore till after the tournament. Miss Augusta Ames, who is also staying at the hotel, where she has been for several weks, had as her guests for a few days Mrs. James B. Howell and Miss Marion Mellon of New York. The latter will leave for New Orleans August 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore entertained a few friends over the week end, celebrating the birthday of Admiral George Kutz; the other visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Stoddard, Mr. and Mrs. Jose Cummings, Mr. Clarence Weymuth and Mr. Albert Potts Budge.

Last week Miss Mary Bernice Moore gave her first house party having a number of the younger set.

Miss Marion Angelotti, the brilliant authoress, is availing herself of the balmy climate at Santa Cruz and taking a brief rest cure, after her recent illness, accompanied by her mother and Mrs. H. Schwarz. They are making their home at the Casa del Rey while there.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "have you a minute to spare?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wish you would tell me exactly what is meant by a 'league of nations' and 'freedom of the seas.'"—Washington Star.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Moffitt (Loretta Dowling) are spending a part of their honeymoon at the Casa del Rey.

Captain C. F. Klitgaard, with his wife and three attractive daughters, Misses Dagmar, Norma and Olga, are among the recent arrivals.

Another happy family group are Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wagnon with their daughter, Miss Jane, William Jr. and Miss Dorothy Hare, also San Franciscans staying at the Casa del Rey.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dietz of Indianapolis with their two daughters, and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. O'Neil of Chicago made their annual trip out to the coast, stopping at the Casa del Rey for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hynes, accompanied by their son, have been making a motor trip through the southern part of the state, stopping at the Casa del Rey for a few weeks.

Mr. Hynes took advantage of the wonderful links at the Santa Cruz Golf and Country Club, putting in the greater part of his time there.

Every Dance a Souvenir Dance

The New Departure at Techau Tavern, which consists in having every dance during supper and after the theatre a lucky dance, is earning the approval of the dance loving public who delight in winning the Hilson's Toggery Orders, which are good for gloves, silk stockings and many other delightful gifts of milady. The men receive large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes. The Techau tavern dance orchestra with his charming melodies vies for honors with the celebrated artists' revue, which furnished a cabaret entertainment de luxe in rapid arrays of colorful gowns, while talented artists sing the latest in songdom. A visit after the theatre is one of the best ways of passing an hour or so brimful of healthy pleasure. The gratuitous gifts are not subjects of competition. Another attractive feature is the tea dansante held every Saturday afternoon from 2:30 to 5:00 o'clock.

Aphorisms of Nietzsche

The existence of the world can be justified only as an aesthetic phenomenon.

Spirit is that life which itself cutteth into life.

The secret of a joyful life is to live dangerously.

Life is whatever must surpass itself.

Two things are wanted by the true man—danger and play.

How is freedom measured? By the resistance which has to be overcome; by the effort which it costs to retain superiority.

Throw not away the hero in thy soul.

Ye are permitted to have enemies who must be hated, not enemies whom ye can despise.

Become what thou art.

Tragedy—the dream-world of a Dionysian ecstasy.

Everything that suffereth wanteth to live in order to become ripe and gay and longing.

Men must require strength; otherwise they never attain it.

A good war halloweth every cause.

The teacher had told her class to draw what they would like to be when they grew up.

At the end of the lesson one little girl showed an empty slate.

"Why," said the teacher, "isn't there anything you would like to be when you grow up?"

"Yes," replied the pupil promptly. "I would like to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."

Which?

He was anxious to purchase a present for his wife, and, as he liked pictures and the walls were rather bare, he soon hit upon the form which his gift should take.

"Where shall I find something really nice in oils for the dining room?" he asked of an assistant at the co-operative store.

"On the third floor," began the assistant; then he paused and looked doubtfully at the inquirer.

"Did you mean a painting, or something in the sardine line?" he asked.

He Cleared It Up

The vicar was addressing the children at the village school.

"This morning, children, I propose to offer you an epitome of the life of St. Paul. Now, children, can anyone tell me what an epitome is?"

There was an awed silence. The word had paralyzed the youngsters. So the good man went on:

"Epitome, children, is in its signification synonymous with synopsis."

"Quite a good epigram that," said the tramp who had been convicted for vagrancy. "What did he say?" asked the tramp's pal. "Seven days." "How'd you make that out an epigram?" "Why," said the tramp, "I once asked a parson what an epigram was, and he said, 'It's a short sentence that sounds light, but gives you plenty to think about.'"

Smith's mother-in-law rushed to him in great excitement on his return from business one evening.

"Oh, John," she cried, "that great, horrid grandfather clock in the hall has just fallen with a dreadful crash on the very spot where I'd been standing only a moment before."

"Humph!" muttered Smith thoughtlessly. "I always said that clock was slow."

Fortune Teller (to motorist)—I warn you that a dark man is about to cross your path.

Motorist—Better warn the dark man.

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Alfred Hesse, American Enthusiast, Belgian Artist

By Helen M. Bonnet.

Alfred Hessé, the Belgian actor, who has made such an excellent impression this week as the temperamental Dr. Sonntag, at the Alcazar Theatre, has made many friends in town during his few weeks' sojourn. He came to this city with his wife to visit the latter's relatives and hosts of friends during his vacation, and he vows he enjoys every minute in this atmosphere and wishes the time to rejoin his company (Ethel Barrymore's "Declassée") were months removed.

Mr. Hessé is a versatile, good-looking and talented young man. On the stage this week he portrays a fiery foreigner consumed with a seething rage against the world, but in real life he resembles an idealized potrait of Chopin, and radiates a sort of gay amiability. With a quaint foreign accent he talks in epigrams with an air of being on serene terms with life. The last characteristic makes it easy to believe him when he tells us how he loves San Francisco, feels it charm.

He was born in Brussels and has roamed and lived all over the world. He says that, with a constitutional repugnance to work, he at last has discovered that this is the place where he would like to remain always. An old houseboat on the bay or a hut on Tamalpais seems, in his present mood, an ideal domicile. He wonders whether we in San Francisco realize that, from the summit of Tamalpais can be obtained a view, the variety of whose aspect is unobtainable elsewhere, even from Mount Blanc, because the panorama from Tamalpais includes not only the valleys and peaks but the busy bay and the trackless ocean. One finds here a city like Buenos Ayres, where the toll for fifty dollars worth of pleasure is a five-cent car ride whose every turn reveals a new picture.

By such perceptions one knows that Mr. Hessé is a poet. The story of his life discloses the same fact. The principal occupation of his days is literary—play-building, translating and adapting, but he declares that when he goes to the country to settle down for work he finds so much to admire in nature that his own powers and plans dwindle into insignificance.

His energetic American wife, when they live in their country place (Peconic, L. I.), has to search him out picking pebbles on the beach, or fishing, or sketching the landscape, and drive him to resume weaving the thread of his web. During the actors' strike they went to Peconic to adapt "Ambush" (Societé des Auteurs Francais), but the task hanging over his head spoiled his vacation so that he put off writing until the final days, finishing in a rush at 4 A. M. upon the day he returned three hours later for his "Delclassée" rehearsal in New York.

In Europe he studied at universities in Belgium, Munich and Paris, achieving his B. A. in Zurich. Afterwards he rebelled when his relatives wanted him to go on the Bourse as a stock broker. His dream was to be a poet or a diplomat, but fate forced him to become an actor. With some other student friends he hiked over Europe—France, Austria, Spain, Italy, the Caucasus and Russia—for the pleasure of knowing people and living their lives. He visited friends upon their estates, lived with strange people of different countries, once even joining a band of Bohemian gypsies whose mode of life suited his fancy so well that he would like to have stayed with them.

Eleven years ago he first came to America, and in the interim of his trips to South America, Africa and Europe played in many productions in the east—among them "Where Poppies Bloom" with Marjorie Rambeau, whom he considers the most charming woman on the American stage.

"What about dear Ethel Barrymore, your present star?" I asked. Quite as I expected, he said: "There is only one Ethel", enumerating many nice things about her, not forgetting to praise her fine young son, Sam Colt, and her pretty little daughter. Elsie Ferguson, William Courtenay, Taylor Holmes and Walter Jones are names I recall in companies with which Mr. Hessé has acted. The latter two men he designates as the best farce team outside France, the home of the farceur. They will open soon in a Wood's production, a stock market play.

Mr. Hessé became so engrossed in extolling California, its women, who are so energetic, so pretty, so vivacious, so kind; its clever, good-natured men, so hospitable in their clubs and homes; its atmosphere of repose, where he senses a delightful security from the ever present "Step lively!" prevalent in commuting New York, where the oft repeated admonition is impossible to heed on account of one's being entirely surrounded by crushed in multitudes. (I refrained from informing Mr. Hessé that should he attempt to go anywhere on a San Francisco street car or boat arund 5 P. M. he would experience the same stifling conditions.)

This delighted stranger found so much to praise here that I discovered it no easy task to abstract information about his own plays. "Pom-Pom", "Maids of Athens", "Miss Lillie's Husbands", (just bought by the Schuberts) are adaptations of his which I recall. "The House of Job" he names his flesh and blood, for he worked two years building it, and he says he stakes his future upon it.

His wife, the clever actress and playwright, Nevada Heffron, colloborates with him. He praised her American energy and dramatic technique, opining she missed her vocation in not being a stage director. He gave her own plays ungrudging praise, especially one vaudeville sketch, "A Harlem Tragedy", an O. Henry adaptation.

The Alcazar Stock Company, Mr. Hessé pronounces one of our most laudable indigenous products and thinks the local public should concentrate upon supporting it. He says that better results all round would accrue if renowned dramatic stars were induced to play here with the sterling Alcazar stock people as support, rather than the occasional star at other theatres with a third-class company and perishing mountings, of which this city is too often the victim. This arrangement would not only acquaint us with the current metropolitan plays, but would be a center for new productions to be tried out like the "Expressionismus" now trying its wings in Switzerland.

The volatile visionary of the footlights could not, or would not, focus his conversational prowess upon even the local theatrical situation. He was off on a tangent about the American educational system. "If I were a resident European with a son," he said, "I would bring him, at the age of fifteen, to live in America. This is the only country which develops youth's initiative. Energy, by American methods, is instilled here. The result is what you call quick action. For instance, in Europe, entirely too much time is consumed in what is really the apprenticeship of business. After two or three years a young man in business in Europe receives as much salary as one of your office boys here. The march of progress there is too slow for young blood. Your boys learn early to think and act for themselves. This was exemplified during the war when the European soldiers had the opportunity to see with their own absorbing eyes the results of American man's training."

Mr. Hessé related with enthusiasm that his nephew at the age of eighteen was called out to military service from L'Ecole Politechnique in Paris. The youth has returned to work for his degree, but scarcely can wait for next year to join his American comrades. His ambition is to become an engineer and nothing can convince him that there is any place except America to learn to become a great one.

"I saw their construction work in France and I want to go to America and learn their way," the young student declares.

Nothing so swells my heart with pride as to hear foreign men render homage to American men and boys, but I remembered that this was a theatrical interview, so I asked Mr. Hessé to tell me a funny stage story.

"All right!" he acquiesced. "My barber knows all my business, of course—where I act, how much money I owe, and so on. One day, to promote conversation, he inquired if I were still acting in decolleté, and I told him that I was, on the contrary, performing in high neck. 'Well! Well!' responded the barber, 'so that play is a fizzle already? Why didn't you tell me before? After all, these plays with foreign names don't last over night. But I hope Miss Barrymore has a good part in 'High Neck.'"

Just as our interview was coming to an end, Mr. Hessé said he had only one suggestion to offer. He wanted me to write in the paper that he is disappointed, after waiting half his lifetime to visit San Francisco, which, he had heard from seasoned travelers, alone resembled Paris and Brussels in its savoire vivre, to find that even harmless wine has been taken away from California.

Il y a des autres, Monsieur Hessé.

Town Talk Press

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TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

The Stage

Dudley Ayres Triumphs at Alcazar

A scene which bears vitally upon life and liberty of human beings in San Francisco is enacted upon the Alcazar stage this week. Dudley Ayres has an intensely gripping scene as an attaché of the Bethlehem Steel Company, in whose office, in a conference with a committee of workmen, he meets them on their own ground and averts a strike. In any city Mr. Ayres' portrayal of this character and his triumphant manipulation of a dangerous situation would hold the interest of even an indifferent audience, but we know in San Francisco some of the terrible results of shipyard strikes. The Potrero hospital has cared for men maimed, bruised, broken, the victims of strikers whose cowardly assaults have been inflicted upon men who had the courage to hold their positions to support their young children. Only this week the last of these brutally beaten men left the hospital after months of treatment. Where are the thugs responsible? Some could never be found, a few were arrested, but in a very short time paroled! Free to pursue their murderous careers, to stamp out independence of thought and action in an American state, while their victims will bear to their graves the effect of their barbarous assaults, yes, and transmit them in altered traits of character to their descendants! Mr. Ayres is a newcomer in this city and may not have known of the dangerous situation which a San Francisco audience visualized when the three strikers walked into his office. When they walked out, calm and amenable to reason, I was thrilled to the heart and so impressed that I sought out the next day the victims of the brutal strikers in our own city. Their story I will tell you next week. Dudley Ayres has all the qualifications for a leading man and may be depended upon to hold high the Alcazar standard.

Henry Shumer's tailor is another cameo in his portrait gallery of lovable old men. Ben Erway plays a Scotch character inimitably, and Brunetto is an impressive captain of industry. Mr. Brunetto has played so many types of the plutocrat that it must be hard for him to adjust his own affairs upon any scale under millions. Clifford Alexander and Brady Kline are excellent. Pretty Inez Ragan is appealing and lovable as the tailor's daughter; Emily Pinter is handsome, captivating and humorous as a social climber; Jean Oliver has an excellent role as a society girl; Alfred Hessé is so real as the impractical trouble-making foreigner that the audience applauds when the heroine's indignant father shows him the door, and the long cast includes many new faces as well as old favorites. Miss Florence Russell made her debut Sunday. Though she had little to do, she looked pretty and moved about the stage with a charming poise. I am always glad when I see the Alcazar giving opportunities to young aspirants. It is a wonderful school, which has been and will continue to be the starting point for many Thespian pilgrims who wander to heights.

HELEN M. BONNET.

EMILY PINTER
A Clever Member of the Talented Alcazar Stock Co.

Antonio Scotti and Bridge

There is a prevalent belief that the life of a public singer, especially of a great favorite like Antonio Scotti, is one of endless pleasure and excitement. On the controry, if an artist is bent on pleasing his public he must largely put his own pleosure aside. The eminent baritone-impresario, who will visit this city with his own company on October 4th for a week of grand opera, appearing at the Exposition Auditorium, takes pleasure in social intercourse, but the claims of his professional duties compel him to refuse the bulk ow the invitations which are generously showered upon him wherever he goes. Nevertheless there are one or two relaxations which he does not deny himself, and among these is a game of bridge. Without being a bridge fiend, Antonio Scotti is a devotee of the game and has been so for several years. He finds that he can get relief from the absorbing cares of his profession and especially the responsibilities of management, in what he holds is the greatest of all card games—one in which skill and finesse count for so much, and the mere monetary gains or losses for so little, though Scotti does not play for high stakes on principle. Wherever he goes Mr. Scotti instructs his secretary never to discard a bridge invitation, and while five oclock teas, dinners and supper parties are perforce rarely accepted, he finds it hard to decline an invitation to a bridge party, especially one of a small and intimate character. He is an adept at the game, a player of excellent judgment and temper, with that bridge essential, a fine memory. At the table he is the soul of geniality and he loses with as much good humor and grace as the average man wins. Doubtless he has found the concentration necessary for the good bridge player a good aid to memory, while on the other hand the relaxation it affords him from his professional cares and duties is in the highest sense beneficial.

Bohemian Club Concert—Tivoli

The annual concert of the Bohemian Club's Grove Play music will be given Friday afternoon, August 6th, at 2:30 o'clock, in the Tivoli Opera House. The sale of tickets for the general public will open next Monday morning at Sherman-Clay's and continue there until Thursday at 5 P. M. On Friday morning, August 6th, the sale will be on at the Tivoli Opera House. Ulderico Marcelli, composer of this year's Grove play, took full advantage of the fact that the Bohemians recently installed in the grove a great organ which is one of the finest in the world, and the joy of his music will be fully spread forth by the magnificent Tivoli Opera House organ, a great Symphony Orchestra of 70 selected musicians, vocal soloists and male chorus. Henry Hadley, whose appointment as associate conductor of the New York Philharmonic, the oldest established symphony orchestra in America, is an honorable

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THIS WEEK—THE AUDACIOUS COMEDY
"A TAILOR MADE MAN"
WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MATINEE, AUGUST 1
Avery Hopwood's High Temperature Farce
Foaming with Feverish Fun
"FAIR AND WARMER"
A Very Stimulating Comedy Cocktail
THE ALCAZAR COMPANY
INEZ RAGAN—DUDLEY AYRES
SUNDAY MATINEE AUGUST 8—Another Novelty
"THE CRIMSON ALIBI"
George Broadhurst's Newest New York Success
Masterpiece of Mystery Melodrama
Based on Octavus Roy Cohen's Great Story
Every Eve.—Mats. Sun., Thurs., Sat.

Bohemian Club's Annual Concert
Next Friday, August 6th
2:30 p. m.
TIVOLI
Ticket sale commences Monday A. M.
At Sherman-Clay's.
Conductors: Ulderico Marcelli, Eugene Blanchard, Domencia Brescia and Henry Hadley. Wallace Sabin, Organist. Eminent Soloists. Orchestra of 70. Club Chorus of 60.

distinction and a thoroughly merited, if somewhat tardy recognition of his genius, will conduct a group as well. Domencia Brescia, composer of last year's grove play; Eugene Blanchard will also conduct, and Harry Robertson, Charles Bulotti will be heard in solos.

Alcazar.

The Alcazar is after a sensational batting average this summer, and is knocking out home runs with the calm regularity of a "Babe Ruth". Its team working players are headed by two delightful young leading people who possess ability and magnetism, more admirable qualities than mere temperament. Dudley Ayres and Miss Ragan know their business and attend to it with zeal and enthusiasm and without friction. They are a picturesque pair, the man, big, graceful, well poised and dark, contrasting with the blonde, blue-eyed beauty of the actress who proved a revelation in "Peg", and this week's audaciously humorous "Tailor Made Man". These artists, in manner and methods, grace and dignify a company of the Alcazar's splendid quality. They will be well bestowed as Jack and "Blanny" Wheeler in next week's first staging at the Alcazar of Avery Hopwood's fervid and feverish farcical comedy "Fair and Warmer", in which the quick silver of merriment registers high temperature mark in the thermometer of frivolity. It is all harmless fun, even though it becomes furious in the cocktail episode, a reminiscence of that wide open period mournfully referred to by the convivially disposed as "them weer the happy days". No funnier ,or more innocent farce ever made the country laugh. In the cast also are the expert farceurs, Ben Erway, Emily Pinter, Brady Kline, Henry Shumer, Rafael Brunetto and Stella Warfield.

"The Crimson Alibi", on Sunday, August 8th, is melodrama of punch and baffling complication. It is based on Octavus Roy Cohen's vivid story. The dramatization was made by George Broadhurst and has been holding New York audiences in the grip of suspense at his own theatre for the past six months. Alcazar enterprise in securing the most up-to-date eastern novelties is astonishingly alert.

Emily Pinter Writes Poetry

All actreses have some fad or other with which they while away the hours between rouge and powder. Emily Pinter, the dashing Alcazarite, relieves her feeling by lapsing into the creative mood: result—poetry. The reader can readily see that the poet has scaled the heights of bliss, knowing comparatively little of that anguish which goes with most poetic fire. When that fire comes from the footlights, the poesy is bound to evince traits of love, as follows, to wit:

★ ★ ★

"Humanity"

The world is waiting
For someone like you
To pick up your weapons
And force your way through,
Into the cauldron
Of hate and distrust,
And place their love,
Where now, all is lust!

And your weapons to fight
These terrible beasts,
Shall be loving kindness,
Charity and peace.
And using these weapons,
All sorrow and pain
Will lay down their arms,
And forever shall be slain!

"Who Knows?"

While walking alone thru a beautiful bower,
In the Garden of Life, where human flowers grow,
A voice called out to me,
A voice strong, yet tender;
And turning, I saw there a Rose—bending low!

I stooped down and kissed it, then softly I whispered,
"Dear Rose, you are mine and we never shall part!"
"I love you, Fair Lady!"
So I planted the Rose down deep in my heart.

But soon the sweet Rose grew sad-eyed and weary,
Smothering with the love it found in my heart;
Withering and dying,
It begged to be set free,
So I opened my heart and watched it depart.

Lies buried in love—the roots of my Rose,
But deep in my heart, where no one can find it,
Yet, with gentle care,
And patience unending,
Perhaps there shall bloom forth another—who knows?

EMILY PINTER.

No Idea

"Where are you going for your holidays?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"But can't you judge from what you've heard your father and mother say?"

"Well, from the way ma talks I should think we were going to Monte Carlo, Switzerland and Egypt. From the way pa talks I should think we were going to the poorhouse."

Come to the Point

"I see," he said, "that coal has gone up again."

"Has it?" she replied casually.

"And they're raising house rents," he continued.

"Well," she exclaimed, flaring up, "if you wish to break off our engagement, say so. I always hate people to beat about the bush in a case of this kind."

Found Wanting

Sister's new beau had hardly got seated on the sofa when little brother brought him a glass of water and tendered it to him very politely. The young man drank it and returned the glass to the small boy, who looked disgusted.

"He don't either," he said to his sister.

"Don't what, dear?"

"Why, he don't drink any different from anyone else, and pop said he drank like a fish."

A young woman, on being introduced to Sir Robert Ball, expressed her regret that she had missed his lecture the evening before.

"Oh, I don't think it would have interested you," said Sir Robert; "it was all about sunspots."

"Was it really?" she replied. "Then it would have greatly interested me, for between you and me, Sir Robert, I have been a martyr to freckles all my life.

Mrs. Newwife (sorrowfully, after irate departure of her husband's rich uncle)—It's too sad, the dinner was a failure, dear.

Mr. Newwife—But it wasn't a failure, darling. It took at least a year off uncle's life.

"You do not speak as you did of the gentle dove of peace." "No," said the philosopher, "I no longer refer to it as 'gentle.' After what the dove of peace has gone through I regard it as a pretty tough little bird."

Young Harroby was in love.

He had declared his passion to the young lady, and she had passed him along to her father. Father listened to his tale patiently.

"It's all right so far as I am concerned," the old gentleman said, "but I am afraid that Janie will not marry you."

"Oh, don't say that!" the young man pleaded. "Has she said so?"

"No," said the old gentleman, "but from what I know of Janie, if she had wanted you she would have taken you without referring you to me."

"Which one of the Robinson twins did Jinks marry?" "I don't know. Never could tell them apart. But judging from Jinks' woebegone expression since he got married, I'm inclined to think it was the wrong one."

The unhappy Bridegroom

The worried countenance of the bridegroom disturbed the best man. Tiptoeing up the aisle, he whispered: "What's the matter, Jock? Hae ye lost the ring?"

"No," blurted out the unhappy Jock, "the ring's safe eno'. But, mon, I've lost ma' enthusiasm."

She Warned Him

Wife—Well, dear, I shall have to do the cooking now. Cook left without warning this afternoon.

Husband—Not exactly without warning. She told me this morning I had better bring some indigestion pills home with me tonight, but I didn't quite understand what she meant.

Elder Sister—Would you rather be fair or dark-haired, Ethel?

Ethel (cuttingly)—Well, you ought to know, you've been both.

"You must have seen some trait in me to admire," said Mr. Meekton, "or you wouldn't have married me." "I did," replied his wife; "your sublime nerve in wanting to be my husband."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Cotton—The cotton market has been under pressure all week. Growing weather conditions have been favorable and tight money have contributed to lower grades.

The only sustaining feature of the market was the bidding up of July by shorts to 43 3-4 cents—the highest since the Civil War.

In regard to favorable weather conditions, we have the following conditions in Southeast Missouri—rain last week was sufficient and crop is progressing nicely; no insects except a few cutworms. Southern Arkansas received beneficial showers last week, but there were none in the northern part. Crop is making satisfactory progress; early cotton is fruiting well and the late is forming squares. Rain followed by warm, dry weather would be beneficial.

Favorable reports come from Oklahoma. A summary of the reports show a satisfactory week. Good rains now followed by seasonal temperatures would carry the crop into August. Boll weevil are not active. The crop is still three weeks behind normal, thus necessitating an extra month of cultivation. Labor is scarce, inefficient and indifferent.

In the territory covered by these reports, the total area planted is 5,959,000 acres, compared with 35,504,000 for the whole United States.

On account of economic conditions and aside from frequent rallies, caused by technical conditions, we look to see a much further decline in the cotton market.

Stocks—The big interesting factor in Wall Street last week was the railroad wage award, which was anxiously awaited—but, when announced, was so uncertain of its reception that stocks hesitated, waiting to know what action would be taken by the labor union.

Betwen professing disappointment and taking the risk of a strike, which would certainly not be approved by public sentiment, there is a very great difference, and there was an underlying note of confidence in the way Wall Street looked at the outcome.

The credit situation is almost unthinkable—it is so serious, but a market in strong hands is able to reason calmly. It is not swayed by sentimental considerations, and is usually disposed to see the bright side of things.

So Wall Street, while doing very little until the action of the labor leaders is known, adopted an attitude of complacence. The judgment of the Street that there would be no strike was backed up by the advance of a few points in the rail list—notably Reading, which has again become a market leader.

The fact that brokers' loans have been reduced to $900,000,000, the lowest in a very long time, points conclusively to the fact that the public is very much out of the market, and this fact alone will be a big item in keeping away from the money table any keen demand for the same and relieving any forced pressure to sell stocks for the purpose of raising funds.

Toward the end of the week and after the wage award had been accepted by the labor element, after the strong and favorable speech of Harding had been made and after the prospects of a good rate increase were all out of the way, the market began a downward course—the reason being a decided weakness of all exchange markets and increased seriousness of European trouble. Big people do not seem to be inclined to put much money in stocks under prevailing conditions, fearing at the same time a very high money rate this fall.

For investment purposes there are many attractive features, but much money is needed for the purpose of pushing stocks up, and people who are in this line of business cannot see any chance of securing plenty of funds, therefore they are unwilling to undertake any such a task, as they would meet with too much opposition by holders of securities, who might be obliged to raise funds to relieve any possible business embarassment this coming fall.

It has been a historical fact that, during presidential years, the stock market has been in the habit of making its low price during the month of July and the high price just before election in November. Whether this is to be the case this year or an exception remains to be seen, but the heaviness in stocks at present would indicate that this year will be no exception and that the low price would likely be made this wek.

The new parson was calling on the farmer. I've got to find out a lot of things about this district," he said. "I suppose you know all the ins and outs of the place?" "Well, sir," said the old fellow, I used to know all the inns."

"I really believe I'm in luck this time. My new maid is a perfect treasure—clean, energetic, economical, easily managed, and capable as can be!" Ah! And how long have you had her?" "She's coming tomorrow."

"I say, Stalker," he said, "you remember you told me ou had hunted tigers in West Africa? Well, Captain Smith tells me there are no tigers there." "Quite right, quite right," said Stalker, blandly, "I killed them all."

"And why did you insist upon standing by Miss Smith all through the reception? I know you don't like her." "Of course I don't. Didn't you notice how my new frock made hers look old and shabby?"

"Mrs. Smith always had abominable weather for her afternoon teas, hasn't she?" said a woman to a man guest. "Yes," said the man, as he reached for his hat and stick; "she never pours but it rains."

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June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
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A Lot for the Money

Round the stand of the travelling auctioneer the villager stood in a crowd. But business was slow.

"What offers for this ancient fiddle?" he inquired, pathetically. "Look it over. Notice the blurred finger marks of remorseless time. To the merry notes of this fine old instrument the brocaded dames of fair France may have danced the minuet,"

By this time the crowd was becoming interested.

"Ah," continued the auctioneer, "it bears an abrasion—perhaps the touch of fire. Who knows? It may have been the very fiddle on which Nero played while Rome burned. Now, what offers?"

From the back of the crowd came a mournful answer:

"Sixty-eight cents."

"It is yours, sir!" replied the auctioneer, quickly.

An Encore

Tactless Lady Friend to Hostess—By the way, what birthday is this we are celebrating?

Hostess—My thirty-fifth.

Lady Friend—But haven't we celebrated that before?

Hostess—Oh, yes; it is one of my favorite birthdays.

Love Not Enough

The great liner rolled and pitched on the waste of waters.

"Charlie," faltered the young bride, "do you still love me?"

"More than ever, darling," was the young man's fervent answer.

Then there was an eloquent silence.

"Oh, Charlie," she gasped, turning her pale, ghastly face away, "I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't!"

Excuses for Skins

"Well, well," exclaimed Mrs. Mowie, looking up from the morning paper. "Boots and shoes ought to be much cheaper now. Here's a paragraph that states they are being made from all sorts of skins, even rat skins," and then, trying to be funny, she added: "I wonder what they do with banana and orange skins"

"Oh, my dear," replied her husband, "they make slippers."

"My doctor has the reputation of being quite a lady killer." "Has he? Mine doesn't make the slightest distinction between the sexes."

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON GUARDIAN'S APPLICATION FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 10. No. 29497.
In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of FREDERICK V. DEWEY, Third, a Minor.

It appearing to the Court from the petition this day presented and filed by F. V. DEWEY, JR., the guardian of the person and estate of FREDERICK V. DEWEY, THIRD, a Minor, praying for an order of sale of the real property belonging to said Minor; that it is necessary or would be beneficial to said Minor that said real property be sold.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of the said Minor, and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, on Monday, the 23rd day of August, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the courtroom of this Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real property.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of this order be given to all persons interested in the estate of said Minor by publication thereof at least once a week for three (3) successive weeks before the said hearing in TOWN TALK, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court this 19th day of July, 1920.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
Endorsed: Filed, July 19, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By A. R. PHILLIPS, Deputy Clerk
PERCY E. TOWNE,
Attorney for Guardian.
Chronicle Building, San Francisco. 7-24-4

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
In the Matter of the Estate of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a petition for the probate of the will of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased, and for the issuance to GERTRUDE RICHTER of letters testamentary has been filed in this Court, and that Monday, the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 9 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated, July 6th, 1920.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
Charles F. Hanlon,
Attorney for Petitioner,
501-4 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-10-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
EMMA GLEASON, Plaintiff, vs. JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.
Dated: May 27, 1920.
JOSEPH L. TAAFFE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
BELLE J. MOORE, Plaintiff, vs. PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to PAUL H. MOORE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Dated: April 27, 1920.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
CHARLES F. ADAMS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1606 Claus Spreckels Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-29-10

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of CHARLES F. HANLON, rooms 501-504 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said offices the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased.

FRANK W. DEAN,
Administrator of the Estate of WILLIAM BOWEN, Deceased.
Dated: San Francisco, June 29th, 1920. 7-3-5

NOTICE OF DOING BUSINESS UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That I, the undersigned, EDWARD E. SCHROEDER, hereby certify that I am doing business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and designation of PACIFIC COAST PIANO REPAIR SHOP; that the principal place of business carried on under the said fictitious name is at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that I am the sole owner of the said business; that my full name is Edward E. Schroeder, and my place of residence is No. 36 Steiner Street, San Francisco, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 29th day of May, 1920.
EDWARD E. SCHROEDER.
Endorsed: No. 5102.
Filed June 4th, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 1st day of June, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty, before me, J. D. BROWN, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared EDWARD E. SCHROEDER, known to me to be the person described in, whose name is subscribed to and who executed the annexed instrument and he acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.
(Seal) J. D. BROWN.
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
My Commission expires April 4, 1922.
Rooms 206-7, Humboldt Bank Building,
Phone Douglas 2324. 7-3-5

SUMMONS

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
AUTIE McCOY, Plaintiff, vs. DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN UNDER my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this July 7th, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
Schonfeld & Dunn,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 7-10-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

Dept. No. 2. No. 106183
In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.
HAZEL M. DAY, Plaintiff, vs. TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send greeting to TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Dated, 20th day of April, A. D. 1920.
(Seal of) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Superior Court) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
B. V. Sargent,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
212 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-17-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Theodore F. Bonnett.....Editor

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In the Political Pot

It is a pleasant relief to hark back to former presidential campaigns—all of them, as a matter of fact—and note that today the venerable cauldron wherein is cooked to a turn all manner of vituperative scandal, seethes scarcely any at all and emits no offensive odor. This has reference, however, to the great parties only, for all the others are composed of elements that oppose all parties or governments not based upon their own revolutionary ideas. What effect these by-products of the two big parties is going to have on the final result in November is a matter of conjecture, each of them claiming that the other is going to suffer most by the possible loss of the labor vote, with neither having any very sure foundation on which to base its calculations. In the meantime, Candidates Harding and Cox seem to have indulged in little else than pleasant banter as to their respective policies, and what has been said in the line of criticism has been of a very mild nature, touching upon issues as expressed in their respective platforms rather than upon personal policies, aims or advance promises. From his "listening porch at Marion", as Mr. Cox humorously dubbed his adversary's residence, it is true that Candidate Harding has once or twice thrown down a not very threatening gauntlet, challenging Candidate Cox to declare himself with reference to his league of nations policy; but that equally astute politician has smiled pleasantly, along with Senator Walsh of Masschusetts, and told the reporters that he will be definite as the summer solstice when he delivers his speech of acceptance sometime during the present month. Walsh is known to entertain opinions not quite in accord with those of the candidate he is bound to support, for he is somewhat Bryanesque in his sentiments and would like to have some sort of admission from Cox that he is not averse to the Sinn Fein movement. But what conclusions they have arrived at in the reported conference have not been made public and will not until the anxiously awaited speech of acceptance is in the crucible of public opinion. Up to now the independent voters may be said to have been maintaining an attitude of indecision which it has been difficult to overcome. Those of them who always persist in voting for men rather than party principles apparently have been able to detect no appreciable difference betwen the two candidates or their policies, and the cursory analysis, usual among this class of voters, does not find any material variation betwen the platforms. So the "great silent vote" is more of a mystery now than ever. It is not unlikely to be swayed by so small a consideration as to which of the two candidates will be the least aggressive with reference to the enforcement of the Volstead Act, or it may even resolve itself down to a mere matter of personal taste as to which of them will look the more dignified and statesmanlike as the ruler of the world's greatest nation.

* * *

The Labor Vote

Here is the most puzzling subject for conclusive speculation in the approaching contest, for despite the fact that labor is supposed to have a candidate in the person of an obscure person named Christensen, under the not very alluring title of the Labor-Farmer party—how Bolshevistic that sounds!—it is not in any sense more than half likely that the great mass of sons of toil will become any very considerable element in his support. Labor, as was made manifest by the split in the convention called by the Committee of 48 at Chicago, is divided against itself, and that part of the labor vote which is committed to socialism has a candidate of its own in convict Eugene V. Debs. It is still evident that Samuel Gompers' influence is powerfully potent with the better elements of labor, and he has not yet issued his definite dictum as to how his loyal following should vote. He has made many criticisms of both of the principal platforms, and warned both Democrats and Republicans that unless certain policies are outlined by the candidates labor will not vote for either of them. Left to themselves those workingmen who are not bound by oath or voluntary sentiment to other candidates, will vote for that party whose platform, candidate and history appears to best accord with their own views, and that would spell Cox and Democracy, an exciting campaign and a continuance of that party in the governmental control. There are many Republicans who affect to believe that in his heart Samuel Gompers is a Republican, and will eventually swing his support toward the furtherance of that party's success. But nothing he has said so far has furnished grounds for any such belief, and by the time that election day has arrived, it will be found that the Gompers legion will be under the Cox banner, with the obscure person from Salt Lake City too far in the rear to be counted as even an also ran. The Hearst elements have not yet been heard from, for although their leader issued a proclamation some time ago directing his editors to support no candidate yet mentioned until further orders, he still remains reticent, no doubt waiting for the threatened re-convening of the Committee of 48. But at the present time indications point so promisingly toward Democratic success next Novembtr that this last remaining element of dissatisfied Democracy will return to the fold almost *en masse*, rather than throw its vote away.

* * *

Japanese Propaganda

It may as well be set down as an undeniable fact that there are many so-called Americans who are engaged either in a sympathetic or hired propaganda in the interest of Japan, or, perhaps, they may be inspired by considerations of personal interest, commercial or otherwise. At all events, whatever may have inspired this propaganda it evidently exists, but, unfortunately, all that can be done about it will be to keep our eyes and ears open against such time as a diplomatic break may come and then report to the proper authorities. One swallow does not make a summer, but he certainly indicates the approach of it, and one instance may be mentioned of the presence in our midst of just such a swallow. At a well known seaside resort, on Saturday night last, a man seated at a table was heard by several persons to remark that in the event of a break between the United States and Japan, he would espouse the cause of the latter. This for the reason that it was a great and wise nation whose people had always been unjustly treated by us, and without just cause. In the Chronicle's department which is devoted to communications from people who have ideas to exploit, there have been two letters of the same purport, although expressed more conservatively. There exists a nervousness in Japan as well as here, for the government of that wily and progressive nation seems to have been greatly shocked because this country has interposed an objection to the occupation of the Russian island of Saghalien, while the other powers were too busy with other matters to bother about what was going on away over on the Pacific, none of them being particularly interested there either politically or to any great extent commercially. The United States, they must have thought, being the party most in-

terested, should adjust its own disputes, and, putting this and that together by a collection of straws that have been blowing about in both directions during the past two years, there seems to exist every probability that the way is already not only under discussion but definitely decided upon. By this time no doubt England has become satisfied in respect to her somewhat querulous complaint that we are building three or four battleships to her one, and that in case of any possible future war we were not again going to suffer under the humiliation of unpreparedness. These preparations are still most active and more of them are in contemplation as may be seen in the outlined appropriations to be asked for by the Navy Department of the next Congress. There must be some sound reason connected with this system of preparedness, and the education of 2,000 officers at the Naval Academy, in place of the less than half that number usually admitted. Then, too, it is not generally known that the academy classes of '13 and '14 are shortly to be ordered to the Asiatic station for three years under express orders to learn the Japanese language. All of this should not be taken as an inference that this country contemplates a war with Japan, or, for the matter of that, with any other nation. But it is certainly an implication that it is going to conduct its own affairs in its own way, and that if any clash should come it will be as fully prepared to meet that as well as to deal with the dissemination of such dangerous propaganda as has been referred to. Japan should know that any other class of aliens making itself so objectionable to the American body politic as have the Japanese, would have met with similar opposition, and it should also learn to accept the inevitable and make the best of it.

* * *

Bolshevism and Sinn Fein

Premier Lloyd George before the British Ministry, and Arthur Balfour as the English representative in the council of the league of nations, have made reports to the effect that there are almost indisputable proofs showing an alliance between Sinn Fein and the Soviet government of Russia. In their blind eagerness to accept any assistance or form any alliance that might in the slightest degree redound to the benefit of their cause, the Sinn Fein leaders have evidently taken the final step that must certainly lead to their ultimate undoing. If forced into war against Russia for her own protection, or to avoid a possible invasion of Ireland by a Bolshevist force, England would certainly crush out that force and the Sinn Fein cause along with it, for then she would be compelled to summon her entire military strength, which in such a conflict would be invincible. It is learned that there is much enthusiasm in quarters where the Sinn Fein cause is given moral and material support, but it is difficult to conceive how, if the statements of Ministers George and Balfour be true, any support from Soviet Russia could possibly secure the independence of Ireland or in any way be other than a detriment to the Sinn Fein movement. The rest of the world, or at least such parts of it as are not in sympathy with the deplorable internal condition of Ireland, would regard the perfecting of such an alliance as a blessing, especially if it should become an offensive one, because it would mean the end of Bolshevism. England has the power to resist such a thing as any possible Bolshevist invasion, she would resist it to the utmost extent of that power, and Ireland would share in the resulting shambles. If the Sinn Fein leaders have any hope whatever for the ultimate success of their cause, they should at once nullify any such alliance as seems to be now in the making, for their position now is precarious enough and then they would have no position of any kind whatsoever.

* * *

America's Amazing Altruism

In the old days they would have called the subjecting of a country to the squandering of large sums of money which should have been the duty of another, "playing it for a sardine". In these latter days the discoveries in a more emphatic but less elegant vernacular would call it something else that would not appear so well in print. The United States has been placed, and has placed itself, in such positions as this a great many times, beginning with the Boxer uprising in China, when it refused to receive indemnity for its expenditures on humanitarian grounds, and for this splendid altruism was laughed at by all the other nations concerned in the expedition. In the World's war it spent almost uncountable billions and sacrificed 100,000 American lives, ostensibly to "make the world safe for democracy", but the most of us had an entirely different notion of the matter. It is fortunate for American finance that the country was not induced to be equally altruistic by furnishing the allies with the money with which to pay for our own exports, and Bolshevistic Russia with the funds to carry on the busines that would result from the lifting of the commercial blockade. This same expenditure of moneys that should have been left to other nations to raise is still going on. Twice or thrice have transport loads of refugees been returned to their own countries at the government expense, and during the past week nearly 800 children arrived on a transport on their way back to Russia, because Soviet Russia sees no benefit in being saddled with the expense of caring for so many mendicants. This was the most commendable example of unselfish altruism attributable to American generosity and no one will be grudge the cost of it. But all of us would like to know whether we are ever going to receive thanks for our prodigal expenditures, and whether we are going to continue being played for sardines by governments that have found a good thing and will continue to work it for all it is worth.

* * *

The Latest Mexican Rebellion

The claim of Governor Esteban Cantu of Lower California that the De La Huerta Government, not having yet been recognized by any power, is not legal, and he is justified in denying alegiance to it, cannot be supported by any system of ethics but his own. His spread-eagle declaration that it is his patriotic duty to oppose the invasion of his bailiwick by the forces of any other government than that of Venustiano Carranza, is a most amazing piece of impertinence. The De La Huerta regime is in peaceful control of all branches of the Mexican government—excepting alone in Lower California, which is not even a state—it is the de facto and de jure government, and Cantu could be tried and executed for treason unless he should become mollified by promises as Villa was and return to private life. There is every indication that the present condition in Lower California is in point of fact a filibustering movement encouraged and backed by the gambling interests of Tia Juana and Mexicali rather than a patriotic movement to uphold the defunct government of Carranza—a flimsy subterfuge to cover the real motive underlying it. Cantu has long been a friend of the American adventurers who for some time have been trying to secure a foothold across the American border for their nefarious enterprises; he has granted them the sought for concessions, no doubt "for valuable considerations", and knowing that the De La Huerta government will abrogate these concessions, he is now opposing it in order that he may make good with his partners—or shall we call them favored friends? Cantu is generally conceded to be a man of marked ability, and has given Lower California the only decent government it has ever had. But it is a pity that he should have permitted himself to be made the tool of the carpet bagging American lawbreakers who could not carry on their business in their own country without getting into jail.

Town Talk Press

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Mountain Notes

By Adolfo Lanus.

Characteristically Spanish or Spanish-American sketches are the following, in which the author, in the presence of one of earth's immensities, the cordillera of the Andes, dares to let himself loiter and dream and moralize, and he is not afraid to describe either his fancies or the apparently frivilous yet truly revealing occurrences and aptitudes of the men of the intricate mountain wilds or of the monotonus and lonely pampa.—Ed.

SUNSET

In the distance flies a condor with its black wings stretched toward the whiteness of the summits, fearful lest the night overtake it as a loiterer in space. The silence of the gloaming wears the infinite sadness of a lost love. The marsh takes on the mirages of remote seas, and over the tableland floats a final mist, which is like the vast sigh of a life that is going out. Little by little the foothills of the peak project tails of shadows athwart the small and flowery pasture, in the neighborhood of which the partridges are essaying their gentle whistle. When the condor is lost behind the loftiest peaks, memory seeks its uncharted ways and mounts toward the heavens. On the plain and on the changing ocean memory knows of many sunsets; but in the presence of the immense and silent solitude of the mountains it harbors the madness of attaining the heights. Perhaps because it is imprecise in recollection or, may be, simply audacious, it is forgetful of the ice; perhaps because it is a nestling and superstitious, it fears to remain abandoned in the blackness of the night.

ANNOTATIONS TO "FACUNDO" (1)

At break of day, and preceded by a drove of ten or twelve little donkeys, three boys take to the open country. They are running over in their talk what they have heard from their grandfathers in their huts, about the raids of the mountain bands. One of them make a point of a tale of hunting, a feat that had as its scene a certain unknown pass and as its victim a guanaco or an agile deer. The object of the trip into the wilds is to chop down the dried and sapless furze with their hatchets and return to the hamlet with their donkeys loaded with firewood. On the slope of a dry, sandy river they have the good luck to find a carob-tree uprooted by the last freshets. They lighten their clothing and attack the branches of the tree with all their might. By the time the sun begins to decline, their task is finished, and they have ready for the return a dozen loads, neither of which weighs more than another; this is a requirement of the business.

So far they have worked together. It is now necessary to separate, because the little donkeys that compose the drove have gone wandering according to their individual whim and are now lost in the canons, attracted by the grazing or the russet carob. Their masters return to the road and take a look at the tracks, all blurred, all identical, and, as soon as they have advanced a few paces, they separate, repeating to themselves: "Here go mine!" * *

Half an hour later they are adjusting the loads, and humming vidalitas (2), they start on their return trip, for the night presses, and the night is full of legends of witches and wizards that fly through the air to their witches' sabbath.

With the passing of the years the three lads, or at least two of them, have become "trailers". Their intuitive knowledge has been enriched by the constant observation of outdoor life. They know—as Facundo relates—whether the horse or the mule whose trail they are following is carrying a pack or a rider or is running loose; they recognize at cross-roads, amid the tracks of the droves that are going and the droves that are coming, the foot-prints of a mule that have seen but once, in a remote town and long ago. All this is the result—as has been said—of an acute spirit of observation. So also they know—what Sarmiento failed to tell us—that the animal whose trail interests them is black or chestnut or gray Where the animals wallow, to dry the sweat or to ease the muscles, there remain imperceptible on the ground a certain number of hairs that are sufficient for the "trailer". So, too, they surprise us with details such as these while they are following the trail:

"He went along here", they announce with the same conviction they had when they were youngsters; "it is a one-eyed mule, that travels fast, with loose reins".

They know, because they have observed, that the grass has been cropped on one side of the road only, and that the mule is one-eyed and therefore eats on the side that it can see. They know likewise that in order to be able to go along munching grass while it is moving, it must be traveling at a walk, with lose reins, the rider giving no heed.

THE TRAILERS OF THE SKY

The following lines also might lay claim to being another annotation to Facundo. When, amid the beetling crags, the hurricane descends, preceded down the gorges by a keen and threatening whistling, the mountain hacienda seeks refuge and lies flat. So do the mules and the patient donkeys of the mining droves. It is not uncommon, however, that, during the night, some loaded animal gets separated from its companions and strays away, down hill, until an abrupt whirling of the treacherous wind precipitates it over the brink to certain death. In other years, each animal that was lost under such circumstances was equivalent to the loss of a load of pineapples (3) of native silver, a fact that justified the eagerness with which they tried to find it.

Over the interminable trails of loose stones and along the solid rock it is impossible to follow the tracks. Then, the 'trailers" lift their eyes to the heavens, and, watching the condors and vultures that descend in wide ellipses upon the dying or the dead prey, the diaphanous blue bestows upon them the sign denied by the earth.

THE DROVER'S CLEVERNESS

Two droves met upon the broad highways of the pampa. Each of them has at its head, as a guide, a mare, from whose breast hangs a bell, the madrina.(4)

The droves salute each other, light their cornhusk cigarettes and take a swallow of aguardiente. In the meanwhile the two droves mingle and graze meekly along the edges of the highway. The hour to separate arrives, and the madrina, withdrawing and starting ahead, marks—by the tinkling of the bell, which is the same as that of all such bells—the direction to be taken, leading after her the drove she is guiding.

To say "drover" is equivalent at times to saying "trailer". A certain drover had been robbed, while off his guard during the rest hour, of a mule that he owned. He followed the trail, reached the town, and, in front of a house with an ample court, he dismounted, knocking at the door.

"Senor," he said to the owner, "I have lost a mule. It hasn't entered this house by chance, has it?"

"No," the other answers drily.

"Nevertheless," insisted the drover, "the trail stops here. It may be that it is inside."

The brazen thief thought the time had come to take offense.

"There is nothing here!" he returned. "What are you talking about?"

A few minutes later the drover passed through the street again ,leading the madrina of his drove. The stolen mule, when it recognized the metallic tinkle, broke the weak rope with which it had been tied and started off at a gallop behind the guide of destiny.

STRANGE SYMPHONIES

It is snowing. The flakes are flying in slow, oscillating waves. Every little while they swirl and swoop as if, descending like a colossal fall of leaves, they were homesick for their lost florescence, and cherished the weird design of forming, intertwined in the air, a vast bridal veil for the mountain. Beneath their pristine whiteness are lost all the manifestations of life * * * in the same way as beneath the indifference of the years are lost al the customs and domes to which the preceding notes allude.

No longer are the "trailers", nor are there drovers, either, any more. The cable railways to the mines have banished the droves, and, they being banished, the trade of both the former and the latter has departed. From afar may be observed the monotonous whir of wheels, a persistent and orderly mechanical hum. A strange symphony that proclaims the presence of unknown wills, incarnated in ruddy and laborious men! In order that the dream may not wholly vanish, however, flying away with recollection after the condor that fears the night, a white and jeweled hand draws from the keys the sweet barcarolle of The Tales of Hoffman, while the nightfall is weighed with the vague sadness of a departed love.

—From "Inter America."

(1) The most famous work of Domingo F. Sarmiento (born in the city of San Juan, Argentina, February 15, 1811, died in Asuncion, Paraguay, September 11, 18888); it sketches the country life and makes Juan Facundo Quiroga the prototype of the wily partizan outlaw.—The Editor.

(2) See "Inter-America" for April, 1919, note 12.—The Editor.

(3) Portions of virgin silver worked together with mercury and placed in molds, similar to pineapples or small sugar-loaves, and subjected to heat so that, when the murcury had escaped, the silver alone would remain. The molds were sometimes made in the form of lions, tigers, et cetera.

(4) Protectres, lead-horse (always a mare).

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The Jap Must Go

(These extracts of an article upon a topic affecting the life blood of America were written by William Marion Reedy and published in his "Mirror" (St. Louis), July 22nd, a few days before his death in this city.)

The Japanese issue rages throughout California. The spirit of Dennis Kearney walks the lovely ways among the valleys, warns from the hills and burns in the labor councils. Denis used to say, "The Chin-nese must go," with the accent on the "Chin." Now, as for a long time, it's the Japanese must go. A House investigating committee is probing the subject. The Californians want the Japanese prevented from holding property in the state, or, indeed, in the nation. Once they had almost passed laws to that effect, but then Secretary of State Bryan went to Sacramento and had the legislation held up. Now the Californians are going to put it through. Conversations are now in progress on the general subject between Washington and Tokio. It looks as if Washington will put its foot down on colonization by Japanese. For Japan is not so cocky on recognition as a superior race as she was cocky before the Peace Conference rejected her demands at the behest of Australia, Canada, and, in a milder form, of this country. Maybe Japan will be still milder if, as reported, Great Britain has postponed an extension of the treaty with Japan as to the latter's practical paramountcy in Asia. Japanese racial equality demand being turned down at Paris, it was compensated for to some extent by giving Japan control of Shantung. Just now the race question is acute because, confronted with a shortage of labor here, many publicists and economists are declaring that the need must be supplied by Oriental immigration. Organized labor and almost every other California element is against this, except Colonel John P. Irish, erstwhile of Ohio, and some philanthropo-sentimentalists on race equality. Most people of the golden state fear the Japanese will crowd out the white man. They say that despite exclusion laws Japanese are smuggled into this country across the Mexican border.

There goes on a steady importation of "picture brides" from Japan. To the Japanese here are sent photographs of girls from Japan. They pick from the pictures the one to their taste. The selection is sent to Japan and soon the girl is sent over. Sometimes they come, as many as thirty at a time, consigned to men they never saw. The system is a kind of slavery. The girls are bought and paid for. But they breed children and those children are United States citizens. They can own land. They can vote. Some time ago the Japanese government agreed to put an end to the picture bride business.

The date set for its ending was February 25 last. But before that date the picture brides were hurried into this country in great numbers as goods are sent in before a new higher tax upon their importation goes into effect. And now that picture brides are banned a new scheme for getting wives is in operation. Japanese in this country adopt children in Japan. These "yosei" are sent over in droves. Many of the children are destined to be wives. The Japanese increase and multiply here amazingly, though they are not so conspicuous in the cities as one anticipates. They are plentiful in certain country sections. The children are said to be kept out of sight systematically, so as not to alarm the whites. Even so it is said Japanese children the crowding the whites out of the lower grade schools and creeping into the higher grades. Mr. V. S. McClatchy of the Sacramento "Bee" presents statistics that demonstrate all this quite conclusively, even alarmingly, if one is inclined to quake before the yellow peril. He says that in 1919 in California 427,000 acres were under Japanese control, and the crops of all kinds raised by Japanese were valued at $61,000,000. Seventy-five per cent of the best irrigated lands in San Joaquin and Placer counties is controlled by Japanese. Recently it appears a group of Californians were negotiating the sale of 800,000 acres near the Mexican border to a Japanese development company, this land to be farmed by Japanees colonies. The State Department at Washington disapproved of the deal and it was dropped. Senator Phelan made this public. California shivered over its narrow escape from this subtle form of invasion.

The outstanding fact is that the Japanese are workers and savers. They know no movement for thirty-six-hour weeks. They buy land wherever they can, and if it's bad land they make it good by patient industry. The potato king of California is George Shima, who like Cleon in the song, is supposed to have a million acres. He is a Japanese, knighted by the emperor for services to the Japanese in America. He says he went to school to the same teacher as the emperor and he guesses that his teacher boosted him into the knighthood. Shima told the House committee that he thought not only that Japanese should be freely admitted as immigrants and allowed to own land, but that their marriage with whites should be encouraged. This shocked Californians like a good-sized temblor. Also California was grieved to find that Colonel John P. Irish was supposedly submitting his pro-Japanese writing before publication to Mr. Kawakami, the leading Japanese on the coast, and that Kawakami was freely editing them by both addition and subtraction. California smiled when Colonel Irish told the House committe that the letter from Kawakami to him, showing his editorial supervision and revision, was a "fake", planted so as to be found and thus to prove that Senator Phelan was practicing espionage upon the friends of the Japanese. Senator Phelan's popularity in the state is due about as much to his anti-Japanees attitude as to his agreeable personality and democratic behavior. Colonel Irish's explanation is thought to indicate a weakening of the Irish intelligence.

You hear no anti-Chinese agitation. California likes the Chinaman it used to hate. The Chinaman is more ingenuous than the Japanese. He works hard but he isn't a landbuyer. He is more to be trusted in affairs. He doesn't push himself, is more deferential. All ways are easier for him now than they were in the days when Dr. Doyle was writing stories like "The Shadow of Quong Lung".

This racial issue along the coast, for it exists from Canada to Mexico, is not without bearing upon national affairs in other ways. For example, It is back of much agitation for our intervention in Mexico. It is an article of faith in California that Mexico is almost completely under Japanese domination."

The Spectator

A Tax on Brains

Lawyers and physicians are supposedly the brains of a community, and nowadays it is commonplace to say that genius and money don't get acquainted. Some of our professional men have acquired enough lucre to maintain a fairly large household with a garage. They pay taxes on their property, which is apparently as much as any man should be asked to do. The idea on taxing the fact that a man practices law will never become popular; it can never become logical. We tax a man's property; tax the income with which he acquires property, and now we are taxing the abstract professional idea behind the income, which in turn is behind one's possessions. Some professional men have only a desk and a few books, no income to speak of, and many bill collectors after them. Among these duns is now beheld the municipality, threatening to deprive the young attorney or physician of his license to practice if he cannot afford to pay for it. It is not the most beautiful aspect of government; not one that fills the heart of the citizen (professional or unprofessional) with pride in his city and the so-called city fathers.

The World's Peace, Piece by Piece

The making of the world safe for democracy has in the main made it an exceedingly unsafe place for any person or anything to live in, more especially democracy. It sounded well at the start, this promise of the eternal freedom of mankind, and the preachments had a rousing ring of conviction about them. But like all of the ideals of dreamers this one again clinched the truth of the homely old aphorism, "Preaching and practice don't geef"

After the sacrifice of millions upon millions of lives, the squandering of tens of billions upon tens of billions of dollars, and the decimating of the splendid youth of all of the countries concerned, the world is far worse off now than it was when Kaiser Wilhelm devastated Belgium with the express purpose of making the world safe for militarism. There has been nothing but rampant militarism ever since in all the democracies created by the war, and a glance at the present condition of affairs within and without their borders, must create the impression that a world's democracy can be kept alive only by infusion of the virus of chronic militarism. For example:

Russia was the first of the democracies, has been a very shambles of bloody murder ever since, and under the principle that Bolshevism could only be rendered "safe" by compelling the rest of the world to swallow it through militaristic force, it has been enforcing that principle by the cruelest exercise of militarism the world has ever known.

Democratic Germany has been a democratic joke ever since the armistice, for it could not have existed so long without the counsel of militaristic leaders, and would surely enforce its militaristic notions now, only that the allies have drawn her fangs by disarming her.

The idealistic dreams of Arnold Winkelried and Kosciusco have been fulfilled by the declaration of a democratic Poland, which has been fighting for its existence ever since, with every promise

that the deplorable condition is going to continue.

The slices which the democratic ideal has bitten from the edges of Russia, such as Lithuania, Esthonia and Finland, would still be in a state of war, only that they have been compelled to fight for the supplies necessary to avert starvation. Jugo-Slavia, Albania, Armenia and Syria are seething examples of the unsafety of the kind of democracy the world's war was said to have aimed at, and are not nearly so safe now as they were before the struggle came. Thanks to the Sinn Fein movement, Ireland is decidedly more unsafe than she has ever been, when she might now be at peace through the acceptance of the home rule offered her by the British Crown.

Japan, although a member of the league of nations, formed to enforce the peace of the world, still continues to demonstrate her militaristic tendencies by grabbing territory to which she has no right, and will continue so to do until she is called down by the united voices of the other great powers.

China is seething with internal conflict, and at the same time is compelled to be always ready to repel the possible invasions of Japan.

Turkey is still fighting for exsitence without a friend in the world, and India is said to be a volcano of sedition that may break out at any time.

Bolshevism, with its impracticable notions of Soviet government, is responsible for nearly all of this, and until it is crushed out by another world's war, there can be no such thing as a world's democracy.

The league of nations can effect this noble ambition of patriotism, but it must be a league of all the nations of the world, not a chosen few, or its efforts must continue to fail as they are failing now every day. For this the United States is largely to blame, and until she shall decide to be the dominant force in this league for the enforcement of peace, there can exist no such thing as a safe world's democracy.

Has Prohibition Enforcement Failed?

Despite numerous declarations to the contrary, there is something in the air which indicates a showing up in the chase of that frightened animal, the man with a quart bottle in a valise. For one thing, the federal appropriation has almost run out; for another, courts have admonished the whiskey sleuths not to go poking into odd places without a search warrant. Then, there is a third grand object lesson of cause and effect. The teetotalers have been complaining that Washington, D. C., when winking and blinking and drinking as of yore, while sleuths there went winking and blinking in their sleuthing. This might have been expected. Now the prohibs demand that the bootleggers of the capitol be made to understand that the boot is not altogether on the other foot. The commission of enforcement has promised to put the ship of state on the drydock, and a thousand anti-booze volunteers have agreed to show him where the hatches are open. The whole country will be glad to watch the District of Columbia squirm under its own last-hoist on its own petard. In order to void such a humiliation among the bibulous Washingtonians, it may be that word has whispered to go easy on the other parts of the country. Sleepy old Philadelphia has the eastern reputation today of being the most audacious trafficker of all in rum. The whole of Pennsylvania is still having a good time in the good old way. The heirs of William Penn have no need of making a pilgrimage to Havana or Mexico. From El Paso we learn that nearly a half million Americans have crossed the border in one year, to take a look at the rubber plants, eat an enchilada or buy a drink. Added to that we have the sublimely ridiculous suggestion from the prohibs that Americans be punished for drinking abroad. Yet who can say that such an enforcement would be any funnier than punishing them for drinks at home? Altogether a large percentage of the people are breaking the law every day. The northern district of California has collected about $70,000 in fine ensuing from 700 arrests. We should like to hear the amount that has been or will be collected from the District of Columbia.

The Drys Threaten Reprisals

From the abodes of authority as exemplified by the more or less efficient officials of the anti-saloon league—and happily many of them are not—there come deeply muttered cries of "advance to the wet trenches!" Those of them who have been sleeping on their posts and drawing salaries for covering by their silence, the efforts of bootleggers and moonshiners, have lost their jobs and those who can be trusted appointed in their places, while the heads of departments are making arrests by the wholesale and securing many convictions. They even threaten to abolish the rules permitting the keeping and serving of strong drink in a man's own home on the ground that this privilege is notoriously abused and must be abolished. Threats have also been made against the sale of the otherwise innocent materials of which beer is made, and also against the customers who buy them and turn them into beverages. Here they are going to find their work cut out for them with a vengeance, for out of the half million and more population of San Francisco alone there are probably twenty per cent of them who are quietly brewing beer for their own consumption. Aside from the fact that most of these will resent intrusion of their homes, the question naturally arises as to where all of the violators of this absurd law are going to be imprisoned when elected, and who is going to pay for the clerks who must register their fines. The refusal of Mr. Bryan to be the candidate of the Prohibition party must appear very like a bombshell thrown into the prohibition ranks, for, having declared himself still in the Democratic party, he will be expected to campaign for that party, thereby placing himself in the anomalous position of opposing the candidate of the dry party, which he is the logical leader of, if anything at all, and orating his head off to elect James M. Cox, who, although not an openly avowed wet candidate, is pronounced by his friends to be a very pronounced one at heart. Bryan was heard to declare while in the city that the home brewers were worse than the professional ones and ought to be in jail. But again the question naturally arises, where are they to find the jail room? New snags are cropping out every day and before long the anti-saloon officials will not be able to thread their weary courses among them.

Sir Thomas Does Not Despair

Again what Sir Thomas Lipton has called the great ambition of his life has been denied fulfillment, for the America's cup still remains "unlifted" after the only close contest ever sailed for that venerable trophy. In the early part of the contest Shamrock IV having won the first leg through the disabling of Resolute, and a second one which was so emphatic a defeat for the defender, it seemed to be a foregone conclusion that he would certainly win three straight. But, apparently, the Herreshoff boat had something up her sleeve of which the amateur figurers knew nothing, for in the fifth race she showed her heels to the challenger all the way. But every true American sportsman, or at least those who are not too patriotic to cheer when the best boat wins, would not have begruded a victory for the Irish baronet, who among American yachtsmen is unanimously declared to be the best sport that ever went down to the sea in mimic ships. There would surely have been few sighs of regret over the success of a thoroughly good fellow and true sportsman, who has spent several millions of dollars in his efforts to win a trophy whose intrinsic value is probably not much greater than fifty dollars. As a matter of fact this sterling gentleman has so endeared himself to all American yachtsmen in his two first attempts to "lift" the cup that in the contests with Shamrock III there were quite as many rooting for him as against him. To the credit of English sport, however, it can be said that ever since the cup was first captured by our "America" in 1851, all of the contenders for it have been good sports and cheerful losers, except in the single case of Lord Dunraven, whose almost unbelievable demonstration that he was the worst loser on record became a matter of yachting history. None of them, however, has been so amiable a loser as Lipton, for while his predecessors generally attributed their defeats to almost anything rather than the inferiority of their boats, he has always given us credit for matchless designing and superior management which he hoped some day to overcome. His fourth attempt this writer records with regret, and is again pleased to refer to this unflinching sportsman's courage, for he has again signified his intention of making another effort, after waiting a year for some worthy challenger who has not yet had a chance while he has had more than his fair share. If his next attempt should succeed, there will be much compensating balm in the reflection that he is partly American anyway, for his interests are almost as vast here as they are in his own country, and he will be very welcome indeed when he comes to California next August to attend to some of them.

A Great Builder Dies

The passing in this city last week of William Marion Reedy, editor of the St. Louis weekly "Reedy's Mirror", removed one of the most brilliant journalists in America. His paper enjoys a circulation not only among the discriminating reading public, but among professional newspaper people, who read the chronicles of his opinions for light on national and international affairs. His diction was lucid and facile; he wrote with the pen of a keen observer and he never dipped its point in gall. His was the creed of constructive-

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ness and he had the breadth of vision to see a subject from many points of view, being free from the temptation to hold the onlooker to his own favorite premise. Mr. Reedy was a deep student of government. His articles were educational and when the topics were American they served a patriotic purpose, the writer catering not to any class of citizens, but to uphold the fundamental principles of justice.

True to his conviction that every man owes something to his profession, William Marion Reedy strove not for self aggrandizement, but helped other journalists and writers to develop their own powers, to obtain a foothold in the world of journalism and letters. He had an abiding faith in the power of the press and one article of his creed was that the weekly paper can wield a power for good which can't be combatted by that of half a dozen great dailies. In the case of his own "Mirror" he proved it. He always rejoiced to meet publishers of a similar opinion, so that his spirit of optimism and encouragement helped to forge a strong chain in the small world of American weeklies, of which "Town Talk" is proud to be a link.

His sense of humor was keen and he did not resort to ridicule to win a smile.

Of the tons of literature written about the Democratic convention in San Francisco, Mr. Reedy's contributions to his "Mirror" were the most comprehensive and exhaustive, though by no means the most voluminous.

After the convention adjourned Mr. Reedy visited Los Angeles and with a disinterested sense of proportion he sent to his paper for July 15th the following resumé of the relative characteristics of the north and south metropoli:

"San Francisco Awakening

"San Francisco is all puffed up with itself, and not without reason. Everybody who attended the convention gives the city a testimonial and the people now pleasantly see themselves as others see them. So now San Francisco is going in for a campaign of push. It is out for all conventions in future. But back of the enthusiasm there is a little dread that Los Angeles is a self-boosting town, surpassing in communal autolatry even Chicago of old, and newer Detroit. Los Angeles has passed San Francisco in population and fills the western atmosphere with self-celebration. The average San Franciscan can be arrested for what he thinks of Los Angeles. He warns you against going there, and especially against the real estate agents who are selling city lots 140 miles from the city's center. Of course Los Angeles retaliates in kind. It is all very amusing, but San Francisco is in deadly earnest and has already begun a campaign for every national gathering that may be held in the future. The city has never boosted itself before—not even after the Fair or the Fire. You must say 'Fire' not 'Earthquake' when speaking of the great catastrophe. Don't you see they had to say 'Fire' here because if it wasn't a fire they couldn't have got their insurance. So 'Fire' is in all conversation and history. Worse than saying 'Earthquake' is to call the city 'Frisco'. The word invites physical assault. So now the papers print all the nice things the visitors say about the town and everybody feels that the time has come to get out and outdo Los Angeles. Certainly San Francisco is a lovely town to the eye and a hospitable town, and a busy town, and it has protean and kaleidoscopic weather and a profusion of slantindicular landscape and the wolf is not the zoological emblem of its business men, and it has an intellectual colony not to be surpassed in New York, and more and wider union labor agitators and politicians than are good for it, and its bay is vastly beautiful, and everybody thinks of it all in romantic mood as a result of memories of reading in Bret Harte and Mark Twain and Robert Louis Stevenson and Joaquin Miller and others.

Our Ladies' Ankles

"But what puzzles me is the thickness of the ankles of the California girl as in San Francisco shown. She is good to look upon generally, moves with a fine freedom and graceful carriage, but why is she 'beef to the heels, like a Mullinger heifer'? I ventured that it might be because she has so many hills to climb, but she doesn't climb hills. She rides. San Francisco has more street cars than I ever saw anywhere, but they are not on the line you are bent on using at the instant. I wish someone would elucidate this mystery of the San Francisco feminine ankle. I have studied it until I am almost anklyometic, but I give it up. Still, I must say that the San Francisco girl swings and flings a neat foot in the dance at Tait's brilliant Alhambresque cafe or at the St. Francis or the Palace, or the Moorish Techau Tavern. I do not dwell on this to injure San Francisco's chances of becoming the convention city. Not at all; I simply record my observations. And San Franciscans say never mind our girls' ankles. Wait till you see the feminine flat foots of Los Angeles. This is looking at things from a different ankle, which is an eminently proper thing for a disinterested observer to do. And anyhow any ankle looks good in the grotesque and arabesque embroidered hosiery so generally worn in the city of romance. I'm glad though, that the Democrats didn't put anything in their platform about San Francisco ankles. I guess that's because Mr. William Jennings Bryan didn't allow his magnificent and moralistic mind, or his eagle eye to dwell on such things. He wears detachable cuffs which is a fact symbolic of his general detachment and moralistic mind, or his eagle eye to dwell on such things. He wears detachable cuffs which is a fact symbolic of his general detachment from all that savors of the world, the flesh and the devil.

"Evanishment of Paganism"

"Still they tell me there's less of all three in San Francisco than there was before the earthq—, I mean the fire. Strange, though, that San Francisco now aspires to magnitude and is not satisfied with the fact that it is a more moral city. Yes; it is grievous to hear the lament for the city's vanished paganism, its once wild revelry, the Barbary Coast and all the rest of it. Really, a fellow might as well be in Los Angeles after all—Los Angeles the virtuous, the chemically pure, the city of the speculator supreme in unearned increment. Anyhow, San Francisco is henceforth a boom town, and everyone who was at the Democratic convention is henceforth a booster for it. It is well worth crossing a desert to see."

Jury Indictments Quashed

After the most searching grand jury investigation the city has ever known; after having enlisted the services of the state attorney general's office in the prosecution of jury fixing grafters of whose guilt there seemed to be not the slightest doubt, the MacDonough case has been dismissed by the trial judge, because of the assurance of the attorney general himself that there was no corroboratory evidence to convict the accused. Attorney Riccardi, the uncorroborated witness, furnished evidence before the grand jury which led to the finding of an indictment, and he evidently knew whereof he spoke and swore to, because he acknowledged that he himself had been the agent for which MacDonough had fixed the juries and had been paid fees by him. To further clinch the truth of his evidence he fixed a jury under the eyes of Grand Jury Foreman Harrelson, which led to the removal from the court of the clerk who permitted himself to be so easily hoodwinked.

Nevertheless MacDonough, whom everyone believes to be guilty, was set free and held a levee of congratulation in the courthouse lobby because of a technicality in the law, which specifies that no man can be convicted upon the uncorroborated testimony of an accomplice, and Riccardi was

Everyone Feels the change that has come over business---The feeling is different from that of six months ago, or even one month ago.

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his self-confessed accomplice, aider, abettor and briber.

Naturally enough, the charges against the judges who were alleged to have profited by this jury fixing will also be dismissed, and the state saved the expense of a long trial, which would result only in a coat of whitewash. Meanwhile safer methods of bond brokerage ensuring acquittal can be devised, and the informing witness, Riccardi, will have to content himself with honeymooning on his Los Gatos ranch, studying out some other way of wreaking revenge upon fellow conspirators who have "gone back on him".

Tampering With Tahoe

There is no doubt that there was an organized effort on the part of Nevada agriculturists, backed by speculathing corporations, to tap that part of Lake Tahoe lying within the confines of the state, so that the beautiful shores of the California share could not fail to be disfigured by stretches of ghastly beach and steamboat locks left high and dry. But those who had invested large sums of money in beautifying the shore on the California side and erecting thereon hotels and cottages, raised such an outcry against such devastating encroachment upon their riparian rights that the selfish Nevada agrarians drew in their horns, disclaimed any idea of such disfigurement and made another proposition. The substance of the apologetic second plan was stated to be merely the clearing of the lake outlet which supplies the Truckee river so that only its natural flow of water should flow into it, and it was pointed out that this would not in the slightest degree lower the surface of the lake below its legal point. All of this has been thrashed out at length before, following an attempt of Nevada to make similar encroachments upon the waters of one of the world's most beautiful lakes. A commission decided upon a slight lowering of the lake surface and a dam was constructed to hold the waters of Tahoe to the level agreed upon. It is to be hoped that the clearing out of this source of the Truckee river will be effected without the lowering of the top of the dam, which the Nevadans are liable to do when some interested California is not looking. It is not to be denied that arid lands must be irrigated, and power furnished for the creation of electric "juice", so that machinery may be set in motion and towns supplied with light. But the world must play too or it will be full of dull boys, and the play grounds are as much entitled to conservation of their beauties as are the farmers and corporations to interfere with such conservation. The capital invested by hotel builders and owners of country homes is entitled to as much protection as any other enterprise, especially when interference with that protection comes from another state.

Shortridge Endorsements

Two former governors of California, James N. Gillett and Henry T. Gage, have endorsed Samuel M. Shortridge, Republican candidate for United States senator and are now actively supporting his campaign. Former Governor Gillett has offered to stump the state for Shortridge. Former Governor Gage says:

"Shortridge is the kind of Republican we want in the senate. You will find no mistake if you support Samuel M. Shortridge."

Two more Republican county central committees have endorsed Shortridge as the real Republican candidate. The San Joaquin county committee voted unanimously for Shortridge and pledged "its loyal support to the candidacy and to the election to the office of United States senator of that able, consistent and lifelong supporter of Republican principles and of American ideals."

Nevada Thinks Over the Divorce Law

The State of Nevada, which lies just beyond Tahoe, has recently become much concerned over its divorce law. There is a feeling that notoriety has been turned toward the state, once noted for sagebrush and silver, and subsequently for divorces. A quarter century ago Nevada opined that its renown was inadequate to the demands. So it discovered a few more silver mines, legalized prize-fighting and held forth a divorce law that attracted some of the most fashionable matrons of the East and West. There was Newport on one side and Reno at the other end of the social whirl. In this way we soon found that we were getting our best social items and news of world championships pugilistic from a town that had hitherto been known only to expert geographers and a few neighbors. It is therefore base ingratitude on the part of those Nevadans who, scorning the means by which they rose to fame, would amend their divorce laws, making the ordeal more stringent and filling the minds of good people with misgivings that they might not get their divorce after all, or might have to wait a year to marry again. Why, some divorcees have made the return trip to Reno within that time. No, it is best to leave well enough alone. Voluntarily surrendering its silver crown as a high marital separator, and then, too, as the silver is petering out, and prizefights have lost vogue, Nevada will have to rest its repute on agriculture.

Early History of Marion, Ohio

Marion, Ohio, which, because of the fact that one of the principal candidates for the presidency lives there, is certain to become familiar in the next four months to millions of distant people who never heard of it before, is not so old as Columbus, but almost. It will reach its centennial year next year. Marion county, lying in the northwest section of the state, suffered late exploration and settlement with the rest of that part of Ohio.

In fact it was the war of 1812 that first brought travel that way and opened the county to the advance wave of immigration. Near where Marion now is, General Harrison encamped his army and crossed the Scioto, while nearby is now Green's Camp, marking the place where General Green crossed.

Eber Barker and Alexander Holmes, who had secured the title to the land there, were the founders of Marion. They laid out the town early in 1821. The history of Marion county states that it was named after General Francis Marion, the Swamp-Fox of the revolutionary war, but it was the city of Marion that first received that distinction and conferred it on the county.

For Marion county was not established until March 1, 1824—more than three years after the founding of Marion town. It was one of the proprietors, Mr. Baker, who seems to have had enterprise and energy, who gave it its first long advance toward municipal supremacy, for it was

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his influence that induced the county commissioners to select Marion over several competitors as the seat of the county. That was in 1825, the year following the establishment of the county.

It was Baker who built the first house in Marion —a double log cabin which later, when some additions had been built to it, was converted into a hotel—the first hotel in the new city.

The English-Irish Hatchet

"Editor 'Times'

So much is being said and written in America concerning the Irish question that you may be willing to publish the views of an Irishman who is neither a Tory nor a Sinn Feiner.

However, the association begun in Ireland is today an integral part of that confederation of free peoples called, for want of a better name, the British Empire. To that imperial confederation she has contributed her best blood and intellect. In fact, she has done more than her share to make that empire what it is today. Ireland cannot withdraw from the imperial copartnership without irreparable loss to herself and to the predominant partner, England. It is too late to divorce Erin from Britain; what she needs is a restitution of conjugal rights.

Has Ireland's predominant partner been unjust and oppressive in the past? Yes; but an enlightened and rejuvenated England is today holding out the right hand of fellowship, praying that Ireland will accept it. I believe there is much to be forgiven and forgotten on both sides.

I find Ireland today prosperous as never before. I find her new brow illumined by the best and newest thoughts of humanity. I find her sons and daughters intelligent, educated and progressive. I also find that her political ideals and economic needs are identical with those of England. I find a new England, all the stodginess of the Victorian era gone, her people eager for new ideas and her aims purified and ennobled. I want the England and Ireland of today to be the closest friends in international history. Such a friendship would make both lands supremely happy; such a friendship would make for peace and civilization.

Englishmen and Irishmen today are brothers in blood. Here in Dublin it would be hard to find an Irish family without conections by blood or marriage with some English family. Almost every man, woman and child in London, Liverpool, Manchester and Leeds can boast of a little Irish blood. Intermarriages between the English and the Irish have been going on for centuries. Only today I noted the strong facial resemblance between the trench-helmeted English soldiers guarding the Bank of Ireland and the Dublin men on the streets.

Why cannot we bury the ancient hatchet? How much longer are the generous, patient Irish to be exploited by political adventurers and fortune hunters? The moment Englishmen and Irishmen learn properly to appreciate each other that moment the professionel patriot will lose his job. New York City gave to Russia Trotzky and to Ireland de Valera; both are celebrities of a moment.

Let us tell Englishmen the truth, to know the Irish is to love them. Let us tell Irishmen the truth, Englishmen are by nature just and dependable. The product of their blood blending is such men as Edmund Burke.

If what I have written offends the Tory and the Sinn Feiner I am glad of it. That would be the best proof that I am right; that I am really a useful friend to dear old Ireland.

HYACINTHE RINGROSE.

Dublin, June 26, 1920."

—The New York Times.

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

Plague

The United States Public Health Service, in cooperation with the State Board of Health, has, during the past few weeks, found plague infection in the immediate vicinity of Martinez, San Pablo, Richmond, Albany and Santa Cruz. Infected squirrels have also been found within a few miles of Gilroy, Hollister, Watsonbille and Half Moon Bay. During the month of June 7,379 squirrels were collected and of this number 41 were found infected with plague. The activities of the inspectors were confined to the central coast counties of the state. The plague situation in California cannot be regarded lightly. Surgeon General Hugh S. Cumming of the United States Public Health Service, has called a conference on plague, to be held in Galveston, Texas, August 3rd and 4th. In some cities of the south plague infection has been found in 80 per cent of the rat population. The health officer of every California city should conduct an active campaign for the destruction of rats. There is no single measure in the prevention of plague that is more readily available or more effective than this.

A New Field for Women

Mrs. M. E. Schwab of Santa Rosa has recently been appointed a deputy health officer of Sonoma county, and her duties consist of making sanitary inspections of the various summer resorts in the county. Mrs. Schwab is an energetic worker and she has already secured great improvements in the sanitary conditions of resorts in the Russian river country.

Joseph's Coat—Some Who Wear It

The procession of embryo candidates for office ganging the political carryall these latter days out at the City Hall recalls to one's mind the biblical story of that first Pentecostal Sunday when "Parthians and Medes and Elamites and the inhabitants of Mesopotamia, Judea and Cappodosia, Pontes and Asia, Phrigia and Pamphilia" passed in kaleidoscopic review before the Apostolic Twelve. For the ancient trysting place substitute the Department of Elections, put yourself in the place of the apostles and glean edification by witnessing the operating of the Primary Election law.

As to this latest hobby in government there is one thing certain: none is barred from running —provided he has two-bits for a set of affidavits and enough enterprise to harass a sufficient number of persons for signatures to a petition. In this particular, government by the people heroically exemplifies its "all men are equal" feature, but, does the frenzied applying of this innovation tend to make the country safe for democracy?

Of course, incidentally, in the passing show that took its way through the marble halls of the election department was a sprinkling of notables and this leaven of patricianism put a touch of brilliancy to the drab of prebeian background. They came—these worshipers at the voters' shrine —sometime singly, but often with managers who did the coaching and the urging—old warhorses these latter, still bearing scars of bygone political trouncings—too old and well known to venture a try in the lists, but bearing the wisdom of experience and banking on a windfall's happening should their proteges meet with success.

And as to Joseph's coat and its varied tints: came one from the North Beach whose tanned visage was alight with the vision of his proudly treading the legislative halls of California's capital. With the characteristic astuteness that has made the sunny land of his forbears first in the art of diplomacy, this son of Italy, like the scriptural warhorse "that scenteth the battle from afar", though a Democrat, in turn became a Republican, then the former, again the latter and so on five times—like Finnigan—of a truth suffused with prudence, but—oh so vacillating and disloyal to party!

So the race for place on the August ballot is ended—292 aspirants have been called by ambition and but a scant three dozen shall be chosen. With the exception of the judiciary no qualification other than citizenship is necessary for the attempted transformation of pugilist into legislator —the purveyor of chastened drinks into a wearer of the toga!

So, a republic must needs be a truly hardy bird whose digestive apparatus can assimilate the candidatorial fodder of which it is forced to partake. And as to the legislators who shall qualify from out this cosmopolitan melting pot, would the barbarian who, standing on an eminence overlooking the Roman Forum, exclaim: "These are not Senators—they are kings", be likewise impressed could he survey some of the functionings of our latter-day manufacturers of statutes?

A Sense of Humor

"My dear sir", said the friendly old gentleman to another who was smiling grimly as he read an automobile advertisement in a magazine, "pardon me, but you seem to get some amusement out of that beautiful illustrated and finely worded advertisement".

"Yes," replied the other. "I can take a joke, even when it's at my expense. I own one of these blankety-blanked cars."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"See here," said a fault-finding husband, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we know where everything is kept."

"With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife. "Let us begin with your late hours, my love. I would dearly like to know where they are kept." He let things run as usual.

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Social

By TANTALUS

A California Girl

The recent marriage in London of Miss Gladys Unger, daughter of our own Frank Unger of tender memory, recalls her somewhat checkered career, and the efforts of her ambitious father to educate her in a calling chosen by herself but later abondoned for the more promising possibilities of dramatic authorship. She was born in San Francisco in the early eighties and at an early age developed more than usual artistic talent. The little family was split apart by divorce, and she made with her mother to London, where her father with great difficulty provided for her with the funds for an artistic education in the painting of miniatures. She gained considerable fame in this work, a miniature of Mrs. George Yerkes having been exhibited in the salon. But the way to material success seemed long and far distant, so she turned her attention to dramatic writing, and at once developed a talent for it that must eventually make her famous. In her second year of this work she met Charles Frohman, who gave her a trial in translating a French play for the American stage and her first effort was so successful that she was his only translator for several years, even up to the time of his untimely death in the sinking of the Lusitania. Frohman once said to the writer that Gladys Unger was the only adapter he had ever known who could translate a French comic opera, retaining not only the comedy points and the sense of the idioms and at the same time also preserve the meeaes, rhymes and meaning of the lyrics, which no one else had yet been able to do. From translation she went into original work, and since 1903 has produced not fewer than twenty plays, most of them successful In the literary world of London she met Kai Ardaschir, a titled Persian educated at Harrow, who was ambitious to adopt a dramatic career. He proposed marriage to her and her acceptance of him was made conditional upon a collaboration between them which must be successful. The result has been their somewhat sensational hit of "The Sunshine of the World"; their marriage soon followed, and now they are in Venice on their honeymoon, writing a musical comedy based upon Venetian romance mingled with their own.

End of a Drexel Romance

The separation of Alice Drexel Barrett from her soldier husband has not caused society a "distinct shock". No one has even taken the trouble to say "I told you so". The only daughter of the John R. Drexels married Capt. William Barrett upon his return from overseas, his most valuable possession being an army commission. The break between these two calls to mind the number of humbler romances that began in khaki and ended with return to civics. There may be something in the idea of brass buttons—which have not the glitter on khaki—yet there is always enough suggestion of the brave heart that beats beneath. Judging from what the girls say in the divorce courts, a hero does not make a husband—no; not necessarily. The fact is that heroes have the masculine fondness for pipe, slippers and newspaper, and this combination of after-dinner scenery is not always expected by the lass that loves a soldier. The war is over and the heroes are being divorced right and left. Of course, they are a small proportion, after all, and count for little, yet they have been attracting a lot of attention—more than the other ninety per cent that are still heroes to their wives—or are at least heroic enough to keep on suporting the family.

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Foreign Legs and Music

No matter how staunchly American costumers vaunt American styles ahead of the Parisian, one thing is admitted by all fashion students: Paris still leads the world in the matter of hosiery and footgear. This reminds us that French women began the fad of promenading the thoroughfares of a great barelegged and superbly indifferent to international criticism. So they must have good foundation for their styles in stockings. Midsummer notes from Paris announced that the women would be wearing brown, russet and coppery hues as they approached autumn—a sort of Hamadryad effect. As to hosiery, these tints have assumed cobwebby grays, dim golden-fawn and daffodil transparencies of silk, with high and low shoes of suede. The foot and ankle have thus a soft and nymph-like look, as if the creatures were walking through woodland moss to the tune of a Grecian chorus. Out here in California we have the grape vine for inspiration of autumn colors when our dressmakers take a turn in the competition of world fashions. And as for the natural underpinning fit for attracting the world's gaze—that is here too. The present length of skirt is a hint of what San Francisco women could do if they should ever try to get into the world's telegraph news of styles that startle. The fact of the matter is that in the United States these natural advantages are mentioned in subdued voice, while the French and English are proud of them. And for the same reason those transatlantic folks are telling us more pointedly ever and anon that we lack temperament in many things—legs and music, for examples. The British have become quite temperamental since the war, no longer taking their pleasures sadly but with true Parisian insouciance. They say our singers are cold and perfect, without the divine fire. We have looked upon Paris as Dumas, London as Thackeray. Now the Londoners turn round and tell us that we have the temperament of George Washington, if not William Dean Howells, that is, in our art. You see, if we wished to pay $10,000 for a marble nude and set her high in the City Hall, the great mass of people, including, no doubt, the unions, would object. So we have to confess that much of our art is without soul because the common people dislike soul and all such highfaluting stuff. Americans, as a whole, put enthusiasm in their demand for higher wages, but not in their legs and inspirational things.

A Little Talk on Art

The other day one of our newspapers had a flashing tale of a certain 18-year-old sculptress who is now studying in Boston. The young woman seems to be a worthy object of attention, yet her work at the present time is as amateurish as that of any artist not yet turned into nineteen. There never was a great 18-year-old sculptor. Michael Angelo and Rodin would have been flattered at that age upon receiving the encomiums that this beginner has had heaped upon her in local print, merely because she is a San Francisco girl exhibiting her work in Boston. Now, when the newspapers have any of their spread-eagle space to spare, why do they not seize upon some local artists who is living on spaghetti while their masterpieces are piled in dark corners and are gradually relinquished to pay the rent. There is perennial boast of San Francisco becoming the art center of the country, the Athens of the Pacific. It's the climate and all that. If the artists were given a small part of the advertisement that is accorded the climate and scenery, which they advertise in their pictures, the art center would become slightly more visible to the naked eye. It is all right enough to praise infant prodigies, but we have amongst us a few veterans whose fame and fortune might be made by the same tribute, which, by the way, their art more greatly deserves than the school work of any student.

Two Kinds of Clubwomen

It has been said that there are two varieties of club—one that minds its own business, the other minding other people's business. This apparently applies to women as well as men. A form of activity quite conspicuous in the last few years is the assembling of some association at municipal councils, in order to give officials an idea of public sentiment. Frequently there is applause; now and then, expressions of disapproval. Courts of law never tolerate such outbursts, but legislative and executive bodies try to stand the strain. Clubwomen of all the clans flocked to the Board of Education during the trial of the Polytechnic principal, Jesse Addicott. It was claimed that ten thousand women were watching the outcome. No doubt they meant to be fair. Yet it must be admitted that even a Board of Education would be nervous at such a demonstration. Of course, it may do the board no harm to have its nerves jangled once in a while. This is hardly a test case. The fact is that clubs are usually a small part of popular feeling, and it is questionable whether any feeling at all should enter the deliberations of public officials. Their duty is to use their own heads, and any person appearing before them should come as an individual, not the representative of any organization. The impression made on a politician's mind is too obvious. Talking of what women can do when they attend to other people's affairs—the Alameda Housewives' League recently served a luncheon for 25 cents, and made a profit of six cents on each of a hundred Alamedans. The meal was built around the central motive of a beefsteak. Fruit punch, sardines, maccaroni, pudding and coffee completed the gastronomic harmony. There was only one drawback: the guests had a lecturer thrust upon

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them during the process of geting a dollar lunch for two bits, and so were made to feel that they were part of a public experiment. However, the affair proved to be a fine piece of Alamedan economics. The women of the Housewives' League in that little burg are determined that no profiteer shall get the best of them Their enthusiasm, if imitated in larger cities, would make the world a cheaper if not a better place to live in.

Mrs. Lillian Donnelley is the motif for many social affairs since her recent return from Washington and New York. She was hostess at a large luncheon last Monday at the residence of her brother, Dr. Maurice O'Connell. The decorations were Japanese and the dainty menus were painted in Japanese decorative effects. In Japanese envelopes the hostess had provided copies of statistical reports about Japanese immigration, together with extracts from Senator Phelan's senatorial addresses against the granting of Japanese the privilege of land purchase in Ameirca; also, reprints of anti-Japanese propaganda which has appeared in the American papers.

Mrs. Donnelley told her guests that the eastern people do not understand the peril of Japanese immigration; that the usual reply to protest is, "Why, the Japanese are charming people—so artistic, so clever!" She said that there should be a wide spread American campaign to bring the inhabitants to a sense of realization of the menace of Japanees citizenship and land ownership. She praised the artistic and literary influence of Japan, but her stirring analysis of the danger to our industrial and social life revealed a profound study of the subject, a realization which only a loyal Californian could acquire. During her residence in Washington Mrs. Donnelley moved in the diplomatic set and had opportunities to become familiar with the attitude toward Japan. At her luncheon she related many amusing anecdotes of Japanese envoys' methods of gaining sympathy to their cause. She begged her guests to study the Japanese question carefully and to use their efforts to interest others and save California to shut out the Japanese before they make greater inroads upon our glorious country.

Pastori's was the artistic setting for a dinner dance on Saturday evening when Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Dibble were hosts to Messrs. and Mmes. Alex. Lilley, George Martin, K. R. Kingsbury, H. C. Bothin, W. Ofl Wayman, Seward McNear, G. Kelham and Mrs. Truxton Beale. The charming Pastori garden is now aflame and fragrant with bloom and the Pastori cuisine sustains the reputation it won in the days when San Rafael was a fashionable resort. The old families of Marin now make Pastori's their Mecca when change is sought from the quiet of country house parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart and Miss Ruth Hobart are at Tahoe.

Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne and daughter are spending the summer at Del Monte where Mrs. Hayne's beauty and dashing style attract much attention.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Knox were recent hosts at dinner in their artistic Green street home in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Tyson of Boston, who are touring California by motor and are so charmed with it that they contemplate building a summer residence here.

Judge and Mrs. John Van Nostrand and family have returned from their vacation in the Santa Cruz mountains.

Miss Mary Magner, the brilliant deputy superintendent of San Francisco schools, spent part of her vacation at Highland Inn, Carmel.

Mrs. Clay M. Greene has returned to her charming apartment in Hyde street from a delightful visit to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Ernest K. Johnstone is a guest at the St. Francis during the absence in the orient of Colonel Johnstone.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Myrtle have returned to their attractive Green street from Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Lilly of Hawaii are at the Stewart.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCullagh of Los Gatos are a t the St. Francis. Mr. S. S. Mellinson and Mr. and Mrs D. J. Murray are also guests there.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bloom of San Mateo and their little daughter, Grace, are summering in the Canadian Rockies en route to New York and Boston.

From the Palace of Fine Arts

An interesting addition has just been made to the loan collections on exhibition in the Palace of Fine Arts where Dr. Charles Hadden Parker's collection of ancient and modern miniatures has just been placed on exhibition in the F. Hopkinsson Smith gallery.

This most interesting and varied collection comprises portraits as well as landscape miniatures from Italy, France, England, Belgium, Spain, Russia and far-off India which is represented by several portraits of native princes and princesses rendered in the colorful style characteristic o fthe Hindu school of miniaturists. But perhaps the most interesting to the general public are the sprightly portraits of French lords and ladies of the 17th and early 18th centuries, such as the two portraits of the Count de Montesson by Laurig and the portrait of Marie, Duchess de Chovereus, and the several beautiful portraits of gentlemen of the time. And here we have a portrait of the famous Mme. Du Barry on the cover of an old bonbonniero, as well as several men and women of the English nobility, and a very beautiful copy by Guer of the famous portrait of Mme. Vigee Le Brun and Daughter—the original of which is in the Louvre.

The gems of the collection are undoubtedly the serious and faithful rendering of a portrait of a young English boy whose features recall some of the early portraits of English writers, the "Portrait of a French Gentleman", by Mme. Luic de Breval, and the "Portrait of a French Gentleman of the XVIII Century", the author of which is unknown, while the "Portrait of a Young Woman", by Maricot, and the "Portrait of Mme. A—" a very beautiful 17th century miniature will undoubtedly attract much attention by reason of their exquisite workmanship and fine characterization.

The exhibition of this very interesting collection of miniatures will undoubtedly serve to emphasize another aspect of portraiture—as it must be remembered that some of the greatest painters, such as Holbein, Durer and Granaca, frequently practiced the intimate art of the miniaturist.

The exhibition ought to do much to revive an interest in this aristocratic old art which was brought to its perfection long before photography had been thought of and which has languished and almost disappeared since meeting the rivalry of the camera.

Case Del Rey

A party from Montreal, that have been up at Yosemite recently and stopped at the Casa Del Rey, taking in the many scenic rides around Santa Cruz, included Mrs Thomas McIntosh, Miss M. E. McIntosh, Miss H. R. McIntosh, Mrs. James Patton and Miss E. Gladys Rutherford.

Mrs. S. C. Dedrick and her daughter, Miss Sarah Dedrick, with Mrs. R. L. Mochand, from Worthington, Minn., are making an extensive tour through the state and were guests at the Casa Del Rey for a week.

Mrs. H. E. Piper, wife of Dr. Piper of Santa Cruz, was hostess at one of the largest affairs of the season last Saturday, when she entertained about seventy-five guests at the Casa Del Rey with a bridge tea.

Mr. Max Dill is spending his vacation with his family at Casa Del Rey.

Miss Dorothy Dalton, one of the favorite movie stars, is a guest at Casa Del Rey, and spending the week at Santa Cruz beach and collaborating with Mr. LaMotte, the scenario writer and producer, in getting material for a new play.

Mrs. C. L. Six of Stockton with her young daughter and mother, Mrs. J. D. Peters, are greeting a number of their many friends at the Casa Del Rey, where they have been spending several weeks.

Y. M. C. A. Auto Schools

Scores of motorists are attending the free lectures given every Wednesday evening at the automobile school of the San Francisco Y. M. C. A. at 220 Golden Gate avenue. These lectures, dealing each week with a different phrase of the automobile industry, are proving exceedingly interesting to automobile owners. After each lecture the teachers of the school devote themselves to giving free instruction to motorists in making simple adjustments and road repairs. Attendance to the Wednesday night lectures is free to all interested.

At St. Dominic's Church

A fine musical program will be rendered on Sunday under the direction of the organist, Dr. Maurice O'Connell, the occasion being the feast of St. Dominic. An augmented choir will sing the mass by the French composer, Silas, and Father McMahon will preach an eloquent sermon. Alfred Roncovieri, superintendent of schools, will play a trombone solo at the offertory.

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The Stage

Another Alcazar Homer

Without fear of critical dispute, or even passing contradiction, it is only fair to state that "Fair and Warmer", as presented by the Alcazar players this week—and they are some players—is quite the warmest, breeziest and best acted comedy offering that I have yet seen them in. This first real financial hit of the clever and prolific Avery Hopwood had a long and prodigiously successful run in New York, and if it was as well cast then as in the present instance, small wonder that it several times promised to run along with the proverbial brook. It is a play, too, of which the cast is an essential element, for it depends almost entirely upon the way in which it is acted, rather than on its plot, story or situations, although these are cleverly devised and well carried out. And it was surprisingly well acted; surprisingly well even for this talented organization so ably assembled by the indefatigable Mr. Price. Inez Ragan fully justified her engagement as leading lady in the exacting comedy role of the trustful little wife who decides to compromise herself as a reprisal for the discovery that her husband's weekly visits to the Mystic Shrine are alibis to cover suspected infidelities. As her boob accomplice in the bringing about of the "compromising situation", Ben Erway proved beyond question that he is one of the best young eccentric comedians in the country. The well known cocktail scene, as played by those two very notable additions to the Alcazar company, was quite the funniest and best handled bit of comedy that San Francisco has seen in many a day. Emily Pinter, as the dissatisfied wife of the husband who is "altogether too good for this world" and believes such a condition ample grounds for divorce, was even a little more admirable than she has been in a long time, for she was the main prop of the serious part of the story, and did it so well as to create the impression that there must be two leading women in the Alcazar company. Dudley Ayres, who in a very short space of time has worked himself into the sure fire class as a portrayer of widely varied characters, in every way sustained his reputation as the suspected recalcitrant husband, who, after all, had only been playing poker, and may as well be set down as second to none of the several capable Alcazar leading men. In short he is a good actor and that means a great deal these days. Stella Warfield established her presence in the cast as a sentimental maid, and Henry Shumer and Rafael Brunetto really scored in their single scene as two porters. Brady Kline played the unlikable party who is willing to compromise his friend's wife in his usual careful way, and I wish he hadn't, for good criticisms should have something in them in the nature of fault finding. There remain three performances of this highly amusing farce, and those who do not benefit by this sincere reminder will miss something ever so much better than good.

CLAY M. GREENE.

Jane Cowl

Jane Cowl makes her first appearance in this city. She is a great favorite in the East not only with the public but in her own companies. She is a very clever actress and an excellent writer, being the author of several successful plays. She makes "lots of money" and she and her devoted husband live beautifully in their own home. She is extremely charming and is far more beautiful off the stage than on.

In these days of high railroad fares San Francisco suffers theatrically, as the stars of the stage rarely visit our remote city until their vogue in the east has waned, or unless they happen, like Henry Miller, to have a personal fondness for the place. We can only hope that Miss Cowl's engagement will be so successful that she will encourage other brilliant leading women and famous leading men to come out here and relieve our benighted situation.

Henry Miller was long our faithful friend, bringing companies of celebrated people here yearly in plays of the moment, but he says that now actors are offered such fabulous sums for the movies that managers can't afford to engage them for the spoken drama. That is doubtless the reason of the very mediocre talent that comes to San Francisco in nearly all visiting companies. We look to Miss Cowl to awaken a new interest in our theatrical life. To be sure, none of our theatrical managers are growing wealthy, but we have a large population of theater-lovers if their cultivated tastes were appealed to. Many of these inhabitants make semi-yearly trips to New York on purpose to see the shows, accepting the dearth of them here as an inevitable result of our distance from the theatrical centre.

Beautiful Emily Pinter of the Alcazar forces is the fortunate possessor of a mobile countenance. Her moods are reflected in her face. Being a dramatic genius, those moods are many, which accounts for the fact that no two of her pictures ever look like the same person. Last week our portrait of her presented her as pensive, grave; while in this little picture she appears gay, girlish, as she is in "real life".

"The Unloved Woman on the Stage"

"The Unloved Woman of the Stage," says Nance O'Neil in the May "Theatre Magazine", is the woman who has fallen into her hands for portrayal. Continuing, she says: "If our lives were as eminently fixed as the stars we might resign ourselves to the grip of unalterable laws, but what splendid freedom of spiritual atmosphere the woman is given by the fluid, inspiration faculties of her sex! And how hesitatingly she applies them to her life! I would not have any woman lose a bit of her electric sensibilities, so finely keen can they be to the complex of art of her intuition. We are so finespun, some of us, in our temperament, that we need our utmost strength to resist the slightest blow that bends us to the earth I have found myself as if suddenly bound by invisible hands of iron, made rigid in body, and speechless by some careless word or deed, and as easily lifted to keen inspiration in my work, by the soothing voice, or a thought well said. Women have so much power to endure that they hide their bruises with their tears. There are spiritual horrors that women meet in the course of their lives which are beyond the comprehension of men who cause them. If the spirit could ever die, women would have become extinct by now. Just because they have physical beauty, or a compelling tenderness of soul, the unloved woman becomes the unfathomable tragedy, the victim of inexcusable brutality. Even when she rides the storm that lifts her finally to tragic heights of emotional purpose, there is infinite pity in her soul for the disaster to those she banishes."

Managers and Ticket Scalpers

If the theatre managers are really in good faith regarding their animosity to ticket scalpers it ought to be a simple matter for them to collaborate with the police to eradicate that species of profiteers. Very rich people don't mind paying a bonus of several dollars for theatre tickets, so it is not really robbing such lucky persons if they wish to pay a "broker" for reserving comfortable chairs within seeing and hearing distance. It is really a luxury to see and hear a play, but at any price it is not always an obtainable one for the back rows in the orchestra, most of the places in the balcony (except the first two rows) and all the gallery seats are out of the question whence to obtain a bona fide impression of the average play. It is not an unmixed pleasure to be obliged to strain one's ears to catch the phrases of the average American actor's or actress's voice, and it is a bit of a strain, too, to gaze through the almost obsolete opera glass. So if one can afford a few dollars extra to be assured of ocular and auricular ease, no one can or should prevent the expenditure for such a purpose. Only, the man who finds it a financial strain to pay the box office price is being discriminated against; therefore the impression will persist that the managers and scalpers are in collusion. If the scalper is finally deposed we may confidently expect an increase in the price of theatre tickets. The new railroad situation will boost prices all along the line, so let no one suppose that the commercial theatrical manager is going to let slip by a feasable chance to increase his profits; traditionally he never does—so the playwrights and actors say.

Raison D'Etre for "Little" Theatres

The strongest appeal which a well conducted "little" theatre makes to the general public is the lack of effort necessary to see and hear the play. Blame the movies as we will for absorbing the patronage of the temples of spoken drama, one

ALCAZAR

THIS WEEK ONLY—FEVER HEAT FARCE
"FAIR AND WARMER"
WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MATINEE, AUGUST 8
First Time Here of George Broadhurst's New York Mystery Melodrama Sensation
Based on Octavus Roy Cohen's Thrilling Story

"THE CRIMSON ALIBI"

"The First Detective Play That Fools All the Lobby Guessers."—New York Tribune.
THE ALCAZAR COMPANY
Dudley Ayres—Inez Ragan
SUNDAY MATINEE, AUGUST 15—Brilliant Comedy, Jeses Lynch Williams' Slashing Social Satire
"WHY MARRY?"
Nat Goodwin's Final Crowning Triumph.
SOON—Demand Revival—"PEG O' MY HEART"
Every Evening, Matinees—Sunday, Thursday, Saturday.

can't lose sight of the very palpable fact that when high prices prohibit attendance at shows, many drama lovers are forced to attend movies or go without dramatic pastime. The cheaper locations in our larger theatres (balcony and gallery) are so unattractive that a dramatic "fan" feels he has been cheated when he attempts to attend a play from such vantage point.

Alcazar

Just one big popular play release after another is packing the alert and enterprising Alcazar, where the high temperature farce "Fair and Warmer" gives place next Sunday to the thrills and quivering suspense of "The Crimson Alibi", the latest George Broadhurst melodrama, based upon Octavus Roy Cohen's vivid magazine story. It recently finished a long run at Broadhurst's own New York theatre, and is spick and span new on the Pacific coast. All the world loves a detective mystery. Joshua Quincy, a cordially hated millionaire, is seen stricken by an unknown hand at midnight in the pantomimic prologue. Then through four gripping acts, suspicion wavers from one to another of a dozen suspects. Tingling mysery, tense moments, electrifying surprises, spontaneous laughter and throbbing heart beats of romance blend in this solution of baffling crime. The Alcazar company know how to put the punch in melodrama as well as register the laughing kick in comedy. The high quality cast includes Dudley Ayres, Brady Kline, Ben Erwav, Al Cunningham, Frederick Green, Henry Shumer, Emily Pinter, Gladys Emmons, Emelie Melville, Rafael Brunetto, Murray Barnard and Stella Warfield.

Another abrupt change Sunday, August 15th, brings Jessie Lynch Williams' social satire, "Why Marry?", flashing with keen wit and brilliant epigrams, touching the divorce volcano. It was in this remarkable comedy that the late Nat Goodwin was stricken at the height of the greatest triumph of his erratic career.

Boosting the Movies

There would seem to be no very potent reason for San Francisco to be jealous of Los Angeles, except that it is a good cilmate for the raising of tropical fruits and the regeneration of aenemics from the Middle West. But we were jealous none the less, because some influence or other had gotten it into the heads of our city fathers that the moving picture industry had been the main reason for swelling the metropolis below the Tehachapi beyond that of the true metropolis. and something must be done to attract the movie people so that the alarming increase of Los Angeles population might be reduced by switching it this way.

Accordingly overtures were made to promoters with the result that the papers announced the early building of great movie studios here in the near future, designed to cost many millions of dollars, and into which the producers were soon to begin a hegira from the south as soon as it could be completed. But somehow or other the San Francisco studio proposition fell through. The promoter did not manage to ensnare the requisite number of capitalists at so much per head; the producers were afraid that there was too many fogs and overclouded skies in San Francisco to guarantee continuous photography, and so Sister San Mateo or Redwood City were selected as offering the best possibilities of location and climate for the new venture. Already Mayor Rolph has dedicated the San Mateo lot to movie purposes—for some reason in the name of the big bay city—and Oakland, ever on the qui vive to foster any enterprise that might score a point against her overbay rival—which she still assumes to be—and decided to go her one better. She would offer movie sights, free of profiteering prices, just as she did for the naval site, but would invite all the movie stars and small fry to accept the freedom of the city and be made the recipients of a great pageant and party.

This has already been announced for the near future, and in addition to the many holidays already specified for this play loving district, the occasion is to be made a commercial holiday, so that the entire population may turn out to greet the luminaries from the cinema orbits of Los Angeles and Hollywood. This was indeed an inspirational conception, for if anyone can be easily swayed by flattery it is the movie poseur, and not only will he boost Oakland for all it is worth for boosting him, but his producers will also fall for Oakland, because it is fuller of beautiful homes for directors to insist upon using whether the owners like it or not, and moreover the sun shines oftener and the breezes blow lighter than in the older city nearer the ocean beach. To be entirely frank, San Francisco is to be congratulated for her somewhat pronounced defeat, for she will no doubt reap most of the commercial benefits without feeling and of its disadvantages.

Dancing—The Legacy of the Ages

In the earliest pages of history when the dawn of civilization merged on the unknown mist of prehistoric days, we read of tribe leaders, chieftains, kings, emperors, monarchs, and intermingled with the chase, the pursuits of peace and war, always there is a dance. Whether it was but the rites of the temples, or the amusements of the courts and courtiers, or the folk dances of later days, yet intermingled in the national life of all countries the dance has remained as part and parcel of the life of the people. In the olden days of the missions in California we associate the Spanish Fandangoes and castanet dances with the romance of the coast region history, and today dancing is the same joyous interpretation of lively, sprightly spirits as it was in the years past. After the theatre at Techau Tavern, a bubbling, laughing throng of merry makers sauntering over the soft oval floor between dances, chatting with their friends. Then a note or two, the music begins, and round the couples drift with that soft swishing of polished leather on glazed floor which makes dancing a perfect pleasure. And between the dances the attractive artists revue with its dasing songs and gay costumes claims the plaudits of the many patrons. After the theatre, every dance being a lucky souvepir dance and Wilson's Toggery Orders and Melachrino Cigarettes being given away free without competition, induces both old and young to dance.

"I suppose your chances of winning the affections of Miss Gray are as good as the next fellow's?"

"I don't know. She called me 'Charlie' very affectionately last night."

"You don't say? Well, that's promising, isn't it?"

"Scarcely, considering that my name happens to be Jack."

"Why, Johnnie, you've got a lump on your head. Have you been fighting again?"

"Fighting? Not me."

"But somebody struck you?"

"Nobody struck me. I wasn't fightin' at all. It was an accident.

"An accident?"

"Yes. I was siting on Tommie Brown's head, and I forgot to hold his feet."

Passenger (at Third and Townsend)—Where does this train go?

Inspector—This train goes to Los Gatos in ten minutes.

Passenger—Goodness! That's pretty quick travelling, isn't it?

Little Timothy, who had been studying history but a short time, thought he would give his grandfather a try-out on the subject, so he asked:

"Say, grandfather, what great war broke out in eighteen hundred and fifty-four?"

The old gentleman laid down his paper and looked thoughtfully at the boy a moment, and then then a sudden light dawned upon him.

"Why," he sair, 'that was the year I married your grandmother."

Farmer Spuds was lost in a London fog, and had tried a side alley in desperation, hoping to reach civilization again.

He had also been dining rather well, which helped to complicate matters.

The fog growing thicker, he had almost given way to despair, when he finally spotted a murky figure approaching.

"I shay!" he cried. "Where—hic—where am I goin' to?"

"Inter the river, ole man!" was the reply. "I'm —his!—just comin' out of it!"

A reckless golfer had just one of the ladies.

"Why didn't you warn her you were going to drive?" somebody asked.

"I did," he protested. "I cried 'Fore!' two or three times"

"Fore!" the other man exclaimed. "To attract a woman's attention you should have yelled three and eleven."

"I'm glad to see you home, Johnny," said the father to his small son, who had been away at school, but who was now home on Christmas holidays. "How are you getting on at school?"

"Fine," said Johnny. "I have learned to say 'Thank you' and 'If you please' in French."

"Good!" said the father, "that's more than you ever learned to say in English."

A Modern Mrs. Malaprop

Mrs. Bumble (at lawyer's)—Please, I have called to insult you about my father's will. He died detested and against his will, and I want to know if I cannot be one of his executioners.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Bearish factors that have been hanging over the market for the past month or two are beginning to make their influence felt upon sentiment and brought about a steady decline in stocks the past week. Selling became quite general and, as the decline progressed, numerous stop loss orders were uncovered, which made for a further decline with very little support—with sentiment more bearish than for some time.

Wall Street is perturbed and anxious because of developments in the foreign situation. That it is serious, there is no doubt—and that England and France are fearful is not open to question. Russia is stronger both East and West than any one had reason to suppose. She is not only the new bully of Europe, but a menace to Asia as well.

Knowledge that the actual loans in the United States is as great as ever and that efforts of the bankers are bending their energies toward keeping credits at their present high levels with no hope of cutting them down has had a depressing effect.

The optimistic utterance of Governor Harding of the Federal Reserve Board, served to check the decline for a time. He took a more optimistic view of the credit conditions than the bankers, who had been talking for publication, and, as a consequence, there was a heavy covering movement by the shorts. The advance did not last, however, as heavy selling again made its appearance and now doubt was aided by the break in Foreign Exchange to the lowest point seen since the middle of March. Some gold was received from London, but it was not sent by the British Governmenut, being South African metal bought by New York bankers in the open market.

The only favorable news that seemed to make an impression was the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the Railroad Rate Case. The roads got nearly all they asked for both in freight and passenger rates and this caused quite an advance throughout the Rail list, but, as is usually the case, the trade took advantage of the good news to sell on, and, before the day was over, the whole Rail list had lost all of the advance. There is no question but what the increase in rates is bound to tell ultimately in the price of this class of securities, as they now will have an income—something they have not had for some time past. This means credit upon which they can borrow money for improvements and equipment and put themselves in a position to handle the business of the country. This should stimulate business in all lines that is being held in check by lack of adequate transportation facilities.

The crops throughout the country are large and are always the basis of prosperity and, with a period of easier money, which will come sooner or later, we believe conditions will right themselves again. Stocks are selling on the bargain counter and, while liquidation may carry them some further, we believe those that can finance themselves should take advantage of the present low prices to buy stocks for ultimately higher prices.

Cotton—Heavy selling of Cotton by Wall Street interests, as well as some selling in the way of hedges by the South, was responsible for a declining market the past week with only minor recoveries from time to time due to the technical condition of the market.

Weakness in the spot market, as well as the more favorable weather throughout the belt and with the decline in stocks, which bordered on panicky condtions, kept sentiment bearish generally. Cotton was sold freely, which resulted in declines of nearly 5 cents per pound in the future months.

At the decline, the market appears to have discounted the bulk of the recent developments, which have been favorable to the actual crop and unfavorable to trade, as the recent issue of the Government condition report, showing a condition of 74.1, seemed to have been discounted and a rally was started after its publication, which brought about a sharp recovery.

Reports from Southern growing points still differ—but, in the main, are generally more optimistic of late. The crop seems to be making good progress and, while there are numerous complaints of insects, yet the damage so far has been practically nil.

Some advices are received of tight money conditions and, while this is known to be a fact in some of the larger cities, it is not likely that money is as tight as some reports would have us believe in the interior points.

Reports that the factories and merchants are too much tied up with last year's carry over also sound somewhat exaggerated, as it is known that the bulk of the Cotton now offering is low grade stock that there is no market for and, therefore, no reason why the controlling influence should be holding it.

The statistical size of this carry over is used as a bugbear in sizing up the expected available supply when the new crop is gathered, as the large proportion of low grade, snaps and bollies, which is being carried over, will make the apparent size of the new crop very large. Added to the expected yield of 13 milion bales will be approximately 5 million bales from this year, which offer 18 million bales to the spinners of the world and on the face of the market an abundant supply. Take this apparent supply of unsuitable Cotton out and it is not likely that there will be any too much; in fact, possibly not enough for the world's needs, providing the other side of the world quits quarreling and goes to work.

Sentiment, however, is very bearish, due to the big declines in other commodities—and, unless there is a decided change in the growing crop for the worse, we look for lower prices.

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June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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EVENING TWILIGHT

By Charles Beauclaire,

Translated by Arthur Symons

The day is over. A great restfulness descends into poor minds that the day's work has wearied; and thoughts take on the tender and dim colors of twilight.

Nevertheless from the mountain peak there comes to my balcony, through the transparent clouds of evening, a great clamour, made up of a crowd of discordant cries, dulled by distance into a mournful harmony, like that of the rising tide or of a storm brewing.

Who are the hapless ones to whom evening brings no calm; to whom, as to the owls, the coming of night is the signal for a witches' sabbat? The sinister ululation comes to me from the hospital on the mountain; and, in the evening, as I smoke, and look down on the quiet of the immense valley, bristling with houses, each of whose windows seems to say, "Here is peace, here is domestic happiness!" I can, when the wind blows from the heights, lull my astonished thoughts with this imitation of the harmonies of hell.

Twilight excites madmen. I remember I had two friends whom twilight made quite ill. One of them lost all sense of social and friendly amenities, and fley at the first-comer like a savage. I have seen him throw at the waiter's head an excellent chicken, in which he imagined he had discovered some insulting hieroglyph. Evening, harbinger of profound delights, spoilt for him the most succulent things.

The other, a prey to disappointed ambition, turned gradually, as the daylight dwindled, sourer, more gloomy, more nettlesome. Indulgent and sociable during the day, he was pitiless in the evening; and it was not only on others, but on himself, that he vented the rage of his twilight mania.

The former died mad, unable to recognize his wife and child; the latter still keeps the restlessness of a perpetual disquietude; and, if all the honors that republics and princes can confer were heaped upon him, I believe that the twilight would still quicken in him the burning envy of imaginary distinctions. Night, which puts its own darkness into their minds, brings light to mine; and, though it is by no means rare for the same cause to bring about opposite results, I am always as it were perplexed and alarmed by it.

O night! O refreshing dark! for me you are the summons to an inner feast, you are the deliverer from anguish! In the solitude of the plains, in the stony labyrinths of a city, scintillation of stars, outburst of gas-lamps, you are the fireworks of the goddess Liberty!

Twilight, how gentle you are and how tender! The rosy lights that still linger on the horizon, like the last agony of day under the conquering might of its night; the flaring candle-flames that stain with dull red the last glories of the sunset; the heavy draperies that an invisible hand draws out of the depths of the East, mimic all those complex feelings that war on one another in the heart of man at the solemn moments of life.

Would you not say that it was one of those strange costumes worn by dancers, in which the tempered splendors of a shining skirt show through a dark and transparent gauze, as, through the darkness of the present, pierces the delicious past? And the wavering stars of gold and silver with which it is shot, are they not those fires of fancy which take light never so well as under the deep mourning of the night?

Bank Client—Halloa! What's become of the old cashier?

New Cashier—He's gone away.

Client—For a rest?

New Cashier—No; to avoid arrest.

He (after the proposal)—Now I've got to speak to your father, and I know he dislikes me.

She—Don't worry, dearest, he has a far greater aversion to my bills.

Mistress (to new servant who has overslept herself)—What about breakfast, Bridget?

Bridget—Ye naden't trouble yerself, mum; I ain't feelin' very 'ungry just yit."

Lady—You said I would find the coal an economical kind to buy. Why, it won't burn at all.

Coal Merchant—Well, ma'am, what could you have more economical than that?

Doctor—How did you get that awful lump on your head?

Umson—Family quarrel, sir.

Doctor—Hit by a piece of bric-a-brac?

Umson—Not a brack, sir; just the brick.

"Mama, can you change a dime for me?" asked the innocent little Gerald. "How do you wish it changed, dear?" said mama. "Into a quarter," was the ingenious response.

"There seems to be a great feeling of unrest throughout the country." "Yes, I've noticed that. Most of my clerks yawn so frequently through the day that I'm dead sure they're not getting sleep enough."

"The reason you don't like good music," said the musical crank, "is because you don't understand it." "Well," replied the matter-of-fact man, "isn't the fact that I don't understand it a pretty good reason for not enjoying it?"

Worry is the best friend of the doctor, the chemist and the undertaker.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

EMMA GLEASON, Plaintiff, vs. JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to JACK GLEASON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

Dated: May 27, 1920.

JOSEPH L. TAAFFE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-5-10

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NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

In the Matter of the Estate of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a petition for the probate of the will of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased, and for the issuance to GERTRUDE RICHTER of letters testamentary has been filed in this Court, and that Monday, the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 9 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated, July 6th, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

Charles F. Hanlon,
Attorney for Petitioner,
501-4 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-10-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON GUARDIAN'S APPLICATION FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 10. No. 29497.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of FREDERICK V. DEWEY, Third, a Minor.

It appearing to the Court from the petition this day presented and filed by F. V. DEWEY, JR., the guardian of the person and estate of FREDERICK V. DEWEY, THIRD, a Minor, praying for an order of sale of the real property belonging to said Minor; that it is necessary or would be beneficial to said Minor that said real property be sold.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of the said Minor, and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, on Monday, the 23rd day of August, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the courtroom of this Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real property.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of this order be given to all persons interested in the estate of said Minor by publication thereof at least once a week for three (3) successive weeks before the said hearing in TOWN TALK, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court this 19th day of July, 1920.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed, July 19, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By A. R. PHILLIPS, Deputy Clerk

PERCY E. TOWNE,
Attorney for Guardian.
Chronicle Building, San Francisco. 7-24-4

SUMMONS

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

AUTIE McCOY, Plaintiff, vs. DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN UNDER my hand and seal of the Superior Court af the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this July 7th, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Schonfeld & Dunn,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 7-10-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

Dept. No. 2. No. 106183

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

HAZEL M. DAY, Plaintiff, vs. TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send greeting to TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, 20th day of April, A. D. 1920.

(Seal of) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Superior Court) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

B. V. Sargent,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
212 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-17-10

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TOLEDO, ST. LOUIS & WESTERN (Clover Leaf Route)	Wm. H. Andrews	473	Sutter 4580
UNION PACIFIC	John L. Amos	415	Sutter 502
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The Passing of Theodore F. Bonnet

(This was the eulogy touchingly delivered at the funeral services of Theodore F. Bonnet by his friend, John J. Lermen):

"To me has been assigned the duty of saying a few words about the man who now lies cold in death before us. Representing San Francisco Lodge of Elks, I have been asked to tell you a few things in his life that won admiration for him as a man, as an Elk and as a citizen of this community. He was honored by San Francisco Lodge of Elks as I have been: he was its exalted ruler in the year 1900-1901. As such, it became his duty to inculcate among the members of our lodge the principles for which our great Order stands. Be it said that in his own life he practised the principles for which he has stood as an Elk. He was loyal to his friends and particularly charitable toward them when dealing with their failings, thus measuring up to the standard of the motto of our Order that we should write the faults of our brothers upon the sand. It was his particular pleasure — of which we received so many and constant evidences — to extol both privately and publicly the virtues of his friends, thus again following the gospel of every true Elk to write the virtues of his brothers upon the tablets of love and memory.

THEODORE FIRMIN BONNET

But it was in his public life that he showed himself to be the possessor of those qualities of mind and attributes of heart that peculiarly appeal to the true Californian. He was of that race of iron and red-blooded men for which the west is famous. God planted in his heart the moral courage to express without fear the thoughts that came from his brain and bestowed upon him the divine gift of expressing them clearly and forcibly in classical English. He will be remembered by the people of San Francisco as one who stood out at all times for law and order, using his superb talents without fear of any personal consequences to himself, to the end that every man should be given a "square deal," however much the mob might be crying for his blood.

In his private life, his loyalty to his friends, his devotion to truth, his contempt for all forms of affectation, won for him an honored place in a wide circle of loving and admiring friends.

It is difficult for one in my position to speak of my personal experiences with him, or to attempt to recount the virtues of his mind and heart that drew me toward him and won my love and esteem.

"But open converse is there none—
So much the vital spirits sink,
To see the vacant chair and think
How good! How kind! And he is gone."

Theodore F. Bonnet

Theodore Firmin Bonnet, the brilliant and gifted editor of this paper, died August 5th after a severe illness of over two years. He was born in San Francisco in 1865. His parents were pioneers of the '50's; his father, a native of France, was a brick manufacturer and contractor, and was identified with the early history of the city; his mother was born in Ireland. At the age of nine the boy entered St. Mary's College (then in the old Mission Road) and

and remained until his graduation in 1882.

He began to read law in the office of Philip A. Roach; but after a year, the youth's familiarity with Blackstone, assimilated during the presence of Mr. Roach in the office was less than that with his dexterity in the art of boxing, acquired by practice with other law clerks during the busy attorney's frequent absences in court.

Then young Bonnet then entered the journalistic field, working as reporter on all the dailies. These were the happiest days of his life, to judge from his reminiscences. The names of other young men who were reporters with him are now well known in journalism, literature and drama. For them all he had an affectionate regard and delighted in the onward march of their careers. When he was twenty-two years old, Dana, editor of the New York Sun, sought him out with an inducement to join the Sun's staff. Dana had read a glowing description of a fire printed in the Chronicle, and when he visited San Francisco he took the clipping to the Chronicle office to ascertain the author. No prediction of success in a larger field could persuade the young reporter to leave his home city and his beloved friends, so he worked on in San Francisco. Once his contact with political activities in the City Hall imbued him with a desire to experiment with civic office and he served for two years as license collector, but returned to his journalistic work.

In 1899 he bought a half interest in "Town Talk," then a small journal of parochial mind. Immediately he changed its aspect, its topics of discussion embracing affairs of national interest, of local improvement, of literary and artistic value. Gifted writers, then unknown, were attracted by his policy and brought their efforts to him. Many he proclaimed as geniuses, among them Jack London, Frank Norris, Louis A. Robertson, Yone Noguchi, Herman Sheffauer, Harry Cowell and Lionel Josaphare.

George Sterling's poetry illumined the pages of "Town Talk" as early as 1904; the California poet's praises were sung by Bonnet, who thought more of a poet's genius than of a captain of industry's constructive achievements.

About 1909 Mr. Bonnet became sole proprietor of his paper and installed a large printing plant. He worked indefatigably and the progress of his paper was part of his life-blood. Besides his journalistic labors, he wrote books and plays. He was an ardent student of government and became an authority upon the subject. Statesmen, even of foreign countries, wrote to him in commendation, or asking his opinion. He was an American patriot and warned with his virile pen of the dangers of mob rule upon the institutions of our country. He lived in a world of books; the atmosphere of the period of that one which he happened to be reading permeated his being. He wandered easily from Babylonian magnificence to the classic abodes of Greece; from Egyptian gloom to the elegance of the Renaissance; from the terrors of the eleventh century in Italy to the strenuous simplicity of the first American colonies. Yet with his thoughts tinged by these ghosts behind him, no man among us was more in accord with the spirit and events of his own day, nor was more deeply concerned with the vital influences affecting his contemporaries. Whatever cause he espoused, he gave his best endeavors. He wrote along lines which he believed to be right, and cared not who opposed him. If his pen lacerated, as it sometimes did, he grieved when he learned of the wounds inflicted. A word of appreciation sent his soul soaring.

He gave full measure of love to the friends who were devoted to him. But his buoyant nature underwent a change under the stress of his illness, causing him to become querulous and exacting. Then, when his nerves became shattered, he leaned heavily upon two people, Dr. W. B. Coffey and William F. Humphrey. These two splendid men never lost patience with him, never let go his groping hand, but soothed him with that divine tenderness which seems to accompany the dauntless spirit of California men.

After "the last bitter hour," his friends all gathered affectionately about him and went with him to his resting place, holding living thoughts of his kindness and brilliance.

Theodore Bonnet was a charter member of the Press Club, in which he had held office several times as treasurer and as president. He had been exalted ruler of Elks Lodge No. 3, and at the time of his death was president of St. Mary's College Alumni Association. From his youth he was an active and ardent member of the Olympic Club, whose directors assembled at his funeral.

For the past two years, in Saint Francis Hospital, in San Rafael, Los Gatos, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, St. Helena and El Reposa and Minerva Sanitariums, he was under the constant care of Dr. W. B. Coffey, who though from the beginning, had diagnosed his illness as fatal, yet skilfully and unflinchingly to the last days, made every effort to bulwark his patient's failing powers, as a builder might strive to sustain a splendid leaning tower from falling.

The Elks' Lodge conducted his funeral services and brother members bore him to the grave. They were Grand Exalted Ruler W. A. Abbott, Exalted Rulers N. A. Denvir, Past Exalted Rulers J. J. Lermen, O. D. Flavahan, J. J. Van Nostrand and Esteemed Loyal Knight Frank L. Hart. A mass was celebrated by Father John Buckley for the repose of his soul, at the Church of Star of the Sea, whence his body was followed by his wife, his son of 11 years, his sisters and many friends, to his grave in Holy Cross Cemetery, beside his beloved mother.

As his friend and literary associate of ten years, Edward F. O'Day, wrote in the Call the other day of him: "To be with him was to deepen one's distaste for parochialism, one's hatred of hypocrisy, one's horror of injustice. He loved his country and his city. He loved and feared God. May he rest in peace!" —H. M. B.

To Those Who Mourn for Theodore F. Bonnet

What is there that my pitying soul can say
To soothe the sorrows of this darkened day,
Unless it be to lift the heavier pall
From stricken ones that have been robbed of all?

What is there in the eyes that weep with you,
To stanch the flood of tear-showers ever new,
Unless it be to look with them afar
To that beyond, where waiting lost ones are?

What is there lost Ambition can espy
Through heavy clouds with every roll a sigh,
Unless it be to seek Ambition's lures
Amidst the wrecks of others once like yours?

What is there Manhood's master hand can steal
To prove how keenly Friendship's heart can feel,
Unless it be to filch for you from Fate
Thrills of new courage ere it be too late?

What can the voice of sympathy uplift
From out the mires where hopes have gone adrift,
Unless it be to speak with yours, as one,
Those words, so hard to say, "Thy Will be done?"

—Clay M. Greene.

August 5, 1920.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Cox First Under Arms

While Senator Harding has been serenely holding court on his Marion "listening porch," receiving deputations from the various Republican centres and those afflicted with the atmospheres of doubt, Governor Cox has been sweltering in the hot sun of his home town of Dayton, setting it ablaze with Democratic enthusiasm. Harding has apparently done but little other than to predict the coming demise of Democracy, and to talk second hand speeches into a dictograph, while Cox and his running mate, Roosevelt, have been heading parades, making speeches bristling with the confidence of Republican obsequies in November, and that speech of acceptance fairly blazes just the sentiments that will appeal to the voters of his united party, and also enlist the support of the independents. He declares that the enforcement or revision of the 18th Amendment is something which only the congress can decide, and that the one issue of consequence to the present and future of the nation —aside from the necessity of Democratic continuance of power—is the league of nations, to which the party must be committed in its original form and without reservation or alteration. Senator Harding, of course, takes an entirely opposite view of this issue and again asseverates that the future independence of the United States depends upon emphatic ratification of the Hiram Johnson idea of no league of nations of any kind. There has been only one incident during the past week to disturb the entire serenity and friendliness of the campaign. The Republican committee of Marion, having heard that the expenses of Democrats from far remote districts were being paid to swell the ranks of the Dayton letter of acceptance celebration, declared that only Marion county Republicans had been invited to the "listening porch" celebrations, and offered a reward of $100 to any Democrat who would furnish an affidavit stating that his expenses had been paid from his foreign home to Dayton. The purpose of this is not apparent,—for there is no offense in furnishing an excursion train from anywhere to a political meeting of consequence—and it goes to show that the Republican campaign so far has been barren indeed of grounds for just criticism. As a matter of course there has been some betting in Wall street with the odds against the Democratic candidate, but it must not be forgotten that there are equally confident Democrats on the short end, which in political campaigns is quite as likely to win as the long one. The supporters of the Governor have no reason to be alarmed, and, as a matter of fact, the tight shoe shows every indication of having been laced to the other foot.

* * *

The President's Remarkable Mental Vitality

Truly President Wilson is a mental giant, no matter how hopeless a wreck his physical condition may be. Admiral Grayson, his attending physician, still maintains his persistent reticence in respect of the true nature of his malady, and those who have had interviews with him, have evidently been charged to preserve the most inviolate secrecy with regard to what they saw or what they have believed for themselves. The automobile rides have been discontinued for many weeks, and the alterations in the Presidential yacht Mayflower, which include an elevator from the staterooms to the upper deck, have been made for nothing, since the hopes of excursions on the Potomac have been abandoned. And yet that remarkable mind has through it all been as active in its grasp of public affairs; as tenacious of its home and foreign policies; as dominant in the control of the issues to be subserved by his party, and its dictated documents, state or otherwise, have been as full of keen wisdom and forensic power, as when it had no deplorable malady to sap its virility. It is true that he has chosen a Secretary of State whom he can trust to be in accord with him in all essential issues, and there has been no indication that his cabinet is not similarly loyal to him and his policies, which is ample proof that each and every member of it is sure that his mentality is unimpaired no matter what his physical condition may be. It would be interesting to know just what he thinks with reference to the recent speech of Vice-President Marshall to the effect that one-third of the nation is for the league of nations covenant as originally drawn; one-third in favor of it with reservations, and another third against any kind of a league of nations. It would be a safe guess to say that Mr. Wilson would pronounce the Vice-President wrong on all three propositions, and in that pronouncement he would again be perfectly right, for the percentage of opposers should certainly be cut in half.

The Slackers' Propaganda

The Call and Post in its issue of the 2nd of this month published an editorial to the effect that all slackers of the enlistment law under indictment or on trial should be set free, together with all political offenders of any nature whatsoever. This was nothing more nor less than so-called humanitarianism run riot, and it unmasked a socialistic tendency not to be expected in a newspaper of such high standing and editorial excellence. These offenders are in every sense as criminal under the laws of the United States as though they were burglars, forgers or malefactors in other branches of felony. Those who are in prison should remain there, and those who have not yet been tried should be treated as their less fortunate colleagues were and similarly sentenced. At all events the newspaper referred to stands alone in its singular attitude, at least in so far as reputable journalism is concerned. There has been a widespread flood of indignant protest against any such action by the legal authorities as was demanded in this editorial, all of which have embodied an insistence that the untried offenders be treated without fear or favor, for the principal reason that their release would be a rebuke to the motives of those who have paid the penalty for bravery, while cowardice went unpunished. These protests have come from mothers, sisters, wives, fathers and brothers whose hearts have been broken by the cruel chance of war; they have come from officers and men of the army and navy, and meetings have been held by nearly all of the camps of the Loyal Legion, to voice their just indignation against so sweeping a wave of mercy. It may be that in some instances the penalties have not been in just proportion to the gravity of the offenses committed, and these mistakes, if they have been made, justice can rectify. But it is not just that a few should have suffered for the crimes of the many, and all should be punished alike, unless in a possible general amnesty, some compensation be extended to those whose homes have been stricken by the unequal fortunes of war.

* * *

Ponzi's Spectacular Financing

Attempts are still being made by the hoodwinked Washington officials, and more than one of them is interested—to find some technicality of the existing laws touching upon get-rich-quick concerns that will convict the ingenious alien financier Ponzi of some offense that would be punishable. No doubt most of these attempts have been inspired by other less successful profiteers who have not been first to pounce upon the golden opportunities turned into such amazing profits by an Italian immi-

grant who worked so openly and above board, that even other followers of the systems of frenzied finance regarded him as being nothing more nor less than an obvious fraud who could not possibly find followers. "Why didn't somebody think of it before?" has always been a query uttered by many thousands whenever any great invention has been announced, and all of those whose trade it is to enrich themselves out of the exigencies of war, are chagrined and revengeful because they have not been wise enough to see that vast fortunes were possible in speculating in foreign exchange, beginning with such modest and unpromising commodities as Spanish post cards. Newspaper warnings and adverse comments precipitated a run on the Ponzi concern; but he immediately met all demands, made restitution in full to those who wished to withdraw, and paid all others the 50 per cent profit agreed upon. He now says that before the time when the postal congress shall have been held in Spain next September or October, he will have made anywhere from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000 in the same manner by which the other fortunes were made, and nobody shall stop him because he will always be careful to remain within the law. The whole fault of the Ponzi profiteering lies with the government itself, whose lax methods permit it to redeem these foreign coupons, post cards and stamps at par, when in their own country they are worth from three to four hundred per cent less owing to the depressed rates of exchange. The blunder will no doubt be corrected, but in the meantime think of the dozens of Ponzis that will be feeding from this unguarded trough of free provender!

* * *

As Between Villa and Cantu—

There can be but little choice, except that the former has been the most uncompromisingly murderous bandit of his time, while Cantu, during his uninterrupted administration of the Mexican territory of Lower California, has been a good executive and loyal to the federal government that appointed him. But both are rebels, and in the natural order of such things both should be equally punished. The De La Huerta government, however, is singularly humanitarian and seems to have concluded to adjust its internal differences under the principle that mercy is sweeter than revenge. At all events Villa has been brought to terms under this principle and at a cost to the new government of what it is believed will amount to more than $2,000,000 in gold. He is to be exiled to his favorite state of Durango, provided with a fat bank account, and surrounded by a bodyguard of his chosen favorites under the pay of the federal treasury. It begins to look as though Governor Cantu would be wise to make some such settlement for himself, for in spite of the fact that his American gambling concession holders have apparently been rendering him assistance with money and alleged influence, his revolutionary project seems to have been nipped in the bud by the impertinent refusal of the American government to permit shipping of war munitions across the border. Again, it has actually stopped his bombing planes and holds them on the wrong side of that border, thereby halting his most effective method of preventing invasion by the federal troops. No doubt his sporting concessionaires will object to any settlement that does not involve a continuance of the rights for which they have paid large sums of money, and they will naturally have to be consulted. But the Mexican government has shown that it is not, in the interests of peace, disposed to call any bluff whatever, and if Cantu is wise enough to listen to the counsels of Jim Coffroth and Baron Long, he will make his surrender contingent upon the granting to him the military command of the territory and a wide open Tia Juana and Mexicali, with gambling, racing and vice resorts legalized. And it is a little better than even money that the conciliatory government will settle with him on this basis.

* * *

Confusion Worse Confounded

The wars and rumors of wars on the other side of the water continue with unabated fury and persistence, and now the two most powerful and hitherto apparently friendly countries are making diplomatic grimaces at each other, which almost threaten a severance of the friendship secured after more than five years of most cordial relations. Premier Lloyd George believed he had solved the Bolshevistic problem when he gained the consent of his ministers to blockade the Baltic sea against the Russian Soviet government, since in his belief the unhappy condition of Poland was a minor consideration. France did not believe this. In her opinion Poland was the dominant factor in the whole European situation, and she believed that Germany had become the chief nigger in the diplomatic woodpile, and must be first dealt with, since she was not at all fulfilling the requirements of the treaty of peace. France actually believes that Germany has made some secret agreement or other with the Soviet government to aid it in forcing its armies through Poland in order to effect a union with such German forces as have been permitted to exist under the terms of that treaty. She even announced that she suspected an alliance between Germany and Japan. But England utterly pooh-poohed what she believed to be the hysterical notions of her chief ally and proceeded to send her navy into the Baltic. Then France decided to promulgate her theories on her own account and served notice on Germany that she would at once send an army to enforce her notions of what that benighted land must do to fulfill the conditions of her agreement with the Versailles conference. How far this family row is to go remains at present a diplomatic riddle, but on the face of the news it looks as though a world's peace were much further away than the so-called allies would have the world believe, and that even a severance of relations between France and England is by no means unlikely. So again must serious reflection revert to the matter of a league of nations in which there must be no outside conflicting zones, but all nations joined together in one protective unit.

The Comrade Unseen

The gay young students come and go,
  Their laughing faces all alight—
  And all that makes their beauty bright,
And all that makes their ardor glow,
    How well, how well I know!

They do not count me of their kind;
  My youth is where they cannot see,
  Concealed behind maturity;
They do not know there is confined
    A captive in my mind.

A girl that I have seen ignores
  The barrier of time, and smiles
  Across it at their pleasant wiles;
Their buoyancy her own restores,
    Her sympathy outpours.

To every impulse, every aim
  That stirs within them now, and still
  Their spirit moves her with a thrill
Of passion that she cannot name—
    Oh, evermore the same!

Too shy to call, unknown, apart,
  She watches where they pass along,
  And, dreaming, hums a little song—
Their comrade, hidden in my heart,
    Who sighs when they depart.

GRACE AGNES TIMMERMAN.

The Spectator

Shortridge's Mongolian Stand

To the people of California, a vital issue is the Japanese question. We in this state understand it because we are made to feel the effects of Japanese immigration—we have already learned what their presence in great numbers means. The east does not know by actual contact with them wherein the danger lies. The representative whom we send to the U. S. Senate must know, must be able to present our viewpoint. Samuel Shortridge, who seeks to go to the Senate from California, has preached Chinese exclusion for twenty years. His attitude toward the Japanese, who are today the menace which has come out of the Far East, is the same. When he stands in the Senate chamber, his splendid voice will ring in eloquence, bringing home to other indifferent representatives the picture of destruction which awaits the United States if the country heeds not California's warning.

Extracts from an article by Mr. Shortridge, published in the Sacramento "Bee," December 7, 1901, are as follows:

"California has spoken not for herself alone. She voiced the unanimous sentiment of the Pacific States. She uttered a warning for all the States—for all the people of all the Union. She has stood as the vanguard in the westward march of civilization. Her pioneer fathers and mothers founded a State which as been and is a great pillar upholding the arch of the Union. They and their children would strengthen that pillar and forever uphold that glorious arch. We have suffered and endured much in the past; but we were loyal and patient. Ten years ago we appealed to our eastern brethren for assistance, and they granted us substantial relief. We were and are, thankful. We appeal to them again; we call upon them now; we cry aloud for continued relief from the danger that then menaced and now threatens us.

"From statements made in the Convention, it appears that an effort is being made in the East to convince law-makers that we are indifferent to this Chinese question. But hereafter let no man misunderstand, let no man misrepresent, our position. California is unanimously in favor of the continued exclusion of the Chinese race from the United States and all its territories. She asks and earnestly demands that the existing laws on the subject be renewed, re-enacted and continued in full force, and that they be made more effective. Upon this question our opinions are not hastily formed; they are the result of dispassionate thought and long experience. Our judgment is not of the moment, but deliberate and fixed. Time and experience have not changed the sentiment of California on the Chinese question. On the contrary, time and experience have but confirmed and justified our views. We do not ask others to make sacrifices; we ask that we be saved from ruin.

"What is the nature of our Government and how shall it be wisely administered and perpetuated as a blessing to all its people? That is the fundamental question which Californians ask the American people to consider. THE UNITED STATES IS A REPUBLIC, and the greatest the world has ever known. Our fathers snatched the scepter of power from the hands of princes and gave it to the people. Self-government, government by the people,—this was their sublime creed. And we hold fast to that faith. The people in their collective capacity are sovereign. Labor in factory and mine, on land and sea, labor of the hand and labor of the brain—labor is king. This is a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people"—a thought advanced by Webster and crystallized into immortal words by Lincoln. Such a government must receive FROM the people its strength and its glory. The end and aim of such a government is the happiness of its people—the greatest good to the greatest number—and the object of all our legislation should be to improve the social, moral and industrial condition of our people.

"But we should not become swollen by pride nor drunk with power. A Republic is no natural system, exempt from mutability and decay. No; wisdom must frame it; wisdom must guide it; wisdom must preserve it. The people must love it, and will only love it because of the benefits it confers and the happiness it vouchsafes. Such a government demands a high order of intelligence, a respect for law, a reverence for the Constitution. A government of and by the people, such as ours, requires that the people must be equal to their task—intelligent, patriotic, strong and brave. If this nation is to survive the centuries and keep the light of civilization burning, the people, the sovereign, must be capable of free government, constitutional government. There must be unity of thought and purpose; unity of aspirations; unity of interests—one common flag, one Constitution, one shrine of liberty, one heart, one love. In a word, a people, a Nation, to be great and free must be homogeneous. Common ideals, customs, habits, civic aspirations, and an all-embracing, an all-absorbing, an all-sustaining patriotism—these are essential to permanency, and these are found only in a homogeneous people.

"The eastern philanthropist, sincere, but we think misguided, says we are a cosmopolitan people and that we can house all races. True, in one sense, we are a cosmopolitan people, but, however divided in language and lineage, we belong to the same great branch of the human family. Broadly speaking, we are Caucasians, of the Aryan race. The Italian comes and plants his vines and sings under his own fig tree. The German comes and brings his thrift and industry and love of home and adds to the strength and prosperity of the Nation. The Englishman comes and brings his love of Magna Charta and liberty and the memory of Sidney and Hampden in his heart and becomes an integral part of the state. The Frenchman comes and contributes his art and ingenuity and industry and love of liberty, and out of a patriotic and grateful heart sings, "Vive l'Amerique." The Irishman comes and with heart bursting with devotion dies for the flag of his adoption—fights his way to success and eminence in the industrial and professional world. And other people of Europe come and swell the anthem of the Nation, come and make this their home, come and build up the State, marry, give in marriage, die and sleep in the soil that offered them a refuge. Thus the Nation goes forward, thus the Nation grows, and thus the Nation stands, with a flag unfurled to every wind, the symbol of enlightened power and Christian civilization.

"Speaking temperately, the Chinese are an undesirable people. They are of no benefit to our country. Why, then, permit them to come? Speaking equally temperately, the Chinese are a positive and unmixed evil. They are a blight and a scourge, not only to our own people with whom they come in direct competition, but indirectly to all ranks and conditions of men. Why, then, permit them to make this their permanent home? I am not only opposed to the coming of Chinese laborers as such—I go farther. I am opposed to the permanent coming of any and all Chinese. Let their bona fide travelers pass through our territory; let their students attend our universities, if they desire, and return to their own land to enlighten their own countrymen; but let them not make their permanent home among us. We do not need them; we do not want them; they are in no sense, industrially, morally, politically, a benefit to us; they will but irritate and breed discontent and add to our domestic and international problems. Let them remain at home, cultivate their own soil, develop their own resources, or migrate to other lands (if there be any) whose people will welcome them.

"Self-preservation, which is the first law of Nations as of men, demands the re-enactment of the Chinese Exclusion Law. Let this Exclusion Law lapse, expire, and what will be the inevitable and swift result? An invasion that will be a speedy and overwhelming national calamity. California will be the first to suffer; the Pacific Coast will be the first to fall. For consider our geographical position. Fifty years ago California was three months, today she is three days, from the east. The great American "Desert" has disappeared. Even so has the sea disappeared and ceased to be a barrier. Formerly the Pacific Ocean was a protection; today it invites invasion. We will be overwhelmed. But, you men of the South, do you welcome, or will you permit, the invasion? Have you not suffered enough from the race problem? You men of New England, do you wish to depopulate your farms and factories, your villages and cities of their free, intelligent, self-respecting labor? To the people, North and East and South, as well as West, the danger is real, not fanciful; the

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danger is imminent, not remote. The Golden Gate must not swing open to admit this invasion. The thought of it disturbs the calmest mind and appals the stoutest heart. Not in a paroxysm of passion, but profoundly moved by conviction, the late convention has called aloud to our countrymen, in language respectful, fraternal and patriotic. The danger signal has been lighted, and it must and will be kept burning until the danger is past.

"Cheap labor, cheap labor! We do not want cheap labor. We want well-paid labor. We want intelligent, patriotic, contented labor. We want homes and schools, libraries, and churches; we want boys and girls with hope in their hearts and smiles on their faces; we want men and women, erect, proud, self-sustaining, happy, ready to die for their country; glad to give their first born in defense of the Flag. We want no antagonistic races; we want no hostile classes; we want no castes; we want no serfs; we want no beasts of burden; we want no Anarchists; we want no aliens incapable of republican Government; we want no pagans burning incense to Confucius. We want an intelligent, self-respecting, prosperous and loyal AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP which shall guide this Nation upward and onward and make of this Republic the greatest and grandest brotherhood the world has ever seen."

Labor Strikes Ad Infinitum

There was a time when the public took its strikes seriously. The idea seemed that maybe capital and labor had something to argue about—or even something to break skulls about. But now such matters as demanding a 50 per cent increase in wages or beating up a few men who are modest enough to accept $6 a day, are taken as an ordinary detail of modern civilization. Strikes are getting to be an awful bore, we hear now and then. Is this a whimsical attitude or the necessary result of manifold labor raids on the pay envelope? The other day a hundred women earning from $5 to $15 a day at an upstate cannery struck for a raise. I always hate to criticize any act of the fair sex, yet it seems to me that any woman so dextrous that she can earn $15 daily cutting peaches, should keep on cutting while the peaches are good. This, of course, is only one way of looking at it. Perhaps the job is worth $20 a day, perhaps $25. One hesitates at setting a limit to what peach-skinning is actually worth in the nature of things, and other employments in the same way. As has been said, the finite mind cannot grasp infinity. Still there is not an infinity of national wealth for the finite wage-earner to grasp. What the unions are really doing is boosting the prices of things to one another. The capitalists can stand the cost-of-living raise, the workingmen can stand it. But the few millions of honest chaps between—men who are neither capitalists nor unionized—their money will give out, some time. And then a tag day will have to be launched for their benefit, or else the world will consider a return to reason.

The Greatest Stunt That Ever Was

A wonderful play on the imagination was the statement from Sacramento that California has enough automobiles to hold every man, woman and child in the state. With our half-million machines, says Purchasing Agent W. G. McMillian, there is one for every seventh inhabitant. A little crowding and all could take a ride at one time. Why not do it? This is an age of publicity—startling advertisement stunts, events perpetrated for the sole purpose of getting a community into the telegraph news. Yet no press agent in the wildest empyrean reaches of his genius ever conceived a spectacle of this magnitude. The whole state on a joy-ride at once. The world would stand still to read of this jaunt. Why, London has been wrapt in awe when the royal family appeared at a gala event. San Francisco has paused incredulously with the news that every supervisor was present at a meeting. Such occasions come not oft in a lifetime. But with every house and home empty, with every shop closed, and every office building interiorly decorated with signs "Back at 1 p.m." (though nobody would call to read), in every city, town, burg, vilage and milpitas of the state—nothing like that ever happened, that I can remember at this moment. The nearest thing to it was when Lady Godiva rode horseback as the naked truth, and everybody remained indoors. Today, Godiva's ride, with Peeping Tom grinding a movie camera, would make the world-wide reputation of any town. The whole state on a joy-ride, though lacking the "love interest" of the Coventry episode, would excel it in all other respects, and the love interest might not be lacking at that. Go ahead and start a petition, somebody.

That Pacific Naval Base

An attaché of the House Naval Committee appointed to determine upon the proper location in the Bay of San Francisco, states with evident concern that of all knotty problems assigned for a committee of the government to solve, this one is the most puzzling and difficult of solution, owing to engineering impedimenta in all three sites offered. Alameda's offer of a site is liberal to the extent of prodigality, but there is not sufficient depth of water skirting the property, broad and spreading as it is, to float a small gunboat at low tide, and a vast harbor with an extravagant system of breakwaters would have to be constructed on the mud and sand flats. Hunter's Point is ideal in respect to the depth of water at all tides, but in order to provide for the necessary land space, expensive properties would have to be purchased and millions of tons of rock graded away and disposed of. Mare Island is already no mean naval base, upon which millions upon millions of dollars have been expended for docks, ship yards, machine shops, breakwaters and a harbor that would easily shelter more than half the Navy. But it is urged that there is not room enough on the island for the land part of such a naval base as is suggested, and the approach to the yard is through narrow channels that have been dredged out of the shoal waters of San Pablo Bay. These have never been deep enough to admit the passage of the largest vessels, and elaborate dredging would have to be continued unintermittently. Remoteness from a possible bombarding point in time of war, is a strong element in favor of a permanent naval base, and this Mare Island posesses to a degree far beyond the other two. But expediency and economy are seldom if ever considered where government contracts are concerned, and Mare Island offers opportunities for land deals and satisfaction for the demands of voters that are quite negligible, when compared with either Alameda or Hunter's Point. At the same time it is dollars to doughnuts that the already half prepared site will not be selected, and the real reasons for turning it down will be buried in a mass of mathematical calculation and official bunk that will quite confuse the outsider who is not a master of figures.

Impudence of the Mongolian

The Japanese say that our school geographies were all wrong in assigning them to the Mongolian or yellow race. They are now called brown, which in school days was the same as Malay, a term which is just as distasteful to the devotees of the Imperial Chrysanthemum. Regardless of technicalities in color, it must have been noticed that the Jap has discovered a great weakness in the Caucasian or white race as found in America. The Jap has hit upon what Hamlet called "the law's delay," while the Orientals themselves have been brought up with respect more for Richard III's pronunciamento—"Off with his head; so much for Buckingham!" Mongolian or not, the Japanese must now fully subscribe to the Chinaman's criticism of Americans.

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to wit: "Heap talkee." Our laws are in such a wonderful state that we don't know whether California is destined to be a Japanese colony or not. There has been "heap talkee" while the native sons have gradualy retreated from the farming zones of the Oriental. Just what an Asiatic thinks he can do with us was demonstrated the other day in the town of Woodland. In Woodland resides a wealthy farmer by the name of Wing Hong, of Chinese persuasion. Wing witnessed a certain motion picture, and did not like it because it misrepresented the motives of the Chinese tongmen. So he protested to the show-house and attempted to enjoin the production with legal proceedings. Dennis Kearney was no high-brow critic of things theatrical, yet we doubt that any celestial laundryman or farmer of his day would have braved a debate with him on the propriety of a drama containing tongmen. Neither the Chinaman nor the Jap understands the complexity of our laws. Once in a while he gets into court and pays a fine to a government that has turned him from a coolie to a financier. The honorable America is heap rich, heap say get-out, and heap talkee. Why shouldn't the Japanese control the fruit and vegetable market?

Mr. McLeran's Present Hobby

The loss to the city treasury of the tremendous receipts from liquor licenses, naturally necessitated the securement through taxation of a corresponding amount of income in order that a dangerous deficit might be averted. Some of these substituted sources of income were good and entirely just, others bad and distinctly unfair, but in the main there was nothing much to complain about, for the necessary 3.08 tax rate had to be secured in some way and nobody disputed to any great extent the wisdom of the assessments. In the choice of these new sources of income Mr. Ralph McLeran, who has always been a staunch subserver of the city's financial necessities, has been given much of the credit for the discovery of these sources, and as a rule they have been rather generally approved. But his latest hobby has resulted in a storm of indignant protest which has even been disapproved by that estimable body of self appointed fault finders known as The Civic League of City Improvement Clubs.

This is nothing more nor less than an avowed determination to tax all storage space under the sidewalks in front of buildings, but the logic of such an arbitrary intended ruling is not clear. Because one building has no cellar with an extension under the sidewalk, it should not necessarily follow that those who have such useful underground extensions should pay a tax on them, for the reason that their owners have been already taxed by the added cost of digging and construction. This is a good deal like the Italian law which taxes the air that people breathe, for there is a substantial penalty exacted for the leaving of spaces for windows in the walls of buildings. The Italians have found a way of evading this tax, without destroying the symmetry of the building facades, which is to indicate the window construction externally, and to paint windows upon the plaster inside the window frame. Sometimes birds in cages, flowers in vases and even human figures are painted upon these blind windows and many of them produce a bizarre and most inartistic effect. Some such evasion might be suggested by those who are unwilling to pay taxes upon their sub-sidewalk store rooms, for they might easily wall in the doorways and paint pictures of such boxes of merchandise as would naturally belong there. Anyway, Mr. McLeran has been strongly criticized for his latest taxation hobby, but still persists that it is as logical as it is feasible and he will push it throguh no matter who likes it or does not, so long as he does.

The Vivisection Law

At next election, Californians will have the opportunity of casting a vote in behalf of the dog, the guinea pig and the white mouse. This is a subject on which many persons feel as deeply as over the welfare of a Belgian war baby. Whoever has slapped a dog on the nose for stealing a lamb chop, and observed the contrition, the anguish and humiliation in the canine eyes, will have some idea what a dog goes through when he is led to the portals of science. Once there and under an anaesthetic his sufferings are not as great as some persons imagine. Besides, general surgery is advanced by such studies, and human suffering is ameliorated. Yet, there are thousands who say they would not care to be benefitted through the torture of the animal that is most affectionate to man. Physicians, who, on their part, devote their lives to mankind, are mainly of the opinion that science is for man's sake and the brute creation must be sacrificed. It is a subject on which there will be disputes until that miraculous day when all knowledge is ours. The proposed law, which is initiative, leaves not a mouse to the vivisectionists. The section makes it unlawful to dissect, vivisect, bisect or trisect or even gently torture animals for experimental purposes. Human beings are also protected by the terms of the same proposed section. This leads to the subject of compulsory vaccination for school children—an act which will also go to the voters. This is another topic wherein, among a dozen persons, you can get six on one side and half a dozen on the other, or perhaps the more accurate version in such matters is that a fair percentage of people do not care one way or another, and do not take the trouble to vote either way. Sometimes an important statute is lost because a fourth of the voters are indifferent about it. The shrewd political orator does not mention the "crank" legislation. He speaks only on the subjects that demand oratory. If it were the custom in this country as in England, that political speakers could be heckled on any subject, the people would go to the election booths with a little more information in their heads.

Hitting the Bullseyes

Have the sleuthy eyes of policemen lost their keenness? Time was when those piercing orbs could sense from afar the presence of either a newly located banana stand or a law violator, and, with riveted gaze and mercurial feet the roundsman would bear down fleetly to gather in the succulent fruit or scurrying criminal. But the high price of looking would seem now to consort on terms of equality with that of living and loving—where heretofore one eye was sufficiently effective it presently requires a pair. In this regard Ben Turpin, the cross-eyed celebrity, is lucky in his Janus-like possession, for America's two-way gazing sweetheart has a nigh 180 degree range of vision all at once and would make a valuable addition to Los Angeles' traffic squad. But leave that seismic town to meditate on the ironical twist that fate takes in dealing with knockers and consider our own auto-shocked metropolis.

Was ever another city beset with such a plethora of gasolinic fiends? They stalk you by day and track you by night, until, verily, we have become a community of dodgers; and nimble of foot is the pedestrian who escapes entangling alliance with wheels and bumpers of gas-propelled conveyances. Then, if you are a shipworker or banker and drive your own, none may term you a pleasurist, for the joy of motoring has taken pinions and you are transformed into a tactician or strategist, ever alert and masterful at ingress and egress. As at Balaklava, motormaniacs are to the right of you, same to the left of you, likewise in front of you—or, all that is left of you if you had blundered!

The prime offenders are jitney drivers who have so been from the beginning and ever will be under the present system. Is it because they belong to a union that these are allowed to violate the law? Is there a political angle in conjunction with the seeming immunity from arrest that this dangerous element enjoys? Or, is what follows the cause?

The policemen are out for a raise in wages to be voted on in November because of a clause in the city charter which limits their salaries. Being generally men of families the increase should, for humanitarian reasons, be granted. In arresting an offending motorist does a policeman conclude he bids farewell to an affirmative vote? Now, is it not unlikely that one who consciously

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puts in jeopardy the lives of others would be guided by humanitarian motives in voting? The real harm to the patrolmen's cause is done, not by the negative votes of these individuals, but rather by the alienation of those voters who, otherwise favorably inclined toward the policemen, are confronted with evidence that the department is not doing its bit—through fear of incurring the enmity of those whom they arrest. Policemen have seldom been accused of being overburdened with perspicacity, but it would seem that possession of common equine instinct would bear to make clear the foolhardiness of offending the thousands of law-abiding autoists and pedestrians for the uncertain netting of a few votes of reckless speeders who, on general principal, would consign all policemen and traffic regulations to eternal perdition.

The Marina Air Field

The Curtis Airplane and Motor Corporation (J. N. Willys, president), has purchased a field at Mineola and plans are under way to make the field rival the European aerodromes. San Francisco's Marina is an air field that could be made, with very little expense, the finest in the world. It could be hedged, and would then be ideal. Imagine the scene!—the airplanes gently alighting and soaring, the seaplanes gliding in and out,—the background of the hills, the Fine Arts palace, the lagoon! It would be such a sight as to add one hundred fold to the attractiveness of this beautiful city. If the government does not take the Marina for such purpose, let us devoutly hope that some commercial flying concern wil do so.

The Fandango or the Dirge in Europe

Not many months ago, watching the hikers gleefully ascending Mount Tamalpais, one wondered how people could be thinking of ought save the war in Europe. California gave freely to the great struggle, yet was, after all, far from the maddening battle-field. The war has come and gone. The world conflict, news of which was always conflicting, has given place to a social chaos, the details of which are as mysterious as some night raid of the war itself. One day we hear that the nations over there are on the brink of financial ruin; next, that they are on the verge of degeneration from excess of spending. Occasionally it is told that they who mourned most are now laughing among the loudest. They live near gory graves, and they invent amusements that seem delirious, barbaric, Saturnalian, volcanic in mirth, colossal in defiance of human creeds. No joy is too fantastic for their enthusiasm and embellishment. Music, sculpture, poetry, painting, the drama, the dance, have become mediums of exciting European imaginations to the highest pitch. Evidently the amusement lovers of foreign capitals are almost at loss for a stimulus that will exceed the intoxication of the week before, and, if accounts be true, the women hardly know what to wear next, for fit accompaniment to the merry-making. As far as concerns the truth of these accounts, travelers tell us that the truth has not been told. All the vagaries that appear on the canvases of modernistic and futuristic painters are, they say, being enacted in the flesh as nearly as human beings can transport themselves to those weird motives, attitudes and freak passions. Paris and London are striving to excel each the other in this polychromatic whirl of entertainment and costume. There is no embargo of pleasures between them. Scarcely have the more sedate folk of one city protested against the viciousness of some theatrical production than it is found creating a furore across the channel. The threatened style of feathered shoes and winged heels has become an actual vogue in the French and British capitals. The gayer set is walking on air. Last week, "Poppy Day" in Alameda county brought $700 for children of the devastated regions. Facts like these are hard to adjust.

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Singing in Bathrooms

"Why do so many people sing in the bathroom?" asked Professor W. H. Bragg, lecturing recently on "The World of Sound" to boys and girls. The professor explained that the note is struck for them by the running water. He also pointed out that, while the voice sounds resonantly in the bathroom, it is not half so fine or inspiring when the song is continued in the dressing room. The reason is that the furniture of the dressing room tends to deaden the reverberations. Professor Bragg then gave illustrations of the rise and fall of the pitch of the noises caused by the dropping of a little indiarubber ball into a bowl of water. When the ball was given an irregular surface by dirt or grease it "burst" the water and thereby caused a loud "plap"; but when the ball was rubbed quite clean and dry it fell noiselessly, because the water lapped round its even surface. The explanation given of the singing of the kettle was that the bubbles of steam formed at the bottom, nearest the flame, tried to get to the top, and coming into contact with water of a lower temperature, fell back again with sounds like tiny hammer strokes on something solid. The roaring in the chimney is due to the vibration of the air caused by the heat of the fire. An illustration of this the professor produced strange roaring noises from two drain pipes, one eight and one twenty feet long, by means of a gas burner placed underneath. Those eerie creaks and clicks heard at night are, the professor said, simply explained by changes in temperature. Articles of furniture get warm during the day and expand, and when the cool of the night comes they contract, and in doing so emit groans as if invisible beings were handling them.

Mistreating the American Athletes

From all accounts, published ones as well as those furnished by private information and correspondence, it must be assumed that the treatment of the American teams bound for the Olympic games at Antwerp has been inexcusably shabby and parsimonious. The American Olympic Committee and the American Athletic Union have received, through voluntary subscription and heavy gate receipts in several cities, a large amount of money, which those whose association with athletics seem to believe was more than sufficient to send the American teams abroad comfortably if not altogether luxuriously, which was of course not to be either demanded or expected. But when the transport assigned for the duty of carrying the teams across the ocean had sailed, it was discovered that the American athletes, who must be in the most perfect mental and physical condition to properly maintain the reputation of American athletics abroad, were assigned to quarters below decks in the steerage, in cots without mattresses, while the paid trainers and business attaches, representatives from the army and navy, together with their wives and families, were quartered in staterooms in the choice part of the ship. This is utterly inexcusable. It is not enough to say that the ship was not large enough to accommodate all the people booked to make the voyage; it is not enough to say that the athletes will not be confined below but will have the same deck privileges as the other passengers, including the first-class dining saloon. These men should have been given the best accommodations that the transport had to offer, even if some of the families and other passengers with "pulls" must be left behind or given the undesirable quarters. Athletic experts have declared that it will not be possible for them to appear in the contests in perfect condition, following seven days of mental and physical discomfort, and "pull with the government" will be to blame for it. The question naturally arises, if the two committees having the transportation of the teams in charge, were supplied with sufficient funds to do it properly, what became of them? It is not necessary to publish an answer to this query, for it is all too obvious.

"The Heart of a Rose"

The extraordinary discoveries as to the sensitiveness of plants down to the humblest cabbage, described by Sir Jagadis Bose in his lecture recently at the Indian office, opens up a fascinating field of ocnjecture.

Hitherto, though the Japanese, I fancy, have always firmly believed in the existence of vegetable sensation, the average Westerner has been content with the knowledge that the temperature of roses rises immediately after pruning, and have let it go at that. Now we learn that there is no etheric wave so subtle or so remote that Nature's Aeolion harps do not respond to it, more readily, it appears, than the animal kingdom, to which till now a monopoly of consciousness has been ascribed.

It needs but a small extension of the observations already recorded to give a new meaning to that trite phrase: "The heart of a rose." Love and hatred, it may well be, coquetry and tantrums, will be found to exercise a dominant influence in vegetable life.

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Social

By TANTALUS

Mr. and Mrs. Chapin F. Tubbs are at Feather River Inn as are also Mr. and Mrs. George Volkman. Mrs. N. B. Allen and Mr. and Mrs. Winton Ray of Boston, are hosts to a party of young people on a northern motor tour, which will include a fortnight's sojourn at Feather River Inn.

Miss Olivia Hoyt, of Seattle, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Laurence, of Ingleside Terrace, leaves on Monday for Santa Barbara. Miss Hoyt is a remarkably beautiful girl, with jet-black wavy hair, large gray, heavy lashed eyes, an olive skin and scarlet lips. She resembles the handsome Mrs. Ernest Piexotto to a striking degree.

Mrs. Frederick Hessê was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont on Thursday to a group of ten friends who have entertained her since her arrival from New York. The Hessê's are enjoying their temporary country house in Kentfield, where they will remain until September.

Mrs. Lillian Donelley continues to be the motif for many charming affairs since her return from the east. She is at the home of her brother, Dr. Maurice O'Connell. Mrs. Donnelley, who is a charming raconteuse has many delightful anecdotes to relate of life in Washington society and Palm Beach.

Casa Del Rey

Senator George Sutherland, of Utah, is here with his wife from Washington, D. C., where they have been making their home for the past few years. They are making a tour of the state, stopping at the Casa Del Rey for a few days, then going to the Big Trees before leaving for San Francisco, where they will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Goodyear accompanied by their two sons, George and Crosby, are making an extended tour of the states by motor from Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Rathbone, Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mr. Walter S. Martin and Captain R. Banon of London were a congenial party, who motored down to Santa Cruz for the week end, making their home at the Case Del Rey, while there.

Miss Anna Peters spent a few days at the hotel with her mother, Mrs. J. D. Peters and sister, Mrs. C. L. Six, who have been there several weeks. They were joined by Mr. John C. Jackman of New York.

Mrs. Lester Herrick, with her daughter Miss Eleanor, of Menlo, are making a stay at Case Del Ray.

Mrs. Ralph Miller and Mrs. Frederick Howe of Santa Cruz were hostesses at a very elaborate bridge tea last Saturday in the lobby of the Casa Del Rey, which was transformed into a garden of many hued dahlias They entertained about seventy-five guests.

Lieut-Commander E. H. Vanderklood and Ensign F. W. Falen of the submarine L-6 were guests at Casa Del Rey for a few days, while their boat lay at anchor at Santa Cruz pier awaiting repairs.

Many prominent families from Sacramento were represented at the hotel. Amony them were Mr. R. A. Herold, the well known architect, and wife, with their nieces Misses Henly and Soso, Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Dufficy, Mr. E. J. Bedell with his mother, who owns the Clunie Hotel.

Mr. George Kruzan motored down with a party, stopipng at Del Monte and San Francisco for a few days.

Some of the San Franciscans who were visitors at the Casa Del Rey were: Mr. and Mrs E. M. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Currier, Mr. J. B. Davis, Mr. W. G. Davis, also Miss Alice Seckles, Mr. D. E. Wiseman, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ford, Miss Florence Ford, Miss Lucile Crisman, Miss Faynette Monroe, Mr. and Mrs. M. Ross.

Techau Tavern a Continuous Round of Features

Techau Tavern at any time is feature time. Commencing with the popular luncheon served daily between 12 and 2, with tea during the afternoon, and then commencing at dinner the attractive jazz and symphony renditions of the Techau Tavern Dance Orchestra ideally suited for dancing, and continuing along to supper time the dancing pleasantly intermingled with numbers by the new art revue and ballet in a colorful offering of the latest in the season's song and dance hits, all swing along without ever a dull moment. After the theater every dance is a lucky dance, with Hilson's Orders and Melachrino cigarettes for the winning men. Saturday afternoons is generally a gala affair full of life and music, for dancing draws its devotees during the tea hour from 2:30 to 5. An added attraction is the free distribution of petite boxes of "Duval's Paste Rouge," one of those delicate creations of the artist perfumer which is in great demand by those who desire always the best. Never a dull moment might well be aplied to any function at the Techau Tavern.

In Defense of Our Ankles

Last week an article was published in Spectator which purported to be the adverse opinion of a chance visitor to San Francisco with reference to the alleged thick ankles of our supposedly perfectly formed young women, and the following indignant protest has been received in reply:

San Francisco, Aug. 10, 1920.

Editor Town Talk—I read with amazement and indignation a contribution to your columns last week, which was nothing short of a libelous attack upon the justly famed physical proportions of the young women of San Francisco, more particularly with reference to the thickness of their ankles, which in my just opinion are nothing of the kind. Being a stout person, with more avoirdupois than could possibly render my figure attractive, my own ankles are of a necessity thick enough to bear the weight, and I have all my life looked with envy upon those essential elements of shapely physical proportion. I have lived in this state of jealousy and envy all my life, but have been endowed by nature with a keen sense of fairness with reference to those qualities of my sex, and I have always felt that the most shapely ankles and nether extremeties in the world were attached to the young women of San Francisco. Since your article appeared both my husband and myself have made it a business to study these parts of our female anatomy, and, naturally enough, the present fashion in skirts admits of no concealment. We have noticed that fully seventy-five per cent of the ankles in street cars, in the parks, on the street, or getting in and out of automobiles, were all that ankles should be, and where your contributor found his models to write about we are at a loss to determine. He is a good deal like the Englishman who wrote a cruelly critical book on the United States, called "America From a Car Window," or Clement Scott who wrote an unwarranted attack upon Japan and her customs, during a stay in the country of two weeks most of which was spent in the hospital. Your writer can be justified in no other way than by the excuse that he must have found his material in streets and public conveyances crowded with poor girls going home from work after standing all day, which is an existence not calculated to produce thin and shapely ankles. To conclude, why did this person keep his eyes fastened on the ground and never look upward where the good points are, instead of confining his diatribes to the bad ones?

Very Indignantly Yours,

A FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

The Persistence of Gamblers

The idea of securing in Lower California gambling and other privileges involving the uncertain but alluring elements of chance is not a new one. Many years ago, during the Diaz administration, and long before the mercurial and easily inflamed Mexicans had concluded that he must be revolutionized out of office, a company was organized by Frederick Harkness, a San Francisco sporting man, with the purpose of securing from President Diaz concessions for an elaborate and costly gambling and racing establishment, which was to be erected on the spot where Tia Juana now stands, and which was to be called either Tia Juana or Monte Carlo.

Harkness found many strong backers for his project, many of them men who would not be supposed to interest themselves in such an enterprise. But although considerable money was expended in enlisting the services of men supposed to have influence with President Diaz, the concession was not secured. Then it was decided by the projectors of the new Monte Carlo,

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encouraged by their Mexican associates, to commence building anyway, since sooner or later the concessions would be secured.

But Porfirio Diaz was not to be bought or influenced, and notified the Harkness people to permanently discontinue any further operations and the order was obeyed. Since that time, however, owing to the irrigation of Imperial Valley, bringing with it vast investments and a considerable population, the northern district of Lower California suddenly leaped upon the map of commercial importance, and was provided with a stable territorial government with Colonel Esteban Cantu at the head of it.

Here at last was a chance for reviving interest in an American Monte Carlo, and Governor Cantu was induced to adopt the principles of state rights—of course for value received—by James W. Coffroth, gambler and prizefight promoter, and Baron Long, a resort keeper of Santa Monica, shut out of business by prohibition, and several others of equal standing and interests. The concessions were easily secured and the sinks of vice and iniquity now widely known as Tia Juana and Mexicali placed in successful and unrestricted operation. But the De La Huerta government of Mexico declared itself against gambling and saloons in Mexico; hence the rebellion of Esteban Cantu, who is called "Steve," no doubt, by his friend and associate, "Jim."

Ho, For Cuba Libre!

This henceforth will be the cry of the gambler, the horseman, the bunco steerer and those who still cling to the hopeless belief that there is profit to be gained by indulging them in their nefarious enterprises. Cuba Libre will also be the cry of those who refuse to be prohibitionized and restricted to temperate parties, for there everything will be free. Last year when New York and other cities went dry, Cuba became the mecca for all revolutionaries against the restrictions of the 18th amendment, and the race tracks, roulette wheels and faro tables got all their money after the gouging hotels had secured their share. John McGraw, the manager of the New York baseball club, was making so much money out of his bit that he forgot all about his club, and hurried to it so late that it was many weeks before he could get out of the last position in the league. Now there comes the news that the ever speculative and far sighted Cubans, assisted by American capital, will, within a few months, have gambling casinos rivalling in excellence of management and elegance of appointments those of Monte Carlo, Weisbaden and Nice; magnificent hotels will be erected to accommodate—and incidentally gouge—the swarms of sportive Americans who insist upon being allowed unbridled license in their pastimes, their excesses and their appetites. This will be much better for many reasons. The expenditures for the completion of this new Monte Carlo will be much safer, speculatively, than the many times mooted Atlantis, which was to be erected on a shoal beyond the three-mile limit off Sandy Hook. It will be further away, which will have a salutary effect upon the morals of youthful Gotham, who cannot easily reach it, and then it will subject the poor hunted sports to much smaller expenditures for buildings and general outfit, for these will be furnished by the Cuban speculators who will absorb most of the money won from the gullible visitors. For all of this certain hegira from the Great White Way prohibition is alone responsible and may it make the best of its soulless tyrany!

Mills College and a Million Dollars

They say that co-eds, marvelously constituted though they be, cannot kick up a shindy half as high as their sisters at a girls' college. Word has it that masculine eyes and ears are not for such scenes as were enacted at Mills College on receipt of $350,000 from the New York General Education Board. Some of the jollification was described to a few favored friends. It was impromptu and lasted only a sporadic minute here and there among the wisdom-seeking maids; but was nevertheless noteworthy while it lasted. A few of the girls launched into tricks they had learned in amateur vaudeville, and if they should fail in future careers at law, chemistry or music, will be able to earn livelihoods picking a tambourine or juggling a silk hat on the vaudeville circuit. Not that the girls will be greatly benefitted by the wift from New York, but they have been doing their darndest to collect a million dollars for the institution. By strenuous efforts they got as far as $200,000, when along came the gold fall from the east. Now they have only $450,000,000 more to go. Last March they held a bazaar, selling pennants and kewpie dolls to start the million somehow. Then they tried a couple of concerts. For their recent commencement exercises they invited the great New York financier, Frank Vanderlip, but he didn't hand out a million. Then the Oakland Chamber of Commerce took a hand, made a few speeches and appointed a commitee but didn't bring much more remuneration than Vanderlip's beautiful discourse on European stagnation. Every one of the students was massaging her intellect for an idea that would give the endowment a hoist of another $100,000, when along came more than three times that amount in a single donation. So it is not to be wondered at that the workers gave it a shout of welcome. Vanderlip told the girls that "never in the history of the world had such responsibilities rested on the shoulders of women," and every shoulder present felt that the biggest responsibility of all was their endowment fund.

The Cost of the Wedding Ring

An ingenious statistician has calculated that it takes 7,000 pounds of pure gold each year to make the wedding rings for English brides, comments "Globetrotter in the "Globe". It is interesting to take the calculation a step further. Taking the average weight of a wedding ring at half ounce and the number of married women in the British Isles at 10,000,000, the aggregate weight of gold locked up in this unproductive form is roughly 140 tons avoirdupois. This take sno account of the strings of wedding rings that represent the surplus wealth of a certain class of people who have an invincible distrust of banks. Sentiment has its value, of course, and perhaps the sanctity of the British wedding ring is worth the sum invested in it, but those Jeremiahs who delight to talk of the approaching bankruptcy of the country may reflect that here is one untapped store of wealth not taken into account in their calculations. And to this they may add the gold locked up in women's useless jewelry.

Other People's Ignorance

When we talk of ignorance we always mean the ignorance of other people, just as when we discuss reform we mean the reformation of the rest. Our own ignorance we cover jealously like a great secret sin. To reveal our ignorance in an age of newspapers and examinations is like going unclothed.

In the end, of course, we are punished for our cowardice. It has stifled our curiosity and detracted from our neighbor's gaiety. The picturesque value of ignorance is much underrated. We need its dark mysterious depths as a relief to the high lights of knowledge, just as conversation requires pause and rallentandos. When the fountain of Macaulay's talk began to flow with less abundance, it was said that his "flashes of silence" came more often. Can we doubt that these flashes of silence were the savour of the monologue? Just so it is the flashes of ignorance, darting tricksily over our dark chasms, that illuminate the hidden self, till from the deeps one personally calls to another. Always the innocent, unconscious avowal is the most startling. Some years ago the writer was breaking into the parlor of a well-known Catswold inn, and a party of Americans were at the adjoinig table. Their talk was inevitably of Stratford, from which they had just come, and it turned at this moment on the great store of information possessed by the lady who had shown them "the birthplace". With superb unconsciousness one of the American ladies suggested that the reason why the curator knew so much might be that she had been personally acquainted in her youth with Shakespeare. It was said without a wink, and she really meant it. Involuntarily one gripped the table hard, and no one in the room would have been surprised to see the tea-cups fly off to the ceiling. The leader of the party faced the situation with admirable coolness. But ever since I have felt a deep gratitude to the unknown lady, and respected her flash of ignorance more than our snobbish attitude to fame.—Edinborough Scotsman.

The case looked black against the prisoner, who was charged with loitering suspiciously at the railway station.

Presently the magistrate said sternly:

"This lady says you tried to speak to her at the railway station."

"It was a mistake," pleaded the man in the dock. "I was looking for my wife's young niece, whom I've never seen, but who'd been described to me as a handsome young lady, with golden hair, well-cut features, fine complexion, perfect figure, beautifully dressed, an—"

With a charming blush the principal witness against him interrupted his flow of eloquence.

"I don't wish to prosecute the gentleman, sir," she said to the magistrate. "Anyone might have made the same mistake."

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The Stage

Alcazar in Thrilling Melodrama

In "The Crimson Alibi" which is this week's offering from our incomparable stock company, George Broadhurst has given us the most baffling murder mystery we have yet had in melodrama. In fact it may be said that herein lies its chief fault—no melodrama is without plenty of them,—for its tangle of conflicting clues would confuse a conference of the most astute detectives in the world, so how can an audience, which always likes to make its own deductions as to who the guilty person is, be expected to fasten guilt upon him? In this story the murder is not seen, for there is a prologue, lasting perhaps sixty seconds, in which an undefinable figure is seen seated in a chair in almost total darkness, while an equally undefinable other figure is seen skulking through a moon-lit window, a sighing groan is heard and that is all. But from that point on, Broadhurst has furnished an element of suspense that never relaxes for a moment; this and that person is mentally fastened upon as being the murderer; in the end the audience is utterly deceived, and there is shown by the author an utter disregard of a favorite dramatic maxim of Dion Boucicault's which says, "Never fool your audience. Surprise it, if you please, but don't fool it." Nevertheless, "The Crimson Alibi" is interesting and thrilling all the way through, and as a matter of course, it is corkingly played by the company. We were treated to a new adition to the Alcazar forces in the person of Murray F. Barnard, and I am inclined to accord him the first place and the stake money in this very close race for a decision as to complete efficiency. In face, voice, figure, dressing, earnestness and general bearing, he was the dissipated nephew suspected of the murder of his uncle to the very life, and his own doubt as to whether he was guilty or not was most artistically portrayed. Dudley Ayres, as the amateur detective, was so convincing as to create sincere regret that such a man might not be added to the detective squad of Lieut. Goff, and Al. Cunningham might also well be seriously considered for a similar position. Inez Ragan was most convincingly dramatic as the faithful wife of the wrongfully accused ex-convict, Larry Connover, in which role Brady Kline gave us the best piece of work he has done. Emily Pinter was as admirable as usual in the more or less conventional role of Mrs. Dean; Gladys Emmons was notably good as her younger sister, and Emelie Melville a supreme delight as the old lady who knew nothing at all about the case and yet knew everything. The balance of the cast was notably efficient, as these Alcazar casts always are, and included Henry Shumer as the guilty man; Rafael Brunetto as the suspected butler, and Fred Green as a plain clothes man, not forgetting too, that Ben Erway made another hit as Chuck Brown, the would-be "hick" detective, and so did Stella Warfield as the "joint" housekeeper.

—Clay M. Greene.

ALCAZAR

THIS WEEK ONLY—MASTER MYSTERY
"THE CRIMSON ALIBI"
WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY MAT., AUG. 15.
Jesse Lynch Williams' Brilliant Satirical Comedy as Played by Nat C. Goodwin

"WHY MARRY"

An Exposition of Marriage for Convenience and Get-Rich-Quick Divorce
NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Dudley Ayres—Inez Ragan
SUNDAY MATINEE, AUGUST 22—Request Revival
To Accommodate Thousands Recently Away on Vacation or Unable to Secure Seats.
"PEG O' MY HEART"
SOON—David Belasco's "DADDIES."
Every Evening, Matinees—Sunday, Thursday, Saturday.

Alcazar

The Alcazar is having a wonderful summer season. There was never a time in its history when greater variety of widely contrasting dramatic successes were presented in rapid weekly sucession. The acting company never included more popular, versatile, high quality players. The skilful arrangement of plays exerts universal appeal to theatregoers who want constant variety. From this week's thrilling entanglements of "The Crimson Alibi," there follows next Sunday vivid contrast in "Why Marry?" the satirical comedy of marriage and divorce by Jesse Lynch Williams, in which Nat Goodwin was winning triumphs when his sudden summons came. "Why Marry?" is the recital of week-end happenings at a fashionable house party, where family problems of expedient marriage and get-relief-quick divorce find startling solution. It is a farce of sparkling, flashing humor and blistering social satire, builded upon solid foundations of sound philosophy and hard common sense. There are no evasions of the big, vital truths that glorify the true marriage relation, nor of the hateful shams that seek to make it a mock and a jest. It is one of the most brilliantly intellectual, and yet delightfully amusing comedies that any American dramatist has conceived. The persons involved are Dudley Ayres and Inez Ragan, as the idealistic young scientists, madly in love and defiant of public opinion; Henry Shumer as the philosophical judge; Brady Kline, Gladys Emmons and Ben Erway as social climbers; Frederick Green as the butler and Al Cunningham as the well intentioned clergyman who cannot stifle his conscience.

Revival of "Peg o' My Heart," for the week of August 22, becomes a necessity to satisfy the demands of thousands away on vacations, or unable to secure seats during the phenomenal engagement of a month ago. The Alcazar's presentation of this romance has never been surpassed.

America's Greatest Tenor With Scotti Grand Opera Company

Americans will rejoice in the success achieved by Orville Harrold, the distinguished tenor, who accompanies Antonio Scotti on his second tour of America with the Scotti Grand Opera Company, which will be seen in this city at the Exposition Auditorium, the week beginning October 4, under the direction of Frank W. Healy. Harrold commenced life amid the simplest surroundings, and little imagined that he would ever become the renowned singer and public favorite that he is today. From driving a delivery wagon to the boards of the Metropolitan and the London Opera House is a transition almost as remarkable as that from log cabin to White House. But once Orville Harrold realized that he had a God-given voice, intended for higher and better things than summoning householders to their doors, he devoted all his spare time and cash to its improvement, until he found friends ready and able to help him in the career for which he was so obviously intended. He was heard in New York by Oscar Hammerstein, than whom there was no better judge in his day of the worth of an operatic singer. That astute manager engaged the aspiring young tenor, and took him to London in 1911, for the opening of the magnificent opera house which he built there. Having captured the suffrages of one of the most difficult audiences in the world, Orville Harrold returned to America and appeared at the Metropolitan, also occasionaly touring in concert work and appearing in New York with the Society of American Singers. Last season he "came back" with a vengeance, and after his appearance one night at the Metropolitan Opera as Rodolfo in "Boheme when he created a veritable sensation, he woke next morning to find the critics to a man acclaiming his performance, and all musical New York ringing with his praise. Then Mr. Gatti-Cassaza conferred upon him the cordon rouge by selecting him for that most difficult of all tenor roles, "Parsifal," and the public crowned him as the greatest of American tenors.

Full details of the repertoire, cast of characters and scale of prices wil appear in next week's Town Talk.

A Little Way Ahead

Just a little way ahead;
Dark clouds dont' always overspread
The blue of sunny skies!
To look ahead is always well.
Remember, you can never tell
What joys await your eyes!

Why should you darkest clouds deplore
When every life must hold its store
Of sunshine's golden rays?
Just look a little way ahead!
The sun anticipate, instead
O spending doleful days!

Wait patiently for fruits and flowers
That follow all the needed showers—
You know that they must come.
Remember how the birds are fed—
Just look a little way ahead
Instead of looking glum!

A wretched man is he who lives
Just for the present, when God gives
New life to flowers now dead!
Sweet fruits must fill the earth, now bare;
Keep looking, free from dule and care,
A little way ahead! —George Johnston.

Little Marjorie had enjoyed her visit to her aunt very much, until Monday morning came.

Then auntie went out to collect some rents in a very poor district, and took Marjorie with her.

After calling at several houses and receiving the usual reply of:

"I'm sorry, but I can't give you anything this week," the small girl's face assumed a look of great disgust.

"Auntie," she said, coldly, "I think I'd better go home this afternoon, please. I'm quite sure my mummy wouldn't like to know you had taken me round such dirty streets begging."

Falling Stars

Falling stars are said by Mohammendans to be firebrands flung by god angels against evil spirits when they approach too near the gates of heaven.

Pall Mall

The name Pall Mall (London) is derived from the Latin "pellere malleo (to strike with a mallet or bot). It is so called because it was there that the ancient game of pell-mall used to be played. It was a fashionable game in the region of Charles II., and the walk called the Mall was appropriated to it for the king and his court.

The Blessing of Friends

(By Sir John Lubbock)

"They seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from life; for we have received nothing better from the Immortal Gods, nothing more delightful"—Cicero.

The substance of this was delivered at the London Working Men's College.

Most of those who have written in praise of books have thought they could say nothing more conclusive than to compare them to friends.

All men, said Socrates, have their different objects of ambition—horses, dogs, money, honor, as the case may be; but for his own part he would rather have a good friend than all these put together. And again, men know "the number of their other possessions, although they might be very numerous, but of their friends, though but few, they were not only ignorant of the number, but even when they attempted to reckon it to as asked them, they set aside again some that they had previously counted among their friends; so little did they allow their friends to occupy their thoughts. Yet in comparison with what possession, of all others, would not a good friend appear far more valuable?"

"As to the value of other things," says Cicero, "most men differ, concerning friendship all have the same opinion. What can be more foolish than, when men are possessed of great influence by their wealth, power and resources, to procure other things which are bought by money—horses, slaves, rich apparel, costly vases—and not procure friends, the most valuable and fairest furniture of life?" And yet, he continues, "every man can tell how many goats or sheep he possesses, but not how many friends." In the choice, moreover, of a dog or of a horse, we exercise the greatest care; we inquire into its pedigree, its training and character, and yet we too often leave the selection of our friends, which is of infinitely greater importance—by whom our whole life will be more or less influenced either for good or evil—almost to chance.

It is no doubt true, as the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table says, that all men are bores except when we want them. And Sir Thomas Browne quaintly observes that "unthinking heads who have not learnt to be alone, are a prison to themselves if they be not with others; whereas, on the contrary, those whose thoughts are in a fair and hurry within, are sometimes fain to retire into company to be out of the crowd of themselves." Still I do not quite understand Emerson's idea that "men descend to meet." In another place, indeed, he qualifies the statement, and says, "Almost all people descend to meet." Even so I should venture to question it, especially considering the context. "All association," he adds, "must be a compromise, and, what is worse, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other." What a sad thought! Is it really so. Need it be so? And if it were, would friends be any real advantage? I should have thought that the influence of friends was exactly the reverse: that the flower of a beautiful nature would expand, and the colors grow brighter, when stimulated by the warmth and sunshine of friendship.

It has been said that it is wise always to treat a friend, remembering that he may become an enemy, and an enemy, remembering that he may become a friend; and whatever may be thought of the first part of the adage, there is certainly much wisdom in the latter. Many people seem to take more pains and more pleasure in making enemies, than in making friends. Plutarch, indeed, quotes with approbation the advice of of Pythagoras "not to shake hands with too many," but as long as friends are well chosen, it is true rather that

"He who has a thousand friends,
Has never a one to spare,
And he who has one enemy,
Will meet him everywhere,"

and unfortunately, while there are few great friends there is no little enemy.

I guard myself, however, by saying again—As long as they are well chosen. One is thrown in life with a great many people who, though not actively bad, though they may not wilfully lead us astray, yet take no pains with themselves, neglect their own minds, and direct the conversation to petty puerilities or mere gossip; who do not seem to realize that conversation may by a little effort be made most instructive and delightful, without being in any way pedantic; or, on the other hand, may be allowed to drift into a mere morass of muddy thought and weedy words. There are few from whom we may not learn something, if only they will trouble themselves to tell us. Nay, even if they teach us nothing, they may help us by the stimulus of intelligent questions, or the warmth of sympathy. But if they do neither, then indeed their companionship, if companionship it can be called, is mere waste of time, and of such we may well say, "I do desire that we be better strangers."

Much certainty of the happiness and purity of our lives depends on our making a wise choice of our companions and friends. If our friends are badly chosen they will inevitably drag us down; if well they will raise us up. Yet many people seem to trust in this matter to the chapter of accident. It is well and right, indeed, to be courteous and considerate to every one with whom we are brought into contact, but to choose them as real friends is another matter. Some seem to make a man a friend, or try to do so, because he lives near, because he is in the same business, travels on the same line of railway, or for some other trivial reason. There cannot be a greater mistake. These are only, in the words of Plutarch "the idols and images of friendship."

To be friendly with every one is another matter; we must remember that there is no little enemy, and those who have ever really loved any one will have some tenderness for all. There is indeed some good in most men. "I have heard much," says Mr. Nasmyth in his charming autobiography, "about the ingratitude and selfishness of the world. It may have been my good fortune, but I have never experienced either of these unfeeling conditions." Such also has been my own experience

"Men talk of unkind hearts, kind deeds
With coldness still returning.
Alas! the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning."

I cannot, then, agree with Emerson that "we walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere in other regions of the universal power souls are now acting, enduring and daring, which can love us, and which we can love."

No doubt, much as worthy friends add to the happiness and value of life, we must in the main depend on ourselves, and every one is his own best friend or worst enemy.

Sad, indeed, is Bacon's assertion that "there is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals, which was wont to be magnified. That that is, is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend the one to the other." But this can hardly be taken as his deliberate opinion, for he elsewhere says, "but we may go farther, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness." Not only, he adds, does friendship introduce "daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts;" it "maketh a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests;" in consultation with a friend a man "tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation." * * * "But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth, for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love."

With this last assertion I cannot altogether concur. Surely even strangers may be most interesting! and many will agree with Dr. Johnson when, describing a pleasant evening, he summed it up—"Sir, we had a good talk."

Epictetus gives excellent advice when he dissuades from conversation on the very subjects most commonly chosen, and advises that it should be on "none of the common subjects—not about gladiators, nor horse-races, nor about athletes, nor about eating or drinking, which are the usual subjects; and especially not about men, as blaming them;" but when he adds, "or praising them," the injunction seems to me of doubtful value. Surely Marcus Aurelius more wisely advises that "when thou wishest to delight thyself, think of the virtues of those who live with thee; for instance, the activity of one, and the modesty of another, and the liberality of a third, and some other good quality of a fourth. For nothing delights so much as the examples of the virtues, when they are exhibited in the morals of those who live with us and present themselves in abund-

(Continued on Page 15)

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Had it not been for the threatening situation in eastern Europe and central Europe, the stock market, no doubt, would have given a good account of itself.

After the Interstate Commerce Commission had granted an increase in both passenger and freight rates equal to about $1,500,000 per year the stage was set for a general advance. Everyone looked for it and the opinion was prevalent that an extended raise in prices was justified—but the shadow of Russia was over everything and Wall Street scented another war. Sentiment changed quickly, and stocks were hammered unmercifully by the bears, and there was widespread liquidation—some of it on the part of the pools, which previously held well against attacks, and many new low records for the year were achieved. The Rails held up better than the Industrials, but they, too, were finally forced to yield, although the decline was small.

As is usually the case when prices decline, all the bear news seems to come to the front and the favorable news is ignored. After all, the biggest factor in the situation at present is our transportation problem. It is interfering with production, with consumption and with credit. It is a factor in our social unrest and, in one way or other, touches every man, woman and child of the country—to say nothing of its influence upon our relations abroad. Progress toward solution seems very slow, and yet we are going forward and not backward. One of the most important phases of it has been settled for the time-being, namely: the labor question, although how long this will stay settled no one can tell.

The improvement in the railroad situation is spotty; one section of the country or industry being benefitted at the expense of others. The congestion at the steel mills and at other industrial centers is serious and is apparently showing very little improvement. This situation is mainly responsible for the apprehension being felt with respect to the immediate outlook in business. The decreased demand for goods, growing out of the refusal of the people to pay the high prices, is a factor, as is the credit policy of the banks, but there is but little question that improvement in the railroad situation would force improvement elsewhere. The most serious phase of the transportation situation seems to be the lack of an adequate policy for coping with it. The railroad executives have outlined a program that promises relief at some remote time, but the situation calls for immediate action.

The credit situations seems to be another factor that is having a bearing effect upon the general list. Money is tight and hard to get—even on the best kind of collateral. As long as the railroads are in a hole and production continues, there can be no important relief to the credit situation. With grain piling up at the terminal points, a lot of coal at the mines and with finished steel products piling up at the mills, it will take a world of money to finance them, and where is it coming from with our already strained credit situation? Men will be let out at manufacturing centers and will have no money to pay the high prices for food, after Europe has taken our surplus. The backed up demand for goods in this country will force prices back to near the old levels, but, in the meantime, those who are trading in Europe will have bought up our food-stuffs at favorable prices and will be selling it abroad at higher prices, providing the exchange situation shows an improvement.

The selling wave continued right up to the close of the week and was principally confined to the unseasoned Industrials. Those which have not been so well distributed suffered the most and this wholly regardless of their value. The better established Industrials, like the Equipments and Steels, broke badly with the rest but came back with almost equal rapidity.

In a market like this, an immediate forecast is useless, as there are so many factors that are constantly changing and which have an immediate bearing on prices, but the fact remains, nevertheless, that stocks have had a big decline and sentiment is such that the outside public have lost confidence and are only anxious to sell whenever stocks show any advance. Somebody is taken them at this level, and it looks as if the buying was of an influential sort and, when conditions become more normal, the insider will have the stocks, as is usually the case, after we have had a long period of depression.

Cotton—Cotton was under the influence of the bureau report early in the week and, as the trade were looking for a much better condition report and were generally short of the market, a wave of buying to cover short contracts brought about an advance of nearly two cents per pound from the recent low levels. The advance was at the expense of the short interest and was the means of eliminating a technical condition that put the market in better shape to respond to the news coming from day to day.

After the flurry of short covering was over the old bear party began to put out short lines again and, with more favorable weather reports, combined with selling for foreign account, the market again turned lower.

Crop reports since July 25, the date at which the Government compiled its condition report, have been generally favorable—the weather, of course, being the principal factor, and a good many in the trade were of the opinion that a couple of points should be added to the Government figures to bring it up to date.

The market was influenced to some extent, later in the week, by the action of the stock market and the political news from abroad.

Spot Cotton in the south has been declining daily—with receipts of new Cotton showing considerable, and it is said gin mills are running day and night. There is plenty of room for Spot Cotton decline and not affect the futures, as Spot Cotton is still selling three hundred points over the future market in Texas.

There is the usual talk of insect damage, coming from both the south and eastern belt, and while, as yet, there has been no more than the normal complaints, yet this is probably due to the lateness of the crop. The crop is said to be anywhere from three to four weeks late and, should we get a spell of wet weather this month, no doubt, the crop killer would get very busy. August is the critical month in Cotton and the weather, of course, is the big factor, but so far this month there has been no complaint except in isolated points in Texas, where the rainfall has been excessive.

The south continues to sell Cotton in the way of hedges, as the demand for Cotton from the mills is far from being urgent and, with increased offerings of Spot Cotton for early Fall delivery from the southwest and further declines in other commodities, taken in connection with the fact that money situation offers no immediate relief of importance, all point to a lower level of prices in the future. This, of course, does not preclude rallies from taking place from time to time when the market becomes oversold, but the trend still seems downward based solely on supply and demand.

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June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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The Blessing of Friends

(Continued from Page 13)

ance, as far as is possible. Wherefore we must keep them before us." Yet how often we know merely the sight of those we call our friends, or the sound of their voices, but nothing whatever of their mind or soul!

We must, moreover, be as careful to keep friends as to make them. If every one knew what one said of the other, Pascal assures us that "there would not be four friends in the world." This I hope and think is too strong, but at any rate try to be one of the four. And when you have made a friend, keep him. Hast thou a friend, says an Eastern proverb, "visit him often, for thorns and brushwood obstruct the road which no one treads!" The affections should not be mere "tents of a night."

Still less does Friendship confer any privilege to make ourselves disagreeable. Some people never seem to appreciate their friends till they have lost them. Anaxagoras described the Mausoleum as the ghost of wealth turned into stone.

"But he who has once stood beside the grave to look back on the companionship which has been for ever closed, feeling how impotent then are the wild love and the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust."

Death, indeed, cannot sever friendship.

"Friends," says Cicero, "though absent, are still present; though in poverty they are rich; though weak, yet in the enjoyment of health; and, what is still more difficult to assert, though dead they are alive." This seems a paradox, yet is there not much truth in his explanation? "To me, indeed, Scipio still lives, and will always live; for I love the virtue of that man, and that worth is not yet extinguished. * * * Assuredly of all things that either fortune or time has bestowed on me, I have none which I can compare with the friendship of Scipio."

If, then, we choose our friends for what they are, not for what they have, and if we deserve so great a blessing, then they will be always with us, preserved in absence, and even after death, in the "amber of memory."

Baby's Eyes

There exists in Sussex (and perhaps also in other English counties) an ancient and pretty notion that the color of the eyes in babies is due to the action of the fairies, writes the "Daily Mail". At the very first opportunity after a baby is born a fairy drops colored dust into its eyes, when no one is looking. If the eyes are to be blue the dust is gathered from the petals of violets or from the wings of sleeping blue butterflies; but should a different color be preferred, the dust is taken from other sources—brown from fallen chestnuts or hazelnuts, green from the ivy or yew, grey from the mists which brood at nightfall over the hollows or creep inland from the sea. It is to be hoped that many years will pass before this delightfully naive fancy fades from the remembrance of Sussex mothers.

The colors of babies' eyes have, however, received critical attention of recent years, and the factors which determine them are now known with fair certainty. Thus, for example, if one parent (whether father or mother matters not a all) has pronounced brown eyes, and the other parent has eyes of the 'speedwell's darling blue", all their children without exception should have brown eyes. The reason will appear presently.

The inner surface of the iris is overpowered with a layer of purple pigment. In blue-eyed people there is no other coloring matter present, and the purple films shows through the exquisitely delicate tissues of the iris as blue. The intensity and quality of the blue depend upon the amount of purple pigment and upon the translucency of the iris.

In brown-eyed people, beside the purple film already spoken of, there is a layer of brown coloring matter on the outer surface of the iris. When the brown is profuse it completely obscures the underlying purple, and the eye is of a rich brown. When, on the other hand, the brown pigment is too small in amount to neutralize fully the purple below, the eye may be hazel or even green.

Now, in the language of the scientist, brownness in eyes is a "dominant" character, and blueness a "recessive" character. And the rule in hereditary transmission is that, when one parent possesses a dominant character and the other a recessive character, the dominant character is the one to appear in all their children.

A very small proportion of human beings are albinos, with pink eyes. In albinos there is no coloring matter whatever on either surface of the iris, but the blood contained in the rich network of vessels supplying the iris shows through as pink.

"Your husband seems to be a man of rare gifts," remarked the appreciative friend.

"He is," acquiesced the wife. "We've been married twelve years and he has never given me a present yet."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29667 Dept. 10

Estate of JANE BAXTER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator with the will annexed of the estate of JANE BAXTER, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the will annexed at the office of Charles F. Hanlon, Attorney at Law, rooms 501-4 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of JANE BAXTER, Deceased.

FRANK W. DEAN,
Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of JANE BAXTER, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1920. 7-14-4

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

No. 30048—Dept. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of THEODORE F. BONNET, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a petition for the probate of the Will of Theodore F. Bonnet, deceased, and for the issuance to Helen M. Bonnet of letters Testamentary, has been filed in this Court, and that Tuesday, the seventh day of September, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated August 10, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

(Seal) Filed, August 10, 1920. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney for Petitioner. 7-14-4

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NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

In the Matter of the Estate of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a petition for the probate of the will of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased, and for the issuance to GERTRUDE RICHTER of letters testamentary has been filed in this Court, and that Monday, the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 9 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated, July 6th, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

Charles F. Hanlon,
Attorney for Petitioner,
501-4 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-10-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON GUARDIAN'S APPLICATION FOR ORDER OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Department No. 10. No. 29497.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of FREDERICK V. DEWEY, Third, a Minor.

It appearing to the Court from the petition this day presented and filed by F. V. DEWEY, JR., the guardian of the person and estate of FREDERICK V. DEWEY, THIRD, a Minor, praying for an order of sale of the real property belonging to said Minor; that it is necessary or would be beneficial to said Minor that said real property be sold.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of the said Minor, and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, on Monday, the 23rd day of August, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the courtroom of this Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real property.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that notice of this order be given to all persons interested in the estate of said Minor by publication thereof at least once a week for three (3) successive weeks before the said hearing in TOWN TALK, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open Court this 19th day of July, 1920.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed, July 19, 1920.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By A. R. PHILLIPS, Deputy Clerk

PERCY E. TOWNE,
Attorney for Guardian.
Chronicle Building, San Francisco. 7-24-4

SUMMONS

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

AUTIE McCOY, Plaintiff, vs. DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN UNDER my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this July 7th, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Schonfeld & Dunn.
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 7-10-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

Dept. No. 2. No. 106183

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

HAZEL M. DAY, Plaintiff, vs. TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send greeting to TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, 20th day of April, A. D. 1920.

(Seal of) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Superior Court) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

B. V. Sargent,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
212 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-17-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXVII. San Francisco-Oakland, August 21, 1920 No. 1471

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Political Pot Boils Sluggishly

The most interesting incident of the presidential campaign during the past week has been the "pinching" of candidate Cox for exceeding the speed limit, while hurrying at the alleged rate of more than forty miles per hour from Wheeling, West Virginia, to Columbus, Ohio, to make one of his pyrotechnic defenses of the league of nations. This, aside from a general exposure of the hopeless weakness of the Republican candidate and policies, has been about the only issue touched upon for several days. With that characteristic executive firmness which marks all of his official acts, he is said to have refused to be arrested, issued a peremptory order to his chauffeur to drive on, and left the astonished constable of Jacksontown, Ohio, shaking the fist at "the next President of the United States." This episode is given as an indication that President James M. Cox will know just what to do in any tight official pinch that may be forced upon him during his coming administration, for we are in an epoch of our country's history when sudden impulse, or what is known as "the quick hunch," will be far more effective than long and more or less academic conferences with cabinet officers of varying opinions. Senator Harding, still clings to his "listening porch" issuing statements, principally confined to expressions of surprise that there are so many people in these United States who have expressed a determination to vote for his sadly misguided antagonist. Both of them, however, are in harmonious accord as to the conviction that the league of nations is the only issue of vital importance now before the people, Cox insisting upon it without reservations and Harding pronouncing against it either with or without them. Senator Owen of Oklahoma has called upon the Democratic candidate to offer him his active support in the campaign, and to assure him of his belief that Mr. Bryan will make speeches for the Democratic party as soon as he has completed his lecturing tour, which is said to be now "playing to satisfactory business." But what particular strength a man whose "heart is in the grave with his cause" can contribute to another who has no sympathy with that cause, remains to be seen, and the answer is half-heartedness, which is little better than no support at all. The Farmer-Labor party has been heard from. Dudley Field Malone is announced as its candidate for Governor of New York, and declares that this new party of the people has come to stay, but the duration of the stay is not mentioned. In Missouri somebody by the name of Mallett has been nominated for U. S. Senator, evidently with the purpose of hammering some sense into the minds of the voters. Ex-Professor and President of Stanford, David Starr Jordan, has again emerged from his obscurity to say that both Harding and Cox are the weakest candidates that could possibly have been nominated, but that Cox is a much more promising presidential possibility than Harding. For this crumb of comfort all Democrats should be duly grateful, under the assumption that this one schoolmaster in politics knows what he is talking about.

* * *

That European Muddle

Surely enough, those European diplomats, generally assumed to be much more astute than our own because of Europe's longer experience in diplomacy, have gotten themselves into a mire of confusion from which it is quite likely that some of our alleged amateur diplomats will eventually have to extricate them. As a matter of fact they could not possibly have gotten into it if the United States had been permitetd to become the dominant factor in the league of nations, which it was not permitted to do, thanks to the "practical party politics" of a Republican senate. This is said with all due deference to the fine diplomatic sagacity of Mr. Premier David Lloyd George, and the several equally sagacious ministers of France, but we must be permitted to submit the reservation that on this side of the water we have some minds that are not altogether unschooled as to the matter of how to properly handle international affairs, and one of them is a sick man who can only decide from information and belief and always decides wisely. This muddle over there has assumed proportions of positive conflict between England and France, in respect to the way in which the Soviet hordes are to be met, and having failed to agree, each of them has apparently decided to act on its own responsibility, with results that so far appear to have been without definite purpose or salutary effect. Had they been permitted so to do, either President Wilson, or Secretary of State Colby, could have made propositions that would have driven the Bolshevistic armies back from the gates of Warsaw and induced them to come to some sort of reasonable terms. But England is altogether commercial, France militaristic in spite of her much vaunted republicanism; they have been always at cross purposes from the very beginning of the armistice period, and now seem to be almost on the very point of open rupture. The condition existing in France at the present writing is most deplorable, its President and cabinet threatening to resign unless some adjustment of the Bolshevistic tangle be decided upon. France has hitherto backed Russia to the extent of several billions invested in bonds which she does not care to have repudiated, and England is loath to act as she believes she should by making a decisive blow, because of the rapidly increasing sympathy for the Soviets on the part of her Laborites. On top of all this comes a pronunciamento from the Soviet government of Russia, boldly reiterating its determination to unite with Germany, invade France and England, and having established its power in those countries, the United States is to be either invaded, or its labor element inflamed into a Soviet revolution. It may be said that all of this is an entirely pessimistic view of the present deplorable condition of Europe. But optimism, or cock-sureness, has brought it about, optimism and cock-sureness have been inoculated into the Lenines ad Troskys, and unless they are either crushed or temporized with, the greatest world's war is yet to come.

* * *

An Independent Entente

While the greater nations have been backing, filling, conferencing and feeling their way with reference to the application of the league of nations covenant, it remained for three of the smaller nations to show that such an idea is an entirely feasible one when gone about properly, and they went about the organization of one of their own with entirely satisfactory resul's. There were certain differences as to boundary, precedence and other matters between Czecho-Slovakia, Serbia and Rumania, which it was believed might grow into open rupture unless satisfactorily adjusted. As all three of them had had enough of war, and believed peace possible through diplomatic agreement, the kind of agreement most feasible without vitiation of national pride was easily arrived at through aplication of the very ideas that had made the Versailles compact so cumbersome and inoperative. Czecho-Slovakia was what might be called an "honorary" member of the league of nations. That is to say, representatives were permitted to sit in the conferences, without having either voice

or vote in the deliberations. So she evidently decided that since the contiguous nations of Serbia and Rumania were the only ones with whom she was likely to have trouble, she would have an independent entente of her own and set it in operation while the mother league was floundering about in the mire of uncertainty. The result has been that a treaty of peace, covenant of amity, or diplomatic agreement, was reached between these three nations, which has been very successful in every way. It has demonstrated that they can unite against Bolshevistic Russia with no fear of invasion; that her boundaries may be defined and her business ventures strengthened by just such a covenant as so far has been such a fiasco in Paris. Verily hath wisdom again come from out the mouths of babes, and the alleged,—but not proven—wiser heads in the older league have been unable to arrive at any conclusion, or make any decision that would hold any of the recalcitrant nations in check. This notably small straw has shown which way the league of nations wind should blow. Such a covenant is an undeniable possibility, and the entry of the United States into active official conference with it, is all that remains to secure fulfillment of the hope that was born at its first meeting at Versailles, and for which President Wilson sacrificed a large part of his tremendous vitality, and endured a mental strain which smaller minds would not have survived.

* * *

The Exchange Menace

So long as there is an unhampered fluctuation in the rates of exchange between this and other countries, which rise or fall according to how serious the causes for them, just so long will there exist, not only confusion in the banking systems, but opportunities for such conscienceless wild-catting as the Boston public allowed itself to be "honswaggled" into by that master of confidence men, Ponzi. Not he alone was to blame in this wholesale fooling of the deluded hundreds who in their greedy lust for gain were led to believe that 50 per cent profit could be gained by any honest investment. Four others, most of them bankers too, got themselves into jail by promising 100 per cent in six months, thereby going Ponzi 100 per cent better, probably because they considered opposition the life of trade, when, to the contrary, it very fortunately squeezed the life out of the whole nefarious business. The government system of dealing with these exchanges is to blame for it all. The ludicrous attempts to minimize its own fault by declaring that no such profits as were announced by Ponzi could possibly have been made, the post office department added to that blame, because they evidently were made and many hundreds of thousands of dollars in profits paid to the investors. But so long as there exist differences varying from 50 to 500 per cent in these rates of exchange, such speculations will be possible unless the United States government takes measures to meet these shrinkages of foreign values by a corresponding shrinkage in the amounts they will pay for them. Such a condition as Ponzi and his imitators have uncovered was of course not foreseen, but it should have been, and this is not the first time that the office of the Postmaster General has been taken to task for bad management. But there must be someone connected with it or the Treasury Department who can devise some plan by which further speculations—peculations would be the better word,—might be avoided. Men of note who have become known as financial experts, have already made remedial suggestions, but none of them has seemed, at least to the average mind, simple enough to carry into immediate practise, for an entirely new branch of the banking business would have to be learned, and it will be difficult to convince our bank clerks that they do not already know all there was to learn about banking. The most feasible plan seems to be that of the well known Italian economist, Luigo Luzatti, who suggests the establishment of an International Chamber of Compensation, or International Clearing House for foreign exchanges, in which all differences between nations would be settled by checks, very much on the same principle as differences between bankers are settled by the Bank Clearing Houses. To the less technical mind, however, it would be a far simpler plan, for our Treasury and Post Office departments to redeem all foreign coupons and Post Office receipts at the existing rate of exchange instead of redeeming them at par for their full face value.

* * *

Religion Versus Rejuvenation

Every now and then some conservatively inclined clergyman ventures to disarm the skeptical by assuring them that everything written into the Scriptures must not necessarily be accepted in the exact words, or even the stated sense of them, but they should be construed liberally, perhaps because the translation of this or that passage might be faulty, or else made to conform with the personal views of this or that translator. But these liberal-minded clericals usually get themselves into trouble by these exploitations of so-called heresies, and many of them have been unfrocked and driven into more advanced sects for their temerity. The latest instance of this narrow and very old-fashioned persistence in placing no construction upon the meaning of the Scriptures except those conveyed in the exact words, has just come to light in the protest of several noted English divines, who have been protesting against the prolonging of human life by the removals of certain glands from animals and planting them into the weakening systems of men of advanced years. There has been no claim that these experiments have not been successful, for it is now very generally believed that they have long since passed out of the experimental stage. They are not objected to because the securing of these glands entails a certain modicum of cruelty or suffering upon dumb animals, but because they are a wanton and direct interference with the expressed Will of God, who in His Infinite Wisdom, handed down to us in the Holy Scriptures, sets the allotted span of manhood's life at three score and ten years. These objectors to the prolongation of human life have nothing to say in explanation of the fact that many men and women have lived far beyond this allotment, except that it must have been the Will of God in these cases, while it is sinful to gain these added years by scientific means, because it may be the Divine Will to hold them to the three score and ten rule, and the scientists are opposing that Will by extending such lives any further. It has not been claimed either, that it may also have been the Will of the Almighty to inspire these scientific men with the impulses that result in such research as may stimulate their ability to prolong life. To these orthodox gentlemen there is no such thing as argument; nothing worthy to be gained by the careful study of anything new. The Bible has told them, as being the Will of God, that man's natural lease of life has been set down as three score and ten years, and it is sacrilege to attempt to prolong it further. There is no information to the effect that any of these researchful doctors intend to pay the slightest attention to the strictures upon their scientific blasphemy, but there will be many good men and women who, when they hear of them, will be able to answer the many times repeated question, "why are so many of our churches empty, when so many others are always full?"

JUDGE HENRY M.
OWENS
—For—
Superior Judge
(INDIAN WAR VETERAN)
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The Waters of Oblivion

Two years after the Mutiny, John Hughes, a young captain of infantry, was stationed at Meerut. This man knew many tongues and loved to wrestle with dialects. One hot day in the bazaar he entered a book-shop and among piles of trash fell upon a thin pamphlet. It was stitched between purple paper covers, and, as he soon made out, was a manuscript in Pali.

Now, Pali is a tongue which few white men understand. It delighted the captain, who paid a trifle and put the leaves in his pocket. He dined at the mess. Returning late that night to his quarters, he found the book on his table, where his servant had laid it.

He made himself comfortable, lighted a cheroot, and took up the pamphlet. Yes, it was written with care in Pali, of which he knew something. He remembered that a certain reverend, a mission priest, had made a full vocabulary of this tongue. He got up and after some search found it, and sat down again to enjoy the pleasing exasperations of a language of which he knew enough to be pre-assured of the difficulties it presented. But first he looked the little book over. The covers, of a purple which was unlike other purples, were faded, worn and frayed. Usually these second-hand bazaar books had queer smells by which their past might be guessed. The little purple manuscript had a faint fragrance which vainly taxed his remembrance for the place where he had known it.

As he ran over the pages he saw that some one had made marginal comments of small importance. At the end of the book were written four lines, in a very minute English script, and, as he concluded, by a woman's hand. The ink had faded and it was so hard to read by candlelight that he gave up the effort, thinking that it would be easier to make out by day.

The book was his real attraction. He settled himself for a bout with its meanings, as eager as a traveler in a strange land.

On the inside of the front cover was written in a large masculine hand:

"This book was once a man."

The phrase pleased him.

"I like that," he said aloud. "That ought to be put over the door of a library." He wondered if it were a quotation, or if the reading of the manuscript had prompted it.

He looked around the room. There were books everywhere, on chair and table: a few in his own language,—the greater books,—and many in the tongues of the East. Some were native manuscripts. He felt for a time as though the room were spirit-haunted. A dreamy pleasure in the thought kept his fancy busy for a while, and he said aloud: "Yes, every book was once a man."

At last he returned to the purple-tinted little volume, saying to himself: "So two other English people have handled and perhaps read it." That alone gave the script unusual interest, for few of his own race read Pali.

It began thus:

"I, Abdallah, a man of Ceylon, on the ninth day of the seventh moon, being now in my thirty-first year, here set down certain things for my own remembrance. I shall write of my search for the Well of the Waters of Forgetfulness. I am assured by the wise moonshee Salak Bey that in them a man may wash away remembrance and be as the dead who are born again, without memories of the life they have lost. Thus shall I cease to know that in anger I slew him I loved best, my father's son."

"By George!" said the captain. "What a queer find!"

He sat a little while with the booklet open on his knee. Had it been written in English and had been in his own land, he would have smiled at this dreamer or mystic. But the East is the East and he had lived much among its people.

He returned to the pages and slowly and painfully made out their meaning, finding it even harder because of being in written characters. There were in all, or had been, as he counted, sixty-three pages. Two were missing in part, as he saw by the torn remainders.

For the most part it was a record of distances traveled, of visits to noted temples, and of vast foot-sore wanderings. Here and there were bits of more personal reflection. Over these the captain paused, being a man of imaginative turn and able to enter sympathetically into the ways of the native mind. "Ah!" he exclaimed, as he made clear to himself this passage.

"If I find what I seek and so lose remembrance of all that has been, whither will have gone the thoughts of my life? Shall I never meet them again? Surely. The thoughts of a man do not die, but are fragments of the eternal mind, and go hence whither they came; being as children that are born, and, dying, live again elsewhere."

A little further he read: "If I lose all memory and have release from the hell of seeing the dead always at my feet, in his blood, I shall forget, too, my wife and my son. I must decide to keep my anguish and my love—or to part with both. I have made my choice."

Again he read:

"I have lost by my own act a man dear to me. I have both the grief and the sin. Long have I wandered in the land of sorrow. There every man is alone, and there is no language, for in the land of sorrow there is but one inhabitant."

"Great Buddha! but that is all pretty grim," said the reader, and went on with rapt attention. As he read, the manuscript became harder to decipher, the ink paler, the letters ill-formed, blurred, or giving signs of tremor. At last he came on a date, and knew that the writer must have been many years wandering. A man in the vigor of life wrote the first lines; it was an old man who wrote the last.

"Clearly insane from remorse," thought the captain.

It was now far into the night, but still the indistinct pages held him, as he read on and on, finding now and then that words he should have known well obliged him to pause and search for elusive meanings. He concluded at length that his brain was tired and had the uncertainty of action which ever-tired muscles exhibit. He reluctantly laid aside the little book and undressed. When ready for bed, his curiosity prevailing, he took it up again, reading with increase of difficulty. Near the close he found this passage, which at once reassured his reason as to the unhappy writer's delusion:

"At last I knew at morning that it was near, and now at evening I have found the valley, and the seven red stones as the moonshee described them.

"I am here, where the years and long travel have brought me. The vale slopes sharply and is clad with bamboos. A path winds among them, and here is that I seek. An abounding spring rises up, in vast flow, and must return whither it came, for it has no outlet. The earth continually takes back what it gave. This is as I was told. The Well of the Waters of Forgetfulness. Here I have sat long in thought. At last I take out my pen and write. Soon all the past will fade by degrees and never after shall I know it. Even what I write will be as if it were the story of what another wrote. My brother will be avenged even in my relief, because I shall no more see those I love, or know them as my own. I sit here in the shadows and think on what has been and what will be. I shall feel the world of memories fading like a tablet that is cleansed. It will come slowly; I shall feel the joy of forgetting.

"I have washed in the spring and wondered. It is not like the waters of earth. It does not wet the hand or head, but it is as if a cool wind went over them. And now I dip in it my garments, and write in haste, being aware that all my past life is growing dim to me. Let my latest words be of thanks."

Here followed a few lines, under which the hand of a woman had written the words which the reader had observed on his first look at the manuscript. He was now too eager to wait. He found a magnifying-glass, and then easily read this rendering of the final lines:

By the waters of oblivion
I sat down and wept;
By the waters of oblivion
Life slumbered and slept.

Then she had added: "Would that I also could find them—or forgiveness."

Again the captain sat quiet in thought, wondering who and what the woman was. The strangeness of this wild story held him, and he smiled at the feeling of how near he was to accepting it as true. But he had felt before the spell of the Eastern world. At last he rose and looked about him. He had a baffling sensation of everything in the room being remote from him, and of a little trouble in recalling something to which he was to attend next day. He dismissed it, acknowledging anew the scholar's experience of the effect of mental tension, which had gone far beyond the mere needs of the translation. He went to bed, and lay a long while thinking about the man's madness, and seeing the gaunt white figure in the bamboo grove, bending over what he believed to be the waters of oblivion. Then he slept.

At morning his servant awakened him, and said: "That bath is ready; the sahib's garments are here. The sahib was hard to waken, and he will be late for parade."

The young man sat up and said: "Who are you? Where am I?"

The man repeated his statement, as Hughes got out of bed.

The servant left him.

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Hughes said long afterwards, when he told me this tale:

"I sat down and tried to recall something which I had done the night before. I could not. I found the room unusual, rather than altogether new. I forgot the parade, and began to look at this and that. I was like a ship in a fog which now clears, and leaves only a thin mist, and then isolates the ship in gray aloofness.

"I remembered that I must clap my hands when I wanted something. I did so; my man came back. I asked:

"'What are these for?' pointing to my equipments.

"He said: 'The captain sahib's uniform.'

"I took up a photograph, and asked who it was. It seemed to me a beautiful woman.

"'Great Allah! it is the lady the captain sahib will marry.'

"I laughed, and said inanely: 'I—I don't remember.'

"On this the man fled.

"I recall nothing else, but they said I slept two days. An ass of a doctor declared I had had sunstroke. It was nonsense. I was up the third day, and as fit as anybody. However, something was wrong with me. I think that now I know very well what it was. I was a month at Simla before I entirely recovered my memory, and to this day the photograph of my wife has, now and then, that curious look of far-awayness I had felt about things in my room.

"Soon after our marriage I told my wife this rather queer story. The next day she burned the book, and, as she told me, did not even open it, which I thought wise, interesting, and unusual. As for the sunstroke, that is bosh, and India is a very bewildering country."

—S. Weir Mitchell, M. P.

The Spectator

Are Californians a Silent Race?

In 1849 the worst thing said about Californians was that they wouldn't give change for a two-bit piece. Some of them lacked the time, and some didn't have the change. Eventually the Native Sons were charged with being too proud of their birth in the best state in the union. The subject of climate became relevant now and then. The latest criticism takes the form that we do not talk as much as we might. This comment upon our linguistics is not the matter of a day or week: it has been growing for a year. Italians were once called vociferous; Frenchmen, garrulous, and now the San Franciscan claims that New Yorkers chatter. In return the Eastern man has discovered that the Native Son is taciturn; or, as one of them put it, "has the habit of mumbling into silence."

It is not unlikely that the farther you go from Paris the less talkative are the denizens of the deep thought which betrays the modern man wondering if he has forgotten to touch some button and caused civilization to slip a cog for the day. The Californian is an outdoor man theoretically; and outdoor men have fewer words than the habitue of roof gardens. Often while jaunting along the boulevards on either side of the bay I have been impressed by the numbers of couples, quartets and coteries that hike along in single file. This certainly is not an eastern custom. In New York it is common to see pleasure-seekers walking hand-in-hand. Even on busy Fifth Avenue, lovers do not hesitate to stroll with fingers linked. In some matters the Californian has the austerity of his pioneer fathers So there may be just enough difference for the New Yorker to note that he talks more than we do. Sometimes he talks too much, especially when discussing Philadelphia or Boston, which two cities, we understand, excel the big metropolis in several items. Most of the eastern cities were founded as the result of hot arguments in religion, politics, etc. Some of the descendants are still talking rapidly. Californians have always been more or less agreed on the main facts of existence. So they have less argument, serious or frivolous, in their souls. Still, they have always been able to ask for what they want—and get it.

The Commuter Gets a Shock

There is a likelihood that twenty cents will be the price demanded for transporting one person, good, bad or indifferent, along that watery route where Goat Island is the chief scenic attraction. In the days when men were happy, when women defied criticism, when virtue was its own reward, and modesty stalked broadcast through the land, you could ride across the bay for ten cents. No one asked you any questions. The ferry boat companies were glad to get the dime. Now the price is fifteen cents, and the Key Route has asked permission to charge the public twenty cents. The monthly rate would be $6. The commuter seldom gets any sympathy from the rest of the populace, and he claims that even the State Railroad Commission has a grudge against him. On the morning that the newspapers carried the dire demand for a twenty-cent fare, one way, there was a gathering of clans on the ferryboats. It was soon realized that the commuter cannot press his argument by strike or boycott. He works here and sleeps there. If he stands pat and travels not, he loses out some way. Some commuters pay carfare in San Francisco and Oakland, which of itself is a matter of $5 a month. What the oldtimer fears today is that his street cars will be run eventually by wireless from an interlocking tower miles away. This is freely predicted. Oakland is now trying out the one-man street car. The conductor is gone. The motorman must act as receiving teller, settle all disputes with passengers, signal himself to go ahead or stop, and strike for higher wages alone. There are about twenty of such cars. One man having been eliminated, the next step is to do away with the other. Merely a process of evolution. In a few years a wireless operator will sit somewhere at a machine that looks like a typewriter. By touching various keys he will start and stop all the cars, make change and call the streets. If he fails to get the proper fare, he will touch the shift key and toss the passenger out among the cobblestones. Truly a wonderful age, and no one is more prone to wonder than the commuter.

What Is a Hiker?

Cinderella had the best reputation of any maid in fiction. Her darling habit of sitting by the fireplace, gazing at the pots and pans, was held a model of feminine conduct. Women in the best society boasted of following her example—occasionally. When Cinderella began to go out o' nights, she signalized the event by losing her slipper. Here we have symbolism. The insinuation of the tale is that from the moment Cinderella starts to roam, she is on that road traveled by Mlle. de Maupin. These girls are the two extremes of girlhood. Even at the present day when a young woman steps out the front door, with a final touch of powder to her nose, the casual observer is tormented by the antique idea that all is not well. It is this doubt or misgiving in the air that the hiker (hikess) has to meet, as she glances at you in passing. Within the recent few months there have been many accusations against mixed roadwork; just why is hard to tell. The outdoor life, exercise, fresh air, and all that sort of thing always bore excellent repute. Walking is good and honest, but hiking—what is it? That's what everybody wants to know. Some people claim that they can readily distinguish the walkers from the hikers. What do they mean? Perhaps the hiker goes further. There is a terrible intimation that the going further is on that fantastic highway at one end of which sits Cinderella; at the other wanders Mlle. de Maupin. Some of the hikers don't go home at bedtime. Some of them carry off part of forest verdure, branches of springtime. They throw peanut shells from Tamalpais into Mill Valley. More than the slipper of the hiking Cinderella is found next day on the slopes. Even Joaquin Miller's widow and daughter have turned against the Sierra promenaders. The mountains are being desecrated. Not the Sabbath but the mountains. Old Joaquin was not fastidious about such matters. He hesitated "to draw the line where God had not." And that's all the hiker does or does not, though the landscape doesn't look as tidy as it did when unvisited by the Sunday hundreds.

An Incomplete Census

From many points come murmurs of dissatisfaction touching upon the inefficiency, carelessness, or intentional neglect of duty on the part of the large and expensive army of census takers, as well as the lax methods of the mathematical

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statisticians employed to tabulate their work in the Census Bureau. The chief grounds for complaint have been that while much care has been exercised in figuring upon industrial and other statistics, the matter of arriving at the proper figures as to the population of the country has been either miscalculated, or at best arrived at by approximate conclusions.

There is no doubt whatever that in the California districts this method of carelessness or mere approximation has been employed wholesale. It is difficult to place the critical finger upon any particular offender, but at least two cases in point will be sufficient to indicate a general inefficiency somewhere and establish the fact that many families or individuals have not been counted or even approached by census takers. The family of this writer, during the taking of the census consisted of five persons, including a servant. None of these five have been called upon or questioned, and the same neglect has been unearthed with reference to a small family in the same apartment building. Several acquaintances have been asked whether they have been included in the population of the country, and fully twenty-five per cent have answered in the negative. The Census Bureau seems to have neglected the people for what the people do, or, in other words, they have been very careful about products and exceedingly lax in respect to the producers. We know how many eggs have been laid, what has been done in the irrigation of arid districts, how many acres of grain have been harvested, how successful or non-succesful has been the extinction of the mosquito or boll weevil, and how much it costs to combat the depredations of rats, the number of the pests having been carefully computed. But the instances mentioned where a considerable number of unregistered inhabitants has been established, should be ample proof that the population of the United States has not been correctly counted, which it has been generally supposed was the main object of the taking of the census.

The English Can't Help It

As a rule, the English people are notoriously critical of what they are pleased to call "Yankee brag," but are inclined to resent any imputation against what the Yankees like to denominate as "English bluster." One day last week, at a well known club, a group of men were seated, for the purpose of studying the most available methods of evading the provisions of the Volstead act without detection. Having, with at least partial satisfaction, established the safety of a certain method, the conversation turned upon the Olympic games at Antwerp, and the opinion was expressed that the American teams seemed likely to come out first as usual. Whereupon a Briton in the group held forth as follows:

"Well, suppose they do? That will not prove anything. This year's meet is so incomplete as to be almost a farce, because, for reasons of economy Great Britain hasn't sent any teams and has had to depend upon her colonies for records. None of those fellows can compare with what we already have at home, and they haven't entered because they haven't been let. We'll have the games at London next year, most likely, and then we'll show you Yankees that you're not at all invincible."

And then there followed a chorus of, "Oh, what's the use?"

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Don't Stop Dancing!

According to one of the Sunday newspaper magazines, our own especial sculptor, Robert I. Aitken,—whom we all call "Bobby"—is shown exhibiting his recently finished statue, "The Dancing Girl," which has created in the effete east something little short of a genuine sensation. Of course the space-writer who furnished the article had an interview with "Bobby," and the burden of his discourse was the degeneration of the form divine in women, should she stop dancing and thereby discontinue the one form of exercise that must add grace to her carriage and movements, and symmetry to her figure. "Bobby" need have no alarm in respect to the possible abatement of the dancing craze, which a single evening's investigation will prove to be madder than ever, with ingrowing tendencies toward intemperate opposition to all control. When the country went dry—and the passage of the 18th amendment was hurried by the alarming increase of dance halls where liquor was sold in unrestricted quantities to young people,—it was believed that the death blow had been dealt to public dancing floors, for it would not pay to conduct them properly unless aided by the profits from liquor licenses. But, lo and behold! The attendance increased rather than relaxed, the dance floors were as crowded as ever, and, taking advantage of this incurable "bug" on the part of the neighboring population, larger and better managed dance halls were opened, which are nightly crowded to capacity.

Some of these places, during the wet period, drew their customers to their bars by providing partners for unattached men to dance with and encourage to "treat." These partners have been elevated to the dignity of "instructors," and the chance male wayfarers, attracted by glaring electric signs, are welcomed with much ceremony, and furnished with "instructors" who will dance with them for the minimum price of ten cents if they know how to dance, and if they need instruction in the mazes of the one-step, the waltz or the "shimmy" it will be given them without extra charge, the house taking fifty per cent of the fee.

A visit to one of the great public dance halls,—and there are several of them in full blast—would be quite worth while, if only to show that the rank and file of our convivial after-dark population can have a good time in spite of the soft drinks, and that our friend "Bobby" Aitken need have no fear of the decline of dancing on the part of our young women, no matter what their station in life.

Dr. Theo. Rethers in Post War Pilgrimage

A letter of unusual interest has been received from Dr. Theodore Rethers, of this city, who is traveling in Europe. It was penned at Hamburg and contains some significant facts about post-war conditions in the great German port.

Dr. Rethers recently left here with Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Moore and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Armes. The two shipbuilders went abroad primarily to make arrangements with a Norwegian company for the exclusive American manufacture of a new type of Diesel engine. The success of this mission should mean a great deal for San Francisco and Oakland. Dr. Rethers is now in either England or Scotland, and intends to visit the principal hospitals on the continent with the view of investigating the latest methods of surgery as developed by the world war.

Aboard the Manchuria, on which the party left New York, was Dr. W. Kuno, president of the Hamburg-American Steamship Line. Dr. Kuno had been in New York arranging with the Harrimans for the revival of the transatlantic service of his company.

"On our arrival in Cuxhaven," writes Dr. Rethers, "Dr. Kuno invited us to accompany him on a tour of inspection around the harbor of Hamburg. Accordingly we embarked on the director's steam yacht and were shown the marvelous docks of the Elbe with their thousands (5000) of hoisting cranes, unloading devices, etc We inspected the uncompleted but largest steamer in the world, the Bismarck; also the Deutschland, tied to a dock where she had capsized and had been refloated.

"We landed at the new works of the Deutscher Werft Company, which were started a year and a half ago and are still in course of construction. The grounds cover thousands of acres. At present there are in course of construction forty-five steamers varying in size from 4000 to 20,000 tons capacity. These works on the Elbe have many immense floating drydocks.

"The average wage of the mechanic is $1.50 a day, with 48 hours work a week. At present there is a certain degree of unrest among these workingmen, as well as in all other industries, due to the fact that the government contemplates taxing all wages ten per cent at the source to help pay the cost of war. I might add that there is a surplus of workers, with a great deal of unemployment.

"After a thorough inspection we crossed the Elbe and were taken to the head office of the company, situated on the heights overlooking the river, surrounded by a beautiful garden, with a magnificent outlook over the surrounding country. Here an elaborate luncheon had been prepared for us, and we met the other directors of the

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company, the managing director, Mr. B. Huldermann, presiding.

"We spent a most delightful two hours at the luncheon; the German gentlemen were more than cordial. They commented again and again upon the sextuple launching of the Moore Shipbuilding Company, of which they had heard and read, and also marveled at."

Riding the Steppes

It is a long cry from Russia to San Francisco, but the two have bonds in common. Nationally speaking, that country has in the past been our friend; geographically we border the same Pacific; locally we bid fair to rival her in one of her wonderful possessions—the steppes! Those reaching, undulating prairies, where gambols the wild horse neighing with equine glee in his untrammeled freedom and roams the wolfpack seeking whom it might devour, are, on a miniature scale, simulated her in the city that knows how.

Indulge in a drive over the streets of our famous metropolis and rejoice and be glad in the realization that we possess, in addition to our other myriad attractions, one truly unique. No necessity is there for a personal conductor to call the motorist's attention to our newest and distinctive asset, for never before in your buffeted existence were you so intimately impressed by the ups and downs thereof; in fact, persistent indulgence in this latest diversion (granting you escape engine or heart trouble) should admirably qualify you to star in a rodeo.

The gratifying thing is the attraction costs nothing for upkeep—perversely, the less attention it receives the more improved it becomes—a sort of Ponte Leonic self-perpetuator. In fact, so general has become this street condition, one may, by a stretching of the imagination conceive of future traffic regulations stipulating that front and rear lights be placed on the roofs of machines in order that drivers in one depression may know of the presence of those in the adjacent depths.

City officials, whose cars generally are equipped with airsprings and all the appurtenances that may be secured by the lavish use of taxes money, really miss the full sensation of riding the city steppes. And maybe 'tis well 'tis so; for, at risk of overtaxing a stretched super-imagination, we can figure how, did these public servants realize the marcel-waved condition of our thoroughfares, they might, through some miraculous interposition of awakened conscience, voluntarily beat the odd hundred thousand dollars' worth of tax-money-procured pleasure cars, private chauffeurs, tires, gasoline, garages, et al., into a fleet of useful auto road-scrapers that "the hills might be brought low, the valleys filled up and the rough ways made plane."

True, we would suffer the loss of a tourist baiting attraction and the auto repair shop mechanics would be out in pocket, but "it's an ill wind, etc." for the human body repair specialists would be granted appreciated surcease from the arduous work of handling the victim joy-riders of the city steppes.

Henry Ford Becoming Aristocratic

The entrance of Henry Ford among multi-millionaires has given rise to the question, "How long will the Rockefellers be at the head of the list?" The automobile man is rapidly approaching the wealth of him who supplies the gas and oil. Ford, while he has proven himself not an anarchist, is a firm believer in his fellow-men, who have toiled in his factories, bought his little cars and mentioned him for the senate. Recent accounts of his home life do not seem to be describing a man of the people. He is pretty well surrounded with lackeys. We have not heard that seven are required to serve his chocolate; yet the reporters say that getting an interview with this man of the people (self-styled) is a more arduous proceeding than you would expect in Buckingham Palace. Ford does not give away the millions tossed by Carnegie and Rockefeller. About a year ago he said he was "offa charity for life." Somebody had asked a donation in the wrong tone of voice—on a public stage at that. Nowadays, big men are expected to give bigly. Judging from the experience of the Benjamin Franklin fund, it is better to do your own publicity work than trust posterity. Ben's bequest of $1,000 to Philadelphia, at interest for a hundred years, has become $65,000, and Philadelphia trustees have decided to invest the money in comfort stations, which will be known as the Ben Franklins. Carnegie saw to it that his name went on libraries. Perhaps Ford will return to public works when his milions have exceeded Rockefeller's; a laudable ambition yet not altogether necessary.

The Impiety of Monkey Glands

It might have been expected that the transplanting of animal fiber to man would meet with no enthusiasm from the Church of England or any other part of the world. The question is a delicate one, because neither a monkey nor a goat has a soul. Thus, a man who has been grafted with a vitalizing part of the brute creation, is not altogether human, in the eyes of some clergymen. The rejuvenation, at first sight, does seem like an invention of the devil, and some of the rejuvenated have acted as if it were just that. Theologically a man should approach the Valley of the Shadow of Death without a tremor; that is without a tremor of the soul. But if his gait be wobbly and he look back, and somebody dangles a pair of monkey glands in the sunlight, the temptation is surely stupendous. The sinner is likely to yield. Life is a vamp whose fascinations few can resist. To the young man the temptress comes with nothing more than the beauty of the devil; to the old, she brings beauty and a promise of youth. At first men scoffed at the idea. But it is now a genuine case of the last laugher laughing best; and his guffaws go on for about twenty years longer than his who has not monkeyed with nature. What matters it, asks the rehabilitated one, whether I eat the goat or just annex part of him? Quite likely the church will soon answer the question, and several pulpit criticisms of the last month or two indicate what direction the spiritual authorities will take. At one time there was such a thing as man throwing his sins on the scapegoat; now apparently the goat casts his sins on man.

Two Celebrities With Ambition

The name of Aaron S. Watkins is not known in every village and hamlet; nor is D. L. Colvin of greater renown. Inquiry at the Bureau of Information brought the response that these two gentlemen are running respectively toward the presidential and vice-presidential chairs, each with a prohibition plank or chip on his shoulder. To be more explicit, they are nominees of the prohibition party. In a country that is composed of sovereign citizens, where the government is of, for and by the people (all of whom, 'tis said, cannot be fooled all the time), one would fancy that the standard-bearers of any national policy would be extremely popular. The United States having Volsteaded itself into a state of alcoholic destitution, the assumption is that the will of the people has been done. The people rejoice at possibilities of paying a fine for going outside their doors with a quart of claret. At the same time, Republics are ungrateful. That is no doubt the reason why Mr. Aaron S. Watkins is not better known. We have not seen his portrait hung in the City Hall, nor his statue in the public mart; nor his name become a household word. Perhaps in some homes, when the raspberry flip is quaffed, the quaffer gives the toast—"Ave, salute et vale and ding-bust Watkins." Thus his name may be perpetuated in song and story if not in the list of presidents. His triumphal march toward the White House

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consists of himself tumultuously followed by D. L. Colvin, the vice-presidential nominee.

Henry M. Owens' Endorsements

In the "Owens for Superior Judge Clubs," support has been pledged him because of (1) The attitude he has assumed in regard to treatment of the mentally deficient when accused of crime—that all morbid sympathy and extreme harshness be eliminated, but the past history of the defendant be carefully scrutinized in order to determine whether or not the defendant is a mental deficient; (2) On hearing influential friends of litigants outside court, the only evidence considered must be produced in open court, thus insuring fairness to all litigants; (3) In all cases where defendants plead guilty, that evidence be carefully inquired into in order that the judge may determine the degree of punishment to be meted out; (4) In his merciful treatment of all first offenders and those of mature years; (5) In his effort to stamp out the sale and use of narcotic drugs; (6) In his stand on the adoption of the single standard in the treatment of men and women in his court; (7) In his stand against unlawful seizures, searches and the entrance of private homes without proper warrants.

Chief Murphy's Mirth

The chief of police of Honolulu is here to study our system, and another ex-official went to live in our jail to see how things are run there. During the Democratic convention, Fire Chief Murphy was observed to have difficulty in repressing his smiles, notwithstanding the burden of responsibility upon his shoulders,—oratory and other inflammable material might require immediate extinguishing, but the chief had to smile, nevertheless. Someone asked him why and he said that a chief of police of Sweden had reported to him that he desired to study our fire methods. "I've sent him out this morning with some of our dare-devil fire fighters. He can't speak anything but Swedish, and I'm wondering what paces the boys will put him through, and I'm smiling at what the boys will make out of his talk. I'm regretting we haven't a Swede in the department—not one of my Joes and Larrys can speak a word of Swedish.

Why Not a Spelling Convention?

Really, the time has arrived when something should be done to alter the old rules, or establish new ones, so that the people of these United States should learn uniformly how to spell some of the oftenest employed words of our language. This may be either English or United States according to choice, but that is neither here nor there. Those who learned their spelling away back in the 60's and 70's, from the old fashioned spelling books, and perfected their orthography in spelling bees, are not aware that the newer spelling books are different from the old ones, and yet are amazed on reading the newspapers and magazines, to find that there has come a revolution from some quarter or other, and that either they, or most of the latter day writers, are bad spellers.

For instance, they of the old school days are decidedly non-plussed, not to say amazed, to discover that the double "l" in the middle of a word has become almost obsolete, and that we must take one of the "l's" out of traveller, jeweller, or reveller, and one of the "t's" out of transmitter, combatting, and in some cases noted, even spitting. We notice that all managing editors of today permit their reporters to write of the abduction of a child, for instance, as kidnaping, when from our point of view the "a" should be pronounced as in cape and not as in nap. If this be the correct spelling, how are we to pronounce escaping, draping or gaping? By the same token, must we eliminate a "p" from scrapping, napping, flapping and rapping, or a "t" from ratting, spatting and flatting? Why not then, omit the double letters from committee, communion, impossible, assailable and unnecessary, which under the present rule would appear to be altogether so? Again, why assurance and insurance, unmanageable and unmannerly, or stifle and stiffly, rifle and piffle? Where is the old fashioned dipthong, without which so many maladies and complaints cannot be properly spelled unless it be that the linotype machines are now made without them? How are we going to spell the name of the hardy Roman adventurer who told his tale to Dido, or that of the greatest Roman emperor, so that it will appear as at first intended?

All of this may seem to the reader a good deal like a feeble attempt at humor, but it is intended in all seriousness, and as a plea that the rules of modern spelling be made arbitrary by commission, instead of a matter of choice according to the chance whims of many of our modern writers.

Shortridge Doctrine

"I am in favor of closing the gates of the Pacific to all Asiatic people as well as closing the doors of the Atlantic against the anarchist, the Bolshevist and their kindred with their destructive doctrines. I am for locking tight the secret passageways and entrances against these people as well as the open doors.

"We should, we must uphold our form of government, preserve this land for our standard of life and civilization and transmit this great Republic to our children. To perform this sacred and patriotic duty, we should, we must close all our doors now against the coming of the anarchist, and stop the Japanese invasion of California.

"I have gone up and down this state, like John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness, for the past thirty years, talking against the dangers across the Pacific. We should have acted a score of years ago. It is our duty to act now. The American people can and must settle this Oriental immigration question without further delay and discussion. It is a national question and must be dealt with by the nation.

"When the invasion of the Asiatic element threatens this civilization it is time to call a halt, and such a threat now exists. It would be better by far to have a huge tidal wave sweep California off the map than to have the civilization of our state destroyed by Asiatic hordes.

"I am against all brands of anarchists—highbrow and lowbrow—and of the two, the highbrow is the most dangerous as he is the most cowardly."

The Marines in China

Cable despatches of another uprising in China are being closely followed by the sea-soldiers of the Marine Corps recruiting force at 320 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

Their interest is natural for a battalion of Marines is held in readiness for just such a contingency as a legation guard at Peking, China, under the command of Colonel Louis Mason Gulick. And within the call of the wireless another battalion of Marines can speedily be landed from the cruisers of the Asiatic Fleet and rushed to Peking or any other point of trouble. Already a small detachment of the handy fighting men have been despatched to Tung-Cho from the legation guard, where looting and disorder are going on, and if necessary will bring the American residents to Peking. A recent Shanghai cable brought news that two American Marines, operating a Lewis machine gun, routed a band of brigands on the outskirts of Chunking, in Central China.

These two men, Corporal Elmer G. Glasser, of Milwaukee, and Private Earl F. Witherill, of Cheyenne, Wyo., got their piece into action when the American steamship Robert Dollar was fired on by bandits from the banks of the Yangtse, and from sampans.

The Marines won laurels during the Boxer rebellion in 1900, two regiments taking part in the capture of Tien-tsin and in the march to the relief of the besieged legations at Peking, and when the monarchist rebellion of 1916 threatened to set the East ablaze the Marines were on the job again.

Seventh Day Adventists

The second biennial conference and camp meeting of the California conference of Seventh-Day Adventists has just closed a most successful session. Reports of the officers indicate great prosperity during the past two-year period. The camp meeting drew the largest attendance in the history of the conference. Nearly 300 families camped in the comfortable tents on the park grounds; 2,500 people attended each service Saturday and Sunday.

The following officers have been elected for the biennial term: G. W. Wells, president; H. B. Thomas, secretary-treasurer; D. K. Royer, secretary-treasurer of the Tract Society; E. H. Abbot, field missionary secretary; J. D. Alder, home missionary secretary; C. Lester Bond, missionary volunteer secretary; Dr. A. W. Truman, medical secretary; H. H. Dexter, secretary religious liberty department; Francis Fry, educational secretary, Mrs. Belle C. Hall, sabbath school secretary.

The conference manifested a progressive spirit. Plans were laid that will greatly strengthen the work of the Seventh-Day Adventist church in this part of California. More than a million dollars will be necessary to finance the institutional and evangelistic work of the conference during the next two years. In addition to the tithe system used by Seventh-Day Adventists for the support of their evangelistic work in the homeland, the delegates voted to raise $200,000 for foreign missions during the biennial period. This plan calls for 50 cents a week from each member for educational, medical and evangelistic effort in heathen lands.

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THE EYES OF THE POOR

(By Charles Baudelaire, Translated by Arthur Symons)

Ah! you want to know why I hate you today. It will probably be less easy for you to understand than for me to explain it to you; for you are, I think, the most perfect example of feminine impenetrability that could possibly be found.

We had spent a long day together, and it had seemed to me short. We had promised one another that we would think the same thoughts and that our two souls should become one soul; a dream which is not original, after all, except that, dreamed by all mean, it has been realized by none.

In the evening you were a little tired, and you sat down outside a new café at the corner of a new boulevard, still littered with plaster and already displaying proudly its unfinished splendors. The café glittered. The very gas put on all the fervency of a fresh start, and lighted up with its full force the blinding whiteness of the walls, the dazzling sheets of glass in the mirrors, the gilt of cornices and mouldings, the chubby-checked page sstraining back from hounds in leash, the ladies laughing at the falcons on their wrists, the nymphs and the goddesses carrying fruits and pies and game on their heads, the Hebes and Ganymedes holding out at arm's length little jars of syrups or parti-colored obelisks of ices; the whole of history and of mythology brought together to make a paradise for gluttons. Exactly opposite to us, in the roadway, stood a man of about forty years of age, with a weary face and a grayish beard, holding a little boy by one hand and carrying on the other arm a little fellow too weak to walk. He was taking the nurse-maid's place, and had brought his children out for a walk in the evening. All were in rags. The three faces were extraordinarily serious, and the six eyes stared fixedly at the new café with an equal admiration, differentiated in each according to age.

The father's eyes said: "How beautiful it is! how beautiful it is! One would think that all the gold of the poor world had found its way to these walls." The boy's eyes said: "How beautiful it is! how beautiful it is! But that is a house which only people who are not like us can enter." As for the little one's eyes, they were too fascinated to express anything but stupid and utter joy.

Song-writers say that pleasure ennobles the soul and softens the heart. The song was right that evening, so far as I was concerned. Not only was I touched by this family of eyes, but I felt rather ashamed of our glasses and decanters, so much too much for our thirst. I turned to look at you, dear love, that I might read my own thought in you; I gazed deep into your eyes, so beautiful and so strangely sweet, your green eyes that are the home of caprice and under the sovereignty of the Moon; and you said to me: "Those people are insupportable to me with their staring saucer eyes! Couldn't you tell the head waiter to send them away!" So hard is it to understand one another, dearest, and so incommunicable is thought, even between people who are in love!

THE WISE MAN'S SACK

At noon prayer, on a Friday, in Ramazan, the Caliph looked from the Maksurah and saw the Khateb exhorting the many who were poor or sad by reason of death, and who daily went to and fro from the house of weeping to the grave of loss, and found neither peace in one nor forgetfulness in the other. At last, seeing that none shed their sorrows or sought comfort, but still slept on the bed of grief and watered the pillows of lamentation, the Khateb descended from his seat, and sat himself by the fountain in the courtyard, and one by one repeated the Hundred Sacred Names, and murmured "the words light on the tongues of men and heavy in the balance of God." Then came one, a teller of tales, and the son of a teller of tales, and the father of all such as listen to a tale and love it. And as the Khateb murmured and mumbled, the teller of tales lifted his voice to the faithful and:

"Once in a strange land a king took a city and, meaning to destroy it, bade each dweller therein to carry away with him what most he valued. Some took gold and some food, but one a great sack. Said the king, 'What is that you carry? And the man replied, 'It is full of laughter.' To him returned the king, 'You are wise. I have forgotten how to laugh. Divide with me.' Whereon said the man, 'Allah teacheth charity. Take what you will.' And the king took, and grew gay with the wine of mirth, and said, 'This shall ransom the city.' As for him who bore the sack, he made him lord over all who cannot smile."

Such as heard this story were moved to merriment and forgot to weep. But the saint cried, "When death taketh thy city, canst thou carry away a sack of laughter?"

"I know not," said the teller of tales; "Allah, who maketh all, is maker of mirth as of grief. Some say, 'Who wins, laughs; 'but I, 'Who laughs, wins.' Therefore let us fill our mule bags with laughter and our camel bags with mirth, and wait for the king to destroy this city of earth."

Her Husband—What do you mean, Maria, by letting me stand here like a fool, while you are running all over the place looking after bargains?

His Wife—I can't help how you stand, dear.

ON THE BLUFF

O grandly flowing River!
O silver-gliding River!
Thy springing willows shiver
  In the sunset as of old;
They shiver in the silence
Of the willow-whitened islands,
While the sun-bars and the sand-bars
  Fill air and wave with gold.

O gay, oblivious River!
O sunset-kindled River!
Do you remember ever
  The eyes and skies so blue
On a summer day that shone here,
When we were all alone here,
And the blue eyes were too wise
  To speak the love they knew?

O stern impassive River!
O still unanswering River!
The shivering willows quiver
  As the night-winds moan and rave.
From the past a voice is calling,
From heaven a star is falling,
And dew swells in the bluebells
  Above her hillside grave.

Rosary

The word is said by some to be derived from the chaplet of beads, perfumed with roses, given by the Virgin to St. Dominic. Others say the first chaplet of this kind was made of rosewood; others, again, maintain that it takes its name from St. Rosalie, and some think it is named from the "Mystical Rose", one of the titles of the Virgin.

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Social

By TANTALUS

Vanderbilt Romance

There have been many stories related since the death in Paris recently of William K. Vanderbilt relative to his first meeting with Miss Alva Smith, who was his first wife, and is now Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

Miss Smith was a member of an aristocratic but poor Southern family. She was visiting White Sulphur Springs as a guest of Mrs. William Jay, when young Vanderbilt arrived upon the scene. Miss Smith, desiring to look her striking best, borrowed a yellow gown from her hostess' governess and then darkened her complexion. Vanderbilt immediately fell a victim to her gypsy beauty and in a few days had won her hand. The Vanderbilts had not been social powers before this marriage, but the bride had insatiable social ambitions which were fulfilled when the elite of New York gathered her to their bosoms, through her affiliations with English nobility, her sister Jennie being the wife of Fernando Yznaga and sister-in-law of the Duchess of Manchester.

Miss Helene Comte was hostess at her residence on Clay street last week at a luncheon in honor of Miss Adele Chevalier. The beautiful home was abloom with red roses. The guests were: Misses Chevalier, Margaret Cheney, Margaret Tynan, Gladys Waterhouse, Emily Chapuis and Elizabeth Lacombe.

The marriage of Adele Chevalier and Theodore Ruthers, Jr., will take place at the Paulist' Church in October. The exact date depends upon the arrival home from Europe of Dr. Rethers, who went abroad to study post war surgical conditions. There will be a reception at the Chevalier home. The young couple are both extremely popular, the bride-to-be having been the motif for more social affairs than any girl in society for many years.

Dr. and Mrs. Cheney have sent out cards for a ball to be given in honor of their young daughter, Margaret, at the Century Club, September 1. Miss Cheney is a charming girl and brilliant. After graduating from Burke's she passed the examinations for Vassar, but is now in her sophomore year at the U. C. Her brother is at Harvard. Misses Helene Comte and Elizabeth Lacombe are also in their sophomore year at U. C.

The death this week of Col. Peter A. Finigan removed a figure of early California days. Arriving from the east in the 50's, he became the stage driver for the What Cheer House, the hostelry which housed the gold seekers from the east. Soon he opened a livery stable in this city and accumulated a small fortune which he invested in stocks and mines until he was rated in the millionaire class. He had a racing stable which distinguished itself under his colors. By his first wife he had four sons who attended St. Mary's College, and Santa Clara. By his second marriage he had two daughters and a son. His third wife was beautiful Emily Boyson, of this city, who was but half his age when he married her about 35 years ago.

They bought and occupied the old Ralston home on Pine street, toured Europe and were apparently happy. But the young wife, after several years, sued for a divorce and alimony. She obtained the divorce, but Finigan managed to evade the payment of alimony, even going to jail in San Rafael as a penalty for his contempt of court in the matter, the wife alleging that he had illegally transferred his property to avoid giving her her share. After that the family vanished from the public eye and Mrs. Finigan was obliged to maintain herself; for a time she was hostess at the Fairmont. Finigan was known as colonel since he served on a governor's staff. He is survived by all his children, to whom he was a devoted father.

San Francisco Symphony Season

Music as well as everything else is the victim of the H. C. of L. It will cost $175,000 to conduct the tenth season of concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, according to A. W. Widenham, secretary-manager of the Musical Association of San Francisco. The first concert of the 1920-21 season will be held on Friday, October 8.

It cost less than $135,000 to conduct the concerts last season. The $40,000 difference between that sum and the estimated fund for the coming season has been asked by John D. McKee, president of the Board of Governors, as an emergency fund. Already $31,000 of the amount has been pledged. This is in addition to the $60,000 pledged by the usual guarantors.

Widenham estimates that, with capacity houses at all performances, the sum of $74,000 will be realized from seat sales and advertising. For that reason he urges all symphony patrons to make their seat reservations at as early a date as possible.

Plans for Season

A great season is in prospect. It will be the sixth season under the leadership of Conductor Alfred Hertz, who is now in Europe. He is expected to sail for this country from Liverpool next week, arriving in San Francisco about September 1. He has written the Musical Association that he will return with much new music, which, the novelties and the standard works to be played during the season, will be announced upon his arrival.

Widenham announces that the support of the organization in its year of greatest need is excellent. In 1916, which year saw the highest number of guarantors of the symphony fund, 417 men and women were subscribers. This year 407 have pledged their support to the regular fund of $60,000, and an additional 334 have subscribed to the emergency fund. With six associate members, this makes a total subscribing membership of 747 people.

In addition to the regular annual "pep" concert held in the auditorium, there will be a total of 54 concerts this year. Twelve of these will be the regular Friday symphonies, and the second twelve will be the companion "repeat" concerts, to be given on the Sundays following. There will be ten concerts in the regular "pop" series. The twelve Friday symphonies will be given on October 8 and 22, November 5 and 10, December 3, 17 and 31, January 14 and 28, February 11 and 25, and March 11. The repeat programs will be given on each Sunday following a Friday concert. The ten popular concerts will be given October 17 and 31, November 14 and 28, December 12, January 9 and 23, February 6 and 20, and March 6.

The members' sale which opened Monday was for Classes A, B, C and D—subscribers of $5,000, $2,500, $1,000 and $700—and on the following day. Tuesday, the sale was opened to members of Classes E, F and G—$500, $400 and $300 subscribers. On Wednesday the Class H subscribers —$250—purchased seats for the season. Class I—$200—seats were available Thursday, and from Friday, August 20, to September 1 the Class J subscribers—$100—will procure seats. From September 1 to 4 associate members and emergency fund subscribers will have the preference. The public seat sale wil open September 6.

The season prices for the twelve Friday concerts follow: Box, 8 seats, $240; box, 6 seats, $180; box, 6 seats, upper, $125; loges, 5 seats, $175; orchestra, $24; balcnoy, first 5 rows, $24; balcony, next 5 rows, $18; balcony, last 8 rows, $12; gallery, first 5 rows, $12; gallery, next 5 rows, $9; gallery, last 5 rows, $6.

The twelve symphony pieces will be: Box, 8 seats, $125; box, 6 seats, $100; box, 6 seats, upper, $75; loges, 5 seats, $85; orchestra, $12; balcony, first 5 rows, $12; balcony, next 11 rows, $9; gallery, first 5 rows, $9; gallery, next 12 rows, $6.

For the ten popular concerts the prices will be: Box, 8 seats, $110; box, 6 seats, $80; box, 6 seats, upper, $60; loges, 5 seats, $70; orchestra, $10; balcony, first 5 rows, $10; balcony, next 5 rows, $7.50; balcony, last 6 rows, $5; gallery, entire, $5.

No war tax is charged on symphony seat admission, the federal authorities have announced. The government has also ruled that all symphony subscriptions are exempt from income tax and may be deducted from income tax returns up to 15 per cent of the individual's net income.

San Francisco Symphony Orchestra Season

John D. McKee, president of the Board of Governors of the Musical Association of San Francisco, has sent out the following foreword

to the general public, anent the organization's aims for the coming season:

The Board of Governors of the Musical Association of San Francisco takes pleasure in announcing that arrangements for the tenth season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra have been completed. The season will open in the Curran theatre with a symphony concert on Friday afternoon, October 8.

Mr. Alfred Hertz has been re-engaged as musical director, and will enter the sixth season as conductor of the orchestra, which assures the public of concerts of the highest artistic merit.

Negotiations are now under way for soloists to appear with the orchestra during the coming season. Names of soloists and dates of their appearance will be announced later.

Owing to the large increase of the operating cost of the orchestra the coming season will require a budget of $175,000. Estimating possible receipts of $74,000 from ticket sales and programme advertising, there will remain a deficiency of approximately $100,000 to be made good by the guarantors. The amount collected from guarantors last year was about $60,000

Towards the end of last season it became apparent that the maintenance of the orchestra this season would require an increase in the annual guarantee fund of $40,000. Decision regarding this season could not be delayed for the reason that it was necessary to re-engage promptly the members of the orchestra, who would otherwise accept other engagements.

An appeal was made for an emergency fund of $40,000, which, added to the current guarantee fund of $60,000, would about cover the deficiency for the season.

While the entire amount of the emergency fund asked has not been promised, the responses received were most encouraging and grateful acknowledgement is made to every contributor who in a large or small way helped to save the orchestra.

While the emergency fund is still several thousand dollars short of the necessary amount, the Board of Directors decided to proceed with the arrangements for the season in the hope that the additional funds needed would be forthcomcoming before the opening of the season. Membership in the Association is open to all. Let every one do his part towards the continuance of the orchestra.

The above calculations are based upon box office receipts from capacity houses at all performances. It is, therefore, most important that we have the benefit of a very large sale of season tickets. All friends are urged to subscribe for season tickets early and thus help to secure the successful carying out of the coming season.

The list of subscribers who make possible the continuation of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be made public at a later date.

(Signed) JOHN D. McKEE.

Casa del Rey

Miss Onida Nelson, who has just returned from a trip through the Orient, is making a tour of California by motor, stopping at the Casa Del Rey for a few days with a party, including Mrs. Marie A. Dee, Dr. R. H. Downer and Mr. Lafayette Smallpage; they will leave for the Big Trees, Del Monte, Lake Tahoe and other places of interest Miss Nelson is planning an extensive journey through South Africa and Egypt, returning by way of the Orient.

Mr and Mrs. P. Fielding, with their attractive daughter, Miss Fielding of Calcutta, are also guests at the Casa Del Rey and are making a motor trip across the continent.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Roos, of Menlo Park, Miss Patricia and John Mack Roos are guests of Casa Del Rey, spending most of their time on the golf links.

Mrs. Helen Haushe, with her daughter, Mrs. Verle Carpenter, are also golf enthusiasts and visitors at the hotel.

Mr. F. M. Curth, concert master of the Kansas City symphony orchestra is a visitor in California with Mrs. Curth, who is a distinguished violinist.

Some of the recent arrivals at the hotel are Mrs. A. Gerhart, of Cleveland, with her daughter, Miss Cora Gerhart, Miss Marie Hunter and Miss Charlotte Hunter of Cincinnati; Mrs. Richard Belcher of Marysville, Miss Barbara Belcher.

Misses Isabelle and Myrtle Bannon have returned to their home in the city after having spent several weeks in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Watkins, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. William Morley and husband, of Lincoln, Neb., have completed a trip through Yosemite and motored over to Santa Cruz with Mr. and Mrs. H. A Ballentane.

Mr. and Mrs Holden R. Warner are leaving for a few months' motor trip through the New England states, where they will visit Mr. Warner's relatives, also stopipng in Washington for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Waak, who have spent the greater part of the summer at Atlantic City and Lake Tahoe, are guests at the Casa Del Rey.

Lieut. and Mrs. L. K. Swenson stopped at the Casa Del Rey for a few days on their honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Heywood, Mrs. Helen Howard and Frederick Vincent spent the weekend at Casa Del Rey.

Mrs William Moore met with a serious accident, fracturing her arm when their car collided with another, coming through the gate of the Charles C. Moore's home last Saturday.

Mr. E. M. Furgeson of Sacramento Valley, motored down with his sisters, spending several days at the Casa Del Rey.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Brooke, Miss Cecil Brooke and John F. Brooke, jr., have returned from the east and are at the Fairmont.

The "Dernier Cri" in Entertainment

Possibly you have seen one of the many cartoons by Briggs, entitled: "Someone is always taking the joy out of life," but from recent indications there is at least one place where the aforementioned joy may be replaced in large and generous quantities. Techau Tavern, always thronged with crowds wreathed in smiles, dancing to the hypnotizing music of the Techau Tavern Dance Orchestra; mid the slanting beams of the spotlight neath a dazzling splendor of color, a Revue disports, dispensing the topical catch of the moment in a galaxy of color. Dancing, gliding over an oval floor with the smoothness of unconscious effort, the guests find unending pleasure, for it is never too hot or too cold, thanks to the dispensation of modern science applied to the newest methods of ventilation. And the menus—epicurean delights designed by the master hand of artists of the cuisine. After the theatre every dance is a lucky dance and the Saturday afternoon tea dansants are an ever increasing attraction.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren are again in San Francisco to reside permanently. Mrs. McLaren was Miss Linie L. Ashe.

Mr and Mrs. Henry Payot will spend the fall at Hotel Cecil.

Miss Maye Colburn is entertaining Miss Anne Weatherbee of New York at her home in San Rafael.

It is hard to convince the world that a multimillionaire can work like a poor man and earn his wage as honestly. Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr, has such a task on his hands at present. He is a correspondent for the Times. A moneyed man with opportunity to go whither he will should be able, providing he is equipped with fair intelligence and a good education, to write reasonable articles. Richard Harding Davis was a very fine reporter and wove his experiences into wonderful short stories. Yet he had up-hill work convincing the world and his fellow reporters of his sincerity, the reasons being his wealth and the fact that he arrived at the newspaper office in his mother's brougham.

Mr. P. R. Pearce of New Orleans, is at the Cliff Hotel.

Charles F. Hanlon, the attorney, left on Monday for New York for a few weeks in the interests of some New York clients. His sister, Mrs. Josephine Huff, who has resided in New York for the past two years, went to Chicago to meet him. Mrs. Huff, since her residence in the east, has taken up journalism, writing special articles for American, London and Paris papers.

Red Triangle Chorus and Kindergarten

The Red Triangle male chorus, organized by the San Francisco Y.M.C.A. last year, has resumed its activities for the second year under the leadership of John Whitcomb Nash. The chorus plans not only to take part in Y.M.C.A. affairs, but to offer its co-operation in church functions and civic entertainments. All young men with voices are eligible to attend, whether they are members of the Y.M.C.A. or not.

To aid those mothers of the North Beach quarter who go to work by day and have no one with whom to leave their children, there has been established a kindergarten and day home at the community center in the old Green Street Congregational Church, Green and Stockton streets, conducted under the joint auspices of the San Francisco Y.M.C.A., the Congrega-

(Continued on Page 15)

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San Francisco

The Stage

"Why Marry?"

This singular and somewhat indelicate question is amusingly answered at the Alcazar this week in dramatic, or rather comedy form, and with the usual capable cast. If the author of this play is believed in his setting forth of the story,—and I differ from him—there should be no such things as marriages, for the only congenial couple among the several concerned in the story are not married at all, and most likely would not have been, but for the meddlesome ruse of a garrulous old judge of the "Mr. Fixit" class, who united them by a trick. The author, Jesse Lynch Williams, has handled his subject ably, from a purely cynical point of view; has devised some especially snappy epigrams of pessimistic bitterness, and there are many crisp lines which are very effectively "gotten over" by this always capable bunch of players. But it is the writing, rather than the construction of the play in which excels, and all through he creates the impression that he must be either a most unhappily united Benedict, or a bachelor who has been scared out of marriage through association only with continually scrapping couples. "Why Marry" has been seen here so recently, during the last visit to San Francisco of the late Nat Goodwin, that comparison between the two casts is unavoidable, and it must be said that the present one is somewhat uneven in comparison with the original. Al. Cunningham, who played the Goodwin part, is not Goodwin by any means, for he lacks the splendid poise, unction and experience of that truly great comedian; is not physically suited to the role, and shows a tendency to gesticulate with his head rather than those members supposed to have been intended for that purpose. But from the easily discernible point of view of his auditors, his performance was most satisfactory, for they simply "ate it up." Inez Ragan, as the "why marry" young heroine, left nothing to be desired in comparison with the original, and the same may very justly be said of Dudley Ayres as her equally doubtful protagonist. Brady Kline made several steps forward in the critical esteem as the married but not mated rich man, although he did say "quarl" instead of quarrel, and dropped the final "t" in the word kept. Gladys Emmons was quite as good as the original in the role of his dissatisfied wife, and my especial favorite, Emily Pinter, got all there was out of the evidently uncongenial part of the young woman bound to sacrifice herself to a marriage of convenience. Ben Erway was the other person in this deplorable bargain and played him well. Rafael Brunetto was altogether satisfactory as a flesh and blood clergyman, and the stage direction and mounting of the play reflected the usual obvious credit upon Henry Shumer and his knights of the paint frame. This review is not so lavishly commendatory as has been customary in this column, which is a happy relief, in a way, because it absolves the writer from accusations of persistent bias, and then a little dressing down now and then does a world of good even to the very best of us.

—Clay M. Greene.

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

Orpheum's Dwarfish Bill

Whatever may be said in favor of midgets as a human institution, they do not make stupendous vaudeville; not even colossal. And without such words, how can the workaday critic or press agent express himself on the subject? Singer's midgets occupy the stage for forty hours; or it may have been minutes. They have a near circus. They midge here and there without stopping to think about it. They do so far better than children could, but not quite so well as the boy scouts; except the somersaulting, which is good but not useful. These oafs and goblins are entertaining, if you presuppose that they could do nothing more than sell newspapers. Being children all their lives, professional six-year-olds, they prove what a child can do when he has a quarter century for practice. The proof could be accomplished in less than forty minutes, though. None of the midgets exhibited the offspring which might be expected of "small people on a large scale." Their children would have been interesting if true or possible; more so than the strongest man in the world or the greatest violinist, at his height and weight. Some of the lady midgets look like perfect thirty-sixes perpendicularly. They have nice little arms, legs and backs; nicer than you might imagine. But a midget Cleopatra on a couch vamping a midget stage Johnny merely by stroking the back of his head, strikes one as unnecessarily prudish.

Childhood is the dominant note at the Orpheum this week. There's "Sassy" Lillian Gonne, with Bert Albert, "On Their Way to School," no doubt a school of acting. "Sassy" has a yellow wig and white rompers, from which emerge first-class demonstration that she's no kid. To be sassy nowadays is to be stupendous, and—well, if you're cute you can get away with anything. Bert ably assists Lill in the getaway. Another kid stunt is perpetrated by Dooley and Storey, who at first look like Albert and Lillian doubling up in an emergency. In "Vaudeville a la Carte," the entry is made upon a toy wagon, which is the "cart." Get it? They write "I love you" on their slates; and altogether are a thousand times more entertaining than a midget on a Shetland pony.

Willa and Harold Brown paint pictures by stitching bits of colored rag on the canvas. Their home town should be the art center of the country; only, as soon as the audience applauds, Harold swipes the masterpiece from the frame and musses it up, which is not after the manner of artists. Neither Percy Gray nor Arthur Cahill do that.

The Misses Shaw and Campbell are mature enough in "Musical Moments." Thrilling blonde in pink and brunette in green. After a change to costumes of black and silver they are still blonde and brunette; and maybe still are.

"Gone Are the Days" is billed as a "Dream of the South." It's all singing. Georgia Campbell has a fairly good mezzo-vaudeville voice. While she sings, ROBERT BUCHANAN" in large caps, with Archie Ruggles and George Sutton in ordinary type, ecstatically point out the various details of southern scenery, and go Zum-m-m-m, zum-m-m-m, or Um-m-m-m, as the situation may call for.

Raymond Wylie and company present "A Futuristic Jail Bird." The prisoner has all the comforts, with the exception of an enthusiastic audience, and no wonder; his jokes are not futuristic at all, they belong to a form of art known as classic. This is no insinuation against the jokes themselves, considered primarily as jokes and nothing else. They were good once; they are good yet. It is only when they are called futuristic that we feel there must have been some misunderstanding as to the meaning of the word.

The best thing about Roy La Pearl as the "World's Greatest Aerialist" is that he doesn't attempt to aerialize. He merely bawls out the wops who assist him in not getting his act started. Fox-trot "Betty," the exit music, is performed with extraordinary verve and eclat. Seriously speaking, it is the only number of the program with any vital appeal to the audience, which, the evening I attended, left the theatre with an unmistakable air of gloom and an audible comment of disappointment.

—L. J.

Billie Burke returns from the movies to the stage next season in a new play whose youthful heroine Miss Burke will portray with such injenuousness as to make it seem incredible that in 1898 she was a joyful unit of a musical comedy in London.

A New Field for the Willis Polks

Simplicity will characterize the stage settings for Walter Hampden's new productions in New York of "The Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," "Taming of the Shrew," and MacBeth," which, along with "Hamlet," will comprise the repertoire with which he will visit this city next season.

Mr. Hampden's physical production of "Hamlet" has been praised almost as much as his portrayal of the title role. Designed by Claude Bragdon, a celebrated architect, it is simple in outline and detail, but rich in its suggestion of the period and the people with which the great drama deals, thus affording an appropriate but unobstrusive background for the action.

A similar plan is being pursued by Mr. Hampden in arranging his new productions. While they will be far removed from the bare austerity of the old Elizabethean settings, they likewise will have nothing in common with the so-called spectacular or scenic productions in which more thought is given to stage trappings and outward show than to the dramatic contents of the masterpieces.

While Mr. Hampden does not go to the extreme effected by some advanced art directors who have placed set scenery entirely into the discard and depend upon flat surfaces, angles and lines, or curtains, with appropriate or wierd light effects, he does hold that the old style productions in which the stage is cluttered with scenery and furnishings are antiquated and inartistic.

ALCAZAR
THIS WEEK—THE SATIRICAL COMEDY
"WHY MARRY?"
WEEK COMMENCING NEXT SUN., MAT., AUG. 22
Enormous Popular Demand Revival of the Adorable Comedy of Romance
"PEG 'O MY HEART"
Ideal Play With the Ideal Cast.
NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Inez Ragan—Dudley Ayres
SUN. MAT., Aug. 29—First Time in the West.
Special Permission of David Belasco
"DADDIES"
Delightful Comedy About the Little Foreign War Waifs Adopted by American Bachelors.
Every Evening—Mats. Sunday, Thursday, Saturday.

Alcazar

The Alcazar, as a practical business institution, lends attentive ear to the demands of the people, so here comes merry, irresistible "Peg O' My Heart" again next Sunday to gladden thousands unable, from force of circumstance, to see this adorable play during its record breaking presentation a month ago. Crowds could not then be accommodated and that too, when out of town vacation period was at its height. Not only the absentees make urgent request for this restoration, but so do great numbers, young and old, who have sat under the witching spell of as alluring a play of youth, love and laughter as the modern stage affords. There will be no change in the "Peg" cast, so enthusiastically acclaimed as one never surpassed in any theatre of the land. Triumphs were won by Inez Ragan as the witching little Irish-American lass; Dudley Ayres as the magnetic, delightfully poised Jerry; honored Emelie Melville in her original character of the proud British matron; Ben Erway and Emily Pinter as the priggish brother and sister; Brady Kline as the amorous Brent; Rafael Brunetto as the family solicitor and Al Cunningham as the haughty butler. An ideal cast for an ideal play.

"Daddies," to follow Sunday matinee, August 29, for the first time on the Pacific Coast, is another special manifestation of David Belasco's brotherly affection for the Alcazar. It ran over 500 times at his own New York theatre and made conquest of England and Australia. It is one of his most cherished possessions, this wonderful comedy of love, laughter and humanity, depicting the perplexities of the club of confirmed American bachelors who adopted a group of delightful little foreign war-waifs. It rugs at the heart strings of all overs of helpless childhood.

THE FAVOURS OF THE MOON

(By Charles Baudelaire, Translated by Arthur Symons)

The Moon, who is caprice itself, looked in through the window when you lay asleep in your cradle, and said inwardly: "This is a child after my own soul."

And she came softly down the staircase of the clouds, and passed noiselessly through the window-pane. Then she laid herself upon you with the supple tenderness of a mother, and she left her colors upon your face. That is why your eyes are green and your cheeks extraordinarily pale. It was when you looked at her that your pupils widened so strangely; and she clasped her arms so tenderly about your throat that ever since you have had the longing for tears.

Nevertheless, in the flood of her joy, the Moon filled the room like a phosphoric atmosphere, like a luminous poison; and all this living light thought and said: "My kiss shall be upon you forever. You shall be beautiful as I am beautiful. You shall love that when I love and that by which I am loved; water and clouds, night and silence; the vast green sea; the formless and multiform water; the place where you shall never be; the lover whom you shall never know; unnatural flowers; adors which make men drunk; the cats that languish upon pianos and sob like women, with hoarse sweet voices!

"And you shall be loved by my lovers, courted by my courtiers. You shall be the queen of men who have green eyes, and whose throats I have clasped by night in my caresses; of those that love the sea, the vast tumultuous green sea, formless and multiform water, the place where they are not, the ominous flowers that are like the censers of an unknown rite, the odors that trouble the will, and the savage and voluptuous beasts that are the emblems of their folly.'

And that is why, dear spoilt child, I lie now at your feet, seeking to find in you the image of the fearful goddess, the fateful godmother, the poisonous nurse of all the moonstruck of the world.

ESSE QUAM VIDERI

The knightly legend of thy shield betrays
The moral of thy life; a forecast wise,
And that large honor that deceit defies,
Inspired thy fathers in the elder days,
Who decked thy scutcheon with that sturdy phrase,
To be rather than seem. As eve's red skies
Surpass the morning's rosy prophecies,
Thy life to that proud boast its answer pays.
Scorning thy faith and purpose to defend
The ever-mutable multitude at last
Will hail the power they did not comprehend;
Thy fame will broaden through the centuries;
As, storm and billowy tumult overpass,
The moon rules calmly o'er the conquered seas.

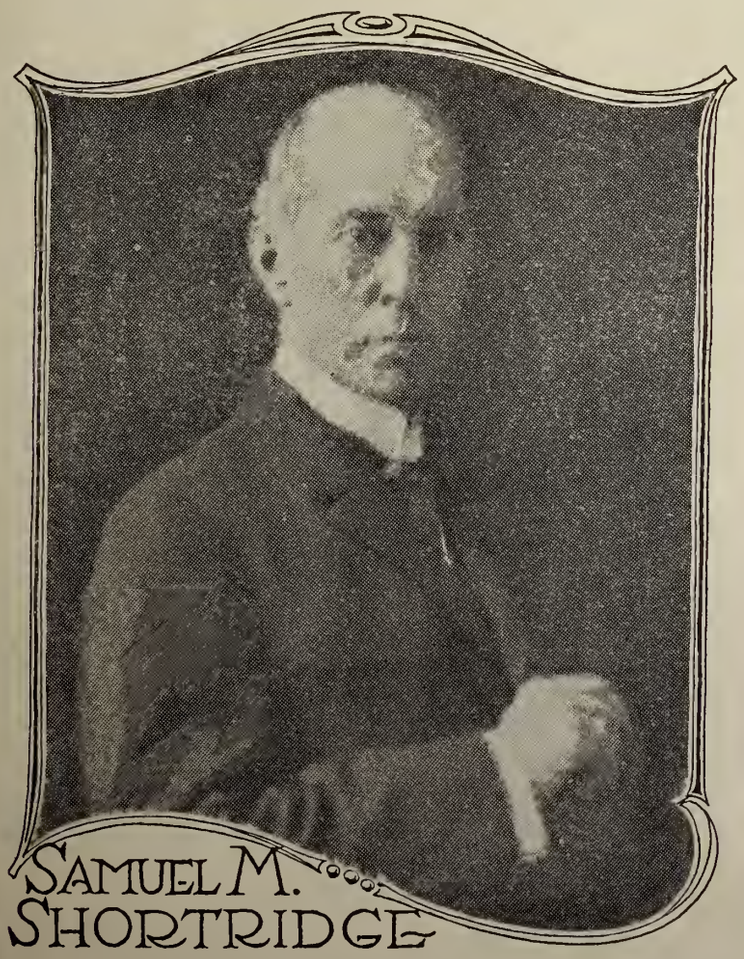
The sergeant halted the new sentry opposite the man he was to relieve.

"Give over your orders," he said.

The old sentry reeled off the routine instructions with confidence, but one of the special orders baffled him.

"Come on man!" said the sergeant impatiently.

"On no account," stammered the sentry, "are you to let any questionable character past the lines, except the colonel's wife."



SAMUEL M.
SHORTRIDGE
Republican Candidate
FOR
United States Senator

Vote For Him at the
Primary Election, August 31

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was practically no change in the general run of news the past week—with the political situation in Europe the principal factor in shaping the trend of the market from day to day. Other factors, such as the credit situation, was still in evidence, but had very little effect on the market. Trade was extremely dull and traders were pursuing a watchful waiting policy.

In looking over the general run of news, it is well to bear in mind the general business conditions in this country. That there has been a distinct slowing down in business during the past weeks cannot escape the attention of any one who has come in contact with the business world.

It remains for the student of affairs to analyze the situation—carefully to determine whether the lull is evidence of a wholesome readjustment or the forerunner of more complete commercial depression. Those who are directly affected by curtailment or shut-downs cannot look at it otherwise than from the most pessimistic standpoint. On the other hand, those who are still running to full capacity, naturally feel buoyant, and it requires someone who can stand aside and view conditions from an independent standpoint to interpret really the present tendencies. Those who take an impartial view are not inclined to feel completely discouraged, but rather are disposed to regard recent developments as the slowing down of frenzied buying and extravagance and indicative of a return to normal.

Two factors are responsible for the change in general business in the past month. The first is what might be called a natural development, namely, the movement of prices to such high levels that they automatically checked the demand and brought about a reaction. The other factor is an artificial one, being the dislocation of the transportation system, because of physical difficulties. The falling off in demand has been rather severe and brought about cancellations and revision of orders, making necessary curtailment of production and forcing plants in different localities to either, wholly or partially, suspend orders.

Both the factor of high prices, as well as the increase in unemployment, have had a tendency to bring the country up with a sharp turn and make it realize that the time for reckless expenditure has come to an end. The people, evidently, have stopped to think and now the effect is far-reaching

Textiles and leather goods are feeling the reduction most, for the very reason that extravagance manifests itself quickly in this line more than in any other. The automobile industry is also feeling the more conservative tendency on the part of the buying public, and there is no longer the urgent demand for pleasure cars.

The large inventories of some of the Tire Companies are having a depressing effect on these securities and, with the big decline in crude rubber automobile tires, are expected to have a drastic cut in price before the year is out, and some of these companies will face a big loss. However, these conditions are nothing more than what should have been expected after the tremendous boom in the demand for all commodities and an abundance of easy money—and, now that the money conditions have changed and the buying power is limited, the production seems to more than overtake the consuming demand.

We are going through a readjustment in commodity prices, and the public are not buying only for their immediate wants and, with banks calling commodity loans, it naturally has an adverse effect on all lines of trade.

The stock market, as usual discounted this condition in its decline some months ago, and is now marking time, waiting for conditions to become stabilized; when they do, we look for a higher range of values and would advise the purchase of the better class of securities at this level.

Cotton—General rains throughout the Cotton Belt started a covering movement early in the week that put prices up considerably above the high level of the previous week.

Reports of deterioration came from all sections of the belt—not only too much rain but reports of damage by boll weevil were more numerous than for some time past.

The weather has been unfavorable throughout the week, and the large short interest covered their Cotton, hoping that the public would become alarmed at the unfavorable reports and bring about a strong upheaval. However, the weather reports and the weevil damage failed to stimulate any outside buying and, when the National Ginners issued a report, showing the crop had actually improved in the first half of the month, the professional bears began to put out their Cotton again.

The buying power was so limited that it only took a little selling to force prices down to below the lowest figures made early in the week. The market technically was in a weak condition, due to the elimination of the short interests and prices broke badly later, losing as much as $5 per bale in one session.

The financial condition in the South was given as an excuse. The banks are carrying considerable Cotton carried over from last year's crop, and, with the new crop coming on at what looks like famine prices, it will take considerable money to finance it, and the banks are not likely to care to advance money on a commodity at this level.

The demand for Cotton is very small from domestic mills; in fact, most mills are only running 50 per cent of capacity and some have shut down completely. There is a fair demand from Europe at times, but this is spasmodic, as the exchange rate has been declining and is so unstable that it naturally effects Cotton exports.

The trend of all commodities is lower; Wool has had its decline and so has Silk and there is no reason why Cotton should not sympathize regardless of the report from the South that Cotton can be produced at the present prices and show a profit to the grower.

Unless unfavorable weather continues and warrants a big cut in the estimated yield, we look for still further decline in the futures.

Neglected Diner—Have you ever been in the country, waiter?

Tired Waiter—Me, sir? No, sir. Why, sir?

Neglected Diner—I was just thinking how thrilling you'd find it to sit on a fence and watch the snails whizz by.

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June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269 17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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Social

(Continued from Page 11)

tional Home Mission Board. These two new features of the community center are under the direction of Miss Ruth Sanborn. Children from 2 to 4 years of age are admitted to the kindergarten, and there is no charge.

Other features of the community center, which is under the direction of John R. Titsworth, are social and gymnasium rooms, lectures and educational talks for the families of the North Beach district, clubs for girls and boys, the daily vacation Bible school, and other advantages of an intellectual and social nature.

"ANYWHERE OUT OF THE WORLD"

(By Charles Baudelaire, Translated by Arthur Symons)

Life is a hospital in which every patient is possessed by the desire of changing his bed. One would prefer to suffer near the fire, and another is certain thaht he would get well if he were by the window.

It seems tome that I should always be happy if I were somewhere else, and this question of moving house is one that I am continually talking over with my soul.

"Tell me, my soul, poor chilly soul, what do you say to living in Lisbon? It must be very warm there, and you would bask merrily, like a lizard. It is by the sea; they say that it is built of marble, and that the people have such a horror of vegetation that they tear up all the trees. There is a counutry after your own soul; a country made up of light and mineral, and will liquid to reflect them."

My soul makes no answer.

"Since you love rest, and to see moving things, will you come and live in that heavenly land, Holland? Perhaps you would be happy in a country which you have so often admired in pictures. What do you say to Rotterdam, you who love forests of masts, adn ships anchored at the doors of houses?"

My soul remains silent.

"Or perhaps Java seems to you more attractive? Well, there we shall find the mind of Europe married to tropical beauty."

Not a word. Can my soul be dead?

"Have you sunk then into so deep a stupor that only your own pain gives you pleasure? If that be so, let us go to the lands that are made in the likeness of Death. I know exactly the place for us, poor soul! We will book our passage to Torneo. We will go still further, to the last limits of the Baltic; and, if it be possible, furthehr still from life; we will make our abode at the Pole. There the sun only grazes the earth, and the slow alternations of light and night put out variety and bring in the half of nothingness, monotony. There we can take great baths of darkness, while, from time to time, for our pleasure, the Aurora Borealis shall scatter its rosy sheaves before us, like reflections of fireworks in hell!"

At last my soul bursts into speech, and wisely she cries to me: "Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world!"

The French Premier Clemenceau was chatting with a guest at a social occasion, who commenced one of his remarks thus: "I bet she will—"

M. Clemenceau promptly interrupted him, "Never bet that 'she' will do anything," he said. "You can never tell what a woman will do."

You interrupted me too soon, monsieur," answered the guest. "I was going to say that I would bet she would do the unexpected."

"Don't do it!" retorted Clemenceau. "Even that is not safe to bet on."

LOVE'S DOUBT

'Tis love that blinds my heart and eyes,—
I sometimes say in doubting dreams,—
The face that near me perfect seems
Cold Memory paints in fainter dyes.

'T was but love's dazzled eyes—I say—
That made her seem so strangely bright;
The face I worshipped yesternight,
I dread to meet it changed today.

As, when dies out some song's refrain,
And leaves your eyes in happy tears,
Awake the same fond idle fears,—
It cannot sound so sweet again.

You wait and say with vague annoy,
"It will not sound so sweet again,"
Until comes back the wild refrain
That floods your soul with treble joy.

So when I see my love again
Fades the unquiet doubt away,
While shines her beauty like the day
Over my happy heart and brain.

And in that face I see no more
The fancied faults I idly dreamed,
But all the charms that fairest seemed,
I find them, fairer than before.

SUMMONS

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

AUTIE McCOY, Plaintiff, vs. DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN UNDER my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this July 7th, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Schonfeld & Dunn,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 7-10-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of P. MORICONI, also called PAOLINI MORICONI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of P. MORICONI, also called PAOLINI MORICONI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of said Administrator, Room 858 Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of P. MORICONI, also called PAOLINI MORICONI, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
P. MORICONI, Alias, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1920. 8-21-5

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

No. 30048—Dept. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of THEODORE F. BONNET, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a petition for the probate of the Will of Theodore F. Bonnet, deceased, and for the issuance to Helen M. Bonnet of letters Testamentary, has been filed in this Court, and that Tuesday, the seventh day of September, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated August 10, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

(Seal) Filed, August 10, 1920. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney for Petitioner. 8-14-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Joseph Goodman, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of JOSEPH GOODMAN, Deceased, to the creditors and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 860 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GOODMAN, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
JOSEPH GOODMAN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1920. 8-21-5

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

In the Matter of the Estate of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a petition for the probate of the will of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased, and for the issuance to GERTRUDE RICHTER of letters testamentary has been filed in this Court, and that Monday, the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 9 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated, July 6th, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

Charles F. Hanlon,
Attorney for Petitioner,
501-4 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-10-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

Dept. No. 2. No. 106183

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

HAZEL M. DAY, Plaintiff, vs. TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send greeting to TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, 20th day of April, A. D. 1920.

(Seal of) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Superior Court) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

B. V. Sargent,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
212 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29667—Dept. 10

Estate of JANE BAXTER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator with the will annexed of the estate of JANE BAXTER, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the will annexed at the office of Charles F. Hanlon, Attorney at Law, rooms 501-4 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of JANE BAXTER, Deceased.

FRANK W. DEAN,
Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of
JANE BAXTER, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1920. 8-14-4

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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National Woman Suffrage

Marina Saved to Our City

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The Injustice of Justice

A Fatuous Faculty

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXVII. San Francisco-Oakland, August 28, 1920 No. 1472

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Gentle Campaigning Continues

The tack hammer instead of the traditional sledge still continues to be the only weapon of political aggressiveness that has yet appeared in the presidential campaign. The Democratic managers are again warned that unless some heavier weapon be employed during the nine weks that will intervene between now and the election, the voters will vote only because they consider themselves Democrats or Republicans, and not because of any particular fault to be found with either candidate, his platform or his policies. Harding has not shown that Cox would not make a good President; Cox has been equally polite with reference to the qualifications of Harding, and the colleagues of neither of them have managed to unearth a single spicy episode, or instance of double dealing, or political chicanery, in the history of their respective opposing candidates. It is true that Governor Cox made a whirlwind whirl across Ohio during the past week, marking several ringing speeches, and he is declared to be "some ringer." But, in all sincerity, he seemed to have nothing to talk about except a great slush fund of $15,000,000 said to be in process of collection by the Republican managers from employers, from the promised purpose of assisting them to throttle labor by government repression. This is not good campaign material. Everybody knows that the Democrats would like to raise a fund of similar importance, and such accusations as those made by the Governor, will have but negative consideration from labor, because the greater mass of it will vote for its own candidate. So he had better cling to one issue of the campaign that is a real issue, for the platforms of both great parties have made it so, and that is the league of nations.

On the part of Senator Harding, the lawn parties at Marion have continued without intermission and will not be interrupted, as far as is now known, except by one speech at Galion, Ohio, next week, another at the Minnesota State Fair on September 8, and a short string of them to be made in his own state only, and ending September 17. It has been announced that the monotony of the Marion lawn parties is to soon be relieved by a visit from the Harding and Coolidge Theatrical League, and no doubt Senator Harding and friends will gather on the front porch to listen to "stunts" from Al Jolson, De Wolf Hopper, Blanche Ring, Lew Fields, Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, Jewel Carmen, Walter Morosco and probably Babe Ruth, the latter no doubt being introduced as a symbol of the home run that Harding is to make in November. This will surely form the greatest vaudeville aggregation on record, and no doubt the Republican candidate will greatly relish songs from Jolson and Miss Ring, "Casey at the Bat" from Hopper, German specialties from Lew Fields, acrobatic "stunts" from Walter Morosco, and movie posings from the rest of them. But such a function cannot be of any material service to the Republican cause. The Democrats can form an even better company to entertain Governor Cox; but such matters are not political campaigning, and November 2 is getting to be dangerously close.

* * *

Martyrdom By Self Starvation

It is difficult to bring one's self to any satisfactory conclusion as to what benefit the voluntary starvation in Brixton prison of the Sinn Fein Lord Mayor of Dublin, Terrence McSweeney, can possibly do to the Irish cause of freedom. Those patriots who have permitted so blind a martyrdom must have known long ago that the starvation squads of Mrs. Pankhurst and her ilk, only brought reproach and contumely upon the cause of woman suffrage, for the prison authorities forced food into the systems of the would-be martyrs through the agency of a stomach pump, and the whole mater was treated as a more or less ghastly joke by the British public. Unfortunately, however, there is nothing humorous about the martyrdom of Lord Mayor McSweeney, and why the British government is so dense as to make itself a party to it, by not employing a similar expedient in his case, may always remain a mystery. Most likely though, it will welcome the sudden removal from the situation of so important an enemy as a Sinn Fein Lord Mayor, but if this be its decision, it is a singularly unwise one. On the other hand, it can do nothing to the Irish cause that will bring freedom any nearer, and can serve no other purpose than to appeal to the hysterically sentimental, through the addition of another name to the list of Ireland's martyrs. Such small benefits as may accrue from even this alleged martyrdom,—which, strictly speaking, is plain suicide,—will be of negligible value, for it is not to be denied that the cause of Irish freedom is by no means a unit; a large number of its adherents not being either members of, or sympathizers with Sinn Fein. These believe that Ireland should experiment with such small measure of self determination as has been offered to them, and the political future of Ireland left to be dependent upon the failure or success of that experiment.

* * *

A Tyrannical Bill

There seem to be few people, outside of the well organized and financially potent Anti-Saloon League, who seem to have taken any serious measures to oppose the infamous Harris Bill, which is to be submitted to a referendum at the November election. This tyrranical measure provides that any official appointed by the league, or representing the government itself, may demand admittance to, or break into by force, any house, apartment, lodging or other abode; seize whatever liquor may be stored therein, and arrest the occupants of it, without that venerable protector of the sanctity of a man's home, a duly sworn to and executed warrant. Such an act would be clearly unconstitutional, for no man's home may be invaded by any officer except when in pursuit of someone guilty of felony, for the keeping of a few bottles of alcoholic beverage in one's closet has not, up to the present time at least, been placed upon the list of felonies. But a bill permitting such invasion has already been passed by the California legislature, and might have become a law as soon as enacted, had not a vote been secured by a few watchful wets leaving it to a referendum at the next general election. There have already been somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty other issues included on the list of measures to be submitted to popular vote, and such measures are often overlooked by the voters, especially if there are more than two or three of them on a ballot. Those people whose love of personal freedom impels them to protest against so wanton a violation of the rights of domicile, are warned not only to be sure and properly vote upon rejection of the Harris Bill, but between now and November to do such proselyting among the people who may not be aware that so important a measure is before them, and so lead to the rejection of it by a large majority. This should be done if for no other reason than to administer a rebuke to Representative Harris, who misrepresents a county largely interested in the growing of grapes, and he was not elected on a dry platform!

Well Done, Poland!

You have won the unmixed admiration of every nation of the world that is not under the domination of its most baneful menace, Bolshevism. Your gallant defense of your beloved capital when the murderous destroyers of your hopes, your ambitions and your country's future were battering down its very gates, has scarcely a parallel in the chronicles of the world's deeds of heroism. All histories that are not written by Bolshevists will shine with pages upon pages of the splendid desperation that led every woman and child who could carry an implement that would kill, to rekindle the dead embers of crushed courage into the hearts of your beaten soldiers; it will tell how the simple peasants, schooled in the activities only of peace, left their fields and their workshops to swell the newly encouraged legions of almost imprisoned Poles. For all of this you are certain to be made the recipients of glorious congratulation on the part of those who admire courage, and valor, and patriotism. Then, when peace has come again to your cities and countrysides, they will wonder if you will continue to remember that your own blindness, or call it ambition if you will, was the feeble power that all but led you into the abyss of utter annihilation. Young as you were in nationality; unschooled in military direction and diplomatic wisdom, it was for you to be the defender, not the aggressor. It was the very hysteria of unwisdom that impelled you to assume that Bolshevist Russia was about to invade you to substitute a Soviet government for your own, and that it was for you to strike the first blow against such aggression, by invading the home of the threatened menace and attempt to crush it without knowing that it was amply equipped to crush you. The world hopes that you will profit by the lesson and return to the pursuits of peace rather than those of war. A free Poland is the hope of all free peoples, and those free peoples will demand that in the future you will strike no blow except in absolute defense of that long awaited freedom, of which so many poets have sung and for which so many patriots have died.

* * *

An Injustice of Justice

In San Quentin prison there is a boy of 17 who is awaiting fulfillment of those horrifying words from a just and upright judge, "to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul!" His name is Roy Wolff, and he was just 16 when he committed the crime for which he was convicted and sentenced. The circumstances of that crime, the motive for it, the name or standing of the victim, or whether it was cold blooded or done in the heat of passion have nothing whatever to do with the case. The whole matter rests upon the single postulate that a boy of 16 years of age is to be done to death for a crime of the same nature for which hardened criminals who knew what they were about have escaped with a prison sentence. Only such hardened criminals of whose guilt there cannot be the slightest doubt should ever suffer the death penalty, and the infliction of such a penalty is in the minds of thousands of thinking people of today just as much of a crime as was that for which it has been imposed. In the case of young Wolff, there appears to have been no doubt but that he committed the crime, but there are any number of them to create the moral certainty that he was not responsible for his act. No boy of 16 is so mentally mature as to know what he was doing in such a case, or even to consider the gravity of it or its penalties. In the absence of such mental maturity, which must exist in any boy of his age, it would be a ghastly judicial travesty on the wisdom of the law if he is led to the gallows on the appointed Friday of next month. It is remembered that many years ago, although the death penalty was not involved, there was a similar case of treating a child as a hardened criminal at San Quentin, where a boy of 8, convicted of pocketpicking at San Jose, was in prison stripes and penned up with convicts of the worst stripe because California had no other place to keep him. This was nothing short of compulsory education in crime, for which a court of law was responsible because a section of the criminal code had been violated and punishment must fall on the offender, the law not specifying that babies may not be convicted of felonies. The law will also be responsible for a graver enormity in the present instance, unless Governor Stephens shall intervene with a commutation of sentence, and why he has not already done so without the usual prayers and memorials from sympathizers it is difficult to conceive. In the play of "The Little Minister" with the very young clergyman on trial for some canonical infraction, one of the elders in defending him declared, "God Almighty himself would give 21 another chance," and the governor is asked to consider what the Deity would do with reference to a boy who was sentenced to death for a crime committed when he was only 16.

* * *

A Fatuous Faculty

Every father and mother who has a son or daughter on the roster of the University of California, would doubtless like to know what those who are concerned in the government of that institution, and, incidentally, in the subvention of its morals, have been doing while the amazing free love activities of student Albert Edward Roth and his so-called love-mate were in the process of fruition. They are wondering why, at the time when the seeds of it were sown and made public property, that they were not at once removed, not only from the University Campus, but also to some place out of reporter distance, before their shocking subversions of the public morals and accepted marital conventions had become public property, and besmirched not only the fame of California's greatest seat of learning, but the moral standard of the state itself. The most amazing feature of the whole wretched business, aside from the apparent inactivity of the U. C. faculty with reference to student discipline, is the fact that the daily newspapers have given so much publicity to it, and permitted this unconscionable young rogue to ventilate his shocking disregard of the accepted principles of the relations between men and women. None of them has taken the trouble to dwell upon the resultant grief to the father and mother whose hearts have been torn by the cruel disillusionment of their parental hopes, nor has a single "sob sister" written for them a single sympathetic article. This scampish apostle of the most destructive moral creed yet thrust upon the moral vision of the community, has refused to support his wife and soon to be mother of his child, because her father has withdrawn his allowance, and in their "love pact" it was distinctly understood that both of them were to provide for themselves. He bluntly declares that when the child is born he will render what assistance he can; but after a few months it will be old enough to care for itself, and the mother must do the rest according to their pre-criminal agreement. The sadly misguided girl is in Los Angeles, ostensibly seeking work, but the many who know her father and admire him, declare that he is not the "unconceivable and antiquated" person he is said to be by Roth, and will see to it that she and her child will not suffer.

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The Boy Spy

(By Alphonse Daudet)

They called him Stenne, "little Stenne." He was a child of Paris, puny and pale. He might have been ten, possibly fifteen years old. It is hard to tell the age of such midgets. His mother was dead, and his father, an old marine, was on guard in the Quartier du Temple. Babies and nursemaids, old women carrying their camp-stools, poor mothers, in short, all that portion of Paris that jogs along on foot, found a safe retreat from carriages in those gardens bordered by sidewalks; they were well acquainted with Father Stenne, and they adored him. For they knew well that, in spite of that ferocious mustache, the terror of stray dogs and of many a lounger who frequented the benches, the old soldier's smile was full of kindness, almost maternal in its tenderness; and to see that smile, one had merely to ask the good man, "How is your little boy?"

For Father Stenne loved his boy dearly. It gladdened his heart to have the little fellow call for him towards evening, after school was out; and together they promenaded the walks, stopping at every bench to reply to the police greetings of the frequenters of the gardens.

But, alas! after the siege began, all was changed. Father Stenne's square was closed, and petroleum was stored there; the poor man was compelled to be on guard ceaselessly, passing his days in those deserted groves, where everything was in confusion and disorder. He was not allowed even a smoke. He could not see his boy until he reached home, late in the evening. You should have seen his mustache when he mentioned the Prussians! but little Stenne was not at all averse to this new life.

For these gamins a siege furnished considerable diversion. No more lessons, no more school! Vacation every day, and the streets full of life as a field on a fair day!

The boy roamed the streets all day long, and never went in until nightfall. He accompanied the battalions of the neighborhood as they marched to the rampart, with a preference for those where the bands played the liveliest music, and on that subject little Stenne was quite an authority. He would tell you with an air of conviction that the band of the Ninety-sixth was excellent. When he was not on the march, he would watch the mobiles at drill; and then there were those hours of waiting, when, his basket under his arm, he joined the long lines of people forming in front of butchers' and bakers' shops, in the unlighted streets, in the dull gray dawn of those winter days. And there, feet in the water, one stood, and made new acquaintances. Politics were discussed, and, being the son of Monsieur Stenne, he was asked his opinion on every hand. But most amusing of all he found those bouchon* games, especially that famous game of galoche, which the Breton soldiers had made quite fashionable during the siege. When little Stenne was not at the rampart or waiting in front of some baker's shop, you were sure of finding him watching a game of galoche in the Place du Chateau-d'Eau. Of course you will understand that he never played himself; it cost too much money. He contented himself merely with devouring the players with his eyes.

A big fellow who wore a coat and blue overalls, and never staked less than a hundred-sou piece, excited his special admiration. Whenever he ran, one could hear his money jingling in the depths of his pockets.

* Bouchon. A game in which pieces of money are placed upon a cork,—which is to be knocked over with a quoit.

One day, picking up a piece of money which had rolled directly in front of little Stenne's feet, this fellow whispered to the little one,—

"That takes you where there are more of them."

And when the game was ended he led little Stenne to a corner of the Place, and proposed the latter should join him in selling newspapers to the Prussians, thirty francs for each trip they made. At first little Stenne indignantly refused; and for three days in succession he was not seen watching the game,—three terrible days for him. He neither ate nor slept. At night he saw great heaps of galoches lying at the foot of his bed, and the floor paved with shining lines of hundred-sou pieces! The temptation was too strong; and the fourth day he returned to Chateau-d'Eau, saw the big fellow again, and allowed himself to be seduced.

They set out one snowy morning, carrying a canvas bag, their newspapers hidden in their blouses. They reached the Porte de Flandres just before daybreak. His companion took Stenne's hand, and, aproaching the sentinel,—a worthy sedentary, with a red nose and a benevolent air,—he said in a whining voice,—

"Let us pass, my good sir. Our mother is sick; papa is dead. We are going, my little brother and I, to dig potatoes in the field."

He began to cry. Stenne, feeling very much ashamed, hung his head. The sentinel looked at both of them for a moment, then glanced at the road, white and deserted.

"Pass, but be quick!" he said, standing aside, and then they found themselves on the Aubervilliers road. How the rascal laughed!

Vaguely, as if in a dream, little Stenne saw factory after factory turned into barracks, deserted barricades stuffed with mouldy rags, and tall chimneys cutting the fog; but from those chimney tops, lost in the sky, no smoke ascended, and they were dented in places. Along the road sentinels were posted, and muffled officers stood, looking through their field-glasses; small tents soaked with melted snow were pitched in front of the dying dres. Stenne's companion knew the road well, and took a cross-cut to avoid passing the guard; but they were obliged to pass the advance-guard of sharp-shooters. There they were in their capes, squatted in the bottom of a watery ditch which ran along the railroad to Soissons. But this time the big fellow tried to tell his story all in vain. They were not allowed to pass. While he was lamenting, there issued from the gate-keeper's house an old sergeant, white-haired and wrinkled, who looked not unlike Father Stenne himself.

"Come, you rascals, don't cry any more," he said to the boys. "You may go and dig your potatoes, but first come in and warm yourselves a little; that young vagabond there looks as if he were frozen!"

Alas! little Stenne was not trembling from cold, but from fear and shame. Inside they found some soldiers squatting around a wretched fire; a widow's fire it might well have been called, but at its warmth they were endeavoring to thaw out their biscuits at the point of their bayonets. They crowded closer, to make room for the boys, and gave them a swallow of brandy and some coffee. While they were drinking, an officer appeared at the door, called the sergeant, whispered something in a very low voice, and suddenly disappeared.

"Boys!" said the sergeant, returning with a radiant face, "there'll be fighting this night! The watchword of the Prussians is discovered. This time I believe we shall recapture that cursed Bourget."

There was an outburst of bravos and laughter, dancing and singing and polishing of sword-bayonets; taking advantage of the general uproar, the boys disappeared.

When they had passed the trench, they came to the open plain, and at its extremity ran a long white wall, pierced with loop-holes. Towards this wall the boys directed their footsteps, stopping at every step and making believe they were gathering potatoes.

"Let us return. Don't go any further," said little Stenne, again and again.

The other shrugged his shoulders, and pushed on without pause.

Suddenly they heard the sharp click of a gun.

"Down!" said the elder, and dropped to the ground. He lay at full length, and whistled. An answering whistle was heard through the snow. They advanced on all fours. In front of the wall and level with the ground, appeared a pair of yellow mustachios, surmounted by a greasy cap. Stenne's companion jumped into the trench and stood by the Prussian's side. "That's my brother," he said, pointing to his companion.

This brother of his was so small that the Prussian burst out laughing as he looked at him, and was obliged to lift him in his arms to get him as far as the breach.

On the other side of the wall were huge earthworks, felled trees, black holes dug in the snow, and in each hole was a head like the first, with its yellow mustaches, which quivered with laughter as the boys passed by. In one spot stood a gardener's house, casemated with tree-trunks. Downstairs it was filled with soldiers playing cards and making soup before a big fire which burned merrily. A savory odor of bacon and cabbage ascended. How different all this from the sharp-shooters' bivouac! Overhead were the officers' quarters. The sound of a piano was heard. Champagne flowed freely. When the Parisians entered, a joyous hurrah greeted them. They distributed their newspapers. The officers made the boys drink and talk. The bearing of all these officers was proud and insolent, but the elder of the boys amused them with his vulgar wit and street-Arab's vocabulary. They roared as they repeated his words after him, rolling delightedly in the mud of Paris he had brought them.

Little Stenne would have liked to put in a word here and there, to show them he was no fool, but something stopped his tongue. Opposite him, apart from the rest, sat a Prussian who was older, more serious than the others. He was reading, or seemed to be, but his eyes never left

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the two boys. There was something both tender and reproachful in that look. Had this man a child of his own at home, a child of the same age as Stenne, and did his look say, "I would rather die than see a son of mine bent on such an errand as this?"

From the moment those eyes met his, Stenne felt as if a hand had laid a weight upon his heart and stopped its beating. To forget his agony, he began to drink. Soon everything swam about him. Amid loud bursts of laughter, he could hear in a dazed fashion what his comrade was saying. The latter was ridiculing the National Guard; he mimicked a muster in the Marais and a night alarm on the ramparts. Then he lowered his voice, the officers came up closer, and their faces grew grave. The young wretch was about to warn them of the intended attack of the sharpshooters.

But now little Stenne roused himself in a fury. He had suddenly sobered.

"Stop that!" he said. "I won't have it."

The other smiled merely and continued. Before he had finished, al the officers were standing. One of them showed the boys the door, saying,—

"Off with you!"

They began to talk among themselves very rapidly, and in German. The big boy marched out, proud as a doge, jingling his money. Stenne followed him, hanging his head. And as he passed by the Prussian whose glance had disturbed his peace of mind so greatly, he heard a sad voice saying,—

"Bas chöli, ca. Bas chöli." †

Tears sprang to his eyes.

Once on the plain again, the boys began to run, and their return was rapid. Their bag was full of potatoes the Prussians had given them, and carrying it they passed the trench where the sharp-shooters were, without being stopped. The men were preparing for the attack of the coming night. Troops were arriving silently, and forming behind the walls. The old sergeant was there, busied in arranging his men. How happy he looked! As the boys passed, he recognized them and smiled kindly.

Oh, how that smile tortured little Stenne! For a moment he longed to cry out, "Don't go there tonight! We have betrayed you." But the other had said, "If you speak, we shall be shot," and fear kept him silent.

At La Corneuve they went into a deserted house to share their money. Truth compels me to state that the division was an honest one, and that when little Stenne heard all those fine franc-pieces rattling in his blouse and thought of all those games of galoche which he saw in the near future, his crime did not so much appall him.

But when at last the wretched child was alone! After they had passed the gates and his companion left him, then his pockets began to grow heavy indeed. And the hand which had pressed so heavily upon his heart, pressed more heavily than ever. And Paris no longer seemed to him the same Paris. Passersby seemed to gaze at him severely, as if they knew whence he came. Even the sound of carriage-wheels and the flourish of drums, where the troops were drilling along the canal, seemed to be saying that one word "Spy!" At last he reached his home, glad to discover that his father had not yet returned. He ascended quickly to their chamber, and hid the money which weighed him down so heavily.

Never had Father Stenne felt more amiably disposed or happier than he did, returning home that evening. For good news had just come from the country outside of Paris; affairs were going better. And as he ate, the old soldier looked at his gun hanging on the wall, and said to the child, with that charming smile of his,—

"Well, boy! you should fight the Prussians if you were old enough!" Towards eight o'clock the cannonade began.

"It is at Aubervilliers. They are fighting at Bourget," said the worthy man, who knew all his forts well. Little Stenne grew pale, and, pretending that he was very tired, he went to bed, but he could not sleep. For the booming of the cannons never ceased. He pictured to himself the sharp-shooters, reaching by night the spot where they were to surprise the Prussians and falling into an ambuscade themselves. He recalled the sergeant who had smiled at him, and thought of him lying out there in the snow, and so many, so many beside him. And the blood-money was there, concealed under his pillow; and it was he, the son of Monsieur Stenne, a soldier who had—tears choked him. In the side room, he heard his father pace to and fro. He opened a window. In the square below, the call to arms sounded. A battalion of mobiles, about to set out, were calling their numbers. Yes, this was a battle in real earnest. The wretched child could not restrain a sob.

"What ails you?" asked Father Stenne, entering the room.

The child could control himself no longer. He jumped from his bed and would have thrown himself at his father's feet. But his sudden movement sent the money rolilng upon the floor.

"What is that? Have you been stealing?" asked the old man, and he trembled.

Then without pausing to take breath, little Stenne told him all that had happened in that visit to the Prussians, and what share he had had in it. And, by degrees, as he told his story he seemed to breathe more freely, that silent accuser in his heart ceased to torture him.

Father Stenne's face, as he listened, was terrible. When he had heard the last word, he buried him face in his hand and wept.

"Father, father!" the child tried to say.

But the old man pushed the boy away from him without a word, and began to pick up the money.

"Is this all?" he asked.

Little Stenne nodded. The old man took down his gun and his cartridge-box, and put the money in his pocket.

"Very well," he said; "I will return it to them."

And without another word, without looking back a single time, he descended, and went out into the night, and mingled with the mobiles who were leaving. He was never seen again.

† "That was a mean business! a mean business!"

GROWTH

I watched the glory of her childhood change,
Half-sorrowful to find the child I knew,
(Loved long ago in lily-time)
Become a maid, mysterious and strange,
With fair, pure eyes—dear eyes, but not the eyes
I knew
Of old, in the olden time!

Till on my doubting soul the ancient good
Of her dear childhood in the new disguise
Dawned, and I hastened to adore
The glory of her waking maidenhood,
And found the old tenderness within her deepening eyes,
But kinder than before.

—Ernest Dawson.

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National Woman's Suffrage

Notwithstanding Governor Roberts of Tennessee's conviction that the state's ratification of woman suffrage is legal, there is a technical fight being waged as we go to press. There is also abundant evidence that the men are glad of it, and would welcome defeat of the nineteenth amendment; that is, some men. They are the ones who could not endure seeing the exultation of the women when they thought the victory won. There are some men who, in every country in the world, are envious if they see women rise above the standard of the American Indian squaw. Thank God such men are in the minority in this country; the majority of those of such low instincts can be educated to appreciate the influence of woman suffrage upon the civilization of the world.

The men of California had not to be coerced into granting woman votes, but the results have been so beneficial and far-reaching that men who at first were only mildly in favor of it are now, after nine years of its application, its staunch supporters.

Women in this state have found the ballot an educational element. They do not go blindly to the polls; nor, arriving, vote by direction. They honestly try to study the subject upon which they ballot and endeavor to influence the election of the candidates who seem to them the most capable and honorable.

Woman's mind is logical, and intuition helps her a lot. In her efforts to vote intelligently she is very serious; her ardent desire to be right in the matter leads her to study the forms and principles of government. Woman is loquacious, too, and therefore passes on her newly gained knowledge to the astonished males of her domestic circle who presently discover that her horizon has widened to include, not alone that which is best for her own family, but for the families of innumerable other women.

The judges of our courts will tell you that women on juries have raised the standard of intelligence of such bodies and that, which is the last thing anticipated, they lean more to justice than to mercy. Upright, learned judges welcome women voters; judges who dare not look into a mirror for the fear of their own accusing eyes, deplore suffrage with good reason.

The ballot has not made our women masculine. The women of California are beautiful homemakers, devoted wives, fine mothers. The right to vote only helps them to get measures passed that help other women and children to have comfortable homes and pleasant lives.

In the south, the negro women will, when they are enfranchised, soon learn that measures for the protection of women and children's rights can be passed, therefore, they will follow no leader or boss blindly. The white woman's vote down south will counteract any untoward influence of her black sister, just as the white man's does his black brother's in the existing order of voting machinery in that section.

Californians, step boldly forth, point to our own glorious state as an example of the uplifting force of the constitution's provision that gives every citizen a voice in the government, and let us help the country to make it national.

The influence of woman in political life cannot be more lucidly forecast than by Lady Astor, the American who is the only woman in the English parliament:

"It will take a generation at least, before women's co-operation in public affairs can be calculated. Until then women must educate themselves and work steadfastly and patiently toward their goal, which includes not only equal political rights but a better social body.

"Women must not try to force the issue. In political life they must work for whatever is best for the state. By their wisdom in dealing with vital problems they conquer ground for their own advancement. The two go hand in hand The more educated woman is, the better will her influence be. And as her influence becomes stronger and better, her rights will increase."

A Grim Joke on Phelan

"Too busy man would find his sorrows more,
If future fortune he should know before,"
quoth Dryden. Now Senator Phelan is a busy man attending at once to his senatorial duties and the affairs of his campaign. Of course, he employs secretaries (100 per cent efficient), but they are up to their eyes in business, too. One of their principal concerns during the campaign is to convince the senator's friends and foes that he is indefatigably active in keeping the dear little Jappy-Jap-Jappies out of our own fair land. To that end, all California, or as much of it as is in its right mind, is with him, heart and soul. But wherever the senator hears of a partisan who is particularly energetic in his senatorial fight because of his anti-Japanese endeavors, he dictates a courteous letter of thanks to a secretary and signs it with his own hand, after the manner of appreciative candidates before election. Last week one of these letters was received in an office of the City Hall in which the overwhelming majority are staunch Phelan supporters. Four of the others are strong for Shortridge, whose attitude toward Japanese and Chinese immigration has been bellicose for twenty-five years.

The joyful Democrat who was singled out as a recipient for a Phelan letter of thanks passed it proudly around to his fellow clerks,—even into the hands of the Republicans. When, alas!

"Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oftenest in what least we dread;
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow."

It was a scintillating day and the light streamed exultingly through the City Hall windows. As one of the Shortridge boosters held the Phelan letter up to the light, the better to absorb the senatorial effusion of gratitude, behold! the water-mark on the sheet was an unmistakable stork, and as a background for James D. Phelan's signature was the legend, "Japanese Linen." Ha, ha! ho, ho! It was the Shortridge men's time to exult, the Democrats' to look mournful. They hastened to explain that of course the senator was innocent of the paper's origin or brand. Indeed, perhaps the whole senate uses it; for, elegantly engraved upon it was: "James D. Phelan, California, United States Senate." Or maybe his secretary was responsible, for his name, "Costello, Secretary," adorned the left corner. Who knows? 'Twas a grim joke fate played upon Senator Phelan, anyway, and unless the Spectator mistakes the genial Phelan sense of humor, he will laugh heartily as he orders the offending paper destroyed—supposing there is any left which hasn't been sent broadcast to the senator's supporters.

The Crowded Transport Sheridan

There has been a great deal of newspaper comment anent the overcrowding of this vessel on her last voyage from the Orient, and at first sight both these comments and indignant complaints from many of the passengers would appear to have been amply justified. But from an entirely fair play point of view there is another side to the matter which is quite worthy of notice. It is a debatable question whether or not the passengers who were most discommoded had not themselves to blame for it, except the soldiers aboard, who, of course were compelled to go where their officers ordered them, and it must be confessed that many officers are too prone to take care of their own comforts, with but small consideration for those of the men under them. It was known when the ship left Manila that she was crowded beyond all hope of real comfort for anybody except the homecoming officers, their families, and those who had the necessary "pull" with the officials who direct the transport service. It must not be forgotten that many of the passengers who complained the most, were voluntary ones who knew before booking passage that the vessel was overcrowded, and they should also have understood that they would be compelled to take "pot luck." Before arriving at Honolulu radio messages were sent ahead giving notice that there was only room for 32 additional passengers, but the government transport is much the cheaper way of crossing the ocean if one has the necessary "pull," and nearly 150 persons were crowded into spaces intended for one-fifth of that number, many of them entirely free agents in the matter of taking passage, and not entitled to complain at whatever treatment they may have received, since they had no just reason to expect any better.

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To the utter discredit of the government, however, it must be said that nearly all of the transports used in the Pacific service were almost ready for the scrapping yard at the outbreak of the Spanish war, and no amount of repair could possibly make them worthy carriers of passengers. It is announced that these poor old derelicts are soon to be replaced by modern vessels, but even these will be complained of, because there are only so many first class cabins and those who do not receive the best accommodations aboard will complain at the favoritism that alotted them to someone else.

Marina Saved to Our City

There is probably no one in San Francisco who has not assured himself to his entire satisfaction that Mayor Rolph has the best interests of the city at heart, and that he never relaxes in his efforts to advance them. There are very few who will not acknowledge that his board of supervisors are almost equally interested in the city's advancement, and that they are accustomed to sit up nights devising plans for it. At the same time everyone in San Francisco, except perhaps those officials mentioned, was growing impatient over the delay in the securing of the Marina for the terminus of the cross continent mail route, it having been decided that the Cressy Field at the Presidio would be only temporarily adequate. That is to say, it would do very nicely at the beginning of the service, but would not be much more than half large enough when that service has expanded to its intended proportions. Everyone who has busied himself to secure the proper information knows that the Marina field will serve all of the purposes of the air mail service for many years to come, and there was impatience over the delay of the city officials to accept the last offer made for the lease of the Fair Estate-Law property for $20,000 per year, that being merely the amount of the yearly taxes. Had not our city fathers hastened they would have lost the air mail terminal altogether, for Oakland has an excellent one in Durant Field, and Redwood City was also a strong bidder, with more room for a terminal than any of them. Those who have our destinies in charge must not permit themselves to forget that discouraging delays in the providing of docks drove a vast tonnage of shipping to Seattle, and when they finally woke up and built some of the best docks in the country, those in the northern metropolis had already been accepted as quite good enough. Temporizing almost lost San Francisco the most picturesque air field in the world.

New Angle to the Triangle

News comes from Los Angeles to the effect that something entirely new has at last emanated from the pride of the Southland. We have had every conceivable twist, pitch, curve and other variation of the eternal triangle, but not until now has there come to notice an episode in which the recalcitrant husband and the co-respondent named by the indignant wife in an action for divorce, have themselves had a quarrel, fought a real old fashioned duel between the four walls of a hotel room, and shot themselves into inocuous helplessness. This is the news that comes to hand with reference to such an unusual settlement of a dispute between a Mr. Beal and a Miss Barnes, and the plot of the drama is further involved by one important fact that neither of them was killed, and another that the deserted wife seems to have taken a reconciling turn of mind, for she is said to be now sympathizing with her husband in his painful condition, has withdrawn her action for divorce, and when she has in the end weaned him away from his unholy alliance, the two may live happily ever after, and pay all legal expenses and doctors' bills by putting their unusual story in the movies.

"All Available Aid"

President Wilson may always be depended upon to take any diplomatic bull by the horns when an antagonistic Congress is not in session with its two-thirds majority to order "hands off," and the outcome of Secretary Colby's answer to Italy's request for a statement as to the attitude of the United States with reference to the Polish question, is already history. It was no easy matter when the paper was issued, to quite understand just what the President's evident mouthpiece (Secretary Colby) meant by his statement that the United States would aid suffering Poland by "all available means," but now the cat is out of the bag and it is learned that available means meant nothing more or less than that this country would supply the Poles with ammunition and supplies as soon as they could be shipped. At all events, some of these supplies have already reached the other side: the French government has interposed an objection to their being landed, and a British government agent has asked for 1,000 troops to prevent the landing of them at the port of entry. These two incidents on the very face of them, are ample evidence that neither France nor England are friendly to Poland, wish to have her assisted, or are willing to consent that any other power shall in any way materially aid them by furnishing them with munitions and supplies. It will be interesting now to know how far this "available aid" is destined to reach, and whether by aiding this much we are going to displease France and England further than we evidently have done already. In the meantime the Bolshevist army is still in retreat, with its supplies cut off, and the sending of reinforcements impossible because of pressure from the antagonistic government of Moscow. To add to the Bolshevist discomfiture, one of their ships has been captured by five officers of the czaristic regime, and for a purpose not yet revealed. Does all this mean that the history of the French revolution is to be repeated; that with reverses will come new power, and the restoration of a regime that will again give Russia a stable government? Only a Napoleon is needed, but where, where is he? That he really exists would be something too good to be true, but stranger things have happened.

Why Politicians Leave the Farm

This publication has heretofore commented on the gladness with which office-seekers point to their records on the farm. To have been a vertabra in the backbone of his country is the proudest boast of your blood-and-thunder nominee. According to the publicity now being waged by Albert I. Wallace, Republican candidate for United States senator, he is the champion Hick-poly of them all. At the age of sixteen he was a farmer boy "charged" with the support of a large family. That he supported them handily proves what he could do in the senate. When eighteen years old, he was a complete farmer, a country school teacher and an ox-team driver. As if this were not enough for one man, he attended college at the same time; that is I infer the latter, because at twenty he graduated "by dint of hard work and sacrifice." Two years is a short period for college work. The only explanation is that Wallace, the farmer, arose at 5 a. m., drove his ox-team to town, returned to the country school at 9 o'clock, and at noon buckarooed a wild horse across the countryside to college. Bored by these homely pursuits, he became a merchant and banker. You see he was getting further and further away from the farm idea. But he couldn't endure a banker's life, so he came to California for excitement, and interested himself in oil, water and land reclamation. Then he entered public life, just how, we are not told, but he soon found himself on the finance committee of the Los Angeles city council; and the next thing he knew he was lieutenant-governor of California, with Hiram (also known as Johnson) chief at Sacramento. It is too bad, in these days, when farm help is so scarce that men should leave the agricultural realms for

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nothing more than life as a politician. Perhaps if some of these candidates had remained with the hoe the high cost of living would not be what it now is.

Speaking of the G. O. P.

What is the matter with the Republicans that so little is heard from their advance agents? The G. O. P. stump-speakers must be stumped indeed, and Senator Harding all out of ideas, judging from this silence. Perhaps Governor Cox is right when he says they are getting ready a $15,000,000 fund for election purposes. Collecting this sum must require so much time that none is left for oratory. Besides, money talks. With $15,000,000 in the sack, the campaign leaders will be able to hire the biggest brass bands in the country, splurge in all sorts of fireworks and paper-covered novels dealing with the life of Warren Gamalid Harding. Last December an aged man visiting Cleveland, Ohio, bought a reserved seat ticket in order to witness the end of the world, which was being more or less predicted at that time. If he still has the ticket he surely is entitled to a seat when the Republican procession passes through Ohio to Salt River.

Keeping the People Within Bounds

All municipalities are now making a study of the zoning system. You think of certain masses and classes, and you make a law confining them to certain streets. Berkeley is worked to a high pitch over the idea, its latest proposal is an Oriental section for the Chinese, Japs, Hindus and other idol worshippers. It is a brilliant scheme, and ought to be carried out to its logical conclusion. Think what a paradise San Francisco would be with segregated districts for Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists, ticket scalpers, amateur singers, people who stay out later than 2 a. m., phonograph fox trotters, apartment dwellers who cook garlic stew, and all the thousand classifications that make up a big city! Of course, some people would belong to two or more categories. They could have their choice of zones; or perhaps the better way would be to let their neighbors vote on the question. Thus, if a family be prohibitionist, operate a phonograph after 11 at night, all interested parties should have the right to cast a ballot and send the culprits to this or that zone. Geary street would be a good zone for fat persons who wish to reduce. They could ride on the Municipal Railway during rush hours every night for a week; at the end of which time they would be squeezed, flattened, joggled and steamed to slender beauty. It is a well known fact, though, that after a year's riding Geary street passengers become emaciated. They lose their appetite, can't sleep, don't feel like working, and—well, any habitue of the Municipal road can be detected by the blue rings under his eyes. As soon as he manifests the latter symptom he should be put into another zone, where he can fatten up. Likewise men, women and children who eat popcorn on the ferryboat should be herded together. The worst part of it is that when the popcorn is all gone, the poor munchers keep poking around the bag trying to find a last crumb. This attracts great pity from spectators; it makes anybody feel sad, and should be prevented as far as possible. Since we all admit that it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and they don't get along well, we look forward to a great improvement when the various kinds live in restricted neighborhoods.

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Maeterlinck Must Be Wrong

Maurice Maeterlinck, after paying some dainty compliments to the American towns on his lecture tour, got to thinking it all over, when he had the opportunity of rest. He found America a land of contradictions; he had heard dollars clinking in the church aisles. He had beheld sin and puritanism side by side; worse than that: one contained in the other. He thought he saw a modern palace built on the sands of a sinking civilization. Much of all this he witnessed in New York. The other day we read that the state of that name now has a population of 10,750,000—an aggregation large enough from which to draw conclusions on American life. Maeterlinck saw in prohibition and other puritanical laws much to be feared. He even thought that the centers of population would shift as the result of violent differences in opinion. With an old-world mind, he viewed things much as they were viewed by the Pilgrim Fathers, who sought a new continent rather than submit to an ancient oppression. And yet, this does not appear altogether impossible today, in some degree, when we find that thousands of Italians and Greeks have returned to Europe because they could not get wine in this country. The news that Pennsylvania and New Jersey are the wettest states in the union has had a terrifying effect on hotelkeepers of New York city, who saw hordes of thirsty money-spenders depart for Cuba, Mexico, Philadelphia and Atlantic City in search of the flowing bowl. If I judge aright, the metropolis is throwing out hints to the tourist that New York is as wet as any, and that neither the paths of tourist travel nor the bulwarks of population are in danger of shifting through an inundation of soft drinks. Maeterlinck's view is not unthinkable to the American mind. Yet the Belgian poet lacked the recent information that from 5,000 to 10,000 illicit whisky stills operate in a single state. Italians are returning to this country after their hasty departure. The tip has evidently gone forth in the name and fame of the wine-makers. We trust it is not a misleading ruse of the transatlantic liners to fill their steerage. The present census is at a vital or critical stage in the nation's history. Business interests are the dominant cause of populations. If the next few years indicate a sort of social migration here and there, we shall discover facts proving the states no longer a young and undeveloped country. Big social centers, oft near or within great cities, are the determining factors of history. Upon their foundations, the national conscience takes a new stand. After all, you can visit New York or Milpitas and make the same social deductions: Each, like the Roman Empire, will have a history entitled 'The Rise and Fall." Our Belgian visitor, being a poet, looked at conditions from this eternal standpoint. But New York, with 7,000,000 people, will require a long time even to diminish perceptibly on the shifting sands of law or chance.

What's the Use?

There is a little more than a glimmer of hope for the wets, with united action and energetic effort in the direction of a revision of the Volstead act; but when Nature herself steps into the breach and takes a hand at the abolishment of anything bearing even the name of any alcoholic beverage, it is high time for the lover of the highball and the cocktail to throw up the sponge. The prosperous little village of Whiskytown in this state has been getting its water from a stream bearing the inspiriting name of Whisky Creek, and lives in the security of the thought that there is nothing in a name. Then, in steps Mother Nature with very material proof that there is a good deal in the wrong kind of a name, and peremptorily orders Whisky Creek to run dry. But the residents of Whiskytown did not despair. They loved their little mountain bailiwick, and would continue to live in it even at great trouble and no little expense. A few miles away there was Brandy Creek bubbling with life-giving crystal fluid, and from there they would carry their water so that Whiskytown should not wither away with thirst. For a time all went well, and although it was some distance to carry their stocks of "Adam's Ale" there was no complaint, and business and housekeeping went on as usual. But now came the alarming news that Brandy Creek, too, was drying up, and within a short time both Whiskytown and Brandytown would have no water, and Nature had furnished no formula for the home brewing of it. This simply means that in her backing up of the 18th Amendment, Nature has through her blind sympathy with it, compelled the residents of the two villages with the wet names to manufacture illegal beverages in their homes, so that they may live.

Thunderstruck By the Fashions

When the French want to be sensational they go to the race track, a boulevard or a theater. When we have the same impulse, we read something fantastic in the newspapers; or so it would seem to one who remembers all that the fashion reporters wrote in the rst part of this year. As we remember it, nothing in the styles of the present season kept a man away from work. Women's skirts were a bit short, yet the man who had lived through 1919 without losing his presence of mind, was in no danger of being

Elect Judge

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— TO —

The Superior Bench

short-circuited by what he beheld in 1920. And yet the news reports of what was imminent kept arousing the curiosity from the beginning of spring. We felt that the world was in a nervous state after the war, and that excuses had to be made for it. Then, were not the Frenchwomen going about the boulevards bare-legged? What next? In imagination we could see only one thing—"after that, the deluge." But it did not come so that you could notice it. These remarks came from finding a newspaper of last March. A certain fashion authority and manufacturer of women's apparel was interviewed in Chicago. He said that this year milady would be so novel in attire that she would hardly know herself, were it not for the mole or strawberry mark on her left shoulder. Summing up the general slashing, attenuating and sun-bursting of line and color, this authority predicted: "This spring it will be a free-for-all show; skirts will be so freakish that women will be able to get in them from the top or bottom and wear them front or back without being called to account by the experts. Women won't know whether they are going or coming and won't know whether they have been there or not when they try out the coming spring styles." Spring has come and gone. So leave the hopes of men who read the predictions of last March. The English priest who published a tirade on mixed bathing was no doubt inspired by what he actually saw at the seaside. If local clergymen had taken the fashion news too seriously they would have been ready to denounce mixed promenading on the streets. Of course, we are sensational when compared with a quarter century ago, but what one longs for is a fad that will stun the nonchalant boulevardier of last season, make him stop in his tracks and exclaim, "This is woman exactly as advertised a month ago."

Free Love Wicked But Interesting

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Edward Roth, who conducted Berkeley's experimental station of free love, have separated. This is a big opportunity for the whole wide world to say, "I told you so." Long ago the aforesaid world decided that love in a cottage must be officially vouched, signed, sealed and issued by the government. Roth, a professional musician and student in the University of California, had a notion that this was nonsense, so did Lillian McCarthy. Both were sure that the cottage was more necessary than the license. They secured the domicile and had been dwelling there contentedly for several months when they had to endure a disturbance in the shape of the girl's father, E. Avery McCarthy, of Los Angeles. He demanded that the couple marry. They did, and then the trouble began. It appears that Roth never agreed to supoprt the lady, supposedly because college musicians haven't money enough to entertain any guest at three meals a day. Besides, she was wealthy—if not in her own, at least in her father's right. Papa McCarthy's trump card was to keep all his wealth down in Los Angeles. All the world was watching the Roth experiment, and old man McCarthy refused to finance the cottage, even for scientific purposes. Mrs. Roth had to support herself. For this detail of married life she recently went back to Los Angeles, where dad had money in real estate, banks and all over. A care-free, liberty-loving child is expected of the Roth experiment, proving that Mother Nature does not look over one's credentials before sending the stork. In Berkeley they say that it is very stupid of the world to call this "free love." That's the only comment I've heard—scorn for outsiders and newspapers who don't know even the right words to use on an occasion like this. Free love, technically speaking, if far different from love in a cottage, which, though unauthenticated by the license clerk, is respectability itself in comparison. Free love is a whim of the moment. The world should understand this before talking about the subject, says Berkeley.

Pollution By Water Nymphs

The young man and woman who bathed in a reservoir of Marin county the other day gave as their excuse that someone said it would be "all right." They were motoring along the Marin roads, and feeling warm and fatigued, jumped into the cool, inviting water for a swim. Did they know it was a reservoir? If they did, why did they allow "someone" to decide for them that polluting drinking water was "all right?" If they knew they were in a reservoir which held water for other people to drink, they had no conscience, no conception of honesty. They simply thought "all right" means that they would not be caught. If they did not know a reservoir when they saw it, then they were deficient in intelligence. Whoever was driving should forfeit the automobile license permanently, in that case, and both parties should be prohibited to go unattended to any unpoliced section of the country for the rest of their natural lives. The court penalty is a heavy one for their offense; it will be interesting to learn just what punishment will be meted out to them. Lax as our courts are, the transgression was so flagrant and so dangerous as a precedent to other fools lacking in innate sense of cleanliness and honor ,that it is inconceivable that any court would dismiss them with a reprimand.

Were the culprits tramps of the road they would undoubtedly be incarcerated in the county jail for the full period which the law demands. Perhaps you will say that a tramp would pollute the water to a greater degree than young people who rode in an automobile. But there is really no way of knowing that these motorists were in the habit of bathing. Certainly they exhibited no sense of cleanliness merely because they plunged into water which was other people's drinking water. Since they were convinced that it was "all right" to swim in a reservoir, perhaps they are accustomed to drinking bath water, in which event their reasoning process was that what is good enough for them ought to be good enough for the residents of Marin.

High School Boys Gamble and Carry Matches

The raid upon Polytechnic High School was the finest police work that the Board of Education has performed in some time. The probable result is that the crap-shooters will restore the ancient practice of posting look-outs, which they neglected because they hadn't seen a policeman in years. Matches and cigarettes were found in the pockets of several who were arrested. What does all this high-school military training amount to when the whole gang can be captured, by the president of a Board of Education? Any buck private could have told them that at least two sentries are necessary for a safe and sane crap game. This was the custom when I went to school. At the approach of a cop the sentry would clap his hand to his mouth and make a noise like a wild duck trying to say walla-walla half a dozen times. The percentage of gamblers among school boys is not high, but it never fails to attract attention—if there are no look-outs. Over in the Oakland Polytechnic a few months ago the boys were detected in a novel gambling scheme. They used those penny-in-slot machines that vend chewing gum in the shape of marbles variously colored. The boys would bet on the color and then drop a penny. Large fortunes frequently changed hands on the roll of the peppermint, the cinnamon, the wintergreen or the licorice. Some lads not only lost their carefare, but their next day's coffee money. Some gave I.O.U's that kept them bankrupt for a week. Education is not devoid of human nature, an element of which is gambling. They say that gambling is an attempt to get something for nothing, but it usually works out the other way.

A minister was once preaching on the subject of "Giving" at a small chapel, and during the sermon he was rejoiced to note that a member of the congregation crept quietly out of his seat, and going to the side of the chapel, placed a coin in the box.

A little later another did the same.

Never, thought the minister, had his sermons met with such a practical response before.

On leaving the chapel he was accosted by one of the members.

"I hope we didn't disturb you, sir," he said, "but ours is a penny-in-the-slot meter, and we should have been in darkness if we hadn't attended to it."

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Concert at Bohemian Grove

On Saturday last this organization presented a new indication of its never ceasing activities in proving new and novel entertainment for its members, by giving a concert and organ recital in their Redwood Grove to the families of Bohemia. A special train, carrying upwards of 250 Bohemians, with their wives, daughters, mothers and lady friends, left the Sausalito ferry at 8:15, and it was estimated that more than a hundred others proceeded to the grove by motor. On arrival there the guests selected convenient places for al fresco luncheon brought with them, in camps and at the general dining space, and this being over, all repaired to the magnificent natural amphitheatre and listened with unrestricted delight to the following excellent program:

Introductory Remarks—Charles K. Field.

Part I.

Wayfarers' Song, from "Ilya of Murom"..Marcelli
(Grove Play of 1920; book by Charles Caldwell Dobie, music by Ulderico Marcelli)
Quartet—Charles Bulotti, Soloist
W. H. Hopkinson, E. H. McCandlish, David Eisenbach, Austin W. Sperry, G. R. Williams, C. J. Evans, Wm. Olney

Prologue from "The Hamadryads"
(Grove Play of 1904; book by Will Irwin, music by W. J. McCoy)
Recitation—Richard Hotaling

Prelude to "Parsifal" .....Wagner
Organ Solo—Edwin Lemare

Part II.

Duet for tenor and baritone, "O Mimi tu piu non torni" from "La Boheme" .....Puccini
Charles Bulotti and Austin W. Sperry

Organ solos,
(a) Largo, from the "New World Symphony" .....Dvorak
(b) Minuet, from "Suite Arlesienne"....Bizet
(c) "Le Cygne" .....Saint-Saens
Uda Waldrop

Violin solo, "The Old Refrain".....Kreisler
Rudolph Seiger

Tenor solo, "Grove Song" from "Nee Natama" .....Waldrop
(Grove Play of 1914; book by J. Wilson Shiels, music by Uda Waldrop)
Charles Bulotti

Violin Obligato—Rudolph Seiger

Flute solo, "Pastorale" .....Doppler
Emilio Puyans

Organ solos,
(a) Andantino in D Flat.. .....Lemare
(b) Overture to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Edwin Lemare

Uda Waldrop at the Piano.

After interchanges of social pleasantries, the renewing of old acquaintances and the making of new ones, everyone concerned in what was unanimously declared to have been the smartest function in the picnic line ever attempted even by this organization so experienced in such matters, boarded the special again at 4:15, arriving at the city shortly after seven o'clock. There was a general wish expressed on the return trip that at least one or more of these concerts and organ recitals might be given before the beginning of the rainy season, and this suggestion is now under advisement.

At Casa Del Rey

Those connoisseurs of the joy of living, the Shriners, whose duty seems to be to pilgrimage to the choice spots of the world, will be in Santa Cruz from San Francisco on September 11 to 13. Many hundreds of them, accompanied by their women folk, will be at the Casa Del Rey, where they are holding a convention.

The past fortnight has been an exceptionally gay one at Santa Cruz. In spite of the handicaps to motoring, scores of automobile parties made this the destination for visits.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Young, of Honolulu, the former owning the controlling interest in hotels and other enterprises in the islands, were at the Casa Del Rey recently. With them were Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Howard of San Francisco, and Miss Pauline Young, Auth Young, Archibald Young, George Alves and Miller Chorn.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Spregelberg, with their relatives, Isaac Guggenheim jr., of New York, J. B. Barnard and L. M. Kern, motored from Del Monte to Casa Del Rey.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Estrada, a Central American of prominence, who will spend the winter in San Francisco, are at the Casa Del Rey with their four handsome children. They have taken a house on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Flahaven (Elise Brooks), who were married in San Francisco within the past fortnight, are spending their honeymoon here and are at the Casa Del Rey. Mr. and Mrs. John Livingston, of Oakland, are another bridal couple.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Burnham, Miss Rosalie Grunbaum and Roy Van Vliet motored to the Casa Del Rey surf bathing and other sports on the beach.

Mrs. E. Bradley and her sister and brother, Miss Ethel Lucas and E. W. Lucas, who have been all over the state on a motor trip, are at the Casa Del Rey.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Vandall are on the last lap of a motor journey of a month or so. They have been at Coronado and Tia Juana.

Mrs. W. C. Andrews and Mrs. Raymond Russ who divide their time between San Jose and San Francisco, are at the Casa Del Rey. Other arrivals of social prominence are Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Greer of Santa Barbara, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Moore, Miss Moore and G. W. Moore jr., of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Etienne, Mr. M. R. Peck and Mrs. Peck, who starred in the gold tournament over the last week-end, are at the Casa Del Rey with Mrs. E. M. McKay of San Jose.

It is not often that fortune smiles benignly upon the mother of a grown daughter. When a millionaire selects a wife his choice is usually the daughter. But Richard Hudnut, when he met Mrs. Edgar De Wolf in Santa Barbara last year, whither he had gone to seek forgetfulness after the death of his first wife, decided that the modest little widow, Mrs. De Wolf, would be the lady to make the rest of his life happy. He is about sixty-five and retired a few years ago from the perfume business, which is said to have netted him a fortune of ten millions.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudnut are at the Fairmont, Mrs. Hudnut having come out to fulfill her contract for the interior decoration of the apartment house which Mrs. Brownlee, the milliner, has erected opposite the Pacific Union Club. Mrs. Hudnut's beautiful daughter some time ago took up dancing as a career, appearing at teh Orpheum with a Russian troupe.

"A Little Better Than One Expects"

This is a slogan that has made many a business a world-wide success, and it is one of the slogans that underlies the policy of management instituted by A. C. Morrison, for the Techau Tavern. One who has the wish to partake of a real San Franciscan dinner, the kind that the special writers at conventions are wont to describe as being the ideal spirit of San Francisco's epicureanism, have but to step into the Techau Tavern, and amidst the luxurious surroundings and gentle cadence of the tuneful orchestra, listen to seductive wiles of a gentle voiced waiter, who silently brings before one's critical eyes, preparations de cuisine, masterpieces of the chef's art, that would make a Roman gustatorial critic envious were he to wtiness the wonders of modern cooking Over the polished floor swings the social life of the city, the brilliant, tasteful surroundings, and colors, lending an air of enchantment to an already beautiful scene. And when that expectant hush that always precedes that offering of delightful surprises—the dainty ballet of artists, of whom each member is a soloist of merit, enters into the sphere of the spotlight, and behold! silence reigns. Then the lilt of the orchestra, the blending of sweet voices, the dashing piquancy of pretty colors, all combine to lend a reality to the slogan that this is all "A Little better than one expects."

A Plucky Little Briton

A couple of months ago Mrs. Reginald Warde, the wife of a movie magnate, in the absence of her husband, drove her car alone from Los Angeles to San Francisco and back again, without a chauffeur or other male protector, nor even a girl friend to relieve the monotony of the two 600-mile trips with snatches of conversation. Her friends were greatly alarmed when she declared her intention of making the trip, on the ground that a lone woman could not possibly avoid either robbery or kidnapping, and they were almost beside themselves with amazement and surprise when she returned safely, and reported that not once during the 1200 miles of road, mostly wilderness, had she felt a single qualm of fear or even anxiety. Such a moment arrived last week near Hollywood, however, when a man suddenly appeared from a hedge skirting the roadside, jumped upon the running board and demanded her money.

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She replied that she had none with her and rushed her car ahead at full speed, thinking that even a bandit would not risk his life by standing on a running board with the car going 50 miles an hour. But the man clung to the forward door of the car, balancing himself with difficulty, and again hissed into her ear:

"Give me your money or I'll shoot!"

Her start of terror disappeared, however, when she noticed that he had no pistol, so, giving her engine more gas, she pushed the inside door lever aside, the door flew open throwing the man rolling down the road declivity, and she was safe. Nothing was ever heard of the man again, for there were no items in the papers announcing the finding of a mysterious dead man, and the plucky little Briton sighed with relief when she could make up her mind that she had not taken a life, even that of a highwayman.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Stolp and their daughter Carmen, recently graduated from Mills Seminary, left on Tuesday for an extended tour through Canada, after which they will repair to New York for a thorough doing of the Great White Way and the theatres for three months or more.

Mr. and Mrs. George Uhl are up to their eyes in the interesting business of buying furniture for their recently purchased farm near Gilroy, and will take up their residence there during most of the months of the year as soon as the Lares and Penates have been installed. Mr. and Mrs. Uhl are lavish in the entertainment of their friends, and announce that there will be regular week-end parties scheduled, without reference to a wet or dry winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac O. Upham have settled down permanently in their magnificent country home at Woodside, which is said to possess the most varied collection of flowering plants in the state, having been laid out and planted by a noted horticulturist.

Mrs. John McNear entertained Misses Betty and Elena Folger last week at her Russian River home.

The guests at the de St. Cyr dinner at El Cerrito on Sunday evening were: Messrs. and Mmes. Shafter, Howard, J. O. Tobin, George Howard, George Cameron, Rennie P. Schwerin, Mmes. W. H. Taylor, George Harding, J. W. Kieney and Messrs. Robt. Burroughs and Campbell Stewart.

Miss Marian Filmer was the motif for a tea given by Mrs. Harry Warren Tuesday. Misses Maroney, Mrs. William Filmer and Mrs. Roy Hills were among those who assisted the hostess. Miss Filmer is the fiancee of Donald Bradford.

Admiral Rodman entertained at an elaborate luncheon aboard the New Mexico on Wednesday. His guests were: Admirals and Mmes. Jayne, Twining, Gen. Blatchford, Captains Mel, Furer, Lieut.-Commanders McRea and Sterling, Colonel and Mrs. Wright, Capt. and Mrs. F. P. Helm, Mrs. Ayres and Mrs. Sue Merriman.

No Permit

"Here's interesting news."

"What's dat?"

"In Senegal youse have to get a government permit to take a bath."

"Dat's de place for me. I'm always on de outs wit' de administration."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

LIBERTY

(By John Hay)

What man is there so bold that he should say
"Thus, and thus only, would I have the sea?"
For whether lying calm and beautiful,
Clasping the earth in love, and throwing back
The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst;
Or whether, freshened by the busy winds,
It bears the trade and navies of the world
To ends of use or stern activity;
Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives way
To elemental fury, howls and roars
At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust
Of ruin drinks the blood of living things,
And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate shore,—
Always it is the sea, and men bow down
Before its vast and varied majesty.

So all in vain will timorous ones essay
To set the metes and bounds of Liberty.
For Freedom is its own eternal law;
It makes its own conditions, and in storm
Or calm alike fulfills the unerring Will.
Let us not then despise it when it lies
Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm
Of gnat-like evils hover round its head;
Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times
It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry shrills
O'er the quaking earth, and in the flame
Of riot and war we see its awful form
Rise by the scaffold, where the crimson axe
Rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering kings.
Forever in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And though thou slay us, we wil trust in thee!

AD MANUS PUELLAE

I was always a lover of ladies' hands!
Or ever mine heart came here to tryst,
For the sake of your carved white hands' commands;
The tapering fingers, the dainty wrist;
The hands of a girl were what I kissed.

I remember a hand like a fleur-de-lys
When it slid from its silken sheath, her glove;
With its odours passing ambergris:
And that was the empty husk of a love.
Oh, how shall I kiss your hands enough?

They are pale with the pallor of ivories;
But they blush to the tips like a curled sea-shell:
What treasure, in kingly treasuries,
Of gold, and spice for the thurible,
Is sweet as her hands to hoard and tell?

I know not the way from your finger-tips,
Nor how I shall gain the higher lands,
The citadel of your sacred lips:
I am captive still of my pleasant bands,
The hands of a girl, and most your hands.

The eminent lecturer had finished another evening's toil, and was preparing to go to his hotel, when a young man approached and handed over his card.

"I want to thank you most earnestly for your last evening's lecture," he said, effusively. "I never enjoyed myself so much in my life."

"Thank you," said the lecturer. "I am glad my poor efforts pleased you so much—very glad."

"Yes," said the enthusiastic young man; "you see, I'm awfully sweet on Dolly Sweetleigh, and last night all her family went to your show, andI had her all to myself. And—what do you think? She promised to be mine for ever and always."

A short time before the declaration of the Armistice, in a certain town on the other side of the Channel, a certain "Tommy" staggered down the main street well content with himself and the "load" he was carrying.

On rounding a corner he bumped forcibly into an officer, and staggered on without saluting, oblivious of everything and everybody.

"Shall I arrest him, sir?" said one of the military police, standing by.

The officer thought for a moment or two and said:

"No, no; I wouldn't do that; but you might ask him where he got it!"

On Growing Old

(By John Masefield)

Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying,
My dog and I are old, too old for roving;
Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift-flying,
Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.
I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves. Minute by minute
The clock ticks to my heart; a withered wire
Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.
I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander
Your mountains, nor your downlands, nor your valleys,
Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where your young knight the broken squadron rallies:
Only stay quiet, while my mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

Beauty, have pity; for the young have power,
The rich their wealth, the beautiful their grace,
Summer of man its fruit-time and its flower,
Spring-time of man all April in a face.
Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,
Where the mob thrusts, or loiters, or is loud,
The beggar with the saucer in his hand
Asks only a penny from the passing crowd,
So, from this glittering world with all its fashion,
Its fire and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and passion,
Bread to the soul, rain where the summers parch.
Give me but these, and though the darkness close,
Even the night will blossom as the rose.

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San Francisco

Clay M. Greene At Work and Play

(By Helen M. Bonnet)

This week I was in despair because there was not a visiting stage celebrity to interview for our readers. But a kind destiny brought to my mind the lines from Gaspar Becarra:

"O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart:
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art."

I did not have to seek a resident celebrity because just then one appeared at the door of my office. He is the nicest man and justly celebrated. "Who's Who in America," includes his biography on account of his distinguished career as a playwright. Many of his plays have made dramatic history in this country and England, and fortunes for players and producers. His name is Clay Meredith Greene. San Francisco has the honor to be his birthplace and present residence. Here the names of his friends are legion. Everybody loves him and delights to have him about, which accounts for the fact that he is the most invited out man in town. His home is the rendezvous for clever people, and when distinguished strangers visit the city, few are here many hours before looking him up on account of previous acquaintance or a letter of introduction.

His friendship has been one of the most delightful experiences of my newspaper career which has been not yet two years, but would seem to me like twenty were it not for the sweetness of this good man's nature, his encouraging enthusiasm and generous sympathy. For Mr. Greene has been here much of the time with me. For a year and a half he has written most of the editorials for this paper, and a great many other articles, including several special ones.

He is the most amiable man imaginable. For instance, he is a Republican, believing in a Republican league of nations, and he sees many imperfections in President Wilson; but because I insist that Wilson is one of the greatest American presidents, and that adherence to the league as Wilson visualized it is a fixed policy of this paper, therefore Mr. Greene's typewriter sings the praises of Wilson and the league. He is not keen about woman suffrage, and when I say, "O, Mr. Greene, I couldn't let what you have written against the suffrage idea go in the paper so I'll have to write something in favor of it," he merely smiles, and answers cheerily, "Why, of course, let the women have anything they want." He would be an inspiration to gloomy people, for he's always in high spirits and intensely busy.

Every morning he has a little story to tell of a party he attended the previous night, and adds that he has another on for the evening with perhaps a luncheon during the day and an afternoon affair later on. Don't think he is an idler. On the contrary, he is the most industrious person I know. Besides his work here he edits The Olympian, and has a succession of literary contracts to fulfill. Just now he is writing St. John of Nepomuk, the Bohemian Grove play for next year. He says he hopes to make it the crowning achievement of his career, and from what he tells me of it, I believe his ambition will be realized.

I think it is about time to record the titles of his plays, but I found it very difficult to learn their names from him. He said "I forgot," or "What do I want to talk about myself for?" However, I extracted the following list: Struck Oil (which made an unusual fortune for J. C. Williamson, who became the Australian Frohman), The Golden Giant (for McKee Rankin), Chispa, Mliss, Hans the Boatman, His Japanese Wife, Sharps and Flats (for Robson and Crane), Pawn Ticket 210 (for Lotta), For Money (with Augustus Thomas), Under the Polar Star (with David Belasco, for Wm. Brady), The New South (for the Grismers), The Passion Play, Forgiven, The Chinese Question, about fifty vaudeville sketches, including Divorced by Telegraph, For Love's Sweet Sake, Christmas on Blackwell's Island, and Bred in the Bone. He wrote the librettos for The Little Trooper (Della Fox), Maid of Plymouth (for the Bostonians), and Africa, and also about 150 stories and scenarios for the movies. His plays written for Lambs' Gambols number about 100, and twenty outdoor annual plays for the New York Huckleberry Indians.

Most of Mr. Greene's celebrity was attained in New York, where for many years he was the most successful reviser of plays, and where he produced many of the biggest musical successes.

For twelve years he was shepherd of the Lambs in New York. Indeed other Lambs have told me that when the club was about to go out of existence, Clay Greene financed it and breathed new life into it. How dear he is to their hearts, the birthday party they gave him last spring was evidence. He and his wife were the Lambs' guests all the way from San Francisco to redeem a promise made ten years before on the occasion of his farewell to New York. The dinner was a wonderful affair, the guests all the brightest lights of the stage world, besides General Pershing and other celebrities. The piece de resistance was Clay's acceptance of an invitation for a birthday dinner at the Lambs in 1930.

Did I tell you his age? Seventy, and proud of it. He has the heart of a boy, the brain of a man of a cultured thirty-five, and the physique of a man in the prime of life. He is never ill or complaining, and he dances, golfs and walks miles a day. Last year he slipped on the ice in New York but he simply took massage. Dr. Osler would be ashamed of himself if he knew Clay Greene. I asked him for his recipe for keeping young and he said: "Never sick and plenty play time."

He is an honorary member of six clubs in San Francisco and New York. He is passionately fond of yachting and was once commodore of the Manhassett Yacht Club. He crossed the Atlantic on the yacht "Atlantic" when the owner, Wilson Marshall, won the Kaiser's cup in 1905. He has made three European trips and one world tour, the latter in company with Frank Unger and Harry Gillig in 1895. He speaks French and Spanish and loves Italy and the Italians.

He doesn't know how he became a playwright. He explained, "I don't know. I began when I was a student at Santa Clara College, and I wrote a play at U. C., which I entered in its first year." He vows he never studied the technique of the drama, yet his plays are scientifically built and their success is proof of their appeal.

It is a continual delight to hear his anecdotes of famous players, from Booth and Barrett to George M. Cohan, from Adelaide Neilson to Billie Burke. He never has any unkind or derogatory thing to say of people, and goes through life ignoring pettiness.

Of course I inquired if the story is true that he wrote "The Girl of the Golden West." He said he was glad I asked him, because he wanted to deny the oft told tale. He sold a play called "The Duchess" to David Belasco, who wrote him that he could not use it then but would take some of its material at some future time.

Greene's "Duchess" was Belasco's "Girl" and the sheriff and other characters were identical, but the love interest was entirely different, as were other essentials.

Mr. Greene studied at Toland Medical College but after two years decided not to be a physician. Instead, his mother bought him a seat in the stock exchange for $5,000 when he was twenty-three. Business and Clay Greene are antithetic, so it wasn't long until he reached the artistic state known as "broke." Then he became a playwright as a means of livelihood.

He was married in youth to Miss Wheeler of Los Angeles. Their three daughters, the eldest thirteen, died some years before their mother. His present wife, many years his junior, was Mrs. Laura Robinson of New York, who has three children, one a lieutenant-commander in the U. S. navy. Mrs. Greene is a brilliant woman and as much a favorite in San Francisco society as her gifted husband.

The world of make believe has been very good to him, and he has paid back the real world in coin of entertainment, instruction, good deeds and happiness.

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The Stage

Alcazar

"Peg O' My Heart," given this week with even greater success than before—and it is abundantly good for further revival—will be followed next Sunday matinee by the first local staging of "Daddies," the special release of which is another proof of David Belasco's brotherly love for the popular Alcazar. Of all the Belasco successes none has surpassed that of John L. Hobble's wonderful comedy of childhood, middle age and universal humanity. Its career in New York exceeded 500 performances; it exerted equal appeal in London and Australia. "Daddies" is about a number of hard-boiled American bachelors, old college mates and men of big affairs, who, at an annual reunion, vote to adopt a group of foreign war waifs left helpless through the horrors of world's conflict. When the children arrive the troubles—and first real joys—of their foster fathers, begin. A comedy of delicious humor it has sudden flashes of poignant pathos that bring a lump to the throat. Its appeal is to every one who loves a child. A remarkable cast is assembled with Inez Ragan, Dudley Ayres, Brady Kline, Rafael Brunetto, Ben Erway and Frederic Green, Helen MacKerricher, Emily Pinter, Al Cunningham and Mlle. Valentina Zimina. The contingent of juvenile players is headed by little Sylvia Yaffe, whose amazing performance recently in "A Prince There Was" created a real sensation.

Scotti Grand Opera Co.

On Monday, August 30, opens the sale of single tickets for the engagement of the Scotti Grand Opera Company, at the Exposition Auditorium the week commencing October 4. Antonio Scotti, one of the greatest stars known to grand opera, has recruited from the ranks of the Metropolitan such notable principals as Florence Easton, Marie Sundelius, Jeanne Gordon, Orville Harrold, Giovanni Martini, Mario Laurenti, Mario Chamlee, Millo Picco, Leon Rothier, Morgan Kingston, Greek Evans and others, backed by a chorus and ballet, thoroughly schooled in the exacting routine of the Metropolitan. Realizing too, that the foundation of grand opera lies in the orchestra pit, Mr. Scotti has engaged Gennaro Papi, leading conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, and Carlo Peroni, leading conductor of the Scotti Grand Opera Company on its past three tours, and Wilfred Pelletier, assistant conductor, for an orchestra of sixty-five men, which will be found magnificent in its ready response to the conductors and in the "finesse" of its support to the singers. There will be excellent stage bands for the performances of "La Boheme" and "Faust." Metropolitan production methods are assured, as Mr. Scotti has been so fortunate as to secure Armando Agnini, stage manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, whose artistic presentation is in accord with Scotti's ideals. The scenery and effects are from the studios of the Metropolitan Opera House, and in magnitude of apparatus, beauty of stage setting, costuming and lighting effects are as comprehensively artistic as those of the Metropolitan itself.

As revised for this engagement, Mr. Frank W. Healy, San Francisco impressario, announces that with special stage and orchestra pit, the seating capacity of the Auditorium is reduced practically one half. As was noted at the Democratic National Convention, the efforts to remedy acoustic defects were gratifying beyond expectation, and every word can now be heard in the most remote corners of the building.

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The Play Adorable—"PEG O' MY HEART"
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Artist—Am I quite safe in this field with your bull?

Farmer—Yes, I should think yer would be now, mister—it's over a month since he killed the last h'artist!

Mistress—Why, Bridget, it can't be possible that the sugar is all used so soon!

Bridget—Yis, mum; the milk turned sour last night, an' it tuk all the sugar ration to sweeten it.

She was inclined to be sentimental. He was nothing if not practical. "Would that you could tell me how to mend a broken heart," she said.

"I have known of cases where it has been done by splicing," he replied. That was the remedy tried in this case.

"Some men say," remarked the beautiful heiress, "that I have no heart." "Oh, that doesn't matter," replied the poor but willing youth; "I'll give you mine."

Caller—Nellie, is your mother in?

Nellie—Mother is out shopping.

Caller—When will she return, Nellie?

Nellie (calling back)—Mama, what shall I say now?

Doctor—Tell your wife not to worry about that slight deafness, as it is merely an indication of advancing years.

Mr. Meek—Er—would you mind telling her yourself, doctor.

Therefore Impossible!

"Charles, my cigar boxes have emptied themselves with uncommon rapidity during the last month. Is it possible that during the short period you have been in my service—"

"No fear, sir; I have still in my possession three boxes of my late employer's."

"Can you help a poor feller what ain't had a bite to eat for a week?" "Sure I can. Keep it up for two weeks longer, and I'll give you a job in my waxwork show as a champion faster."

The Coming Upper Class

"I can't play with you common children, my father is a working man." Sondags Nisse (Stockholm).

Mistress—I've got some friends coming to dinner today, Mary, so I want you to cook your very best.

Cook—You can depend upon me, mum. I've got some of my own friends coming today, as well.

Dibbs—Do you believe that there is really something which can invariably tell when a man is lying?

Higgs—I know it.

Dibbs—Ah! perhaps you have seen one of the instruments?

Higgs—Seen one! I married one.

A certain little girl was boasting about her father's great ability as an artist. "Why," she said, "with one stroke he can change a smiling face into a sorrowful one."

"Pooh, that's nothing," remarked Tommy Jones, "so can my teacher."

Lawyer—You say the prisoner stole your watch. What distinguishing feature was there about the watch?

Witness—It had my sweetheart's portrait in it.

Lawyer—Ah, I see. A woman in the case.

"Do you remember, dear," he asked, as they sat down on one of the rsutic reats in the park, "that I cut your initials on this tree behind us three or four years ago?"

"Why, no, George," she replied. "I don't remember that. Are you sure?"

He rose, walked round the tree, and inspected the bark closely.

"Yes," he said, as he sat down again, "it's the same tree all right, but it was another girl."

"My wife," Mr. Jones declared, "used to get nervous every time she head a noise downstairs, but I assured her that such a noise couldn't come from burglars, as these chaps are careful never to make a sound."

"That calmed her, eh?" said Mr. Jones' companion.

"Not at all," said Mr. Jones. "She gets nervous now whenever she doesn't hear anything."

"Pray," Miss Jones, observe the pause," said a music master to his fair pupil. "Make a good long rest."

"Eh, what? Pause?" observed the paternal Jones, who was hanging about the drawing room. "We don't want no pauses, and don't pay two dollars an hour for you to rest. Mr. Music Master. Let her play straight ahead."

Before casting their bread upon the waters some people tie a string to it.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Underlying conditions have not shown any great change to warrant optimism, but the action of the market, in face of the adverse conditions abroad and the general unsettled conditions in this country, from a mercantile standpoint, has brought about a change in sentiment amongst the professional bear element and, as a result, stocks have shown a stronger trend with prices generally well above the previous week's level.

The buying of small lots for the investor has been marked the past week more than for a long time, and this in itself was really the big factor, as, after all, it is this class of buying that develops whenever stocks are forced down to a point considered attractive by bargain hunters.

The credit situation has not changed, but the general feeling seems to be that we have seen the worst and that the crop movement period will soon be over, which will release a lot of money.

The recent decline in all commodities, while it may have had a bad effect on some individuals or corporations who have been carrying large inventories, will actually be a help to the credit situation, as it takes less money to finance commodities on a lower basis.

If the proposition can be accepted that the country has embarked on a policy of conservation of credit and of production, it can be accepted on the side of conservative features, in which case it is just as well to look over the situation and take account of such other constructive features as have developed recently—of which there are several to be found.

The transportation system has for months been the key to most of our industrial problems. The congestion of our railroads has had a very important bearing upon the credit power of the community. The disturbances resulting from this congestion have been serious enough to cause anxiety, and have forced prompt action in the emergency, but they have, as yet, fallen short of a calamity, because they would never be allowed to get that far. With the labor award and the freight rate increase, railroad officials now have it within their power to bring the transportation system to the country up to the required standard, and this they have set about doing as speedily as the work can be undertaken. It now looks as if we have passed the crisis of our railroad difficulties, so that future developments will be far the better, and it will merely be a matter of patience awaiting the recovery from the ill effects already experienced.

Another factor that is making itself felt and that is: the attitude of the public at large in practicing more thrift. The fever of extravagance seems to have run its course and is now gradually subsiding. The public are now becoming more interested in thrift and saving, which, perhaps, is worth while and which can be placed to the credit of those who have been talking panic.

The market is not yet out of the woods—but, unless all signs fail, the trend is higher, and, while it all depends on the credit situation, yet there are unmistakable signs of an improvement. With the large crops as well as the settlement of the railroad troubles which will give us adequate transportation, business will go along as usual and the stock market will again become attractive.

Cotton—Heavy selling of cotton from the start of the week to the close of the week—with only small rallies from time to time—brought about a demoralized condition in the cotton market and prices were off nearly $30 per bale with every indication that the liquidation would continue the coming week.

The cause of the decline seems to be more the European situation than any other single factor, although the poor domestic and foreign trade reports also played an important part in shaping prices, and, in the descent to new low levels, the bullish weather reports from the Eastern belt were entirely overlooked.

Liverpool market was on the toboggan and helped our decline. This dragging tendency encouraged more selling by the professional bears and also brought more selling from the south. The latter were selling because of the weakness in the spot situation coupled with the larger receipts of the new crop.

The tight financial situation in the south makes it probable that earlier receipts will be pressed for sale, and this had its effect on the nearby futures.

One market feature was the absence of any supporting buying orders. The sellers seemed actuated by the most pessimistic motives, whereas the buyers were apparently shorts covering, who had already large profits in sight and were disposed to let the other fellow make something.

The possibility of crop deterioration is being ignored steadily in the market with the talk that most of the scares are only the usual crop scares and only represent the normal deterioration. This attitude is the natural attendant of a heavy bear market and the disposition to ignore minor factors frequently leave these factors to multiply unseen until they constitute a force sufficient to halt the break.

It has been raining in the Eastern belt every day and, while recent rains in Texas have not hurt the new crop, they have hindered picking and have opened up possibilities for weevil damage; while rains in the Eastern belt are acknowledged frankly as adverse.

Some of the recent bulls are now as bearish as they were bullish sometime ago and are predicting a crop of fourteen million bales. With all commodities on the down grade and with sentiment so unanimous on the bear side, the market will work lower until it reaches a level where the mills, who are now out of the market, step in and take the floating supply of contracts.

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Rose

Sir John Mandeville relates: A Jewish maid of Bethlehem, named Zillah, was beloved by one Hamuel, a brutish sot. Zillah rejected his suit, and Hamuel vowed vengeance. He gave out that Zillah was a demoniac, and she was condemned to be burnt; but God averted the flames, the stake budded and the maid stood unharmed under a rose tree full of white and red roses then "first seen on earth since Paradise was lost".

Hyacinth

Hyacinth was the son of Amyclas, a Spartan king. The lad was beloved by Apollo and Zephyr, and as he preferred the sun-god, Zephyr drove Appollo's quoit at his head, and killed him. The blood became a flower, and the petals are inscribed with the boy's name.

Garland

Garland, a head-dress, is so called from Domenico Ghirlanda, an eminent goldsmith of Florence, the inventor of gold and silver ornaments in the form of a wreath, which became in the fourteenth century the favorite head-dress of the Florentine beauties.

Idiot

An idiot meant originally simply a private person; one who engaged in any public office. As idiots were not employed in public offices, the term became synonymous with incompetency to fulfil the duties thereof.

They were talking about the different places they had visited during the war. One Australian was saying he had enjoyed the privilege of being on guard one night at the gates of Bethlehem. Suddenly another Australian looked up at the first speaker and said: "I'll bet the shepherds watched their flocks that night!"—Reedy's Mirror.

"Are you well acquainted with Mr. Rigby?"

"Quite well. He is employed in the same office as myself."

"I think he is such an interesting young man. He is always so melancholy. Surely he must have suffered some great disappointment."

"Yes, he has."

"Oh, how romantic! What was it?"

"Why, he expected a rise in his salary on the 1st inst, and he didn't get it."

A collector of china was telling his friends about his trouble with a man-servant who was "all thumbs."

"Why don't you dismiss him?" said a practical Englishman.

"But he is a good servant," said his host.

"Stop it out of his wages," said a Scotsman.

"But," said the host, "he breaks more than his wages would pay."

"Why not raise his wages?" said an Irishman.

During the war a soldier was tried for assaulting a sergeant, and the prosecuting officer said:

"Now, please tell us at once, without any prevarication, did you or did you not strike the sergeant?"

The prisoner cogitated for a moment, then he answered brightly:

"The answer is in the infirmary."

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY EXECUTORS.

No. 20334. Dept. No. 9. Probate.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of MATTHEW NUNAN, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Frank Nunan and Michael Sullivan as Executors of the Will of Matthew Nunan, deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in Gold Coin of the United States, and subject to the confirmation of the above entitled Court, on or after Tuesday, the 14th day of September, 1920, all the right, title, interest and estate of said Matthew Nunan, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that his estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, of, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point on the southeasterly line of Tehama street, distant thereon two hundred and two (202) feet six (6) inches northeasterly from the northeasterly line of Ninth Street; running thence northeasterly along said southeasterly line of Tehama Street one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet six (6) inches, and thence at right angles northwesterly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred Vara Lots numbers Two Hundred and Ninety-nine (299) and Two Hundred and Eighty-eight (288).

Together with the improvements thereon consisting of a two-story brick building.

Ten (10) per cent of the purchase price payable at the time of the sale, and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court. The purchaser to assume the payment of and take the property purchased by him subject to all State, City and County, Municipal and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature which are now, or may hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers or bids must be in writing, and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, attorney for said Executors, Room 2002 Hobart Building, 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said executors personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above-named Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., August 25, 1920.

FRANK NUNAN.
MICHAEL SULLIVAN.
Executors of the Will of Matthew Nunan, Deceased.
GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Executors.
Room 2002 Hobart Building,
San Francisco, California. 8-28-3.

SUMMONS

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

AUTIE McCOY, Plaintiff, vs. DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN UNDER my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this July 7th, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
Schonfeld & Dunn,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 7-10-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of P. MORICONI, also called PAOLINI MORICONI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of P. MORICONI, also called PAOLINI MORICONI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of said Administrator, Room 858 Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of P. MORICONI, also called PAOLINI MORICONI, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
P. MORICONI, Alias, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1920. 8-21-5

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

No. 30048—Dept. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

In the Matter of the Estate of THEODORE F. BONNET, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a petition for the probate of the Will of Theodore F. Bonnet, deceased, and for the issuance to Helen M Bonnet of letters Testamentary, has been filed in this Court, and that Tuesday, the seventh day of September, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated August 10, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
(Seal) Filed, August 10, 1920. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney for Petitioner. 8-14-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Joseph Goodman, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of JOSEPH GOODMAN, Deceased, to the creditors and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 860 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GOODMAN, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
JOSEPH GOODMAN, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1920. 8-21-5

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

In the Matter of the Estate of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a petition for the probate of the will of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased, and for the issuance to GERTRUDE RICHTER of letters testamentary has been filed in this Court, and that Monday, the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 9 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated, July 6th, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
Charles F. Hanlon,
Attorney for Petitioner,
501-4 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-10-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

Dept. No. 2. No. 106183

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

HAZEL M. DAY, Plaintiff, vs. TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send greeting to TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, 20th day of April, A. D. 1920.

(Seal of) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Superior Court) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
B. V. Sargent,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
212 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29667—Dept. 10

Estate of JANE BAXTER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator with the will annexed of the estate of JANE BAXTER, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the will annexed at the office of Charles F. Hanlon, Attorney at Law, rooms 501-4 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of JANE BAXTER, Deceased.

FRANK W. DEAN,
Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of
JANE BAXTER, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1920. 8-14-4

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

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Political Fur Ruffles Up

During the past week there has been a marked improvement in the oratical sparring of the presidential candidates, which, to quote the immortal bard, while it makes the unskilful laugh, it cannot but make the judicious grieve. At this writing it does not appear that either side has aproached close enough to the entrenchments of the other to sweep them clear and claim a victory. Candidate Cox seems to have temporarily retired his discussions of the League of Nations—which should be his one dominant issue—to second place, and still waxes convincingly eloquent over his claim that the Republicans are, beyond the slighest semblance of doubt, raising that slush fund of $15,000,000. He declares with that biting emphasis which characterizes all of his campaign speeches, that "he has goods on 'em sure," and will be ready to produce his proofs next week before the Congressional Committee appointed to investigate all slush fund matters. This will no doubt meet with as much dignity as the usual Congressional Investigating Committee is capable of, hear all of the evidence, and then as is usually the case in purely political investigations, retire behind the old Scotch method of getting out of a legal dilemma and declare the charges "not proven." On the Republican side Candidate Harding good naturedly disdains the whole matter, denying nothing but the Cox charge that he knows all about, and has been a direct party to, the raising of this tremendous fund to "buy the Presidency." National Chairman Will Hays says that Mr. Cox being a millionaire himself, naturally thinks and dreams in millions, but that he will be present at that Congressional investigation, examine the goods that the Democratic Candidate has on the Republican Campaign Committee, and then proceed to prove their spuriousness. All things being equal—and in all political campaigns there is no difference between parties in the collection of funds with which to meet the tremendous expenses—it really does not appear that either side of this slush fund melee is getting anywhere. It is all very much like the schoolboy who puts a chip on his shoulder, challenges the boy he hates most to knock it off, after which they can make good as to their separate points of dispute. It is known that 5,000,000 lithographic portraits of Candidate Harding have been printed. Who shall say that a similar number has not been issued by the supporters of Candidate Cox? It is re-iterated here for the purpose of insisting, in our small way, that the voters of the United States are still sadly mixed up in respect of the League of Nations, and their minds should be set at rest to the exclusion of all other issues. Candidate Cox can not yet, as he has declared, be sure of his election; it would be far better to rouse voters to vigilance and action than to educate them into a sense of security. The League of Nations, Mr. Cox; for again, and yet again, there is no other issue that is worth while wasting time and eloquence over.

* * *

Unsafe Democracy Encourages Monarchy

Unless the newly-made Democratic nations begin very soon to cease to haggle and massacre, and busy themselves with the study of some saner methods of securing peaceful and stable government, there will soon be none of the Democracies for which so many millions of lives have been sacrificed. For what reason have so many militarists of the old German regime secured positions under the present unstable Democratic government, other than that they are waiting for the time when there will come internal disruption, and an interregnum during which they will declare a restoration of the empire? Is it not for similar reasons that even in the Bolshevist armies of Russia there are many generals of the Czarist regime, and that they are not even absent from the inner councils of the Soviet government? Already in Austria the return to the throne of Ex-Emperor Karl is openly discussed, and it is said that in the body which answers for a House of Representatives, there are at least sixty members who are committed to, and even plotting for, such restoration. A similar condition exists in Hungary and also Bohemia, and unless the Democracies shall soon settle down to the pursuits of peace, it will have been proved beyond question that government of the people by that kind of people, must soon perish from the earth. Rumanians seem to be reasonably well satisfied with a monarchial form of government; as soon as the independent state of Fiume has been recognized by Italy, her people will be satisfied, barring the labor element, which is not satisfied in any country, worse luck! Belgium, is satisfied with monarchy and so is Spain—again barring the uncontrollable labor element—and Great Britain, as soon as her ministers shall have decided upon some plain of settling the Irish question, will have again proved the serene stability of a limited monarchy. This is by no means intended as a brief for a monarchial form of government, but as another reminder that, in this opinion, but few of the peoples concerned in the establishment of the new Democracies, were suited by temperament, or justified by historical achievement, in aspiring to self government. This fact has been established by the behavior of these peoples during the past five years, and nearly every day now something occurs to strengthen and perpetuate it.

* * *

The Lord Mayor of Cork

At the present writing the hunger strike of the imprisoned Lord Mayor of Cork continues, with a rapidly sinking patient and an added inflammation among his countrymen, who seem to be growing more and more hysterical in their demands, as the apparently inevitable death of their self-artyred hero approaches. From the headquarters of the so-called Sinn Fein government there has come a solemn pronunciamento to the effect that in the event of his death every one of those British officials who have been concerned in his murder will be tried and convicted for it. Their presence in court is said not to be necessary, and it is further declared that the punishment for this capital crime will be summarly inflicted. It does not seem to occur to the projectors of this court, either that the killing was under any existing law nothing but self destruction, and that to release this prisoner because of his determination to starve himself to death rather than to remain in prison would be a dangerous precedent enabling any future criminal to escape punishment by a similar ruse. In their desperation to secure the release of this deluded man before the end shall have come, U. S. Secretary of State Colby was plaintively memorialized to interfere. He replied to the effect that, from his own view of the case, supported by such information as could be obtained through several channels, the Lord Mayor of Cork's approaching demise was of his own choosing; if death should come he must decide it to have been self inflicted, and furthermore the sufferer's own wife, strangely enough, has all along approved of this singular effort to compel the British government to release him. Aside from a purely sentimental view of this unfortunate case, it

is difficult to conceive of any other decision, and it must not be forgotten that Secretary Colby is one of the country's very best lawyers and an expert in international law. Consequently this country has nothing whatever to do with the case. At the same time the extreme severity of the circumstances attending it, and which have resulted in further bloodshed in Ireland, may hasten action on the part of the British government either to decide upon some form of self determination for poor Ireland, or throw up its hands and leave her to decide upon her own fate. Either way would adjust the whole matter and there is not much choice between them.

* * *

Pessimism Is Censured

In an editorial this week, The Bulletin in exceedingly plain language launched into a wordy criticism of those newspapers and magazines that admit to their columns the views of writers with reference to the inextricable confusion that pretty much every nation of the world—except our own—has gotten itself into. In this editor's view there is nothing whatever to be afraid of as far as the world's future is concerned. The abominable Turkish question will be settled in some way; Bolshecism will be confined to Russia, with the result that the Soviet government will be recognized, and therefore placed on a sound financial and economic basis; Poland will consent to the territorial borders arranged for her by the Allies; France will eventually satisfy herself with things as they at present exist, and all of the other democracies will become stable and satisfied governments worthy to be classed as among the world's great powers. The Japanese imbroglios will be satisfactorily adjusted, and in fact any writer who believes to the contrary with reference to any of these deplorable situations, is little short of a dangerous pessimist who should be at once scolded into silence, or compelled to adopt the optimistic view of the very readable "independent" paper hereinabove mentioned. In defense of the pessimistic view of the world's present condition, it is respectfully urged that the power of mental suggestion may be tremendously effective between individuals in touch with another: But it is not yet potent enough to travel from 6000 to 10,000 miles to alter conditions and impressions among many millions of bloodthirsty people. Such an attitude is asking altogether too much of "absent treatment." Those who dismiss it from their minds altogether, regard matters as they really exist, and endeavor to devise methods for their correction will be on the safe side, the sweetness and blessedness of optimism to the contrary notwithstanding.

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Disproportionate Proportion

Rents are going higher and higher; so are produce, meats, clothing and every other necessity of human existence. To meet these inflations—no doubt unavoidable—everything is inflated in proportion. Building material have doubled in price; the cost of labor has more than doubled and, consequently, capital, in order to secure adequate interest upon its investments, must increase the rents that home dwellers must pay, and that must be paid by merchants, tailors, mercers and hucksters. By this course of financial reasoning capital labor, and the producers of food and building products have justly defended their abnormal inflations in the prices of necessities, and in all fairness should not be blamed for it. The prices charged for them must be in proportion to the cost of production. Capital must receive the same percentage of profit as before. Labor, being a sufferer from the inflation of those profits, must guard against permitting them to reach too high a figure, and accordingly demands, and receives, higher wages, thereby effecting a fair balance between supply and demand. So much for capital and labor. But where do the office employees of capital share in this proportionate increase of profit? Where do the school teachers, for instance, share in the obviously necessary increase of taxes in order that the city's swollen budget must be met? The builder, in order to ensure the same profit for his contracts, increases the cost of building to meet the cost of material and the exactions of labor, but he pays the same wages to his book-keepers, his stenographers, and other employees who must be possessed of brains in order to retain their positions, while brawn and no brain at all provide labor with double pay. The wage of employees of intelligence and education is entirely out of proportion with that of all other branches of work. The man who sweeps out a bank receives nearly double the wages of five years ago, and yet the tellers, the book-keepers and other educated employees receive the same wage, or such small increase as to be almost negative. For this class of employees, disproportionate as is their pay to the other branches of wage earners, it is not likely that there is any relief. If they were to strike for higher pay, there are thousands of others only too glad to step into their places, because they have only brains and brawn to be considered in the balances of the high cost of living.

* * *

Harding Favors a League

While Candidate Cox is making a dominant issue of a League of Nations already in operation, and only awaiting ratification by the United States to become the most forceful entity in the history of government, Candidate Harding has at last come out with a definite rejection of the Versailles covenant and suggests a substitute which has nothing new about it, either in conception or promise of execution. This is simply a revival of the Hague Tribunal, over which the diplomatists of the world have wasted a lot of time without affecting anything of much importance, and for which Andrew Carnegie expended several millions of dollars. Mr. Harding, in discussing his proposed substitute for President Wilson's finished product—which was promptly turned down for no other aparent reason than that he happened to be a Democrat—is said to have been more than usually eloquent—for him—and he now seems to believe that the future hope, not only of his own country but all others, depends upon its creation and immediate placing in operation. His principal objection to the present convenant takes the nobly humanitarian ground that it involves the setting up of "might and self interest" against "right and justice." Good! It is sweet and commendable in your nature, Mr. Harding, to quote a commendatory line from Shakespeare. But! In discussing his proposed international tribunal, he reviewed the history of the Hague Tribunal and said the matter with it was that it "had no teeth" and it must be the business of the Republican party to "put teeth into it." Good again, and, again, but! The Democrats are going to ask—if effective teeth are put into it, where will there exist any material difference between that tribunal and the Wilson one, since teeth that are good for anything are supposed to bite and biting suggests force? At last the cat is out of the bag. The Republicans too, recognize the necessity for a League of Nations, but after the usual partisan fashion, they want one of their own to claim the entire glory for, instead of being satisfied with a fair share in a much better one, already waiting for the ratifying decision of Uncle Sam to make it perfectly and permanently operative.

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Cannibals and Copra

By Helen M. Bonnet

Gentle reader, do you shudder at sight of the portrait on this page? Do you believe the original is a movie savage, brought from Tennessee or the glades of Florida and made up to look ferocious? He was not, he was a real cannibal—and he may be living yet. Some of his friends and companions in 1914 ate the friend and companion of a man I know, who took this picture and others of the tribe upon the territory where the unholy feast took place.

How would you feel if, when a guest at a quiet house party, you were interested in the tales of a traveler, a fellow guest, a serious looking, dark gentleman—how would you feel if a vivacious young lady should suddenly tell you that Mr. Bernard Winser (the dark stranger) had, when traveling in New Guinea, nearly been eaten alive by cannibals? That in fact his companion met just that gruesome fate and that when Mr. Winser returned after an absence of a few days to his camp, he found his comrade's bones strewn about? Would you shudder? I'LL SAY SO! I know I did. "But the most extraordinary thing is going to happen," volunteered the young lady, "Mr. Winser is going back soon to New Guinea where this horrible thing occurred. It is the most thrilling story!" As I am on the qui vive for thrilling stories I asked Mr. Winser to tell me about it, which he did after added persuasion of other guests who were eager to hear him repeat the story at which they had wondered a few days before my arrival.

It was not by any means the easiest task in the world to induce Mr. Winser to relate his adventures connectedly, he seeming to have a reluctance to appear "to spin a traveler's yarn."

"Let us begin at the beginning," I suggested, "and learn why you ever set out for such a barbarous country." Well, he didn't really embark for New Guinea but it was a woman's fault which directed his course to the fatal shore (as usual when there are tragic results).

At twenty-three, a mining engineer after a year of world travel, he found himself in San Francisco. Just to be going somewhere, he boarded a steamer for Australia with no objective. Aboard, he met another mining engineer named Lysle, who was on his way to British New Guinea to seek gold. Some years before, this man had been a member of Professor Koch's expedition sent out to German New Guinea (now a possession of Australia) to investigate malaria and tropical diseases; he was bound for British New Guinea because he believed that country a veritable gold mine. En voyage, he tried to induce young Winser to join him, but without avail, until the eternal feminine intervened. There were but five men passengers aboard the steamer as the vessel neared the port of Sydney. There were two women, one young and mirthful, the other, her very sea-sick mother, who rarely came on deck. The young lady's principal amusement was to flirt mildly with the wireless operator. On this last decisive evening, the sportive Miss, passing the wireless man's office, playfully threw therein a shower of pea-nut shells and then vanished from sight. The operator came to the door peevishly shouting: "Quit that foolery!" in the direction of the two engineers, deep in a discussion of mining. This was fun for the young lady, who repeated her harmless assault. The operator, aroused to anger, came on deck and berated the two guiltless men. Winser chaffed him, denying the accusation without betraying the real culprit. The dénoument was that the man who received messages out of the air made himself ridiculous in his rage and finally had to apologize. Lysle then persuaded Winser that as he had handled the situation so diplomatically, he would be invaluable in allaying the primitive passions of the uncivilized natives of New Guinea. So Winser, flattered and curious, consented to go upon the expedition. By such trifles are our destinies shaped.

The two prospectors landed at Port Moresby. Here they gathered a number of natives as guides, who were glad to go to the next village for the unaccustomed luxury of the certainty of food and a supply of tobacco. The natives' joy in smoking was found not to be the inhalation of the weed, but in making plenty of smoke. For this purpose, a sticky mass of Richmond, Va., tobacco was rolled in very long newspaper covering, consuming the combination creating far more satisfaction than a real cigarette or an exquisite cigar.

This pilgrimage with native guides continued for nine or ten months, the guides being recruited

from village to village, each group turning back when new carriers and guides had been obtained. In villages where the charms of tobacco had not yet penetrated, red calico, beads and small mirrors were the offerings.

At Christmas time, 1914, the prospectors, each with a separate entourage, separated for a few days, agreeing to reunite at their camp. Winser, returning to the rendezous, was met by fifty or sixty native police boys sent out by a resident British magistrate, who had received word in the mysterious native fashion in which news travels there that Lysle had been eaten by cannibals several days previously and that Winser was in danger of the same fate. Winser was escorted to the scene of the sacrifice and was shown the cooked bones of his companion.

The most horrifying aspect of this barbarous event seems to me the attitude of Mr. Winser when I asked if he had not been overcome upon learning of Lysle's terrible fate. He said quite dispassionately: "No! For two white men to be alone together in the bush is hell. The very dangers they face together help to create a chasm between them. Although they are dependent upon each other, the demand one makes upon the other only helps to destroy the bond of sympathy which may originally have existed. In our case, we were at the beginning strangers. Lysle was sick a great deal from tropical maladies and became morose and irritable when he realized his diminishing powers of activity under the equator's sun. Consequently, we were easily aroused to irascibility; but instead of flaring up and having it out with each other, a sense of the white man's prestige demanded a suppression of expressed resentment before the natives. The result was a mutual smoldering rage. I felt very unhappy about this condition until I learned afterwards that that has invariably been the psychology of male companionship in isolated, dangerous places."

But what happened to the guilty cannibals? The government, desirous to exterminate cannibalism, made an exhaustive investigation which resulted in the arrest of several savages and the jail sentence of seven years for the one to whom suspicion most convincingly pointed; but there was no execution because absolute proof of the murderer's identity was not forth-coming, and besides, the savage is not supposed to be cognizant of what constitutes a crime.

Mr. Winser attributes the cannibalistic tendency to instinct—the predilection of humans for animal food. This instinct thrives in the bush upon the condition of food shortage. Not that there is not plenty of game and fish, but the native implements for capture are necessarily too crude to be effective. The inhabitants therefore are perforce vegetarians, devouring sweet potatoes, yams, bread fruit, paw-paw, coco-nuts and bananas (when obtainable) and wild honey. The population of the thousands of villages is about 500,000, for whom the country does not, in its cultivated state, yield a bountiful supply of food sustenance. For this reason, the villages are jealous and suspicious of one another and frequent stealthy raids are in order.

In places where food scarcity prevails, these provident wild people exercise birth control to an extent which would be alarming were the government dependent upon their fecundity for laborers The women of the tribes perform whatever work is necessary to their crude existence, including food foraging and picking fire wood, while the males, more or less industriously guard with spears against invasions by other tribes. Here Mr. Winser parenthenthesized that the male Papuan is the most consistent "loafer" he has ever met.

A gift beyond the dream of avarice to a Papuan is a pig, traditionally introduced to New Guinea by Captain Cook. Although the delicacy of swine flesh is, to a Papuan, more delectable than anything else, yet a domesticated pig is considered sacred—it being a heinous offense for the owner of a pig to taste its flesh, though the rest of the village may gorge upon it. There have been instances of human native mothers suckling litters of a runaway mother pig while religious rites (including wailing) were conducted for the loss of the maternal swine.

Although the natives eat bush rats, lizards and bats, the cat is permitted to survive. He is known as "Pussy," is supposed to have been imported by the missionaries and is not often molested for his food value.

Mr. Winser said that of course he and Lysle had been warned by coast residents of the predatory habits of the savages in the interior,

so they provided themselves with plentiful ammunition as to the savages, naturally, could easily be demonstrated the efficacy of powder and shot. There were times when the hungry natives hovered suspiciously about the two white men, who never slept at the same time but stood guard over each other with guns by turns. Sometimes, starting out with well grounded fears of stealthy attack, they provided themselves with chunks of poisoned meat to scatter for their own preservation.

When their caravan approached a strange village, the inhabitants fled. Then the method of procedure was to set up camp and wait patiently for overtures. In about two days, an old woman of the tribe would approach to within 500 yards of the party, who, upon perceiving her, would set forth within her reach dishes of cooked rice. She would at first scamper off but later return and sample the food, by and by bringing companions who would at length be won over by the ingratiating methods of the explorers. In that way, sufficient confidence would be established to make attractive the proposition of guiding the men further into the next village.

Those of the natives who had never seen missionaries were amazed when they saw the white men divest themselves of clothing and plunge into the river. That was another way to win the savage favor, to show him that his body was of the same mold as his own.

New Guinea has luxuriant and beautiful flora and the natives love to adorn themselves with the bright blossoms and leaves as well as bird of paradise and guara pigeon plumage, including its aigrette. Their fondness for teeth and bone ornaments may have arisen from their wonder at movable teeth which phenomenom of civilization was introduced to them by the missionaries, Mr. Winser surmising that all foreign missionaries wear false teeth.

The beach combers are derelicts from civilization. Mr. Winser became very well acquainted with a trader, a Frenchman married to a native. They had three beautiful, intelligent children, who were fairly well educated by their father and taught European habits; but the half caste is not popular with his native or white brethern.

I have spoken of the return to New Guinea of Mr. Winser. "Ah! but I have no desire nor intention to explore the interior for gold nor anything under the earth. The bonanza I seek is copra," said the traveler.

Coco-nut plantations are planted fifty trees to an acre. Cows and sheep are turned in to eat the grass that grows between the rows of matured trees. Enterprising planters raise catch crops of hemp or pine-apples and other food stuffs. Copra is the dried flesh of the coco-nut and various products owe their origin to the coco-nut plant. The familiar ones on the market are soaps, vegetable margarine, nucoa, mulsified coco-nut oil, shredded coco-nut, copra cake (for fattening cattle) and fibre mats and ropes (from the husk).

I devoutly believed Mr. Winser when he declared his intention never to venture near the treacherous bush. From his enthusiasm and scientific knowledge of that part of the world, I believe he will wrest a fortune from its fertile soil.

He thinks that millions can be made out of the cultivation of coco-nut plantations in New Guinea. At present, the touch of the white man's hand has hardly been felt there, but the rich acres are ready to return "a hundred fold for every ounce of capital and energy expended in the development of them." Mr. Winser called my attention to the recent utterance of Lord Leverhulme, the plutocratic soap manufacturer, "Wealth beyond the dream of avarice," in giving an opinion of the South Sea Islands. I sincerely hope that Bernard Winser's conviction that he is going to be the personal possessor of many of those millions is well founded, but I earnestly hope he won't be tempted into the distant bush again while waiting for his coco-nut plantation to develop.

Whenever I recall the circumstance of our meeting in the old-fashioned, majestic home, I seem to visualize the only savages I ever saw (in Apia, Samoa). Then a little song from the opera "The Country Girl" intrudes itself inaudibly to accompany my recollection of the measured tread of Mr. Winser. Gentle reader, may be you too heard Lulu Glaser gurgle it? It was:

"A cannibal maid one wintry morn stood
by the raging sea.
She waited there since early dawn,
A hungry girl was she.
She watched the main and wished again
for something nice to eat,
When, to her joy, a sailor boy, the waves
threw at her feet.
'Goo, Who's oo?' She dragged him from the
sea.
He said, 'I'm afraid this cannibal maid will
make ragout of me!'"

A Turco of the Commune

(By Alphonse Daudet)

He was a little drummer of the tirailleurs indigènes.† His name was Kadour, he came from the tribe of Djendel, and he was one of that handful of turcos who dropped into Paris, following the fortunes of Vinoy's army. From Wissembourg to Champigny he had served through the campaign, crossing one battlefield after another, like a storm-bird, with his iron snappers and his derbouka (Arabian drum); so full of life he was, he seemed to be in so many places at once, that no bullet knew where to take him. But when winter came, the little bronzed African, glowing under the fire of grapeshot, could not endure those nights at the outposts, and the hours of immobility in the snow. One January morning he was picked up on the bank of the Marne, writhing with cold, his feet frozen. For a long time he remained in a hospital. It was there I saw him for the first time.

Sad, dumbly patient as a sick dog, the Turco gazed about him with wide-open, gentle eyes. When some one spoke to him he smiled and showed his teeth. This was the only reply he could make, for our language was unknown to him, and he could scarcely even speak the Sabir, that Algerian patois composed of Provencal, Italian, Arabian,—made of that strange medley of words which time has gathered like sea-shells along many a Latin shore.

To divert himself, Kadour had only his derbouka. From time to time, when his weariness was too much for him, the drum was brought to his bedside and he was permitted to play upon it, but not too loudly, for fear of disturbing the other patients. Then his poor dark face, so lifeless and dull in the yellow daylight and amid the dismal wintry surroundings of the street, would grow animated again, covered with grimaces, as he followed the rhythm of each movement. Presently he would beat the charge, and his gleaming white teeth would show more and more, and he would smile ferociously; sometimes his eyes moistened as he beat a Mussulman morning-serenade, his nostrils would quiver, and breathing the foul air of the hospital, in the midst of phials and compresses, he saw once again the groves of Blidah, laden with oranges, the little Moriscas coming from the bath, enveloped in white and perfumed with vervain.

Thus two months passed. During that time much had occurred in Paris, but Kadour had not the slightest suspicion of all this. He heard the troops passing beneath his windows, weary and unarmed, the guns paraded, rolled about from morning till night, the tocsin, the cannonade. Of all this he understood nothing except that war had not ended, and that as soon as his limbs were healed he too would be able to fight again. At length, one day he set out, his drum upon his back, in quest of his company, and he had not long to search. A group of Communists passing by led him to the Place. After a lengthy examination, as nothing could be gotten out of him except frequent repetitions of "Bono bezef, machache bono," the general of the day finally presented him with ten francs and an omnibus-horse, and attached the Turco to his own staff.

In the various staffs during the Commune, there was a little of everything, red blouses, Polish jackets, Hungarian jerkins, sailors' coats, gold, velvet, embroidery and spangles. With his blue coat embroidered in yellow, his turban, and his derbouka, the Turco added the finishing touch to the masquerade. Overjoyed to find himself in such fine company, intoxicated with the sunshine, the cannonading, and the turmoil of the streets, this confusion of arms and of uniforms, persuaded moreover that it was the war against Prussia that was being prosecuted with such inexpressible license and vigor, this deserter, who did not even know he had deserted, mingled naively in that great Bacchanal of Paris, and was the celebrity of the hour. Wherever he went, the Commune hailed him and feasted him. It felt such pride in possessing him that it exhibited, placarded, bore him about, as though he were a cockade. Twenty times a day the Place sent him to La Guerre, La Guerre despatched him to the Hotel de Ville. For it had been so often observed that their sailors were no sailors at all, their artillery make-believe! This at least was the real thing, a genuine Turco. To be convinced of the fact, one need only look at the lively phiz of the young ape, and the savage strength of that little body rushing from place to place on his huge horse, pirouetting, capering about as if performing a fantasia.

One thing, however, was lacking to complete the happiness of Kadour. He longed to fight, to smell powder. Unfortunately, under the Commune, as before under the Empire, the staff saw little of that. Except during the time when he was parading, or busy upon errands, the poor Turco passed his time on the Place Vendome, or in the courtyards outside the war department, or in the midst of disorderly camps full of barrels of brandy always on tap, and tubs of bacon which had been smashed open, eating and drinking bouts following close upon the famine of the siege. Too true a Mussulman to take part in these orgies, Kadour held himself aloof, remained tranquil and sober, performing his ablutions in a corner, making his couscous with a handful of semolina, and after drumming a little upon his derbouka, would roll himself up in his burnous,

(Continued on Page 15)

The Spectator

Will the Methodists Dance?

It seems that the impressarios of the fox trot and protagonists of the one-step should be content nowadays with the popularity of the dance. You are supposed to dance immediately after ordering of the waiter and bump against half a dozen casseroles before the black coffee. Phonograph ball-rooms exist in even the tiniest apartments. And yet the Master Dancers want more. Their society has appealed to the Methodist Church for a removal of the ban against the terpsichorean path to the devil. The dancing masters say that the devil doesn't care one way or the other, and that the elevation of the dance is being hampered by dogmatism. This is poppycock; if not, it is piffle. While most people assume that inhibition of the waxed floor is behind the times, others still believe it a slippery place for the soul, especially the soul of a young man, or an old one. Middle-aged souls also have been known to slip under the spell of ragtime. Be that as it may, one can hardly understand how teachers of trots and glides assume to interfere in church affairs. This is not the first time that the Master Dancers' Society has pleaded with the Methodists to dance. The argument is offered that conditions of the ball-room, public and private, will be improved. One might as well implore the Methodists to remove their ban on gambling, so as to uplift the game of poker. Not that penny-ante ranks with the bunny-hug as a national amusement; but the logic would be about the same. Could any church-goer elevate the tango or the shimmy? No; but he might gaze disdainfully at the perpetrators. This has been done. The shimmy is no longer bon-ton; but it has left a certain element—an unmistakable wiggle that no religion can eliminate. In the course of time there may come a new and enjoyable dance that is not named after one of the lower animals. Ragtime and jazz have a fairly animalistic effect as well as name. The wisest (or the sincerest) course for the masters of the art would be to invent a love-trot that is safe and sane, with music of the same quality; and then observe if there be any difference in attendance and enthusiasm, with or without Methodists.

Mexico Becoming Moral

The Mexicans are extending the olive branch to virtuous America, but not the olive in the dry martini. Thus the thirsty Texan will say that the only excuse for Mexico as a neighbor is about to be eliminated. Reference is to the proposed law down there establishing a moral zone 62 1-2 miles wide along the United States border, so that our citizens cannot step across the line for a cocktail or a summer vacation. Vacation to some people means gambling and fandango. Tia Juana might as well be in the United States, according to those who have enjoyed its step-over privileges. Under the proposed Mexican law, Tia Juana would have to pick itself up, bag and baggage and move 60 miles in a southerly direction. This would make the fare a little higher, attracting a still wealthier and more leisureiy class from this country. It might surprise some to learn the point of view of the Mexicans in this regard. They seem to have a certain pride of their own. They say that Tia Juana lures the rag, tag and bobtail of the United States. Sixty miles from the border, the attendance would perhaps not be so raggy. It remains to be seen whether Mexico can catch a bootlegger in less time than was acquired to coax Villa from his haunts. Still, to us in San Francisco, there is little interest in how far a San Diegan or a Texan will have to travel for a drink and a little home supply.

Luxury, the Order of the Day

There is a latent idea that excess in the spending of money is related to madness, disruption, decadence. The history of America, though, is quite to the contrary. We have always been known as the big spenders of the world. Thrifty foreigners laughed at us; and the titled libertines of foreign capitals were amazed at the reckless tossing of gold by Uncle Sam abroad. At the present time, we have gone so far as to astonish ourselves. In our own streets we behold extravagance that was formerly reserved for some European jaunt or the climax of a social season. From the pulpit, this licentious use of wealth is denounced as Babylon the Great Mystery. If memory serves, Babylon has fallen. There is always the intimation that as nations go into decline, they instinctively revel in a shower of gold, with which to startle the reader of history. There is a sort of pyrotechnics in which the decadents indulge when they feel the coming of the end. It is as if cities, like men, under the touch of the gods, are made mad before being destroyed. With all this, we have a right to demand sanity of a critic as well as of the subject matter under criticism. No one can honestly say that the gay life of today is produced at a cost which betokens a social smash-up. We can no longer entertain the idea that extravagance and immortality are closely associated. Should we hold that idea, we must necessarily come to the conclusion that this, being the most extravagant age, is therefore the most immortal one; and there is no lack of supporters to that opinion. I can readily imagine a man saying to himself: "People wouldn't go to this extreme for nothing. They don't make gorgeous displays at haphazard. What I see is a glorification of pleasure, an embellishment of sin." Such a notion has no doubt come to the minds of many. To them the Twentieth Century is having a big Bacchanalian beginning. It is symbolized in the very garb of the women. Yet a short skirt is no sign of a social upheaval or break-down. A Bacchanalia or two won't hurt any century. Babylon has fallen; but Alameda has increased its population. The spending of money is not a mania. Sometimes, though, it produces madness in the onlooker who has none to spend.

The Rising Generation Falls in Line

The boys and girls at Polytechnic High School have had a grand time this week. Now they know what a strike is like and they have seen their pictures in the papers. They did not gain anything except a new experience which is what youth is after, as well as what life owes it. But American children are order loving, so doubtless all but the busiest strike leaders at "Poly" were quite uncomfortable and a bit ashamed of themselves even while demonstrating the most noisily. Most of the pupils who struck were undeniably from families which seek every opportunity to go out on strike—the element most undesirable to American progress. The children of the more law and order abiding families were doubtless mostly those who stayed in class room and let the teachers and politicians fight it out among themselves.

If "politics in the schools" has become a menace it is time to free the schools from politics. The teachers' body is fully aware if there are teachers without legitimate credentials appointed to the department and they know just where such incompetents are located; for upon the efficient teacher falls the burden of correcting the mistakes of the incompetent instructor.

If there is "too much temperament" in the directorate without the balance of technical skill, isn't it time some of our law machinery was started working to substitute dignity, calm judgment and a high educational and administrative unit? All charges made should be required to be proved.

In the meantime, the ebullient youths and maidens who walked out of school may find cold comfort in the knowledge that they hurt the cause of their principal by their strike, although no one who followed the case believes that Mr. Addicott approved of their action.

To maintain the principles of American liberty there must be no strikes either of pupils or teachers.

Mr. Lemare's Salary Again, Please

Every little while the tax payers of San Francisco have Edwin H. Lemare's salary (for payment) presented to them on a silver salver. At the beginning of the fiscal year, no new contract with Mr. Lemare was made, the mayor and Lemare's other supporters feeling, no doubt, that the old one would serve all practical purposes. The public, especially that part of it which is weary of Lemare and which believes in variety in office eagerly awaited reports of a meeting either to retain or replace Mr. Lemare, the four year incumbent. But the wary supporters of Lemare "side-stepped" the issue and Mr. Lemare has been just playing quietly along, not many persons being the wiser, the organ recitals not enjoying a popularity which would justify the payment of $729.16 per month of the city's money. So convinced was Supervisor McLeran that Lemare's salary would eventually be paid out of the city treasury, that he himself advanced $500 of perfectly good McLeran coin to the salaryless Lemare. If there be no other reason for paying Mr. Lemare for his services, is it not sufficient that he needs the money to repay Mr. McLeran? When a supervisor has such faith in his city's willingness to pay for anything it gets, whether we want it or not, would it not be disillusioning to disappoint Mr. McLeran, especially as that decisive gentleman has his eye on the mayor's chair? Mr. McLeran has, in fact, sat in that chair during Mayor Rolph's vacations. It is a nice, reposeful chair which Mr. McLeran found exactly suited to his temperament. While occupying it, he doubtless learned that we are a careless, complacent aggregation of citizens who usually permit our supervisors to order and pay for anything they deem necessary for our civic growth, even if it be to discharge their own personal obligations.

When the Exposition organ was installed in the Auditorium, there seems to have been an

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TOWN TALK - 88 FIRST STREET

unwritten agreement that Edwin Lemare was an attachment which we must accept with the organ. Why? Nobody knows. We paid for the organ. Why do we have to pay $8,750 (reduced from $10,000) for an artist to play upon it? Evidently we don't appreciate him because we don't go to hear him. For the sake of art we should pay him that salary? We have done so for four years. Is it not time to distribute that money, in the direction of other artists?

Mayor Rolph has done everything within his power to keep Lemare employed, but he can't make the people go to the concerts, nor can he force the tax-payers to be cheerful in the face of large deficits in recital receipts.

Mr. Lemare's friends have started rumors that he intended to resign—just like that! Why does he not do so? It would serve us right. Yet, upon second thought, it wouldn't be just to Mr. McLeran until his loan has been paid and his faith in our complacency justified.

The Non-Intoxicating Crime Record

For some time the prohibitionists have been making the rounds of police departments to prove that crime is on the decrease. John Barleycorn was supposed to be a most active accessory before the fact in affairs criminal. Local statistics were published only a few weeks ago proving that the public is less prone to felony and misdemeanor than in the days of alcoholic yore. Now comes an official report from Sacramento to the effect that prior information was misleading. The document from the State Bureau of Criminal Indentification transmitted to Governor Stephens has it that there is a big increase in crime throughout the state. The last two years, ending August 1, are compared. In 1920 nearly a thousand more infractions of the law were committed. Either John Barleycorn was a much-maligned demon or Jack Home Brew is a still more vicious imp of Satan. Some of the statistics are difficult to account for. In the matter of arson, the criminal instinct showed up exactly the same, in the two years, with nineteen cases each. During all the excitement, arson remained normal. Not so with burglary. In their sober senses, the burglars committed 500 more depredations than in the year before—a remarkable example of efficiency, and in line with the statement of the New York police that the best criminals don't drink. Disturbance of the peace, which consists of sitting on the curb and yelling at pedestrians, naturally fell off somewhat. In the figures of forgery, the prohibitionist will find comfort. He will say that the forgers are not inclined to forge when the money is not required to buy liquor. It appears that this industry declined to the extent of a hundred enterprises during the year. But wait; there is an allied profession known as passing fictitious checks. This flourished to the extent of doubling its record. A curious case as comparison. Grand larceny increased; so did automobile thefts The public is restless without liquor, and steals automobiles just to kill time or work off an excess of nervous energy. There were eight fewer murders, and about 500 more arrests for vagrancy. With nothing to worry about, except the high cost of living; 1681 Californians wandered aimlessly about until nabbed by the cop. Perhaps they were concealing booze, and when detected, pretended to be without source of livelihood, so that the judge would not impose a heavy fine.

Argument Against Proposition No. 2

Proposition No. 2 (the Harris State Prohibition Enforcement Act), does not represent true California sentiment. The measure itself is the product of the Legislature, which absolutely misrepresented the majority wish of the people of this state on the question of prohibition.

In 1914, 1916 and 1918 California voted down prohibition by very decisive majorities. Within sixty days after the people had rejected the third attempt of the prohibitionists, a Legislature dominated by radical 'drys" performed the startling feat of placing this state in the prohibition column by ratifying the Eighteenth Amendment and passing the Harris Act in California by way of enforcement.

In the rush to take advantage of a favorable Legislature, upon the personnel of which the prohibition element had worked at the preceding election, the Harris bill was devised and adopted eight months before the Volstead National Enforcement Act was passed by Congress.

The grape-growing interests of California availed themselves of the right of referendum and promptly presented a widely-signed petition to the Secretary of State. This brings the question of prohibition again before the voters.

Men and women who believe in democracy in government should unhesitatingly vote"NO" on Proposition No. 2 In the annals of political history in this state, there is no more glaring perversion of the law of justice or thwarting of the will of the people than was exemplified in the passing of this particular state measure. Even a prohibitionist who would profess to love justice, would vote down this legislation with conscience clear. The conservative reasoning voter really has no other course to pursue if he analyzes the facts.

Let it be explained further that this Act would foist on this state a bone-dry prohibition law from which the people of California could get no relief even if Congress in its judgment later on saw fit to modify the Volstead Act by permitting the use of light wines and beers in the home. If Proposition No. 2 becomes the law in our state, we would find ourselves under rigid radical prohibition while other states in the Union could enjoy any modifications that might come through Congress by amendment of the Volstead Act. This would make a laughing stock of California which produces ninety per cent of all the grapes grown in the United States.

Proposition No. 2, being of premature birth, is ununecessary legislation. If it becomes the law, it compels those who purchase liquor for non-beverage purposes, to obtain double sets of permits—one from the United States Prohibition Enforcement Department and another from the California State Board of Pharmacy.

I trust the great majority of voters of this state will mark "X" opposite the word "NO" on this measure and thereby again defeat prohibition in California for the fourth time. I repeat that the proposed law is superfluous, would bar light wines and beer in the home, and does not reflect the true sentiment of our glorious hospitable California.

(Signed) E. M. SHEEHAN,
President California Grape Growers' Exchange.

Where Are Our Brains?

The average newspaper has become such an appeal to the million that the strength of a million men is required to read a lengthy editorial to the end. And yet such effusions are interesting now and then as a reflection of what the popular mind is—or is supposed to be. The other day one of our dailies ridiculed the idea of naming a few of our streets in honor of Hawaiian celebrities, to reciprocate the courtesy of Honolulans, who have named streets after Americans. Now this professedly great daily, speaking to an ostensibly great people, declares that the Hawaiian names would be too troublesome for us. A Liliuokalani street, a Kahoolawe or a Kahanamoku would not come readily to us. It is the sad truth. And still sadder is it to recall that the dusky Honolulans take these names with ease. Our boasted intellect is in a bad way if it cannot deal with words that a Sandwich Islander finds ordinary. The test of intellect is to entertain a new idea or word. San Francisco, proud of its cosmopolitanism, might do well to have a few Hawaiian street names—if we could remember the syllables. If we say that the words are strange to our ears, we will have to account for the enterprising mind of the Honolulan, to whom our language is strange in an equal degree.

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Old Superstition Revived

The unfortunate stranding of the Dutch steamer Arakan on the weather-beaten beach near Point Reyes recalls the ancient superstition among mariners of all nations, to the effect that it is the very limit of bad luck for an officer to voyage upon the vasty blue with his wife aboard. Of course the exceptions are a hundredfold more numerous than verifications of this superstition, but with every recurrence of shipwreck where there is an officer's wife among the vessel's personnel it is revived again, and hardened mariners shake their heads over their grog,—when they can get it—and grimly ejaculate, "There! What did I tell yer?"

The father of the writer of this article, in June, '49, loaded a bark with such provisions and household articles as were most needed at the time in California. He had just married, and the vessel having been fitted with comfortable passenger accommodations for a sailing craft, it was suggested that a honeymoon trip be made around the Horn to San Francisco. But the captain advised against the plan, on the ground that the sailors had already objected to having the mate's wife aboard, and it had been only on his assurance that no unmarried mate could be found that they consented to make the voyage. So the honeymoon trip was abandoned and in due time the "William and Elizabeth" cleared and sailed away from New Orleans. In this case the ominous predictions of the sailors came true, for the apparently fated bark was never heard of again, and the young couple, who had come to California by way of Panama, were compelled to make an entirely new start in life, for all of their resources had been invested in "The William and Elizabeth."

The superstitious salts may now tell a similar story with reference to the stranding of the "Arakan," which, at the time this was written, appeared likely to become a total loss. At the same time the hosts of San Francisco friends of Captain Samuel Van Ronkel—gained through the internment of his ship here during the war, will deeply sympathize with him in the bad luck that terminated his honeymoon trip, which was outlined a year ago at the time of the marriage on board of the "Arakan." Superstition is a human frailty which never should be encouraged; but, at the same time, the man who never walks under a ladder, starts a traveling tour on Friday, lights three cigarettes with a single match, or takes his wife as a companion on his own ship, removes the possibility of a calamity provided Fate had been arranging for it.

One-Piece Olympic Suits

During the past week the Olympic contests at Antwerp have been signalized—as was to have been expected—by an aggregation of American victories and point getting, and the American swimming girls have covered themselves with glory, which is certainly not to be said with reference to the coverings employed for purposes of concealment. According to the pictures in the papers noted up to the present time, these have been distinctly of the one-piece class, and it is fortunate to consider that none of our at home seaside and swimming tank critics were among the reporters. But then the Belgians, who are quite as French in other matters as they are in language, seem to have found no fault with the exceedingly practical and decidedly comfortable "soots" of the American girl winners. Not only in swimming have they excelled, but in diving as well, and their sweeping victory recalls the well known remark of the then Edward, Prince of Wales, on the occasion of the first winning of the America's Cup. The story goes that when the race had ended one of the officers of the royal yacht touched his cap to the Prince and announced that the American yacht had won.

"And who is second?" asked the Prince, to which query the officer replied:

"There is no second, your highness."

Another Shakesperean Claimant

Now there comes additional proffered proof to the effect that the one truly unapproachable dramatic bard did not write his own plays, and a new cryptic claim is made in the interests of a certain Earl of Oxford—never before heard of in that or any other important connection—which distinctly states that he and he alone was the victim of the great William's unblushing dramatic piracy. This latest smasher of the theatre's most venerated and believed in idol is named Looney, which is a most befitting cognomen for anyone who occupies his time in exploiting a "bug." Mr. Looney bases his argument of destruction of another of the ideals of literature upon alleged discoveries to the effect that the Earl of Oxford was just as much of an intimate of Shakespeare as either Bacon or Johnson: just as much of an habitue of the theatre of which he was the guiding genius. Unlike most of the other chums of the bard, however, he was immensely wealthy, an attendant at court, and this alone would have justified his repugnance to see his honored name upon programmes of the Globe Theatre. Moreover he was known to have been an accomplished dabster in literature, notably plays, and as none of them were ever produced under his name, and must have been produced, he simply hired the struggling Mr. Shakespeare to attach his name to them in return for the honor of producing them. This logical conclusion of the cryptic Mr. Looney is quite as convincing, however, as have been those in support of the Bacon and other theories, and those who regard Shakespeare as their Bible, are not going to permit themselves to be disturbed in their serene belief as to who the real author was, any more than orthodox Christians can be convinced that their Bible was not divinely inspired.

Unsafe for Democracy

From the latest accounts received from that far away and far from important American possession, it must be assumed that the Island of Guam is quite as unsafe for real Democracy as is Petrograd or Fiume. Complaints have been made to the Navy Department,—which appoints the governors of that dreary and inhospitable spot on the map of the southern seas,—to the effect that the present Governor, Captain Gilmer, is distinctly and most offensively, a persona non grata, not only to the Americans, who are so unfortunate as to be compelled to live there, but to the natives themselves. It is said that Governor Gilmer is twice as much of an autocrat as the recently complained of, and removed, Governor of American Samoa, and that unless he is soon recalled no American will live there, and no natives will permit him to live there. His latest edict, it appears, was to prohibit whistling on the streets—or rather street, for there is only one,—either before or after the inhabitants have retired for the night. The reasons for this latest indication of autocratic tendency have not been given. Perhaps the Governor has no ear for music, or, in case he is musical, he objects to the absence among his subjects of any idea of tune. Anyway, again is the Governor of Guam complained of as most of them have been.

Everyone may as well become possessed of the truth that ever since we have owned Guam, it has been considered as the one command in the United States navy which is regarded as a place of exile for officers who have besmirched their records with "unofficial" tendencies and are sent there as a mode of punishment. Anyway that is what navy officers will tell you and they ought to know.

Airplane Fatalities Still Continue

The number of deaths in aviation circles during the past month is not now at hand, but it is truly most alarming, and the time has come when some official action should be taken to lessen the awful volume of them or remove the likelihood of them altogether. Nearly every day an accident of one kind or another is reported and most of them are fatal Sometimes one valuable life is sacrificed, and there have been as many as four swept into eternity in a single plunge. The pity of it all is that most of these fatalities may be called self inflicted, for all that have come to notice of late have resulted from a reckless persistence in performing feats of aviation confessedly dangerous but so exciting as to attract all admirers of daring. Manufacturers of airplanes declare that these "stunt" performers have long ago spoiled the once promising trade of private purchase, and create an element of danger that discourages the entry of amateurs into what might otherwise have soon become a useful, exciting and healthful sport, with not half of the percentage of accidents resulting from automobiles. When, years ago, acrobats and aerial gymnasts were becoming so reckless that deaths were becoming alarmingly frequent, all of the larger cities passed laws compelling the use of nets in acts involving a strong element of danger, and soon the percentage of deaths became almost negligible. While, as a matter of course, it would not be possible to use nets in aviation, something should certainly be done to eliminate its dangers, and that could be decreased more than 75 per cent if "stunts" could be prohibited altogether.

Greeting Our Goats

Supervisor ("Wild Bill") Scott's suggestion that San Francisco assume its olden pastoral aspect by the introduction of bossy and nanny into our midst is not a wild one and could emanate from the fertile brain of only rough-shod William. To us, who use the lacteal fluid but to color our Java, the milk situation is not appealing; if it came to worse a little whitening

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or talcum would suffice to tint the morning's stimulant, but, with children, second childhooders and invalids, the exorbitant cost of this liquid precludes their partaking sufficiently of it. To Senator Supervisor Scott's introduction of an ordinance permitting milch animals to browse contentedly on what they may find within the city limits is most opportune—provident of more food for infants and much food for thought.

Consider, for instance, the sylvan touch that its functioning shall lend to the sordid commercial atmosphere now straightening us on every side! Imagine the ecstacy of hearing, 'ere the sentinal of day (fog permitting) has cast its rays upon the waking metropolis, the tinkling cowbell and euphonious moo as bossy proclaims the start of another perfect day!

Then, the call of the wild that urges city dwellers periodically to spurn the maddening throng and hie them unto places flowing with milk and honey, etc., shall no longer move us, for the countryside's charm will be always with us. The consequent saving of transportation expenses could be used to purchase hay, bran or whatsoever constitutes bovine refection.

The goat proposition is an unusually attractive one. It is unthinkable that an apartment house dweller could foster a cow even of the Kerry or Jersey variety, except it were hung in a lightwell, and that would be no life for an animal. Besides, if there were to be a hanging, the tenants would unanimously select the landlord for the festive dangling. So, with bossy eliminated, nanny would admirably substitute. A tarred and pebbled roof exactly conforms with a goat's conception of Paradise Regained! Here would be height, perfect pasturage so long as the roof lasted, view and ample ozone. Incidentally the garbage question would be, for all time, settled, as, after nanny's luncheon there would be naught left for the gleaners. An initial outlay would be entailed to purchase a non-edible garbage container, for the ordinary tin receptacle is said to be these little cowlets favorite fodder; however, this is but a minor detail in a big issue and full measure of praise is due "Wild Bill" for his practical suggestion.

Band or Drum Corps?

Did it ever strike you that bands stop playing when they get to you? Possibly this conviction is the child of enthusiastic expectancy and only a fancy, but there is ground for the thought sufficient to remove this notion from the category of hallucination—for some bands do not play or play as little as possible. Hence the query: when is a band a drum corps?

The reverse is never the case, for the latter institution is strictly a superlative demonstrator of din, begotten in youthful fanaticism and dedicated to the god of tortured nerves. In this the only partial transition of some bands into the class of their noisy competitors is merciful, but, why the change at all?

Primarily, it is the professional-so-much-per-musicians who use their drums more than their brass. "All work and no play" literally and figuratively measures generally the performance of these phlegmatic disciples of Orpheus—in striking contrast to that of the military, naval and fraternal organization bands who lustily blow as long as breath obtains.

However, maybe it is our fortune in being spared by these non-performers, for, as whisky is bad—that is—bad whisky—so it is with music.

Rubberneck Wagons Stretch the Truth

Here, while Civic Improvement Clubs and all sorts of committees are doing their best to maintain the good name of San Francisco, vandals of the truth are shouting the most blatant jests through a megaphone. Truckfuls of tourists are being gorged with remarks that smack of the days when the city was called Frisco. I almost hate to write that obnoxious word "Frisco." Mrs. McMaster's discovery was opportune, because we are now in an era where communities can prevent certain laxities of conduct on the part of men whose industry consists of neither producing nor manufacturing. The megaphone man on the sight-seeing car may be a good citizen, yet he has no economic value to a city; and the least he might do is to tell the truth. Perhaps he looks upon genuine information as unworthy of his calling. I think I rode on one of the first of these sight-seeing cars, about fifteen years ago, in New York City. The spieler was a joyous cuss, and his favorite motive in the residential district was to comment on the wicked suppers that took place when all good tourists were in bed. His knowledge of literature was on a par with the local megaphonist who points out the house where Mark Twain wrote the Pickwick Papers. The professional guide, of course, always has been a professional liar. Mark Twain himself commented on that fact; and it seems that if we are to have guides at all, we cannot but have mendacious ones. Besides that, sightseers just dote on wickedness. They usually select the wickedest town to which they have the fare; not all, but many, many; and if they are told a few whoppers while on the automobile, they feel all the better for it. "On your right is the most famous gambling hell this side of South America. Within this gilded palace of sin, millionaires come every night and wager fortunes that would keep all of such as you and me for the rest of our lives." This sort of information certainly offsets some of the booklets published by the Chamber of Commerce; yet there's no use to worry about it. The tourists themselves probably invent worse tales than they ever hear.

Piedmont Lovers Now Out of Danger

Not everybody around the bay cities will take great interest in the fact that Luther Davis has been convicted of robbery. Davis is a negro. He was on intimate terms with hundreds of gay white folks who resorted to the Piedmont hills whispering of love in the moonlight; that is to say, the coon made them come to terms during some of their most intimate moments. Now he is in jail, and his flashlight will no longer disturb the lady who sings to her lover in the wilderness. These hills are worse than Tamalpais. It is hardly possible to walk there at 10 p.m. with your wife and children, and not step on somebody's fingers or fall over his feet. Upon which, you hear a woman scream. It is weird, indeed. Davis made a livelihood for ten years by blackmailing them. The common ordinary run of spooners he never molested. All his intentions were devoted to the big limousines and touring cars parked by the roadside. When he got their number there was nothing else for the owner to do but hand over the tribute money. It was very disconcerting. The big black was totally without conscience; in place of which he had a large, rollicking sense of humor. He actually enjoyed his nefarious trade. Although he might have descended on his prey the moment an automobile drove into the shadows, he chose a slower method. He couched himself in the darkness and watched episodes that never got into the most daring movies—not even the kind where children are not admitted. Then he moved toward the car and flashed his light at the number. If unobserved he would recite the numerals aloud while jotting them in a notebook. Although there is no public sympathy (publicly expressed) for skylarkers who go sight-seeing after dark, something in the unwritten law demanded that this negro be kept under lock and key. Hundreds of respected citizens now feel that justice has been done. Perhaps thousands will hope that this sinister genius has no imitators. The hills were made for freedom. That's an old sentiment. There are taxes enough without a tax on wooing.

Green Gilled Oysters

At last those really objectionable Americans, who like so much to be called Cosmopolitans, and who can find nothing in their own country more than half as good as what can be obtained abroad, may be induced to become a little more American, when they are notified that they may now find at home, quite as good oysters as those bile colored bivalves known as the "perfect Merennes" from the coast of France. It appears that the increase in demand for oysters in this country impelled certain captains of the industry on the Virginia coast to have the long despised and unmarketable green oysters so plentiful in those waters duly X-rayed and analyzed in the processes of scientific research. They heard of a certain Professor Mitchell, of Brown University, who not only knew an oyster when he saw one, but he also could provide anyone with, not only a formula for its composition, but undeniable proof of the succulence and value of any kind of an oyster. Consequently, a shipment of the inhibited Virginia Greens was made to the professor, which resulted in the report that it was not a preponderance of copper or any other foreign substance which gave them their objectionable color, but that they were supremely "juicy and fat," and in every way the equal if not the superiors of the famous French Merennes.

But what's the use? These Cosmopolitans are not going to believe so wild a story. No professor from any such second-class institution as Brown University is going to convince them that there can be any oyster, on any coast, in any part of the United States, that can bear comparison with any foreign one, more especially those delightful pea-green Merennes. Now, as a matter of fact, there is no European oyster as good as any good American one, as anyone can testify to who has counted over a plate of English ones to see how many of them are fresh, or as the fairish Merennes which are not fair to look upon, and which a well known San Francisco traveler once spoke of as "those French oysters with the green whiskers."

SUMMONS

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

AUTIE McCOY, Plaintiff, vs. DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN UNDER my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this July 7th, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Schonfeld & Dunn,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 7-10-10

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature from the Press of the Pacific Coast

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Social

By TANTALUS

Miss Erol Van Dyke, of Delaware, was hostess at a dinner at the Palace Tuesday evening to twenty young society people. Her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Williams of Cleveland, Ohio, were also present, afterwards accompanying the party to Tait's-on-the-Beach for a dance.

Mrs. Arthur E. Banks entertained at luncheon at the St. Francis on Monday, her guests being Mrs. Belle Moore, Mrs. Vincente Sais, Mrs. O. Barrios, of Mexico, and Mrs. L. Donnelley.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan N. Hanlon have returned from their ranch at Niles.

One of the most beautiful women ever seen in San Francisco is Miss Ruby McDonald, of Philadelphia. She is the house guest of Mrs. Carroll Jones in Piedmont at present, but will soon leave for the south to visit Mrs. William M. Graham. Miss McDonald has had no prototype in this part of the world since the reign of Aileen Ivers (Mrs. Robinson, of Philadelphia), aunt of Mrs. Templeton Crocker.

The day of the startling beauty seems to have passed. We have many pretty and lovely girls in society, but no raving beauty. Sheda and Mollie Torbert, Nellie Joliffe (Mrs. Rudolph Spreckles), Aileen Ivers, Kitty Nolan, Helen Walker (Mrs. Fred Henshaw), Cora Parsons (Mrs. George Kessler of Paris), Rosella La Faille (Mrs. A. Comte), Edith Taylor (Mrs George Pope), Ethel Sperry (Mrs William H. Crocker), Ethel Cook (Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran), Jennie Dunphy (Mrs. Meyer, of London), Hannah Williams (Mrs. Harding of Philadelphia), Gertrude Dutton (Mrs. Howell) and several others of social regimes antedating the present undeniable social regimes antedating the present were, indisputably beauties whom none could behold without paying tribute of admiration. Nowadays a really beautiful woman is almost as rare as eidelweiss in a summer garden.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kyne are at Del Mar. There is a great deal of interest manifested in Mr. Kyne's new book, "The Call of the Dust."

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Joseph D. Redding entertained at a Bohemian Club dinner last Saturday in honor of Ellis Wainwright of New York.

Miss Elena Barillas leaves for a long visit to Guatemala. She is a very popular girl who will be greatly missed in society here.

Mr and Mrs. Ettore Avenali will spend the winter in San Francisco, they having concluded their visit to Mrs. Avenali's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn at Woodside; the latter will, as usual, return for the winter to their St. Francis apartment.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton de la Montagne have returned to their town house on Broadway. They are delightful hosts with a genius for selecting congenial and clever people for their social affairs, which are, in consequence, always a success.

Miss Myrtle Donnelley, the beautiful young San Francisco cantatrice, who has since June been in Paris where she went to study French repertoire, has been engaged to sing at two Chapel recitals in London, under the Boosey management. Miss Donnelley spent last year at the home of Mme. Sembrich, in the Adirondacks, studying with the famous singer, who predicts for her a marvelous stage career. Miss Donnelley's father accompanied her to Paris, intending that she should enter the Conservatoire, but they found that the famous institution would close for the summer a few days after their arrival. Many of the great artists have heard Miss Donnelley sing and they are unanimous in their praise of her gifts and artistic progress.

An interesting wedding was that of Miss Maria Ainsa and George Louis Catlin, of Bridgeport, Conn. The bride is a scion of one of our early day distinguished Spanish families. Among the wedding guests were Mrs. Thomas H. Williams, Milton Esberg, Mat T. Messer, E. de Reynier, Edwin Humer, S. O. Johnson, Charles Fay and Miss Elvira Meijia.

Del Monte

This week Del Monte will be crowded to overflowing with gold enthusiasts. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ghirardelli are occupying delightful quarters at the hotel; Mr. and Mrs. Barton I Thane of San Francisco are also at Del Monte, and Mr. and Mrs. Prentice, all of whom take an active part in the social activities.

Mr. Phil O'Connell of Stockton, a frequent visitor at Del Monte, spent the week-end, indulging in golf and riding; Dr. James Eaves is making golf his business these days. He joins a foursome on the Del Monte links frequently, and tries his skill on the seaside course at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Chauncey Martyn, of Chicago, who in past years has made Del Monte her summer home, has returned in time for the Women's Del Monte championship, and is getting in some practice.

Mr. W. W. Campbell, Mr. W. D. Card, Frederick LeBlond and Phil Forve are prominent golfers who are making the best of the few remaining days before the opening of the state tournament at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs A. E. de Armond will be at Del Monte during the week of the tournament. Mr. De Armond distinguished himself in the Washington's birthday tournament over the Pebble Beach course this year by reaching the semi finals in the championship fight.

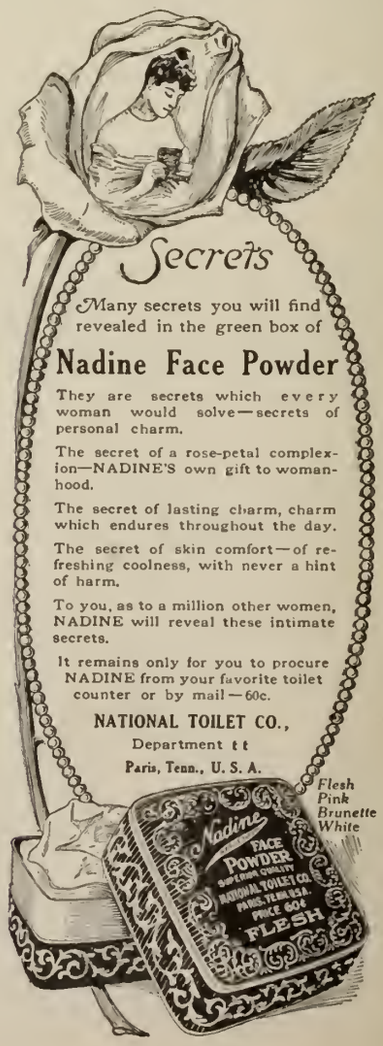
The well known veteran golfer, Percy Selby, will be on hand for the state tournament.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker and party, Mr. J. O. Tobin, Cyril Tobin, the Misses Hanchett, Mrs. Hubert E. Law, Miss Edith Chesebrough, Mrs. Luther Kennett, Harold Mack, Mr. and Mrs. E S. Armstrong, Dr. Paul M. Hunter and his mother, Albert Bettens, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle and Page and Kenneth Monteagle are a few of the long list of those who go to make up the array of entrants in the greatest golf tournament in the history of the game in California.

Miss Helen Foster is proving one of the most expert horsewomen of the many riders who have been spending their vacation at Del Monte during the summer months. She has become quite clever in clearing the jumps on her hunter mount. Miss Foster's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Foster of San Francisco, have been making a stay of several months at Del Monte.

There have been a number of prominent Texan society folk staying at Del Monte the past season. Among those now at the popular Monterey resort are: Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Gage and their daughters Miss Dorothy and Miss Roxena Gage, of San Antonio; Dr. and Mrs. Fred J. Comb, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Abbay and Mrs. Harry Landa.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lee Hathaway have been



entertaining extensively at their pretty home at Pebble Beach. They had as guests at dinner the other night Mr. and Mrs. W. Short, Capt. and Mrs Alvah Conklin and Mr. George Wolfes.

Countess Marguerite Morbio de Mailly spent a delightful two weeks enjoying the out-of-door pleasures at Del Monte. Her mother, Mrs. Pio Morbio is making a stay in Southern California, and will be joined by Countess de ailly later on.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Huston, of Woodland, have been guests at Del Monte.

William F. Humphrey spends every week end at Del Monte, his enthusiasm for the golf course there being exceedingly keen. Mr. Humphrey is one of our most eligible California bachelors. If Cupid should force a capitulation, indications are that his charming bride (of course she would be charming), would soon become a golf widow.

Mr. Frank J. Sullivan has returned from abroad to New York. His son Noel is still in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hessé closed their cottage in Kentfield a few days before Mr. Hessé's departure for New York to rejoin Ethel Barrymore's company. They were the honored guests at several dinners during the week. Mrs. Hessé will remain in California until October.

Dr. Grant Selfridge was host at a wonderful dinner at his Broadway home on Monday evening in honor of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. The other guests were: General Liggett, Richard Tobin, William F. Herrin, William H. Crocker, Alfred Holman, Dr. H. Moffitt, Charles McIntosh, George Garritt and Joseph D. Redding.

Major Alma Tobin and Major Albert Samuel Peake, U. S. N., were married Wednesday evening, Monsignor Ramm performing the ceremony. Miss Adele Lucke was maid of honor, looking extremely chic in blue with pink roses.

Mrs. Russell Wilson entertained at a luncheon and bridge last week in her Burlingame home. Her guests were Misses Ira Pierce, Frank S. Johnson, Frank Deering, J. Leroy, William H. McKittrick, Nichel Richard Sprague and Charles Josselyn.

Miss Mary Phelan entertained the San Francisco Council of Catholic Women at her home on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Owen leave soon for a motor tour through the south.

Mrs. W. Finch and her charming daughter, Miss Alice Finch, have returned to their town home from Sausalito. Mrs. Finch recently returned from a visit to Italy. During her absence Miss Finch was in Southern California.

The Story of Asilomar

(Annie Little Barry)

True, we are heirs of the heritage of the past, but at Asilomar we have no hallowed traditions to live up to nor are we hampered by them, save only those two initial summer conferences held at Mills College in 1896 and 1897 and the eleven later ones held at Capitola. But there is an hour of prophecy in all noble beginnings and 1912 came Opportunity. Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, having the vision and recognizing the immeasurable value of these early conferences and the awakened interest among the students of California which had created a demand for others, conceived the idea that her beautiful home and grounds, Hacienda del Pozo de Verona, would make a wonderful setting for a conference. She put this thought into action and prepared a tented city, with adequate water supply and sanitation and, indeed "more than the comfort of home," on her estate capable of taking care of over three hundred people, and in her home she entertained fifty especially invited guests during the conference period. Every convenience possible was thought of and supplied, and the equipment, even to the iron beds and soft, warm blankets, afterwards became a part of her gift to Asilomar. Out of this conference grew the first and only conference site owned and controlled by the Young Women's Christian Association in the United States, at Guardamar, now called Asilmar (Retreat-by-the-Sea) situated on the beautiful Monterey peninsula, three miles from Del Monte.

Asilomar is a place of rest and recreation, open to the general public, who are in sympathy with the ideals of the Young Women's Christian Association. It provides accommodations for over five hundred guests. The railroad station at Asilomar is just outside the grounds.

At Asilomar are held many confernces. Someone has said a conference is just what you put into it. At beautiful Asilomar-by-the-Sea, in the woods, where the beauty of the landscape inspires everyone you are impelled to be at your best. Everyone who has ever attended an Asilomar conference is enthusiastic and the pine trees, even the white sand dunes, have a message.

"Breathe me a prayer, O white sand dune,
A prayer for pureness of soul like thine;
Breathe me a prayer, O moss-covered pine,
A prayer for strength of soul like thine."

The student conference which was held at Asilomar, June 15-25 of this year, was one of the largest and best that has ever been held during the two generations of Asilomar (a student generation being four years). Miss Helen Thoburn, a graduate of Stanford University and now student editor of the Association Monthly, was the conference executive.

At the girls' conference, which was composed of girls of High School age, three hundred and fifty-seven were registered, representing six nationalities. Some of the other conferences held at Asilomar this year have been High School Principals of California, Institute of California, Epworth League, Missionary Education Conference of the Inter-Church World Movement, Summer School of the Young Men's Christian Association, Summer Assembly and Convention of the Northern California Baptist Young People.

From August 26 to September 4 about forty-five girls from the Young Women's Christian Association Industrial Clubs will gather at Asilomar. Miss Annie Guthrie is Industrial Secretary for the Pacific Coast Field of the Y. W. C. A.

A conference of great interest was the Community Conference held August 6 to 16.

Guests at the conferences are always attracted by the "Stuck-Ups," who are college girls who come from all over California, Arizona and Nevada, from the college associations to do the various necessary things to make guests comfortable during the summer. These girls live in "Stuck-Up Inn," which is truly a home with its comfortable living room in which a fire is usually brightly burning on the hearth over which is written the words "House of Happiness," plenty of couches, chairs, books and a piano make it complete and the girls gather here for many jolly times together. They have a very good chance to see the work of the many branches of the association as the conferences come and go, and to know quite intimately many of the leading people in the Pacific Coast Field.

Few places in California afford an opportunity for so happy a vacation as Asilomar. For accommodations there are a group of tent houses which provide comfortable sleeping quarters, the comfortable Inn and the more pretentious visitors' Lodge; the big attractive social hall with its generous fire place where logs are always kept burning is one of the features of Asilomar. Anyone who is interested in going to Asilomar will be able to obtain information about the different conferences by 'phoning or calling at the Young Women's Christian Association, Foyer, Allston Way and Union Street, Berkeley.

The Australian Corro-Boree

The Australian Corro-Boree at first sound would give one the impression that it was an object of curiosity in the animal world, but this is not the case. The Corro-Boree is one of the aori courting dances of Australia. It is a survival of the more barbaric rites of ancient times, which has become somewhat refined with the passage of the years. Like the Phyrric Dance of the Ancient Spartans, or the Zulu war dance of the Veldt warriors of South Africa, we find in every nation the expression of national inspiration in the dance. In Modern America we recall with somewhat humorous memories, the oddity of our few years back dances, the old "rag," the forerunner of the one-step, the three-step, the tango, the maxixe, and further back, the lancers, quadrilles and figure dances, which have all gradually developed into practically three standard dances of today—the one-step, the fox-trot and the waltz. At Techau Tavern the acme of perfection in dance music, syncopated to the latest time, orchestrated to the blithesome melodies of the latest song hits of the day, one finds real healthful pleasure in tripping the light fantastic to the merry tunes played by the Techau Tavern Dance Orchestra. Saturday afternoons offer an exceptional attraction with the tea dansants which are greatly appreciated by those down town during the tea hour.

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The Stage

Georgio Polacco

By far the most important event which has happened in the San Francisco music world for a long time was the visit last week of Georgio Polacco, conductor for the past five years at Metropolitan Opera House, Mecca of all the greatest song birds in the world, the temple to which every ambitious grand opera student raises his or her longing eyes. For the greatest of these whose hopes are fulfilled a supreme honor is to sing with Polacco conducting. Five years ago he succeeded Toscanini, which was then cause for rejoicing in this city that had the honor of being the first American community to proclaim him great. For Polacco made musical history here at the same time with the resplendent Tetrazzini voice. "Never shall I forget my first day in this city," he exclaimed the other day when I talked with him in the Tivoli office of William H. Leahy.

"It was Mr. Leahy who brought us here from the City of Mexico, where he had heard us. We arrived at ten o'clock in the morning, went at once to rehearsal at the Tivoli; I had no lunch, no dinner; then came the performance. Were you here then?" Yes, I am happy to say I was, and I shall never forget that performance. Nor, I venture to say, will anyone else who was there. The glorious voice of the diva, the ecstatic wonder of the audience—all of which has so often been expatiated upon. A recollection of wildly expressed approval is very vivid when I see the picture of the good-looking smiling young conductor being reluctantly dragged to the centre of the stage by the joyous cantatrice. That was the first time we took Giorgio Polacco to our hearts. His magnetic baton beckoned us through a musical festival worthy of the gods, and won our affection as well as approval. We have been congratulating ourselves ever since because we acclaimed him and predicted highest world recognition for him.

Mr. Polacco's presence here has a significance of great importance to this city. He said that he came to visit his beloved friends, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Leahy, that his capacity for such great friendship is one of "the best consolations" of his life. But that while here he is studying the possibilities of opera production.

The California War Memorial Opera House is looming, to be sure, but Mr. Polacco things it needs a stronger impetus than it has yet had before it will be a reality. If it seems too far in our musical future, the famous maestro is considering, with Mr. Leahy, the prospect of a season of grand opera at the Tivoli Opera House when the present movie people's lease shall have expired. Mr. Polacco did not say just when that devoutly to be desired expiration will transpire, but if the inclination of the starved musical population of San Francisco were taken into consideration, there would be a merry vigilance committee in operation to remove the present usurpers out to the Civic Auditorium, over to the Greek Theatre—anywhere to make it possible for Polacco to conduct a superb orchestra and bring again to our benighted ears the divine strains and harmonies of grand opera.

Mr. Polacco likes this city so well and believes so firmly in the desire for opera here and its need that he has an ardent wish to live here part of every year in a home of his own, during which time he would conduct a two or three-months' season of grand opera with the great artists to sing for us.

That is a wonderful proposition from such a conductor, who can have his choice of the great opera houses of the world—a proposition which all who have the musical interests of San Francisco at heart ought to try in every possible way to bring to fruition.

The musical life of this music-loving city is stagnant. We are becoming as Mr. Leahy graphically says, "Cave people," from a musical point of view.

Why should we have to go all the way to New York or Chicago to hear grand opera? Why should the young people here be brought up in ignorance of the grandeurs and joys of the great tone dramas? Can we ever expect any considerable development in our youthful generation if they have no high standards to stimulate their emulation?

Let us be thankful that Giorgio Polacco has arrived and plans to lead us out of the wilderness.

In San Francisco's own edifice of music (the Tivoli Opera House) I talked with Mr. Polacco for an hour and a half. That is, he talked, about opera and artists, the world's capitals and superb productions. Not only was the substance of his conversation refreshingly delightful, but his earnestness and the fascinating picturesqueness of his fluent English, together with his ardent abandon in describing the creations and people of his beloved art, made me forget the rest of the world. I have not been so happy, so mentally detached from prosaic reality since the last time I heard superb grand opera in San Francisco, which as we all know to our sorrow, was several years ago,—for of course one doesn't count the little fourth-grade companies which have visited us spasmodically.

Incidentally, Mr. Polacco predicts a big artistic success for the Scotti season here next month.

Next week I shall have the pleasure of trying to tell our readers some of the very illuminating and delightful things that the great Giorgio Polacco said.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

"Daddies" at The Alcazar

To begin with, probably no such five Daddies could be assembled in the same house following a careful winnowing of bachelors in the directory of a large city. But that doesn't matter dramatically, and we have it on the authority of the great Eugene Scribe that "it is the possible and not the probable that is most effective in drama. And this little comedy of John L. Hobbs —of course after careful trimming and revising by David Belasco,—is so amusing in conception, so lacking in any moments that approach dullness, and so appealing to any lover of children, that no one pauses for an instant to consider whether it could have happened or couldn't. These five daddies, it is almost needless to say, were exceptionally well played by Dudley Ayres, Rafael Brunetto, Frederic Green, Ben Erway and Brady Kline. Brunetto had the best acting part of the five, and more than fulfilled the predictions of his friends when he ceased being the leading man of the Players' Club and accepted a position as "responsible utility man" at the Alcazar. Speaking of Ben Erway, by the way, he was not a Daddy at all, having paid his $5000 fine for withdrawal from the Bachelor Club in the play to make love to Emily Pinter as Babette, and everyone in front regretted that there was not more of it. Dudley Ayres furnished most of the serious element in this delectable quintette, as the bachelor who adopted a war baby by letter only to find her a girl of 17 quite ready to be made the mother of babies herself, and this part was delightfully rendered by Inez Ragan who continues to put a new success over each week. But now, without in any way detracting from such honors as must fall to those capable artists already mentioned, I feel constrained to accord the first honorable mention badge to Helen MacKerricher, as sweet little mother, and I disagree with the critic of one of the dailies who considered her "quite too sweet." for no tender mother could possibly be that. Next among those performances to be best remembered was that of Sylva Yaffe as the dominating baby tyrant Lorry, and I am almost prepared to say that this came very near being the best portraiture of a child I have ever seen. Phyllis Chatterly was almost as good in the smaller juvenile role of "Little Uncle Sammy" and the three little Wynces were "quite too cute for anything" as the triplets. Altogether there has not been a more satisfactory production yet offered by this exceedingly libral management, and we are to be congratulated, we Golden Gaters, that it succeeded in inducing Brother David to temporarily release "Daddies" from his repertoire that Brother Fred might have the use of it if ouly for a single week. Alcazar patrons are reminded that several performances yet remain of this decidedly amusing comedy, and those who do not like children are particularly asked not to miss it, for they will surely be taught better.—Clay M. Greene.

Alcazar

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," opening at the Alcazar next Sunday matinee, is a wild whirl of piquant absurdities in exact harmony with a week when holiday spirit is prevalent. There will be holiday matinees on Monday, Labor Day and Thursday, Admission Day, when thousands ill invade the city from all parts of the state. The original spoken comedy, which depends as much upon witty lines as humorous characterization. is by C. W. Bell and Mark Swan. Its zone of laughter, since A. H. Woods gave it a solid year's run in New York, has grown to embrace all America, although it has never been acted at the Alcazar. The versatile company, which has become a distinctive local institution, revels in farce comedy. Inez Ragan, Dudley Ayres as the festive, have played the leads in this piece

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Delightful Comedy—"DADDIES"
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The Wild Whirl of Piquant Absurdities.
"PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH"
The Most Successful Farce on the Stage.
NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Dudley Ayres—Inez Ragan
Special Appearance of Isabelle Fletcher
SUN. MAT., SEPT. 12—First Time in the West.
Rachel Crothers' Recent New York Comedy Hit.
"39 EAST"
Full of Youth, Love and Sunshine.
Every Evening—Matinees Sunday, Thursday, Saturday.

with abundant success in the east. A very interesting personality is that of the brilliant comedienne, Isabelle Fletcher, specially engaged to appear in the role of the eccentric woman society reporter, that made Florence Moore famous. Miss Fletcher was the idol of Oakland a few seasons ago, when she was leading woman of Ye Liberty stock company; she has never appeared in this city. Other participants in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," include Emily Pinter, Gladys Emmons, Dorothy Bartley, Brady Kline, Ben Erway, Rafael Brunetto, Al Cunningham, Billy Lewis and Frederick Green.

Rachel Crothers' recent New York comedy success "39 East" will have first coast presentation September 12. It is a delightful romance covering a single day in a New York boarding house of "the better class" with a picturesque episode in Central Park. Its vogue at the New York Adelphi led to a transfer to the Booth Theatre, where it ran for months.

Orpheum May Be Better—Next Week

Skit-producers must be suffering from shell-shock, if recent acts at the Orpheum are an indication of big-time vaudeville. For some time the most thrilling things on the program have been the announcements of next week. Advance notices of the present bill induced me to expect it as a most amazing gift from the vaudeville gods to bald-headed man; but now I am convinced that all the clever comedy scribes have become ad writers and press agents. The slump this week may be due partly to the fact that "The Love Shop" contains a few legs, justifying dullness and nothingness in the rest of the bill. This practice is usually accepted as a necessary evil by the tired business man in the pit, and the weary unemployed in the gallery. Poor vode is about the worst ordeal known to the amusement-lover. He may endure it if he knows that presently he will gaze upon show girls whose garb extends only from the fascia lata to the latissimus dorsi. In that regard, "The Love Shop" is a disappointment. It has not the factors of either a first or second rhapsody, as promised. While not undeserving of a place on the boards, it is not good enough to sustain all the rest of the bill. If there be any form of public acclamation with which I am familiar, it is the grunt and chuckle of an Orpheum audience when it realizes that a comedienne's laundry bill is more than the one from her dressmaker. The absence of this chuckle is evidence that "The Love Shop" does not come up to the mark. More enthusiastic and more leggy-looking legs have appeared on the Orpheum stage without causing a boilermaker's apprentice to tell the world anything. This sort of thing is a case of "The Pit and the Pendulum" in burlesque form, inveigling the curiosity with a folly that may happen any moment, yet does not, as Poe's tale tortures with the tragic. Modern follies and burlesques are so rollicking and eventful that we can hardly forgive a Beauty Review and Lingerie Parade that possess the dramatis personae for something lively and yet attempt no rowdy at all. The gorgeous costumes seem to have emanated from the brain of a scene painter.

Si Jenks and Victoria Allen call themselves in their skit or bit, "The Small Town Wise Crackers." They selected a good phrase, seeing that it means nothing under the sun or calcium. This pair have not succeeded in being the ugliest of variety artists, yet they do their best, and the wisest of wise crackers could do no more. Si and Victoria might be less ugly without offending anybody. We are accustomed nowadays to Irish comedians from the Old Sod, and Hebrew impersonators descended from the patriarchs. It is not considered inartistic for actors to impersonate themselves; and yet a couple essaying to portray two damphools should be intrinsically something else.

Santucci appears with an instrument that looks like two solid silver Remington typewriters between which is a collapsible section giving Santucci the opportunity of calling himself "The Master Accordianist." His rendition of the Sextet from the League of Nations and the mad scene from Peck's Bad Boy is not at all bad; besides he himself enjoys it hugely.

Mary Gaspar sings; I don't know just why, and no explanation is offered by the management. However, being young, she may improve, and who knows but that in a few years the public will acclaim her voice as the equal of Mary Pickford's.

"The Champion" is a comedy-melodrama. It contains a hungry-looking millionairess who promises a pugilist she will marry him if he gives up pugging. He says he will. Now any child knows that in real life no self-respecting pug will quit the ring just because a million-dollar bride awaits him. This pug is a refined one, and he hasn't enough money to buy a hard-boiled egg f.o.b. Petaluma; so how could he marry an heiress without losing some of his refinement? Chauffeurs do it, but fighters wouldn't condescend.

"Lovett's Concentration" is a mind-reading act. A lady with green eyelids reads your mind if you let her. If she read mine she displayed remarkable self control. They have also a blindfolded brass band guaranteed to play any song or instrument piece ancient or modern, anything that ever was. You write the title on a slip of paper, Lovett comes for it and—presto—the bandmen toot it. I wrote "A Gregorian Chant," and they played "Dardanella." A neighbor asked for the overture from "Semiramide," and they gave her "So long, Oblong, how long you gonna be gone?" The limit of their musical antiquity was "Darling Sue."

George Wilson and Ben Larsen do some good roughneck dancing, with an air of considering themselves the headliners.

"The Four Aces" are as good as they make 'em in aerial tumbling and catching.

Throughout the program is the plea that next week will be a wonder. Challen and Kake will be "dainty, daring and different." Different they will be, no doubt; they must be. As for the jibes and jokes, it is unlikely that they will be different for a month or two, after remaining unchanged all summed. Many of them date from the years when George Cohan was in his prime. As he takes himself seriously nowadays, the vaudeville joke has gone into a decline.—L. J.

Little Jimmy went with his mother to visit an aunt in the country, and his mother was very worried as to how he would behave. But to her surprise he was angelic during the whole visit—always did as he was told and never misbehaved. As soon as he got home, however, he was his natural self again. "Oh, Jimmy," she said, "you were so good while you were away. Why do you start behaving badly now?" "What's home for?" asked Jimmy, in pained surprise.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was very little interest in stock trading the past week, except as the proceedings afforded a further trial of the market's ability to resist unfavorable news.

The credit situation is still the dominant factor in the market and continues to exert a strong influence against any advance of consequence—even in the stocks of corporations that show favorable statements as regard their particular lines of trade. With the prevailing money rate at a point where the interest means so much to the average trader, who has a debit balance, he begins to think twice before making any new speculative commitments, regardless of the low price at which any number of high-grade securities can be bought. oney rates are excepted to show a little easing up after September, as the bulk of the grain financing will then be out of the way and, with the general decline in commodities, as well as the easing up in the transportation congestion, which should release considerable frozen credit, the decline in money rates looks more than probable.

The Far Eastern political situation seems to have lost its effect as a market factor, although the decline in exchange rates does not help our exports any and will, no doubt, be reflected in a poor export statement the coming month.

Talk of labor troubles, which includes a threatened coal strike, comes to the surface regularly every year at this session, but the trade are inclined to ignore this as a market factor, as it is expected to result in a compromise.

Large crops of all kinds are making prosperity for the rails and they, in turn, have given the equipment companies orders enough to keep them busy for another year at least. The railroad shares have been in good demand throughout the week, and prices have averaged higher throughout the list with every indication of much higher prices as soon as credit conditions become more normal. The movement in the rails was logical and justified. For one thing—there are probably more rail stocks in strong hands than issues of any other class and that alone would make for an advance. In the next place, the rails are in a better position in every way than they have been for years, and besides they stand to experience prosperity even if industry shows a slump. That statement is justified upon the statements that the railroads now have more business than they are physically able to take care of, so a falling off of 10 to 15 per cent in the volume of goods would have no bad effects on the roads.

The physical volume of crops is up to normal and it looks as if the bulk of crops will be transported, at least, a part of the way toward consumption.

The steel mills are not likely to suffer from a slump in other industries. The work that has to be done is basic in character, and the steel mills will be kept busy doing their share of it for a long time. In other words, no matter what happens to other industries, and perhaps, the more that happens the basic industries and trades will be kept busy.

The oil industry continues prosperous and the supply is not yet equal to the demand, although production—not only in this country but in Mexico—shows considerable increase. Should a coal strike develop or even a period of scarcity, it would have a good effect on the oil stocks, as it would increase the consumption and would eliminate all talk of burdensome stocks of oil that some are now predicting, owing to a let-up in general business conditions.

Automobile stocks are acting rather heavy, and rumors of a partial shut-down in this industrial, as well as several minor failures, have had a depressing effect upon this class of stocks. The automobile business has reached a point where a let-up can be looked for, as this class of trade have enjoyed a period of wonderful prosperity and could easily afford to curtail production for a while at least.

We feel optimistic on the future in general and strongly advise the purchase of the better class of railroad issues.

Cotton—Trade in cotton was fast and furious the past week, with fluctuations so rapid either way that the average trader became dizzy, trying to follow them.

Early in the week heavy selling for the south, as well as by the professional element, caused a further decline from last week's low levels, only to be followed by a violent upheaval at the close of the week. Sentiment was so unanimous on the bear side that the market became technically oversold and the short side became too popular.

One of the largest operators, who has been very successful of late, started the market on its upward trend by covering a large line of cotton. This buying started others to covering and the market became a runaway affair with shorts competing against each other for cotton.

The news was very much mixed. The reports from the growing section were not any too optimistic—with continuous rainfall in the eastern belt and numerous reports of weevils and, in fact, every insect that does cotton harm was given prominence in the reports.

On the other hand the demand for spot cotton is flat; mills are out of the market and cotton goods of all kinds are being offered at the lowest prices seen for some time, without any takers.

Labor troubles, not only in this country, but the threatened coal strike in England, was also a factor, with exports showing considerable decline in bales as compared with last year.

Some crop authorities are now predicting a yield of around fourteen million bales for the season, based on present prospects, and the belief that in the most important cotton sections, producing 70 per cent of the crop, a full yield seems assured.

The unfavorable financial and commercial conditions here and abroad, the renewed weakness in foreign exchange, the present outlook for a prospective supply of all grades and descriptions of cotton greater than the current estimates of the world's requirements, all combine against any permanent advance in the near future, except a period of short covering from time to time in a profit-taking way.

Billie (having difficulty in teaching little sister to whistle)—Oh, just make a hole in your face and push!

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June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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A Turco of the Commune

(Continued from Page 5)

and fall asleep upon a stone step, by the light of some bivouac fire.

One morning in the month of ay, the Turco was awakened by a terrific fusilade. At the war department all was commotion, men were running, fleeing. Mechanically he did as the others were doing, jumped upon his horse and followed the staff. The streets were full of terrified buglers, whole battalions were in utter confusion. Pavements had been torn up to form barricades. Evidently something extraordinary was going on. As one aproached the quay the fusilade was more distinct, the tumult greater. On the bridge of La Concorde, Kadour lost sight of the staff. A little farther on, his horse was taken from him. It was for an officer whose kêpi boasted eight stripes. He was in haste to witness what was happening at the Hotel de Ville. Furious at losing his horse, the Turco proceeded to run towards the thick of the fray. Rushing on, he loaded his chassepot as he went, muttering between his clenched teeth, "Machache bono, Brissien;" for all this tumult meant to him that the Prussians were entering Paris. Already the bullets had begun to whistle about the Obelisk and in the leafage of the Tuileries. At the barricade of the Rue de Rivoli the avengers of Flourens called out, "Hallo there! Turco, Turco!" There were not more than a dozen of them, but Kadour was worth an entire army.

Standing upon a barricade, gaudy and proud as a flag itself, leaping, crying, he fought amid a shower of grapeshot. The cloud of smoke rising from the earth lifted for a moment between two cannonades, and he could see red trousers massed about in the Champs Elysées. Then all became confused again. He thought he was mistaken, and let the powder speak once more in choicest assents.

Suddenly the barricade was silent. The last of the artillery had fled, despatching its final volley. But the Turco never budged. In his hiding-place, ready to spring, he adjusted his bayonet firmly, and waited for the pointed helmets. But what was this he saw? The line advancing! He heard the heavy tramp of the soldiers marching at quick pace, and above that the voices of officers exclaiming:

"Surrender!"

For a moment the Turco was stupified; then he advanced, his gun held aloft.

"Bono, bono, Francêse!"

Vaguely to his savake brain had come the idea that this was the army of deliverance, Faidherbe, or Chanzy, for which the Parisians had waited so long. How delighted he was! how he laughed, showing all his white teeth! In an instant the barricade was crowded. Men surround him, push him about.

"Let us see your gun."

It was still warm.

"Let us see your hands."

They were black with powder. The Turco displayed them proudly, and still with that fine expansive smile of his. Then they shoved him against a wall, and——bang!

He died without once suspecting what it all meant.

† Native African regiment.

Bobbie—Why do you reject me? Is there another fellow?

Bessie—Possibly. Did you think you were the last of the species.

"I write for the few," declared the amateur poet.

"Ah, a good idea, too," declared his grouchy uncle; "the fewer the better."

They Both Expired

Do you want the court to understand," he said, "that you refuse to renew your dog license?"

"Yessah, but—"

"We want no 'but'. You must renew the license or be fined. You know that it expires on January 1st, don't you?"

"Yessah; so did the dog."

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY EXECUTORS.

No. 20334. Dept. No. 9. Probate.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of MATTHEW NUNAN, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Frank Nunan and Michael Sullivan as Executors of the Will of Matthew Nunan, deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in Gold Coin of the United States, and subject to the confirmation of the above entitled Court, on or after Tuesday, the 14th day of September, 1920, all the right, title, interest and estate of said Matthew Nunan, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that his estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, of, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point on the southeasterly line of Tehama street, distant thereon two hundred and two (202) feet six (6) inches northeasterly from the northeasterly line of Ninth Street; running thence northeasterly along said southeasterly line of Tehama Street one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet six (6) inches, and thence at right angles northwesterly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred Vara Lots numbers Two Hundred and Ninety-nine (299) and Two Hundred and Eighty-eight (288).

Together with the improvements thereon consisting of a two-story brick building.

Ten (10) per cent of the purchase price payable at the time of the sale, and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court. The purchaser to assume the payment of and take the property purchased by him subject to all State, City and County, Municipal and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature which are now, or may hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers or bids must be in writing, and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, attorney for said Executors, Room 2002 Hobart Building, 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said executors personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above-named Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., August 25, 1920.

FRANK NUNAN.
MICHAEL SULLIVAN.
Executors of the Will of Matthew Nunan, Deceased.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Executors.
Room 2002 Hobart Building,
San Francisco, California. 8-28-3.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of P. MORICONI, also called PAOLINI MORICONI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of P. MORICONI, also called PAOLINI MORICONI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and or the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of said Administrator, Room 858 Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of P. MORICONI, also called PAOLINI MORICONI, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
P. MORICONI, Alias, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1920. 8-21-5

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

No. 30048—Dept. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

In the Matter of the Estate of THEODORE F. BONNET, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a petition for the probate of the Will of Theodore F. Bonnet, deceased, and for the issuance to Helen M Bonnet of letters Testamentary, has been filed in this Court, and that Tuesday, the seventh day of September, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated August 10, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

(Seal) Filed, August 10, 1920. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney for Petitioner. 8-14-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Joseph Goodman, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of JOSEPH GOODMAN, Deceased, to the creditors and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 860 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GOODMAN, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
JOSEPH GOODMAN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1920. 8-21-5

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

In the Matter of the Estate of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a petition for the probate of the will of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased, and for the issuance to GERTRUDE RICHTER of letters testamentary has been filed in this Court, and that Monday, the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 9 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated, July 6th, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

Charles F. Hanlon,
Attorney for Petitioner,
501-4 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-10-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

Dept. No. 2. No. 106183

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

HAZEL M. DAY, Plaintiff, vs. TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send greeting to TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, 20th day of April, A. D. 1920.

(Seal of) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Superior Court) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

B. V. Sargent,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
212 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29667—Dept. 10

Estate of JANE BAXTER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator with the will annexed of the estate of JANE BAXTER, Deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the will annexed at the office of Charles F. Hanlon, Attorney at Law, rooms 501-4 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of JANE BAXTER, Deceased.

FRANK W. DEAN,
Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of
JANE BAXTER, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1920. 8-14-4

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

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Vol. XXXVII. San Francisco-Oakland, September 11, 1920 No. 1474

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Helen M. Bonnet..... Editor

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Parting,—By John J. Barrett

Beneath the kindly sheltering trees that line the winding pathway on the silent slope we lay our sleeping brothers down. We turn their faces to the light for a last, full view of every feature, and as trait after trait comes back to us and memory throbs over the past we whisper the manly story that is closed. We pay our final public tribute. And before we leave them in the unnumbered company of the dead, as we yield them to the cold embrace of Mother Earth, we fix upon our comrades' breasts our little flowers of love. With broken spirits we encircle their graves, and with hands outsretched we chant our funeral dirge. The finger of Death has sealed their ears and they hear us not. Our sobs of sorrow and our songs of praise may move the living, but no human voice can penetrate the grave. But we knew the beauty of their lives, and we know they are sleeping the sleep of the just. We know they are not lonely there. We know the angels sing and dance about their beds. Their ears are open to strains of music unheard by us. It soothes and sweetens their slumber. It is played by the enchanted winds of heaven on the golden chords of sunlight that are strung to the grassy beds of the sainted dead.

It is hard to part with the friends of years. The human heart is so constructed that it seems to become the very things it loves, and when it loses them it is spiritless and desolate. It is only when death comes tugging at the bond that we realize the strength of the union. It is only when the hand we loved to clasp is forever stilled that we are fully conscious of the warmth there once was in it. It is only when the eye grows dark and dull under the gathering shadow that we appreciate the love-light that was there. It is only when the voice of our loved one is hushed in death that we reflect that every tone was heavenly music to our ears. It is only when the light of his life goes out that we realize it was all the blazing firmament to us.

Concerning the Editorship of Town Talk

With this issue of *Town Talk* the name of Theodore F. Bonnet is lovingly stricken from the editorial caption. From February, 1899, Bonnet conducted a paper recognized among the leading publications of the country, and frequently quoted abroad. His genius carried with it such a personal note that at his death question was raised as to what might be the personality, the policy and general features of the paper surviving him. That question should have been asked long ere this. As a matter of fact, Theodore Bonnet's illness long prevented his association with the paper from a publishing standpoint. For about a year previous to his death, on August 5th, his presence was unknown at the *Town Talk* offices, and for two years prior to that his visits were merely of a casual nature, without any effort to participate in the production of the weekly.

During the above-mentioned time, *Town Talk* has been under the sole management and editorship of Helen M. Bonnet, then already known to readers through her signed articles under her husband's regime. Mrs. Bonnet has built up a circulation of her own, independent of the one intrusted to her two years ago. *Town Talk* has now a greater number of readers than it then had.

The policy of *Town Talk* has always been to interest the thinking man, the man of affairs, the politician, the amusement lover, the spectator of society's gayer side, the artist, the musician and the theater-goer; in short, the broad-minded citizen, the cosmopolitan looking for comment and story not to be had from the dailies or the magazines which appeal to the hundred thousand and the million. In this, the paper has enjoyed a success never questioned even by its rivals, and we can only add that increased circulation will never tempt the editorial policy of the paper to appeal to any other interests or mental standards than the ones upon which its reptuation is established. *Town Talk* was never a one-man paper. Mr. Bonnet surrounded himself with a distinctive staff, and on many occasions impressed upon his wife the value of maintaining this literary and critical excellence. Her own choice in this regard has been adequate to every wish expresesd by the former editor, and we trust that the public will say, of our present staff, that it is in every way the equal to the traditions and reputation of the paper as entrusted to the present publisher.

* * *

An International Puzzle

When Lord Mayor McSwiney of Cork began his hunger strike in Brixton prison, there were but few people in existence who would have believed that within a few short weeks it would have become a case of real international importance. And yet so it is today, for the ministers of nearly every nation of importance in the world have been appealed to to intercede with the British Government in his behalf, which alone is held to be responsible for a condition which he brought about of his own volition, and which he might terminate at any moment in the same way. This is a case which has no counterpart in jurisprudence or diplomacy, and consequently those to whom appeal for intercession has been made are sorely puzzled as to what action to take. King George of England has refused to interfere, probably because he has already too many troubles in his own official family, and knows that if he were to grant the prayers of the MacSwiney sympathizers, Lloyd George and his entire ministry would resign, because they have several times refused to release the prisoner. The legal mind of U. S. Secretary of State Colby could frame no reason for interference and now a plea has been made to President Wilson himself by Mrs. MacSwiney, although the Secretary could accord her no tenable legal standing since she has all along approved of her husband's voluntary martyrdom. At this writing President Wilson has not interfered, and it is difficult to conceive what action he may take that will effect the purposes of the memorialists, who call upon him to prevent what they declare is cold blooded murder, but which the victim could prevent at any time by a single word to indicate that he would take food. The whole trouble is that Lord Mayor MacSwiney's case is an utterly isolated case. He has no standing in law, logic or even sentiment except from those who are adherents to his cause. His amazing attitude is all the more unexplainable because his death could not in the slightest degree aid that cause. On the contrary, it would excite more riot and bloodshed in Ireland, more reprisal on the part of England, and perplexed criticism from the world's best thinkers, who are not already pledged to aid the cause of a people determined to be free on their own terms.

* * *

Three Senatorial Candidates?

From all accounts it seems quite likely that the senatorial fight in this state is eventually going to be a three-sided one. The Republicans preferred Samuel Shortridge as their candidate by the unprecedented plurality of nearly 25,000, and the Democrats have been so well satisfied with the record of James D. Phelan in the Senate that none of them has even remotely considered who might or might not be a good man to oppose him. But the Anti-

Saloon League is not satisfied with either of them. Shortridge, while not being an openly avowed wet, is believed by his thousands of admirers not to frown upon the flowing bowl upon occasions, and Phelan has similar leanings, despite the fact that he recently entertained that prohibition spellbinder, Richmond Pearson Hobson, at his country home near Saratoga, and actually assisted him in securing contributions to the cause. Both candidates, however, are regarded by the pronounced drys as being either wet or doubtful, and accordingly a meeting was called last week by A. H. Briggs, Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League for Northern California. At this meeting both candidates were exhaustively discussed, with the result that neither of them would do and a pronounced dry must be nominated, who in the Senate of the United States would labor for the cause of prohibition to the exclusion of any other issue, no matter how important for the country's welfare. Mr. Briggs announced that such a candidate had been practically decided upon and his name would be announced within a very few days. The importance of his standing in the community would be so instilled into the minds of the voters that they must surely fly to his support and so ensure the safety, not only of the Volstead act, but the eighteenth amendment as well in the Senate. It will be interesting to learn the identity of this third candidate whose adherents would nominate to succeed Senator Phelan, and it will also puzzle the political dopesters to calculate from which of the two great parties most of his support will come. It will all depend upon the woman vote. If most of it, as is generally claimed, is committed to the enforcement of prohibition, most of the strength of the new candidate may come from that quarter. But how much of it is to come from the old parties is a matter of pure speculation, with the probability that the defections will be equal in both, creating very little difference in the general result when the votes are counted.

★ ★ ★

Another Boy Criminal

James Byrne, a boy of 16, was tried last week for murder, having killed an adversary of almost equal tender years in a street fight in the district of which Bernal Heights is the center. It seems that on each side of the hill the boys had managed to work themselves into a fervor of hate for the boys on the other side, which feeling expanded into a regular feud of the true Tennessee mountain type, and clashes between them were frequent, generally resulting in cracked heads, black eyes and bloody noses. On one occasion, however, young Byrne killed one of the hated other-side-of-the-hill men, and was arrested and tried for murder. The jury found that as no premeditation was possible in this case, a verdict of manslaughter would satisfy the law, and made a further recommendation that he be placed on probation. A regret was also expressed that the prisoner had not been tried in the Juvenile Court, which should be the proper one in which to try all criminal or other cases for which juveniles have been arrested should be tried. All of this is just as it should have been, and recalls the case of Roy Wolff, a boy of the same age, who a few short weeks ago was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged. Several newspapers interested themselves in the case, many letters were written, memorials were sent to Governor Stephens, but all that he would do was to order a reprieve until such time as he could properly investigate the case. It is likely that he would have granted a commutation of sentence to imprisonment for life, had not many of the court officials, jurors and lawyers who had been concerned in the case, insisted upon the exactment of the full penalty of the law. This paper again protests against such a possible exactment, on the ground, as before stated, that no boy of Wolff's tender years could possibly have been mentally responsible for the crime of which he was convicted. In his case imprisonment would meet all of the requirements of justice, and, for the matter of that, so would it in nearly every murder trial on the records of our criminal courts. This paper is not yet prepared to inaugurate a crusade for the abolishment of the death penalty altogether, for there are several crimes for which no other punishment would be an adequate one. But it would be far better that such crimes should not meet the proper atonement, than that children should expiate their blind criminality upon the gallows.

Arrest the Law Breaking Motorists!

It is learned that a certain Mr. Chenu, who appears to be the enforcement officer of the traffic laws, has at last decided to do something to compel the violators of the law forbidding the use of glaring headlights, either to dim them in the specified way, or provide themselves with more opaque lenses. This law has been in existence for a long time, and, at least as far as the cursory observer has been able to see, entire compliance with the dimming law is exceptional. It is urged that in these days of the high cost of motor operation, the participators in this great public necessity should not be put to extraordinary expense, and that, having provided themselves with such lights as were on their motors when they bought them, the state has no right to compel them to make further expenditures that they do not believe to be necessary. Illogical as this line of argument may appear to be, the motorists attempted to prevent the carrying out of this law by injunction, but the State Supreme Court has decided it to be constitutional and affirms the judgment of the lower court from whose sentence there had been an appeal. Mr. Chenu says he has determined to enforce compliance with this law, no matter what it may cost; no matter how many special officers he may be compelled to enlist in his service. One of the automobile associations, evidently in a joking mood, has suggested that each automobile driver should be his own traffic officer, to strictly observe the laws himself and see to it that other offenders follow his example. This would be the utmost limit of altruism to expect of most motorists, and as impossible of any hope of fulfillment as to expect a pickpocket to be his own detective. If Mr. Chenu really wants to prevent death and accident from reckless motoring, he can himself find dozens of persistent evaders of the traffic laws, by standing for a single afternoon on any of the Market street crossings. The speed limit is flagrantly exceeded always, and it is a surprising exception whenever a driver does not risk the taking of life by refusing to come to a stop when a citizen is boarding a street car. San Francisco has a lot to learn as to the manner of enforcing traffic laws, even from Los Angeles.

Our Hymn to the Sun

Lionel Josephare

O! westbound sun, I importune
As you descend Sierra's tops,
Shine on my grape and light my prune,
Illuminate my growing crops.

Scowl on the streams of wicked East,
But smile on Sacramento trout;
And when your working hours are ceased,
Set by the Southern Pacific Route.

O! sunset, dear to every breast,
Thou'rt like our fields of well-known poppies,
Making our setting sun the best,
And Eastern sunsets only copies.

O! climate—maker of our zone,
The greatest name at my behest
I give you; henceforth be you known
As a Native Son of the Golden West.

A Soul's Awakening

By Lucille Ellis

A bit of Western philosophy of the hilarious mining days of '49 when the gold miner of California flourished like a green bay tree, was:

"Life does not consist in holding a good hand, but in playing a poor hand well." This saying is full of practical wisdom, and when Fay Denman, who knew naught of philosophy, tried this particular brand in 1920, in the eleventh year of his unkempt, poverty-hedged life, he set his feet in the path of life that is lighted by right thinking and right living.

Fay had scurried through the eleven years of his scrably life with an eye always open to the main chance, for the "north winds of poverty," are chilling and only those who are fitted to survive can weather their numbing blasts.

On a bleak afternoon when the wind-driven fog clouds made the streets of the San Francisco hills too disagreeable a place in which to play for a boy of Fay's ilk, he stood tip-toe before a mirror in a shabby, cheerless bedroom, and through half-closed eyes, he regarded himself, trying to imagine how he would look if clothed in a complete running suit; turning around and around, then sinking down into "get set" position, then leaping, dancing and gyrating gleefully.

The faded blue uppers which adorned his skinny little body were his joy and pride, also they were the cause of his downfall; also, Fay "played his poor hand well."

Arising from the bed where he had been resting and meditating, he hurriedly stripped the uppers from his body and threw them across the room, and as fervently as he had desired and enjoyed the uppers, to the same degree did he feel a loathing for running suits, track meets and everything they had in common.

He could not have put into words how he felt, but he felt as though he had "sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

Fay's trials and tribulations had come upon him through his pride in the one accomplishment he possessed—he could run. His swiftness was the wonder and admiration of the whole Longfellow school, teachers as well as pupils.

Yet in his five years' attendance at the school he had never been able to enter the May-time athletic meet, held annually in Golden Gate Park, because when he had made the grade where he was entitled to enter the meet, his under-nourished body had never reached the 70 pounds or over in weight, and he could not enter the contest, until—happy day—the school principal, note-book in hand, stopped by his desk, and looking him over, wrote his name in the list of runners, remarking as she did so, "I know Fay, you will carry off the honors for Longfellow."

"You bet he will," whispered Babe Pilacano, the "Dago boob" of the class, who then and there had three red marks added against his deportment.

Fay's soul rejoiced with a seventh heaven happiness, and the rest of the day his mind was as far from his studies as the east is from the west; instead of the printed pages of his lessons there danced before his mind a panorama of a certain corner of Golden Gate Park, the Stadium, and the surrounding green sward, through which curved the cinder track. Like a serpent which attracts the eye of a bird or small animal and then holds it charmed, just so did the cinder track hold the eye of Fay's mind, and that which charmed him as he mentally pictured the crowd tensely watching along the track, was a group of swiftly running little figures, their naked limbs made conspicuous by their scant running suits, and one figure, the smallest one, brilliantly in the lead, and that one himself, throwing his arms high against the line and finishing first, while the crowd cheered; again and again he saw this picture. His hands grew hot, then cold and moist, when he thought how tremblingly and all but exhausted he would dash ahead and win the race.

The one cloud that shadowed his sunshine of happiness, when he allowed himself to think of it, was his lack of a running suit. But his mind alert as his nimble feet, soon had the problem solved; he knew he could prevail on Ma, loving, tired Ma, to make his trunks, and maybe sister Ethel who brought her eight dollars wages home every Saturday night, would give him the fifty cents for the running-shoes; anyway, she had promised it to him once when he had lied and saved her from being locked out all night by their drunken father, and then he had three puries, real agates, and two hundred marbles, which he had won by odd or even, hook or crook, mostly crook; he could trade to Fatty Bates for a pair of uppers, that is, Fat would make the trade if Red Slim didn't "get wise," and "knock" the deal.

Red Slim, the leader of the neighborhood gang, lank, red-headed and awkward, his pale eyes shaded by light eyelashes which seemed to guard closely a prominent nose set in a profusely freckled face that faded away in a receding chin, could bring out the bad traits in any boy's character; the innumerable beatings he had received during his early childhood had served to deaden the better side of the boy's nature, and with his boy associates, he wielded an ungodly influence, and taught them as he had been taught.

"Naw;" said Red Slim, when Fatty mentioned the trade, "don't youse trade, Fat, 'taint enough, make him give youse more, can't youse?"—turning to Fay, "swipe a quarter from your old lady?"

"Oh, gee, no! Dad's been out a'work, and money's scarcer'n chicken teeth 'round our house; no chanc't there," said Fay.

"All right, Fay," said Fat, "youse dig up som'ting else, s'long," and Red Slim, having successfully "horned in" on the deal, wandered along with Fat.

With a troubled mind, Fay walked slowly into his own domicile, leaning against the kitchen sink, he stared into vacancy while he drearily took mental stock of all his personal possessions. He found them deficient and of no value to Fat Bates.

Reaching for a cup that was among the bottles, salt and pepper shakers, and trash that littered the untidy shelf above the sink, something shining caught his eye. Not waiting to swallow the water he intended to drink, he glanced hastily around, slipped the shining object into his pocket, then out of the house he went; a block away he whistled shrilly for his pals.

"Did'ga git it?" asked Fat.

"No, not the coin, but look here, is this any good?" and Fay held out for their inspection, an upper set of false teeth, one tooth of which had a gold crown. "Ma's mouth is sore, an' she ain't wearin' 'em; that there tooth is gold and it's worth more'n a quarter."

"Ya betcher!" said Red Slim, "give him the uppers, Fat, and take all he's offered; I'll take de teeth fer safe keepin' and when we come back from Walker's pond tomor'er, I'll crack de gold, pick it off and sell it; you're all right, Fay."

That night Fay was so happy that he voluntarily picked up the cross pulling baby and tried to quiet it while his mother set the evening meal on the table; after helping the smaller children Mrs. Denman took the baby from Fay, and taking a seat opposite him, she began to cut her steak in tiny bits; Fay watching her, thought of the wrong he had done; he watched her big long-lashed, tired eyes (how kindly they always were!), then her toothless mouth all sunken in just like old Granny Perkins, who chased the boys off the street when they played ball in front of her house, and while he studied his mother's face unconsciously there dawned on him the knowledge of what his mother was to him.

Of course he had always known she was his mother, but like the child learning to read, first he learns to know the word, afterward he learns what the word means. In the same way Fay realized what his mother was to him. Perhaps a guilty conscience assisted in the understanding, but, however, then and there he determined to get back his mother's teeth.

Early the next morning, Fay, with Red Slim's gang, started for the Mission hills to gather flag lilies; Fay did not feel happy. It may have been a guilty conscience that troubled him or it may have been the fact that he was going to "swipe" the teeth from Red Slim, and he felt he would rather face a machine fun in action; therefore, he felt sadly out of tune with the beautiful spring day which shone from the usually overcast sky of San Francisco as he and the band of alley nomads wandered out in the hills, whose velvety green slopes and swales were splotched with yellow poppies, blue lupine and fragrant flag lillies. The blue sky flooded with sunshine, made the place like the flowery vales of Paradise, and to the little band of alley rats, it was a veritable bit of heaven.

The zephyr of a breeze laden with the whiff of salt air got into their blood and stirred into life, dormant savage instincts, which led them to a variety of acts, anything, from digging caves in the hillside, where they could live like bears, to attacking and raiding chicken coops, and then dining a la Indian.

Late in the afternoon, with their arms full of flag lillies and poppies, which later, they would hawk from the down-town corners, the ragged group of future citizens made their way to Walker's pond.

Walker's pond, a basin of greenish yellow, muddy water formed by the junction of two tiny streams which flowed at the bottom of the ravines, the deep sides of which made a good shelter from prying eyes, and the nipping ocean breeze that came over the wind-swept hills. Burying the stems of their flowers in the mud, they proceeded to put the finishing touches on the pleasures of the day.

The smaller boys sprawled and squirmed in the warm sand of the creek bed, like huge flesh-colored lizards; but Red Slim was the first one in the water, waving his scrawny arms and yelling like a Comanche, he dove in and was the first one out on the raft. "Whee-e-! Ya-a!" he yelled as the other boys splashed the muddy water over him; "Hey, fellers, come on."

In they all plunged, all but Fay; he sat on the bank fumbling with his shoe laces, until the raft loaded with boys, captained by Red Slim, was well out in the pond; then as Slim spied him, he started to pull off his coat, but slipped it on again, and grabbing Slim's trousers, searched quickly through the pockets.

"Ain't you comin' in, Fay?" then "Hey, there, git outen my pockets," screamed Slim. "Let me offen this raft, I'll bust his nose in for him—

stop him!" he cried as Fay started on his home run,—and how he ran!

If he had been going to win all the medals in Christendom, he could not have run any faster than he did now; with the precious teeth clutched tightly in his grimy hand, he raced along, the thump, thump, thump of his heart beating like a bass drum in his ears, drowning the pitter-patter of his weary foot-falls.

The smell of fried supper greeted him, when hungry and tired, he went through the alley. Sneaking through the kitchen, he crawled into the darkest corner under his bed, panting like a famished dog. He recuperated, while he listened to his father's garrulous complaints about work and life in general, and Fay in particular.

After his father had left the house Fay came out and fed on the remnants of the supper, watching his mother while she mended his worn overalls; going to the kitchen sink ostensibly to get himself a drink of water, he deftly dropped the teeth into the match can where he knew his mother would surely find them when she lighted the breakfast fire.

He didn't say thank God or even think those words, but in his heart was a vast, humble thankfulness to something, that he had returned the stolen teeth.

With a yearning look toward his mother, he lingered in the door-way—"I guess I'll go to bed, Ma, g'night," he said.

As his head settled into the pillow, and his tired body relaxed, there swept over his awakening little soul a great peace. Like the big billows that rise and fall, breaking softly on the shining sand, it drenched him; he felt cool and clean, a peace not given or taken away by the world had come to him, a peace that "passeth all understanding."

The Spectator

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TOWN TALK - 88 FIRST STREET

'Rah for Shortridge!

The overwhelming plurality of Samuel M. Shortridge in the Republican senatorial contest is a triumph for his enthusiastic supporters who from the first sang his praises. These were the people who knew him best, whose contact with him, either in the social or professional relation, were convinced of his eligibility to the high office he seeks. One cause of his selection seems to have been overlooked. For many Republicans who rallied to the standard of Kent or Wallace, there were equal numbers of Democrats who pledged allegiance to Shortridge. He is so well known in California in all walks of life that familiarity with his upright, patriotic zeal has grown with the years of his public activities. His public record of thirty years is admirable, his private life wholesome and honorable, his professional standing unimpeachable. His personality has attracted for him support of friends who have worked arduously for him.

Strangers have been won to his side during his very active campaign by his gift of oratory and the sincerity which rings in his vibrant voice. The United States needs men of the cultured Shortridge type in the Senate. If battles are to be fought there for American liberty and ideals, a Samuel Shortridge would be a valiant leader. He has a profound knowledge of American government, a splendid courage to fight for principle and a highly developed oratorical power to sway the minds and hearts of legislators. He is the champion of no measure which is unjust or absurdly limiting, but is the friend of all that typifies expansion and unity.

If we send Samuel M. Shortridge to represent us in the U. S. Senate, our remoteness from Washington will not mitigate against us,—he will herald the glories of California there and keep us in the nation's eye.

Plumb Has Lost His Magic

Not more than a year ago the name of Glen E. Plumb struck terror to the heart of the Conservative citizen. The Plumb plan, like Byron, awoke one morn to find itself famous. A catchy phrase (and maybe that was all there was to it), the Plumb plan wrecked the mental equilibrium of serious financiers even as it threatened to wreck the financial system of the railroads When Plumb appeared in public he spoke off-handidly of the railroad brotherhoods as a faction just a little more powerful than the rest of the country. So forceful was his oratory he gave the impression that two men out of every three had something to do with running a locomotive. After a long period of silence, Plumb showed up in San Francisco to speak in behalf of William Kent. Plumb had lost none of his oldtime assurance. In fact when the Marin county candidate's backers heard the brotherhood man speak in private they congratulated themselves that Kent was as good as nominated. All that remained was for Plumb to mount the platform and spread the news to the people. The result proved that the author of the Plumb plan is not as shrewd as once estimated. A boaster shouldn't put his abilities to the test. Going about the country and haranguing the voters in behalf of losing candidates is not good policy. Californians now remember Plumb as the man who failed to nominate Kent. The failure emanated right in hallowed spaces of the Labor Temple, whence word was promulgated by telegraph that Kent was to be elected as an act of brotherly love. It appears that brotherly love (even locomotive brotherly love) is not what it used to be.

Bryan Eventually Decides

Those who have been watching the movements of the late William Jennings Bryan since he "buried his heart with his cause" at the Democratic convention last June, may at last satisfy their concern if they have had any that cared whether it was satisfied or not. It may be reliably stated on his published word given to the press, that at last he has flopped into the niche he has been preparing for himself for the past ten weeks, which is nothing more or less than a stated determination to labor for prohibition and nothing else.

All along, ever since that memorable squelching his five platform planks received at the convention at the Civic Auditorium, notwithstanding the obsequies of his lamented cause, his heart has been all right. Even during the well paid vaporings of his lecture bureau schedule he has persistently and blatantly declared that "I am a Democrat," which he certainly is not by any course of reasoning. This often repeated fallacy of Bryanesque buncombe has encouraged the hope that he was certain to orate under the banner of James . Cox; and there have been numerous printed statements of that hope scattered among the newspapers that considered it a matter of public interest, and there were many that did not.

But now the cat is out of the bag at last, and is making itself felt and heard after the usual amount of raucous screaming and indiscriminate pawing and scratching. He has passed up Candidate Cox in very plain terms about which there can be no mistake, although his course of logical reasoning in excusing himself is just about as convincing and satisfying as was the statement of a humorous logician to the effect that since both black and white were colors; things that are equal to themselves are equal to each other, and so, black is white. He cannot support Mr. Cox, because the wets are working for him hammer and tongs and he has not expressed any objection to this support. Ergo, he is a "pronounced wet" and must not be elected, because to elect him would mean a Democratic wet congress, which would place not only the Volstead enforcement act but the eighteenth amendment itself in serious jeopardy. Consequently an avowedly two-thirds majority dry congress must be elected and to this decidedly uphill job he proposes to devote himself during every spare moment he can spare away from his lecture tours between now and November.

But he is still a Democrat. After his usual beating-about-the-bush line of reasoning, he defends himself by setting up an array of precedents which—at least from his point of view—are undeniably sound. Grover Cleveland once helped to elect a Republican president in oppo-

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JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

sition to the duly nominated Democratic candidate (himself) and still demained a Democrat. Woodrow Wilson, in another Democratic campaign, refused to support the candidate of his party (again himself), was later rewarded by being made president and still remained a Democrat. Roosevelt ran against Taft, the accepted nominee of his party, and continued to be the most prominent Republican in the land. So, then, Bryan is still a Democrat, will continue to be a Democrat and will die a Democrat. Nevertheless, he proposes to oppose the eelction of a Democratic president and a Democratic congress, because he proposes to place beyond the faintest hope of repeal the most viciously autocratic interference with personal liberty yet enacted by the legislative power of any country. But fear not, Democrats! There is another funeral for which the invitation cards are already issued, and his temporarily resuscitated cause will be again buried with his heart—at least in so far as a dry congress is concerned—while above his remains will be displayed in glaring letters of cheese, "I am a Democrat!"

Morals and Methodists

An organization, or convocation, or conclave of moral tyrants, calling itself the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Church of the United States—how is that for a name?—has been memorializing Secretary of State Colby, in the attempt to control further the privilege of freeborn American citizens to travel wherever they please and do as they please, provided they are within the law. This association with the voluminous and vacuum-cleaner title has set forth to the secretary certain facts and fancies with reference to immoral and intemperate conditions that exist in the Mexican town of Tia Juana, just across the Southern California border. It is asserted, in terms of virtuous horror, that in that modern reflex of Sodom and Gomorrah, there is unbridled license in the direction of gambling and indulgence in strong drink; that Americans, old and young, who have been unhappily born or educated to leanings toward these unrestricted infamies, are being tempted away from their homes in San Diego, Los Angeles, and even those living as far north as San Francisco, are being tempted away to this festering sore of immorality to gratify their vitiated tastes. Secretary Colby was asked to issue an order at once forbidding the issuance of passports from any part of the United States into that part of Mexico, this being the only way by which this sinful hegira into the Mexican Babylon can be averted. The secretary, however—while being an exceedingly moral man, is not inclined to be dry—answered this memorial to the effect that "it is not the business of the United States government to act as a censor for morals or to refuse permission for its citizens to visit Tia Juana or any other place to which their inclinations may lead them." This is the kind of narrowness that destroys whatever there may be of value in any public issue, and again proves that the psalm-singer in politics is a lot worse than the schoolmaster, for the latter generally knows what he is talking about and the others do not.

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Thrills From the Divorce Court

Evidently we are becoming accustomed to the accusations and recriminations of the divorce trial. Newspapers no longer devote a great amount of space to the details, except when the parties are of such high social position that a fusilade of crockery between them commands public attention. Once the complainant in a divorce case was a celebrity, if she had been treated with sufficient cruelty. Today she has the humiliation of reading about herself in a small paragraph, with half a dozen other cases, among which, peradventure, is noted the matrimonial smash-up of Amanda Johnson, colored. It has been said that a woman never knows a man till she marries him. The public doesn't know a man till he undergoes a divorce. Then the quiet, orderly meek-looking citizen is found to possess a temper something in the nature of an Andalusian bull. The other day an Oakland stock-dealer was made the subject of an interesting document by a lady to whom he had acted as husband for 26 years The man has always looked all right. The casual observer would accept him for a good citizen, and yet the complaint is much to the contrary. One point especially made out against him is his violence. He has a faculty for a sudden and extemporaneous leap from peace to war. His declarations of war are manifested by the sounding of curses and the hurling of heavy metal objects. His pet aversion seems to be dumb animals. According to the lady, he would jab horses with a pitchfork, teach obedience to the cows with a piece of gas pipe, and shoot his dogs when they did not respond to a call. This made the wife nervous. One is apt to become nervous when unpleasant incidents take place for 26 years without signs of improvement. One day the heroine of this case wandered into the farm yard resolved to put a few gentle ideas into the husband's heart. "Fred," said she, "don't you know it is wrong to inflict pain upon dumb animals?" Fred picked up a milk bucket, and said that if she didn't return immediately to the house he would brain her; presumably meaning that he would unbrain, or knock out her brains, as some persons use the phrase, the which is hardly elegant under any consideration. At any rate, the story goes to show that if a husband does not, in the course of 26 years, learn to distinguish between his wife and a dumb animal, it is useless to give him personal instruction. Divorce may be an evil, yet the psychology of the thing is what endears it to the heart of the general reader.

Automobile Ferry—Maybe

The one geographical disadvantage of San Francisco should be overcome as quickly as possible. The man in the automobile should be able to scoot hither and thither without waiting an hour or two for a ferryboat. A cross-country scoot interrupted by a line of several hundred automobiles is unworthy of the name. It is about two years since the various committees on the Marin auto ferry became enthusiastic, hopeful, optimistic, or something over the idea that the two counties would enjoy rapid traffic. Many details, of course, operate in such an enterprise; and every detail must have a committee or two. Then the United States government has to be consulted; and the federal department is a snail in red tape. Uncle Sam is an alert chap on many occasions, but he does not evince his most efficient methods when some western state asks him a plain, simple question. Uncle Sam takes a long time to answer the question put to him by a county committee. Perhaps some of these committees are of the sort that are appointed, get their names in the papers and then forget about it. The Marin ferry project has occupied the attention of many local office-holders. Strange to say, I never met any who displayed abounding joy at the prospect of handling it. They all said it was a good thing, but not one of them seemed overjoyed to stand sponsor for it. Perhaps the well known slowness of the federal folk accounts for the lack of enthusiasm here.

Love and Kisses for Legislators

The scandal at Sacramento will not shock everybody. Some of us passed the shock-period long ago, as far as Sacramento is concerned. There was even a suspicion that a large part of our legislators have congregated at the capital not to make laws but to break them. This time it is the girls of the State Printing Department who will have to defend their honor against the raucus laughter of the state. Robert Telfer, the State Printer, will naturally join in their defense. The employees' petition against him states that he manipulated the female help to gain a sort of social prestige at the capital. This does not make a high-class tale We usually think of the most entrancing women, the grand dames, the ultra fashionable, the audacious beauties as ones primarily fit for intrigue in places where laws are made. You promise a certain secretary that the boss will promote him. You send for a tall brunette with a wide-slanting hat and crimson smile, tell her what is wanted, and in a few days it happens. This is more picturesque than a scene in a printing office: politician drops in, steps to a girl in a gingham apron, and says, "Be sure to see that Assembly Bill 12,714 is signed without a hitch." Then again, a gala ballroom dominated by such political romance would hardly equal a Parisian affair conducted with the same motive. There is, in all this, nothing to warrant a general cleanup. All capitals are wicked. Throughout history is the evidence that law-making and love-making go hand in hand. That is why so many wives of legislators accompany them at the sessions Only the well-

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informed know how many wives are lurking in the lobbies when statesmen hob-nob and the hotels are thronged with wire-pullers, grafters, corporation lawyers and—vamps. The vamps of Sacramento seldom get into newsprint. That is a queer characteristic of the situation. There seems to be a secret understanding among the press correspondents that no scandal of female tenor gets over the wires. Some sort of censorship or tact agreement exists, without a doubt. A single visit to Sacramento during legislative activity reveals the fact that things are not exactly as they should be. You behold episodes that are never mentioned in the stump-speeches. Little or no effort is made to conceal them. The hotels are brazenly a'glitter with political romance. This time the news breaks for all to read. A petition of employees did the trick. Perhaps we shall hear more.

Going to the Devil With Jazz

It is characteristic of the present day, when anything meets the approval of the sovereign people that steps are taken to suppress it. Washington may be the father of his country, but Volstead is the step-father, and more potent just now. Who is the man that will be immortalized through the crushing of jazz music? Even the high-brows approve of jazz. It represents the spirit of the age. Boob—bang—blare! It represents the spirit of all ages, the savage that squatted on the prehistoric rock and nestles in the recesses of our modern brains. Is it music? Yes and no. Is it American? Yes; as American as the Stars and Stripes. That is the chief cause of its unpopularity with the reformers. Jazz has within its ebullient chords and resounding clangor too much of the spirit of freedom. From here and there come reports that the playing of it has been denounced, molested, policed, put under injunction. Ordinances are being drafted to stop it at midnight and before. In Greenwich village, of New York city, have appeared anti-jazz leaguers who demand that the trombone cease at 11 p. m. A number of Long Island towns are feeling the new propaganda. Two reasons are offered by the propagandists. Loud music disturbs the peace, and violent dance melodies lure young people to the Devil's slide. It is plain that if you can put the quietus on jazz at 11 p. m., you can subsequently make it 9, and then do away with it altogether. If memory serves, a program of similar design was brought to bear against booze. It may be noted, although jazz actually tunes the soul to the Devil's Dance, the reformers are content, for the present, to allow the sinful orgy up to 11 o'clock, perhaps on the theory that for a while we can stand the strain. Satan is chased home before he can get in a full night's work. Later on we shall not permit him to take a single fling at us. The trouble with jazz is that it cannot be played on the sly. It is essentially an art that bids for a wide audience. In this it differs from booze, which can be enjoyed behind a door or even a hat. The next great inventor will be one to frustrate the reformer. Silencers of all sorts will be purchaseable at any hardware stores, perhaps on a physician's prescription, so that a householder can hold his house in a fairly free and easy way. Men will thus be enabled to lead ordinary lives and nobody know the difference.

Night Life Without Incandescents

The scarcity of electric fluid falls as a heavy blow throughout the state. In the first place the big industries are threatened with loss of motive power. Secondly, the loving couples, who walk at night, illuminated with advertisements of chewing-gum, corsets, pancake flour and canned beans, will find that some romance has gone from the gay life after dark. It was a harsh decree of the Power Administrator, eliminating, with one fell sweep, the advertisements that shine along the trails of pleasure. Some people try not to look at these emblazoned words; others have reached a stage where they buy no article whose signboard desecrates a beautiful scene. Thomas A. Edison, a man of quiet proclivities, a stay-at-home, invented this kind of night life. His incandescents have changed the general appearance of the world after dinner. As far as romance is concerned, though, I can't say that Edison made any improvement on the full moon. I'll go further and say that a street of electric lights is not as fascinating as the moon in last quarter. The truth of the matter is that you can have just as good a time when there is no moon at all. Electric bulbs don't light the way to happiness. The Greek and Romans had torch-bearers, and usually found their way at night without being informed that tomato catsup is the climax of dining-room curriculum. It seems to one that a million incandescents could be put to better use than informing the public how to decorate the inside and outside of the stomach. A beautiful city might just as well be left as it is. What's the use of making the town so ugly that the only difference between Milpitas and San Francisco is that in San Francisco the spaghetti signs are bigger, brighter and higher. Of course, there is a satisfaction in knowing that beneath these scaffolds and slogans of commodities is a beautiful city—one that would show up well, if the signs were not there. In the minds of most men the proper medium for advertising is printers' ink, and they are rather peeved than pleased by any attempt to divert the environment to such uses. So it may be that the conservation of electric power will bring about a relief, and the darkness enlighten us to the fact that this hurly-burly to attract attention is neither a necessity nor a luxury.

Politics in Schools

The recent strike among the students of the Polytechnic High School seems to be creating a good deal of concern among many people, and to them there seem to be two questions involved. One of them is, "Where is the discipline in our schools?" to which the answer is, "They have none." The other answer, which wonders what we are going to do about it, is as easily answered by the simple word, "Nothing." In the present condition of the home rearing of our young people, discipline being an almost unknown quantity, how can there be discipline in the schools when parents exact the same kind of discipline they employ at home? As for doing anything with reference to the recent strike of the sympathizers with pedagogue Addicott, recently discharged upon the insistence of superintendent Roncovieri, the answer must also be, "Nothing." Strikes, and the apparently inalienable right to order them, seem to be part and parcel of every branch of every civilization about everywhere. If carpenters, bricklayers, painters and schoolteachers be justified in striking, why not the more advanced schoolchildren who are old enough to know what they want? Probably the whole merits of the squabble between pedagogue Addicott and superintendent Roncovieri are not public property and we have only heard one side of it as far as entire justice is concerned. Perhaps the striking students were altogether right in their premises and demands and superintendent Roncovieri wrong. But when they made their watchword "Take the schools out of politics!" they truly spoke wisely, for in all likelihood it was from that the whole trouble arose.

Seeing Old Time San Francisco From a Window

John Landers, the veteran dean of insurance representatives, is a mine of information concerning the colorful history of early San Francisco. Looking down Third street from his Market street windows in the Mutual Savings Bank building one morning this week he told some eastern visitors that the land upon which the Examiner building stands was given by the city to James Cunningham, a contractor, in payment for pav-

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ing Third street as far as Howard. Mr. Cunningham was the envied possessor of the first steam paddy used in the west. He erected a building on the site which for those days was up to date.

One of the stores on the ground floor was occupied as a Catholic book store by James McGinn. In this store one day Mr. Landers discovered McGinn in a state of indignation. Harry Mestayer, a member of the great local stock company playing at Maguire's Opera House, had just been trying to persuade McGinn to put his (Mestayer's) picture in his window with an announcement that within tickets were for sale for Mestayer's benefit performance. "And of course you will?" was the good word put in by Landers, even in those days the friend of art. "Is it me?" protested McGinn. "Not in me window! What do you take me for? Here I am selling the works of God over one end of me counter, and you'd ask me to advertise passports to the divil in me window? I'll do nothing of the kind, but I'll buy some of the tickets on me own account."

Another shop in the old building was a haberdashery. One day the way was blocked with passersby arrested by a window card upon which was a clever cartoon by a Bohemian Club artist. It represented "Emperor Norton," a local celebrity, a simple minded old gentleman who imagined himself a royal personage, and went about dressed in royal military uniform. He was supported in comfort by the Masons of the city and his whims indulged by the local well-to-do merchants. One of his benefactors was a rich saloonkeeper who gave carte blanche to the "emperor" to feast daily at his sumptuous free lunch counter in "The Old Corner". Not only did the eccentric avail himself of the hospitality, but every day had as geusts his two hungry dogs, Bummer and Lazarus, which never failed to locate themselves on either side of their master, doing full justice to the bountiful free lunch. The cartoon in the haberdashery represented this scene, the two hounds with their front paws on the counter, their voracious appetites being appeased by sandwiches and dainties set forth for the delectation of the cocktail imbiber. On this particular day Emperor Norton happened along, stopping also to see the cause of the blockade. His mind was not so feeble that he could not appreciate the cartoonist's wit, and he expressed that appreciation by smashing the large window pane with his walking stick, which he always wore sword fashion.

Mr. Landers was one of the emperor's patrons, upon whom he called regularly every Tuesday, entered the private office and, totally oblivious to any visitors, opened a certain drawer in the desk, took one dollar faithfully left there for him and then haughtily proceeded upon his collection route.

The Cunningham family were prominent in San Francisco society, one of the daughters becoming the wife of D. O. Mills.

Mr. Landers, one of "the old guard" of the Bohemian Club, is often urged by his friends to write his memoirs. They would be a valuable contribution to the annals of this city, as he has been in the business and social swim of this city for more than half a century. In 1914 he retired with the honorary title of vice president of the Manhattan Life Insurance Co., after a service of fifty years as western representative. He is still a director of the New York Co., but is active only in consultation or when some of his friends or their descendants refuse to negotiate with anyone but him.

Mr. Landers is jubilant because his dear friend Raphael Weill sails from France on the 11th for San Francisco—the home where his heart is.

Inventors' Exposition About to Open

The eighteenth Concours Lepine, organized by the Association des Petits Fabricante et Inventeurs Francais, will be held this year in the Grand Palace of the Champs-Elysees, from August 27 to October 5.

This exhibition, which is growing larger year by year, gives inventors an excellent opportunity to bring their "brain children" before the public. Manufacturers are allotted space for the exposition of their products. Certificates of guarantee are given those who ask for them, and these protect French inventors for twelve months, free of charge, until the final patent rights are obtained.

Will Push Sale of French Automobiles in U. S.

French industrial and commercial enterprise will be demonstrated soon in the United States when M. Pierre Bassett arrives. On behalf of the Syndicat Francais des Constructeurs d'Automobiles he will investigate the motorcar market here with a view to placing French cars in America.

It is believed by the larger French manufacturers of automobiles that their trucks may be sold in the United States at prices which will compare favorably with American prices on account of the exchange situation. Furthermore, the French have developed trucks of particularly fine technique so far as speed is concerned, and it is expected that many customers in this country will be inclined to pay a slightly higher price for machines whose special qualities are not found in cars of local manufacture.

Colonies May Meet Cotton Needs of France

Development of cotton production in the colonies of France, with the object of obtaining this important raw material without the heavy loss involved by an adverse exchange rate under present conditions of purchase, was the subject which occupied one session of the industrial congress recently held at Mulhouse.

It was asserted that the French spinning industry should be able to obtain from the colonies of West Africa sufficient quantities of cotton, produced by native labor, but that before this result was attained, it would be necessary to modernize the methods of production. Therefore, the Colonial Cotton Association proposes, with the consent of the importers of this commodity, to raise from them a subscription of one franc a bale, by means of which new impetus may be given to the growing of cotton, particularly in the West African colonies of the Ivory Coast, Senegal, Dahomey and Togoland, and in the Sudan and Cambodia. The funds thus obtained would be employed in carrying out an elaborate programme for increasing the output at a lower cost.

The congress adopted resolutions: (1) Urging the Government to use every means of encouraging efforts in the direction of exploiting colonial wealth; (2) Proposing that the programme of development should be entrusted, under government control, to an organization representing all the French consumers of raw cotton, and (3), Suggesting the creation in France of a Central Institute of Colonial Agriculture.

"And how," queried his best girl anxiously, "did you acquit yourself in Paris?"

The ex-doughboy look disturbed.

"I didn't know you'd get wise to that," he answered, "I didnt acquit myself. They gimme two months."

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Social

By TANTALUS

The Family Flight

There were three of them, to be exact, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday of last week. These annual achievements of the legendary Stork that is the emblem of this coterie of good fellows and clever men are always vastly clever and interesting, but on the days referred to they seemed to have so surpassed their former efforts as to make it an extremely difficult task for next year's authors, musicians and actors to accomplish what is always said of the Family Flights, "the best one ever". Friday night's entertainment was in charge of the club's most noted wit and philosopher, Larry Harris, and the matter of course advance opinion that it was "bound to be good" was in no wise contradicted. After a brief programme in Hamilton Circle in which John Foley in recitations of his own poems particularly shone, the audience marched to the rustic bridge leading to the Playwood, which was made the scene of a quaint poetical fantasy by Larry Harris called "The Bridge", excellently portrayed by Charles Trowbridge, William S. Rainey and others, and admirably lighted by the "Light King", Edward Duffy. Saturday night's programme was fathered by Andrew Lawrence, which began with a friendly symposium of wit and sarcasm between him and Larry Harris, after which followed a programme of music, mimicry and song that would have done credit to those of the best vaudeville theatres.

For Sunday night, however, was reserved the crowning triumph of this unusually admirable series of tri-partite flights, in the presentation of this year's play, "The Fountain of Youth", by Edmond D. Coblentz, whose delicate lyrics were set to tuneful and musicianly melody by Uda Waldrop. "Cobby's" extremely poetical diction was, to employ a professional phrase, altogether "actable", and it was most capably "handed over" by Charles Trowbridge as The Spirit of the Family, Marion Veeki as Ponce de Leon, Charles Bulotti as his lieutenant, L. A. Larsen as Padre Francisco, Austin Sperry as Bernal, Harold Pracht as Cacique, the Indian Guide, while E. H. "Pop" Hamilton, Seth Mann, John Barrett, Porter Ashe, Roy Pike and Harold Brayton were the children of The Family, who after his centuries of wandering in search of the magical Fountain of Youth, finally led him to it amid the friendly shades of The Family Farm. The stage lighting of Edward Duffy was truly superb, Frank Mathieu's stage direction most capable and the flight of the Stork, at the close of the play, was as beautiful an effect as this famed theatre of friendly productions for friendship's sake has ever seen.

The attendance was larger than usual, and the sleuths of the Anti-Saloon League, had any of them been present, would have been pleased to note that the capacious bar was strictly confined to soft drinks. As for the camps,—well, that was entirely the business of their owners, and this they attended to with equal strictness.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Irwin are so delighted with life in California that they will probably remain indefinitely. They have a charming place in Sausalito which is their nucleus for many long motor trips through the state. Recently Miss Frances Joliffe accompanied them on a tour.

The Irwins are intensely happy. Mrs. Irwin (to whom her brilliant husband still after five years refers as his "bride") is a beautiful woman, a blonde Juno. She was a belle of Louisville. The Irwins are the proud parents of two lovely children.

Mr. Irwin has just sold another story to the Saturday Evening Post.

Harry Leon Wilson has also had a new story accepted by the Post.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Healy recently spent the week-end with Miss Frances Joliffe at Sobra Vista, the Rudolph Spreckles country home in Sonoma county.

Miss Malloch Declines to Announce Engagement

Christine Malloch, Berkeley artist, has returned from Santa Barbara without adding to the autumn list of announcements that lead to wedding bells. For a week, her friends have put her through the third degree, and not a scrap of information did they get. This was discouraging, since down in Santa Barbara roamed a certain gallant New Yorker known affectionately from Berkeley to Piedmont as "Millions". Only three people around the bay cities know the chap's full name. At any rate, before Miss Malloch departed for Santa Barbara, Mrs. Xavier Martinez presented her with a pair of cobweb silk stockings with complete instructions on how to walk, stand and sit so that "Millions" could not fail to see. Miss Malloch is also the proud possessor of a ten-inch amber cigarette holder, near the end of which gleams a tiny emerald. It was predicted that on the first appearance of the cigarette holder and the cobweb stockings at El Miresol caravansary, telephone bells would be tinkling in several parts of Berkeley to the effect that "Millions" had been equal to the occasion. But not a tinker's tinkle or a tiddlewink thereof came to spread the glad news. Christine Malloch is a girl of mystery. Several years ago, near Mineola, Long Island, she took part in an incident that gained her the title of the champion woman polo player of the world. She plays a fair game of chess, is an excellent harpist, and an architect, claiming to have designed one Chicago skyscraper and three Berkeley bungalows. "Millions" resides in New York, and when on a visit to the Pacific Coast takes the longest detour around Kansas City, where, 'tis said, he inherited a soap factory.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Healy have returned from Tahoe, where they had a delightful outing. Mr. Healy looks quite fit to plunge into the strenuosities of the coming grand opera season and the concert months to follow.

Black Magic and Savage Dancing

Into the field of savage dancing there seems to be always interwoven the idea of magic in some form. The Candan Indians dance buffalo to bring game when supplies of food are low, the rain doctors of Central Africa dance mystic dances to bring down rain, and the wives of gold coast negroes dance a battle dance to give their absent husbands courage in battle. We also find in all the ancient religions that dancing was interpreted as one of the acts of worship. Religious processions went with song and dance to the Egyptian temples, the Cretan chorus moved in measured pace, sang hymns to the Greek god Apollo and one of the Muses (Terpsichore) themselves daughters of Zeus, was the especial patroness of the art. Little wonder, then, that we find the twentieth century keenly appreciating the healthful pleasure of the dance. In San Francisco we find the modernization of the dance, such as at Techau Tavern, where with the music of the dance orchestra, the smooth polished floor, the swinging symphony of jazz and rythmically timed tunes, modern society holds sway. The entertainment at Techau Tavern also features a soloist dancer whose remarkable exhibitions of agility in many of the folk dances, such as the Russian peasant dance, furnish an evening of delightful entertainment, particularly in conjunction with the beautiful musical revue which is one of the foremost features of the Techau Tavern at this time.

The marriage of Adele Chevalier and Theodore Rethers Jr. will be a brilliant event in early October. Cards are out for the ceremony, a noon nuptial mass at the Paulists, but probably no reception on account of the illness of the bride's mother. It would be difficult to name a bride-to-be who has been the motif for so many social affairs as Miss Chevalier, who from the first announcement of her betrothal has been the recipient of attentions from her friends. Young Rethers is a splendid chap, the eldest of seven brothers, affectionately known as "the Retherses". He had planned to follow medicine, like his brilliant father, but when he returned from France after war service, he took up a business career.

A New Kind of Social Work

Miss Christine Donohoe, the peninsula society girl who has become the sponsor for a play to be given in a theatre built by her efforts and operated under her direction, is following in the footsteps of women of leisure the world over. "Something to do to take one out of one's self" is the desire of the feminine heart. Society life after a season or two becomes a bore, especially in this part of the world, where society life has not very much variety. "The time has gone by when girls are content to sit down and wait for a husband to appear and carry them off to uneventful domesticity," one smart maiden announced lately.

Miss Donohoe is a handsome girl of the outdoor type. She, like her sisters, is brilliantly educated. Her mother was Christine Parrott, all the members of which family have artistic inclinations. The cause for which Miss Donohoe works with Thespis is to aid the American Academy in Rome, which is maintained by American contributions.

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Giorgio Polacco and Our Operatic Opportunity

By Helen M. Bonnet

Giorgio Polacco, the distinguished operatic conductor, in discussing the general operatic outlook recently, was inclined to deplore the decadence of virtuosity in the exponents of modern lyric drama. He had little hesitancy in expressing the opinion that the art of bel canto is vanishing rapidly, which regrettable circumstance he attributes to the haste in which singers prepare for their careers, expecting to accomplish the work of five years in one, and in their reluctance to make the supreme physical sacrifice which beautiful singing demands. He said that in the day of Malibran and the glorious youth of Patti, those gifted ladies remained in bed for forty-eight hours before singing an operatic role, and gave their speaking voices absolute rest. Whereas today singers refuse to sacrifice so much time to keep in condition. As for conversational silence, they won't consider it. Mr. Polacco's wife, the beautiful soprano, Edith Mason of the Metropolitan, is frequently taken to task by her distinguished husband for this infraction of the artist's rule. "Remember, you are a singer," is the admonition which the lady hears from him if she becomes loquacious. If Xantippe had been an ambitious singer Socrates could not have offered her any sager advice. Let husbands with talkative wives ponder it well. It might serve as a maxim silencer to encourage such spouses to take singing lessons, and then abide by the Polacco warning.

The maestro announced with greatest enthusiasm that Rosa Raisa is the only soprano dramatica before the public today. She has, besides a lovely voice, every qualification of the artiste. She is young, beautiful, intelligent, cultured. Her voice, of luscious sweetness and purity has power, and pulsates with life and sensitiveness, while as an exponent of vocal technique Miss Raisa is so finished that she is enabled to face every difficulty. She is the singer whose rendition of "Norma" has revived that splendid old opera to popular favor. She is of Russian birth and made her debut eight years ago at Covent Garden during a season conducted by Polacco.

Caruso is another ideal of Polacco, who refers to that wonderful tenor's voice as super-human and transcendant in production. "I devoutly believe that when future generations hear the records of Caruso they will doubt that it ever was a reality, for there will be no other to approach its perfection," declared Polacco. Aspiring singers would do well to emulate the industry of Enrico Caruso, who never permits his artistic standard to drop in the breeze of public acclaim. He is his own severest critic. Often he orders twenty records of a song destroyed before he gives one his approval, though even Polacco is unable to detect a flaw either in the original or reproduction, Caruso himself charging the fault not to the record's mechanical processes, but to some imperfection of his own interpretation. Also, in preparing a new role, Caruso displays a genius for industry. He writes from memory every line of his part and studies the raison d'etre of every detail of his costume. The severity of his musical judgment is the result of profound penetration,—he builds upon an indestructible foundation which owes its stability to the singer's unique conscience.

Mr. Polacco visualizes America as the field for future voice development, owing to the upheaval in Europe of artistic conditions. In pre-war Europe, opportunities of hearing opera were many. It will take time to revive such conditions, but if America does not sieze the advantageous opening to give the people operatic productions, an era of a wonderful musical development will be lost to this country, the uplifting influence of opera becoming sacrificed within the confined horizon of moving pictures.

Polacco is the type of musician who regards the singer as of secondary importance in the scale of the ultimate musical result. He glorifies music and seems to believe that its devotees are honored in being a part of a superb tonal achievement. Grand opera, which embraces so many arts, is to him a splendid result of many individual efforts. His attitude toward grand opera is devotional. When he refers to the great theatres of the world's capitals where he has conducted, or to the wonderful artists of the casts, his appreciation of artistic glory is for the magnificent creation that has been presented,—with him the personal equation is far from paramount.

Recently in Paris at the Theatre Lyrique he conducted a premier performance of "Tarass Boulba," by Marcel Rousseau. This was the first instance of an Italian being invited to conduct a French work, the honor being conferred upon him through the invitation of the composer and the widow of Claude Debussy. For the first time in Paris also he conducted Boito's Mefistofile.

He also conducted at L'Opera de Paris and L'Opera Comique. His charming American wife last November in Paris had the distinction of singing Gilda in Italian, the French company learning their roles in Italian in compliment to her.

Mary Garden received a shower of compliments from the maestro,—her splendid intelligence, glowing imagination and fine musical sensitiveness all being lauded. Neither did he omit an awe-struck "And does she not attract multitudes?" He spoke at length of her ethereal presence in "Pelleas and Melisande," of her grasp of the psychology of "Louise." Charpentier's "Julien" Polacco admires to an enormous degree, but pronounces it too metaphysical to make a popular appeal.

Mr. Polacco was born in Venice and at nineteen tasted the first fruits of triumphant leadership. Arditi, conductor, was taken ill upon the day of the London production of Gluck's "Orfeo." The assistant conductors declined to lead, owing to their unfamiliarity with the work. The manager said to Polacco, "How about you, little boy, will you?" The little boy would and did, for it was a work dear and familiar to his heart. Again, in 1892, in Rio Janeiro, when Marino Mancinello, a world famous conductor, killed himself on account of a love affair, the day of the opening of the fine company he had brought from Italy, no one would undertake to lead in the strange city, but young Giorgio had the courage to do so every night of the month's season.

In Rome, Polacco succeeded Luigi Mancinello (brother of Marino); later he succeeded Campanini in Covent Garden and finally followed Toscanini at the Metropolitan, where he has been for the past five years. His career has been devoid of apprenticeship in conducting; nor has he ever had to affiliate himself with any but distinguished companies.

"How does it seem, maestro," I asked, "to conduct a great work and hear the thunderous applause afterwards?"

"It is a grand experience," he answered, "to conduct a superb work. I recall my emotion in Albert Hall, London, after the combined four symphony orchestras played the Funeral March from Gotterdamerung at the Titanic commemorative services. I could not turn from the conductor's desk to the great audience, because I was weeping so."

I remarked that musical emotion must frequently be the source of love between a beautiful singer and a sensitive chef d'orchestre and I ventured to ask him if he had fallen in love with his wife when he conducted for her Metropolitan appearances.

Mr. Polacco's marriage was of such recent date that I should fancy the glamor of romance surrounds it, judging from the alacrity with which he responded to my question "I had heard Miss Mason sing 'Sophia' in Strauss' 'Rosencavelier,' and admired her. Then when Mr. Gatti asked me to let her sing 'Micaela' in 'Carmen,' instead of Mme. Alda, I was very much annoyed because the cast with Farrar, Alda, Caruso and Amato was absolutely perfect. However, Mme. Alda had to conserve her energies for other roles, so Miss Mason was the Micaela She was successful, her voice having an emotional tenderness, her personality a sweetness,—very appealing. But we did not meet afterwards except casually in the theatre. Our personal friendship was cemented by a San Francisco girl, Phyllis Partington. One night when the Metropolitan company had sung in Philadelphia, I arrived at the station to find that our special train was delayed. I entered the crowded station restaurant to have a cup of coffee and took the only vacant place, which happened to be across the table from Miss Mason, who said to me, 'Maestro, I have a message from a very dear friend to give you. She asked me to remember her to you,—Miss Phyllis Partington.' I jumped in the air. That sweet girl whom I met in this city when she was a child; I am delighted that success has come to her,—a triumph of her talent and will power. From that incident, my acquaintance with Miss Mason grew. We used to take walks together and then our marriage took place. She was with our company which sang for one year in South America, Mexico and Havana. You see, now that I am married to an American girl and have no longer any ties to take me back to Europe, I want to live in this country. This city particularly attracts me,—its climtae resembles that of my own Venice."

I wrote last week of Mr. Polacco's ardent desire to give us a season of grand opera every year, for which San Francisco should be devoutly

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grateful He said that after a month of conducting he longs to leave the opera house, because he gives so much of himself to the work. He does indeed, vitalizing the orchestra, the singers and the audience. What good fortune to dream of—a Polacco season!

The Italian leader speaks English fluently with a luscious Italian intonation. When he hesitates for an expression, he surprises with one that makes a vivid word picture, now and then substituting a French phrase because it brings out the colors of his mental portrait.

He admires our English language and literature and deplores the fact that he sees young men and women in the street cars reading trashy novels instead of the classics by their own American and English authors. In Longfellow's translation of the "Divine Comedy," this Italian enthusiast finds a profound emotion. "It is," said he, "like looking into a mirror and seeing a reflection of the spirit, the soul of Dante's conception." He loves Irving, too, and recommends that author's "Columbus" to his Italian friends. He finds pleasure in picking up Dickens and wandering with him into intimate excursions of his immortal creations. The tender pathos of Little Nell, the poignant tragedy of Oliver Twist, the heart revelations of David Copperfield have caused 'intimate emotion" in the sensitive breast of this music poet, who revels also in the philosophy of Herbert Spencer.

Polacco observes life, studies the people and institutions that make his environment. The wider the artist's horizon, the deeper his insight, the truer will be his interpretation, the farther reaching his creation. It was a fortunate day for us when Giorgio Polacoc discovered our musical possibilities. To his ardent wish to do something for us operatically, let us say a cordial "We are glad to let you do it, George; go as far as you like."

He considers it very lamentable that William H. Leahy abandoned the opera field and deplores the discontinuance of comic opera. During Mr. Leahy's absence from the room, the maestro landed our western impressario's knowledge of musical works, his keen perception of artistic values and his ambition to behold music enthroned in an invulnerable position in San Francisco.

News of Luiza Tetrazzini is always welcome, so I am pleased to relate that our Luiza bought, not long ago, the palazzo of the German ambassador in Rome. It had been confiscated by the Italian government and Luiza paid 750,000 lire for it. It is a three-story building which the diva has had converted into three apartments. The one she occupies has twenty-one bedrooms and gorgeous suites of other chambers. Recently a prospective purchaser offered her four million lire. Our Luiza is adored in Italy on account of her war work. From October 4, 1914, to April 3, 1919, she sang continuously, paying all of her own expenses and donating every cent to the benefit of widows and orphans of soldiers, —this at a time when her yearly earnings approximated $350,000 a year.

Signor Polacco was silent about his own war work, but it is tradition that his genius and energies were generously donated to the cause, as were those of all the great artists favored by God.

It was twenty-eight years ago when Giorgio Polacco picked up the baton which disappointed love made Mancinelli discard. Yet today Mr. Polacco appears only about thirty-four. He is a handsome man with clear, glowing skin, sparkling eyes which reflect his varying emotions and an expression of great intelligence. His manner is that of one who has looked on at the world in its most exciting and profound aspects. You have seen in the faces of distinguished people what Chesterton calls "a left over expression." That is characteristic of Polacco, so that one senses, even while receiving his courteous, undivided attention, the circumstances of profound emotions among brilliant or soul-stirring scenes. With his sensitive nature and brain to register the impressions of an eventful world career, it is no wonder that this gifted artist exalts the souls of the multitudes enraptured by his baton.

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THE WOMAN WITH A PAST

The critics of the woman who has a past amaze me. They are furious against her, as if she had stolen something from them. They forget that if she often lent, she never gave, herself, and is her own mistress. It seems excessively harsh to me that she should be sent back to her festivals, to her palaces, to her follies, and to her gowns that trailed on enamored carpets.

Usually the life that she selects is not essentially different from the one that she quits, for she marries a prince or a duke; but even if she pleased to wear linen and cottonade, who should object? Her critics have the pretension to suppress the forbidden fruit—that is, the only thing in life that is worth living for. Well, if forbidden fruit is for women in society furtive loves and hidden meetings, for the woman out of society forbidden fruit is a calm and regular household, servants who know no secrets, and the elegant conversation of ladies who come to talk airy nothings. To possess what one should not possess, to be where one should not be, to wear a face which is not one's own—in these things lie all the piquancy of the human masquerade.

The woman with a past does not usually go very far in her search for the unheard of and the unexpected. If she wished to exhaust the delights of a complete travesty she would select a man bald, benevolent, obtuse, employed in an office, and who at night under the lamp at a table covered with a dark carpet, his spectacles on his nose, and wearing a checked dressing-gown, reads to his wife the accidents, the lawsuits, and the political news. She would weave slippers for him on his birthday, and Greek caps; the day that he got a Christmas present from his "boss" she would add veal to the regular fare and chocolate eclairs and dress her son like Little Lord Fauntleroy. If the woman with a past were really vicious she would throw herself headlong into such horrors, and taste every minute the savory of joys of being the very reverse of herself. But she doesn't. She contents herself with sipping the troubling nectar, she only touches the perverse orgy and she is punished for her reticence. She is treated at once as if she had committed something enormous and fabulous.

But it is not the first time, nor the one-thousandth time that critics are unjust toward her. She is not virtuous, they say, but those who say this, are they as sage as Cato? They say that she has not earned her millions by the practice of an edifying profession; but those who incriminate her, have they earned their wealth by pushing the plow or by making in the sunlight the sower's august gesture? Certainly it would be better if people would not sell what should not be sold; but if people obeyed always this legitimate principle, physicians would say only what they know, and lawyers would resolve often to say nothing at all. Writers who have no style would not write, and rhymers who rhyme imperfectly would consent not to rhyme at all. In fine, philosophers who do not know wisdom would not presume to teach it.

Doubtless we are always unjust to women. Since the world was created nobody ever heard that a leg of mutton ate itself, and if there were nobody to eat it the leg of mutton would never appear at table. A woman with a past presupposes a man with a past. The thing that wanders dolorously on the sidewalk in a luxurious dress is not only a thing which labors painfully to enrich a silk merchant and his wife, but the soul of those who care for it.

Balzac is not the first novelist who discovered that society was nothing but a sort of natural history where various animals are struggling to live. The lion, the tiger, and the bear are not more ferocious than the dove which, like them, feeds on living prey; and brigands, usurers, and women with a past are not as dangerous as men milliners, destroyers of families, and writers of sentimental romances for the piano. These are the most objectionable of beings, because they dishonor language, thanks to which nations exist, and without which they would be flocks of geese insulted by every storm and burned by the red sun.

Anyhow, we live in a land of equality. Anybody may call Shakespeare an idiot if he wishes, everything belongs to everybody, and nothing to a particular family of individuals. That is why, if honest women drag gowns of Lais and of Imperia, talk slang to be modern and entertain a lot of little cupids and pages more numerous than the leaves of a forest, I cannot see why the woman with a past should not have a family, serene joys, big boots, black gowns, flannel underwear, babies, incessant duels with cooks and all the other things that make the purity of life. Let the woman with a past marry, if only to know the voluptuousness of a lawyer's brief when she pleads for a divorce. And let her detractors talk! They have less pity than envy, those who make faces at the man who owns a gold mine. They do not doubt that the woman with a past has the right to become a member of society; what bothers them is that they can't have her.

E. A. D.

Lille and Metz Fairs Successful

Progress in the reconstruction of Northern France is demonstrated by the display of merchandise from these districts at the expositions which are being held this summer in several of the French manufacturing cities.

Notable among these are the Lille Fair and the Metz Fair. Though it had been thought impossible to hold a fair at Lille this year, the results obtained, in showing how rapidly this district is winning back its importance as an industrial centre, have already guaranteed the success of this exposition.

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The Stage

THE DRAMA

By Samuel M. Shortridge

In this tolerant age of learning and light, the theatre needs no defense, the actor no apologist. For whatever of prejudice once existed against the drama has happily passed away. We have come to realize that "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," is no sin; that to contribute to the joy of living is not immoral; that to laugh with Falstaff is not harmful; that to weep with Hecuba is not to approve the abduction of Helen; that to listen to celestial music is not to forget the duties of earth; that to hear De Wolf Hopper recite "Casey at the Bat" is not to exalt the first baseman above the magistrate of the republic, or to make the national game more important than the presidential election. We have come to realize that the drama teaches great and useful lessons of history and heroism, of purity and patriotism, and that the actor is at once guide, philosopher and friend—leading us across flowery meadows, by sweet waters, beneath cool shading branches—explaining to us the manners, customs and thoughts of all ages and countries—and peopling our solitude with the children of mirth and merriment, of love and faith.

The philosopher broadens and strengthens the understanding; the novelist cultivates the imagination; the historian preserves the past and teaches the lessons born of human experience; the scientist discovers and invents and adds to the sum of the world's wealth, and so each in his sphere of effort aids in advancing the holy cause of civilization, but the dramatist, from Thespis to this hour, has been the great teacher of every age. He has brought home to men's minds and hearts the abstractions of philosophy; he has made us intimately acquainted with the imaginative characters of the novelist; he has caused us to see the personages of whom the historian writes; he has made manifest the labors of the scientist. Nor is this all. He has taught the value and justice of liberty, the hatefulness and wrong of slavery, the necessity for law and order. He has fired the heart of youth with patriotic fervor, moved multitudes to noble action, nerved the soldier's arm, cheered the dying defenders of liberty, put a brand of infamy on the traitor's brow, and glorified the triumph of virtue over vice. The dramatist has taught man to love the beautiful, to reverence truth, to scorn hypocrisy, to hate iniquity—nay, more, he has taught blind eyes to see the glories and deaf ears to hear the music of God's wondrous universe.—(Published August, 1912.)

A Great American Singer

When Antonio Scotti, one of the noblest stars that ever illumed the grand opera stage, brings us his company of 150 people, making a complete ensemble of principals, orchestra, chorus and ballet from the Metropolitan, the world's greatest opera house, he will have Mme. Florence Easton as the "prima donna assoluta". Mme. Easton has a reputation acquired at the leading opera houses of the U. S., Europe and Great Britain. It is interesting to note that prior to the war, when the former Kaiser, for reasons of his own, maybe, professed a great interest in America, Mme. Easton and her husband were favorite artists at the Royal Opera, Berlin, and were the recipients of flattering attentions from his extinct majesty. They were in fact for six years respectively prima donna and leading tenor at the Berlin Royal Opera, and for three years at the Hamburg Opera. During these periods also they obtained leave of absence to sing at guest performances in all the leading cities of Germany, concerts in Brussels and Antwerp, two seasons at the Royal Opera Covert Garden, London, where

Mme. Florence Easton, Leading Soprano, Metropolitan and Scotti Opera Companies, in "Tosca"

Miss Easton was specially engaged to create the leading role in the Ricordi prize opera, "The Angelus'. They also sang in Wagner festivals under Hans Richter, and Strauss festivals in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester and Liverpool, under the baton of Richard Strauss, by whom Mme. Easton was selected to perform the title role in his opera "Elektra" in Berlin. Before singing with the Metropolitan Opera, N. Y., Mme. Easton was first with the Savage Company, and then with the Chicago Opera Company and the Society of American Singers during their first opera season in New York. She has sung the principal Wagnerian roles, including Brunnhilde, Isolde, Elsa, Elizabeth, and last season at the Metropolitan, Kundry in "Parsifal", while there is scarcely a leading soprano role in Italian grand opera which she has not sung. There is, in fact, no more talented, versatile, or popular artist before the American public at the present time.

Tickets are on sale now at Sherman-Clay & Company for the Scotti engagement.

The following is the complete cast for the opening night:

Exposition Auditorium, onday Evening, October 4th, at 8 o'clock

"LA BOHEME"

Opera in Four Acts

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Music by Giacomo Puccini

Rodolfo, a poet.....Orville Harrold
Schaunard, a musician.....Louis d'Angelo
Benoit, an importunate landlord ...Paolo Ananian
Mimi, a maker of embroidery.....Florence Easton
Parpignol .....Giordano Paltrinieri
Marcello, a painter.....Antonio Scotti
Colline, a philosopher.....Giovanni Martino
Alcindoro, a state councilor and follower or Musetta .....Paolo Ananian
Musetta, a grisette.....Marie Sundelius
A sergeant.....William Clarke
Students, work-girls, shopkeepers, street vendors, restaurant waiters, boys, girls, etc.
Conductor .....Gennaro Papi
Stage Manager .....Armando Agnini

Period: Paris, about 1830.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Act I—A garret in the Latin Quarter
Act II—The Cafe Monus—In the Latin Quarter
Act III—The Barriere d'Enfer
Act IV—A garret

Scotti Grand Opera

Frank W. Healy, local manager of this notable season of opera, is putting in a new stage and all the equipment necessary to present opera according to Metropolitan standards. The cost is considerable, but both Scotti and Healy are determined that the performances be as finished, as artistically staged and as acceptable to fastidious music lovers as if they were seated in the diamond horseshoe in New York. Every number will be presented in a correct and authoritive manner, for Scotti will be assisted by Agnini, stage manager of the Metropolitan. Gennaro Papi, conductor of the Metropolitan, will conduct the performances here and an orchestra of sixty-five men will furnish the incidental music and support the singers. The scenery, settings, effects and lighting will be as artistically comprehensive as those of the Metropolitan. In short, Scotti has assured the local management there will be a general Metropolitan flavor and standard, and upon that pledge San Francisco awaits the opening of the season with keen anticipation.

ALCAZAR

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October 6—Faust.
October 7—La Tosca.
October 8—Trovatore.
October 9—Afternoon, Mme. Butterfly; Night, L'Oracolo and Cavalleria Rusticana.
October 10—La Boheme.

Single, $5.00, $3.00, $2.00, $1.50.
War Tax 10% Extra

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath"

This rattling little comedy about society gossip and scandal, with its curiosity alluring title, has been an effective drawing card so far at the Alcazar this week, just as it was when first introduced a couple of years ago in New York. Mark Swan has written far better plays—as he assured me himself last winter in the big city—but it quite exceeded his expectations in happening to be "what they want", for it was rapidly making him more money than all of the others put together. It began its brief run of a week here last Sunday afternoon and also proved to be just what the Alcazar patrons wanted, for it was an immediate hit and evoked laughter and applause that were spontaneous and plentiful. A great deal of this was occasioned by a new and most capable addition to the company in the person of Isabel Fletcher, and the management was indeed fortunate in finding her very valuable services available for a most exacting role in a long cast which most likely its present roster could not adequately supply. That no mistake had been made was evident in the first fifteen minutes of our acquaintance, for Miss Fletcher has a breezy style, an attractive appearance, and "all those present" seemed intensely pleased with her handling of a role that bears a large part of the interest of the play on her own shoulders. They will be sorry to learn that her engagement is likely to be only temporary, although they have been very well satisfied with the efforts of at least two lady members of the company who might have done about as well. But these were needed elsewhere in the cast, and the best we can say with reference to Inez Ragan and Emily Pinter is that both of them were particularly good in their respective roles and that they were not much more than half long enough. Among the male members of the cast Ben Erway was called upon to share the principal honors with Miss Fletcher, and in every way justified his selection. His role was that of an innocent and lamb like young society man, in whom the lady reporter (Miss Fletcher) discovered a past which never existed, and wrote about it, occasioning most of the real fun of the play. This young man is an exceptionally talented comedian and we shall be very sorry indeed when the eastern managers shall have lured him away from us. In this cast there did not appear to be a good part for Dudley Ayres, whom we always like to see, but Brady Kline was much better than usual as the easily deceived husband, and probably bore his share of tribulation quite as well as his leading colleague would have done. Another addition to the company was a charming little ingenue, Dorothy Bartley, who, with Gladys Emmons, completed the feminine list of capables Billy Lewis made a real comedy home run as the meddlesome and garrulous bell hop, and the "character bits" were very capably handled by Rafael Brunetto, Fred Green and Al Cunningham. Altogether, there has been no better comedy presentment at the Alcazar than the present one, and it is really to be regretted that because manager Price has so many manuscripts on hand, some of the very best of his offerings must necessarily be confined to runs of a single week.

CLAY M. GREENE.

Alcazar

The furious frivolities of "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" at the Alcazar this week, give place next Sunday matinee, for a single week, to the humors and glowing romance of "39 East", a comedy by Rachel Crothers that will have first presentation this side of Chicago. Produced by the Shuberts in New York last season, it scored so brilliantly at the Adelphi that its run was extended by transfer to the Booth Theatre. Its later reception in Chicago was equally cordial. Miss Crothers is very expert in drawing characters that are typical and essentially human, like the folks with whom we rub shoulders every day. The romance involves an unsophisticated western girl who goes to the big city with artistic aspirations and lands in the chorus, and a frivolous young Broadway rounder who becomes first a shallow admirer and then an ardent lover. Affairs move quickly. The happenings all occur during a single inspiring May day. With the exception of a picturesque episode in Central Park, the entire action passes in a boarding house of "the better class" peopled by decayed gentle folks who live in the past, the vulgarians who frankly live in the present, the landlady with her affected elegancies, the sharp tongued spinster, the foreign nobleman and other types that are vivid. Inez Ragan, Dudley Ayres and the Alcazar favorites, with special reinforcements, will interpret this unique play quivering with the vitalities of real life. Monday night, September 13, is given over to the Nationale Ligue Francais, for the benefit of the French Library, an annual event of social and artistic significance.

"Daddies" so took the town by storm a fortnight ago that unsatisfied public demand compels its farewell revival the week commencing September 19. This phenomenal David Belasco success has broad and resistless appeal. Its story of the little foreign war waifs adopted by the bachelors' club bubbles with delicious humor and tugs at the heart strings.

Revival of "Ermine"

A revival of "Ermine," one of the most famous of all modern light operas, with Francis Wilson and De Wolf Hopper jointly starred, was announced last week by George C. Tyler, who, at the same time, let it be known he has placed under contract the two light opera comedians for a period of two years.

Mr. Wilson, who deserted the comic opera field for the legitimate stage after the last revival of "Ermine" in 1903, will have his original role of Cadeaux, while Mr. Hopper will play the majestic Ravennes. Though the two comedians are fast friends of long standing they have never appeared together.

"Ermine" was first produced at the Casino in the 80's, with Mr. Wilson in the role of Cadeaux. On that occasion W. S. Daboll played Ravennes, a part which was subsequently taken by Henry E. Dixey. Pauline Hall, Marie Jansen, arian Manola, Kitty Chatham and Jennie Weathersby were members of the company. It ran for more than two seasons and was subsequently played on tour for three more. Mr. Wilson has played Cadeaux thousands of times.

On the occasion of the revival in 1903, Mr. Wilson again played his original part, while William Broderick was Ravennes. Others in the company included Marguerite Sylva, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Madge Lessing, Jennie Weathersby and subsequently Lulu Glasier.—N. Y. Telegraph.

THE STAGE YOUNG GIRL

With women who play the part of a stage young girl, gifted by all authors for the stage with infantile graces, people think that the comedy ends when the curtain falls. Alas! It is then that the comedy begins. You have taken for three hours girlish little inflections and pouts, you have run after butterflies and threatened to fly yourself with your invisible wings, you have hid your heart and your neck under a white muslin dress and worn a ridiculous silk apron which is, in all the plays of the school of Scribe, the symbol of youth. But this is not all!

You earn five thousand a year, and the critics proclaim that you are the only juvenile actor since—since a person whose name is forgotten. What does it cost you?

You have to be 17 years old, not in love, unmarried, talk babyish, have undarkened hair, arms, shoulders and the rest not yet developed, and nobody must ever meet you walking in the street with your father's best friend.

For other comedians when the play is finished all is finished. The comedian is no longer forced to be a clown, the tragedian to be terrible; but the stage young girl cannot quit her mask.

She is 17 years old and has to be 17. For how long? Forever. But suppose people should remember that she was 17 last year? They must not remember. If her heart beats? It must not beat. Lillian, Clara, and Fanny have no heart. They may rely with lowered eyes to madrigals murmured by a young man to whom they are engaged and who was born with gloves and copies his coats, his cravats, his smile and even his absent moustache from John Barrymore.

Her name is Mary, a beautiful name, but she has had to take from a novel by Brander Matthews the ridiculous name of Winifred. She has had to retain in her hair that infantile shade of pale blonde with reflections of gold lights which no infant ever retained after its fourth year. Her hair, if it were well kept, might last forty years; now you should see her head. She wears false hair. She is twenty-four. Under her infancy, which endures by force of wonderful intrigues, there are wrinkles. To everything that you say she lowers her eyes and blushes, and it is not very difficult for her to do this because her blood stifles her. Is it not horrible?

MAXIMS OF THE STAGE

If taste is exquisite discernment, it must necessarily serve to maintain just minds in good roles.—Janin.

To break everything, to overthrow everything, to deny everything—all this is easy; but you should put something in the place of what you have overthrown.—Janin.

It is false, it is ridiculous, to think that the height of art for a player is to forget that he stands before an audience.—C. Coquelin.

Madame Ristori insisted that the comedian may not express on the stage a sentiment which he does not really feel. "Yes, madam," said somebody, "but you often die."—C. Coquelin.

The stage is a school of manners, not a school of medicine.—Ibid.

One does not become a playwright; one is a playwright at once or never.—Alexandre Dumas, fils.

Women are novels whereof you should read nothing but the preface.—Houssaye.

In Los Angeles criminals take money out of the police safe; in Salt Lake criminals put money into the police safe.

The laborer thinks he is worthy of his hire and even higher.

Great Britain and France seem to be having a General Wrangel.

The Russian ruble is now worth about as much as the well known American cobblestone of that name.

Buy your coal now and watch your money burn next winter.

Palmer says Secretary Post was stubborn. Perhaps as stubborn as a post.

Some people seem to prefer the twenty-four-hour workless day.—The Citizen.

We understand that one of the New Poor who recently found a burglar in his house searching for money immediately offered the intruder ten per cent if he proved successful.—Punch (London).

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Sentiment is gradually becoming more favorable to the market and under the leadership of the rails prices have advanced throughout the list, although the public has not come into the market to any extent, yet with money rates showing an evasive tendency the demand for stocks is increasing and the market gives every indication of becoming more active and advancing to higher levels. The pessimistic sentiment that has been uppermost in the minds of traders seems to be gradually giving away to more optimistic feeling and that a recovery in business has set in. It seems to have been somewhat reluctant to take this view, although leaders of finance have been insisting upon it for some time. The stock market has seldom offered a finer opportunity for real investment than it presents at this time. Public appreciation of the rail stocks and bonds too is gradually becoming manifest. This class of securities is in particular favor with the banks as collateral for loans, as they have not yet fully discontinued the benefits to be derived from the recent liberal advance in freight rates. What is particularly noteworthy is the attitude of the public toward the increased schedules. There has been litle or no protest, it being realized that the increase was necessary in order to preserve the transportation system of the country. The increase in freight rates will, of course, be passed along to the ultimate consumer, but it should only mean a slight increase in the selling price of the article. Equipment stocks should do better as they have enough business on hand to keep them going for two years on their present orders. The steel issues are also in line for betterment. No matter whether we have a depression in busines sor not, steel requirements are so far in arrears that a slowing down of new demand would not be particularly harmful, although nothing of this sort is in sight to a degree that might be called alarming. The demand for railroad equipment alone will keep the mills busy for a long time and cannot be set aside no matter what happens. aMny rates show some signs of easiness with the call rates getting down as low as 5 per cent. The large shipments of gold coming from both England and France in payment of the Anglo-French loan that comes due next October is having a favorable effect on the money market. With a period of easier money now that the crop period has been taken care of we believe the stock market is in a position to have a sharp advance from this level. There is no question but what stocks are low and the decline was brought about principally through tight money, and now that money shows signs of becoming more plentiful for stock market purposes we believe it will be quickly reflected in an advancing market.

Cotton—Trading in cotton futures continues on a large scale with fluctuations at times so erratic that sales are being made frequently at a difference of a dollar per bale from previous quotations. One day the bulls seem to have the best of the argument and the next day the bears have their inning, which makes for a very interesting trading market. The crop outlook while showing up much better than previous years is yet to go through a very trying period and general rains almost daily have no doubt lowered the condition of the growing plant, as reports from the South would indicate. Reports of boll-weevil, worms and other insects are becoming quite numerous. Cool, wet weather is not doing the plant any good, yet prices have declined in face of all these complaints. The bear argument seems to be that we will raise more than enough for the year's requirements and that with the declining tendency of all commodities cotton, too, should be selling at a lower level. The Liverpool market at times was demoralized, owing to bad trade reports and fear of a general coal strike. The mills are now running on short time and yet they have barely enough coal on hand to keep them going, and if the coal strike comes off on schedule time it will mean the cessation of all English mills. This coming at a time when our crop is ready for market means that the cotton could only be sold in the pit, as our domestic mills are having their troubles as well and the buying on this side is only from a hand-to-mouth basis. This condition makes for a very bearish sentiment and the trade notwithstanding the poor crop reports from the growing section do not care to take the buying side, knowing that they will have to take the selling of the actual cotton being sold by the south in a hedging way. The spot markets have declined constantly in sympathy with the weakness in the futures and the bulls are forced to depend upon the chances of tropical storms or a sudden spurt of very bad weather in the belt. We believe cotton will sell lower and strongly advise the sale on all rallies.

THE ACE

Let others delight in the aeroplane's flight
High over the clouds that are fleecy and white;
Or get a big car and go speeding afar
Where silvery daisies the green meadows star;
Or gallop away on a roan or a bay
On roads where the hoofs a wild symphony play.
No envy disturbs my enjoyment serene,
Contented I pilot my little machine.
When the shadows are long and the cricket's shrill song
Is heard, and the beetles are playing ping-pong,
I push it with ease while enjoying the breeze,
The scent of the roses, the drone of the bees.
I've no tires to replace, fear no fall out of space,
With lawn mower I am a conquering ace.
My lawn is like velvet, though small is its measure,
For mowing the grass is my principal pleasure.

—New York Sun.

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June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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Hotel Cecil Notes

There was an elaborate bridge tea given on Thursday by Mrs. Rose Ziegler, whose guests in the beautifully decorated sun parlor were: Mmes. W. P. Hammon, senior and junior; L. R. Ellert, L. Bruning, Philip Wyche, McDonald, J. F. Evans, W. L. Clapp, E. B. Kellogg, Hale, T. A. Wood, J. O. Watson, W. Garlick, H. B. Rogers and H. P. Adams.

Mrs. George Ives and her daughter, Miss Sally Fox, are again at the Cecil since their return from an extended oriental tour.

Mrs. R. S. Edwards, wife of Capt. Edwards, U. S. N., is a guest at the Cecil.

Mrs. Thomas Hawkins of Hollister is visiting her mother, Mrs. Wright, at the hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Thayer of San Rafael are the guests of Mr. C. A. Thayer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Russell of Los Angeles will prolong their visit another month.

Lieut. Geo. Wood was host to a dinner party of eight on Tuesday.

Players' Clothes

In theatrical publications one often sees an advertisement something like this—"At Liberty, Montmorency Fitz-Herbert. Leading business. Good dresser on and off."

This somewhat cryptic announcement means that Mr. Fitz-Herbert is looking for a job, or, as he would express it, seeking an engagement, that he wants to play leads, and that he has a good wardrobe for both professional and private use.

The number, texture and variety of garments which constitute a good wardrobe differ greatly according to the status of the person owning it, but few actors, no matter how broke they may be, will ever admit that they haven't the clothes to dress any modern part.

Putting on a front seems to be an essential feature of theatrical life for a certain class of actors, and, as a rule, the poorer the actor or actress, the bigger the front. Go into any of the theatrical offices along Broadway and take a look at the dozens of people sitting or standing around waiting for a chance to "accept an engagement." Many of them may be wondering where their next meal is coming from, but they are all dressed within an inch of their lives and seek to convey the impression that they are considering several favorable offers.

The really high class people in the profession dress well, but quietly, and do not attempt to attract attention to themselves, but many of those of a lower order of ability seek to attract the public eye both on and off the stage. I have seen Maude Adams come into a railway station dressed most inconspicuously, and sit quietly on a bench while waiting for a train; and I have seen a burlesque queen come into the same station dressed to kill, and loaded with all sorts of jingling things, and show off every minute until the train came.

In motion pictures there seems to be two standard types of actor characterizations presented. The first is the broken down tragedian with his battered silk hat, his dingy frock coat, split gloves, frayed trousers, and broken shoes; the second is the sport with his loud checked suit, spats, and flashy footwear. Personally, I have never seen this first type in real life, but the second is often found in small town companies. Vaudeville people, no matter how elaborately they may present their acts to the public, are as a rule careless dressers in private life.

One of the hardest things to secure are ragged garments which are fit to wear. A person of refinement does not like to purchase the clothes off the back of a hobo or slatternly woman and put them on, and yet often they are exactly what one needs for a certain part. A story is told of a certain sea captain who once owned a very stylish pair of striped trousers, which he wore as a part of his shore rig. In course of time they became worn, and he then used them for dirty jobs around his ship. One day when he was in a certain port in China, he saw in the window of a native tailor a piece of the same goods from which his swell trousers had been made. Having heard of the marvelous ability of the Chinese to duplicate anything, he hurried back to his ship, secured his old trousers, and took them to the tailor with instructions to make him a pair exactly like them. In due time both the old and the new trousers were delivered, and the skipper found that the tailor had obeyed his orders to the letter, and had so exactly duplicated the worn places and spots that it was impossible to tell the new trousers from the old. If this Chinese tailor would move to Broadway the profession would, figuratively speaking, fall on his neck and call him blessed.—Theatre Magazine.

There wouldn't be any danger of a food shortage this winter if we could put all the politicians to hoeing corn and sowing wheat.—Charleston News and Courier.

SUMMONS

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

AUTIE McCOY, Plaintiff, vs. DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

The people of the State of California send greeting to DAVID McCOY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN UNDER my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this July 7th, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Schonfeld & Dunn,
Attorneys for Plaintiff. 7-10-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY EXECUTORS.

No. 20334. Dept. No. 9. Probate.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of MATTHEW NUNAN, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Frank Nunan and Michael Sullivan as Executors of the Will of Matthew Nunan, deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in Gold Coin of the United States, and subject to the confirmation of the above entitled Court, on or after Tuesday, the 14th day of September, 1920, all the right, title, interest and estate of said Matthew Nunan, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that his estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired, other than or in addition to that of said deceased at the time of his death, of, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point on the southeasterly line of Tehama street, distant thereon two hundred and two (202) feet six (6) inches northeasterly from the northeasterly line of Ninth Street; running thence northeasterly along said southeasterly line of Tehama Street one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeasterly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet six (6) inches, and thence at right angles northwesterly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred Vara Lots numbers Two Hundred and Ninety-nine (299) and Two Hundred and Eighty-eight (288).

Together with the improvements thereon consisting of a two-story brick building.

Ten (10) per cent of the purchase price payable at the time of the sale, and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court. The purchaser to assume the payment of and take the property purchased by him subject to all State, City and County, Municipal and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature which are now, or may hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers or bids must be in writing, and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, attorney for said Executors, Room 2002 Hobart Building, 582 Market Street, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said executors personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above-named Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., August 25, 1920.

FRANK NUNAN.
MICHAEL SULLIVAN.
Executors of the Will of Matthew Nunan, Deceased.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Executors.
Room 2002 Hobart Building,
San Francisco, California. 8-28-3.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Joseph Goodman, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of JOSEPH GOODMAN, Deceased, to the creditors and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 860 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GOODMAN, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
JOSEPH GOODMAN, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1920. 8-21-5

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

In the Matter of the Estate of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a petition for the probate of the will of INA LUCIE VENN, Deceased, and for the issuance to GERTRUDE RICHTER of letters testamentary has been filed in this Court, and that Monday, the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 9 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated, July 6th, 1920.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

Charles F. Hanlon,
Attorney for Petitioner,
501-4 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-10-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

Dept. No. 2. No. 106183

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

HAZEL M. DAY, Plaintiff, vs. TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send greeting to TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, 20th day of April, A. D. 1920.

(Seal of) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Superior Court) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

B. V. Sargent,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
212 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of P. MORICONI, also called PAOLINI MORICONI, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of P. MORICONI, also called PAOLINI MORICONI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of said Administrator, Room 858 Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of P. MORICONI, also called PAOLINI MORICONI, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
P. MORICONI, Alias, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1920. 8-21-5

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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IN THIS ISSUE

John McCormack's Australian Experience

The G. O. P. and the Y. M. C. A.

Gamaliel and the League of Nations

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TOWN TALK

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Helen M. Bonnet.....Editor

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The G. O. P. and the Y. M. C. A.

When Governor Cox accused the Republicans of collecting a $16,000,000 expense account for this year's Elephant March, they replied, "You can't prove it". There never was a time when the G. O. P. pachyderm couldn't skimp through a campaign with less than sixteen million. —But the high cost of electioneering is a feature of the year 1920. Everything else has gone up, and everybody knows that the Republicans always have the price with them. So, after all, why not equip the elephant's band wagon with the best that money can buy? The second accusation made by the Cox supporters was quite easily proven. They said that the chief money-getter of the Republican National Ways and Means Committee is none other than Harry M. Blair, national secretary of the Y. M. C. A. As soon as this fact became known, the general impression was that Blair would not come back with less than $16,000,000 when bent on an errand of this kind. For ways that are bright and means that are peculiar, Blair is in a class by himself. He has already told the investigating committee that piety is not his strong point. His relations with the Y. M. C. A. are not on the basis of that fine psychology which is taught to the young men in the lecture room and read to them while the educational movies are being unreeled or sung to them in the gymnasium. Blair's duty has been to fix up those big plaza clocks where the time is marked off in million-dollar sections. When Blair isn't conducting a drive for some institution, he repeats to himself—"Lost: twelve golden hours, each set with sixty silver minutes." He was murmuring these words dolefully when the war broke out. With the first call for volunteers came an equally reverberant call for Blair to come out and get the money for the soldier boys. Under his directorship, not only did the public give large sums for cigarettes, but the heroes were actually induced to buy the cigarettes over there. The financial acumen of this deal has never been equaled. It was a sweet and touching scene when the khaki-clad men would assemble to purchase these little packages containing twenty cigarettes and a souvenir card, "With the compliments of Anna Held". After that, they were called "doughboys". Maybe Blair can finance the Republican Party with the same finesse. The question naturally arises: Having collected money to pay for Republican orators, will he make the Republican orators pay for the privilege of speaking?

* * *

Grape-Juice Politics

William Jennings Bryan astonished no one by his refusal to scintillate his silver-tongued oratory in behalf of the Democratic party. It is questionable whether or not the Democrats would desire him at this time. The Democrats have not claimed to favor a wet program; yet the country at large has an inkling that the Bourbons are wet; that Cox himself has principles of a rare old vintage at heart, and that all Bryan could do would be to cast a doubt over the whole situation. The Commoner evidently thinks that it is better to be dry than president. Having failed in three attacks on the presidential chair, he ought to know what it means to feel dry. At the San Francisco convention were politicians mean enough to say that it was about time for Bryan to dry up. Apparently he has done so at the right moment. He chose an interesting occasion on which to remain silent. It was just when the Democrats were wondering if there were anything he could possibly say. No better opportunity could be had for standing mute. Before the convention he said, "What's the use of trying to nominate a wet candidate? A president can't change the Eighteenth Amendment." Now that Cox is accepted as a Liberty candidate, the Commoner has slipped the hint that support of Harding is not an impossibility in the tenets of grape-juice diplomacy. He does not say this outright, but will let the country think about it awhile. Anyone who has studied this national character since the days of sixteen to one must have realized that the melodramatic is a large part of him. His stand for purity certainly savors of the stage. Many who have glanced at the cover of Bryan's book, "The Single Standard", thought it refers to a standard of coinage as against bimetalism. The subject matter is sex purity, which he advocates for male and female alike. The single standard of morals was a popular theme for most of the prohibition managers. Knowing that liquor had become a dry subject, even among the teetotaler families, they saw the feasibility of dosing their audiences with a talk on vice crusades, sex questions and kindred topics that excite the adolescent mind. The lecture would always drift into the liquor amendment. Bryan shows the remains of this alluring custom. No doubt he is fully equipped to speak on purity. It is remarkable that he ever went into politics at all.

* * *

Every Citizen a Jailbird

Of all the recent encroachments on what there is left of liberty, the peachiest comes from Mr. Deets Pickett, who represents the Methodist Board of Temperance. The idea in all its naked barbarity is that nobody be allowed to leave the United States without a good excuse. To be more concise, nobody should be given a passport across the Mexican border unless he can prove he passes neither for booze or bullfight nor to hear naughty Mexican songs. Secretary of State Colby replied that his department could not censor the morals of citizens asking for passports. About eighty thousand a month are issued. On the Fourth of July, it is said, sixty thousand Americans celebrated at Tia Juana. Pickett claims that one of his agents saw hix hundred automobiles lined up at the immigration office, waiting for permits to enter a town "where the only business is boozing, gambling, prostitution, pugilism, bullfifihts, dog fights, cockfights" and things like that. A few indescribable obscenities were also noted by Pickett's men, giving rise to unutterable thoughts and suppressed rage in Pickett himself. Of course Tia Juana is not what one would call a respectable neighborhood. Still, the custom of slumming is a respectable one in the eyes of most Americans. Some of our most dignified dowagers and daintiest debutantes have slummed. And it is quite likely that the majority of tourists visit Tia Juana with no more evil motive than that, unless it be to bring back a bottle of sherry. The idea of making the American border impassable to citizens whom even Hiram Johnson has complimented highly for honesty and intelligence, is making a jail of a country that once possessed considerable freedom. Imagine a Department of State saying even to an imimgrant from darkest Russia: "You may enter this country, but, once in, you can't get out, unless you give surety that you won't booze or gamble while away."

This pedagogical sort of reform is getting upon the public's nerves and causing a reversion to the recognition of schoolboy ethics that it is playing fair with teacher to break his too stringent rules and afterwards take a desperate chance not to be found out.

Abuse of the Initiative

Either Californians are an extremely well-conditioned set or they need more corrective measures than the people of other states. Whichever way one takes it, the fact remains that in our codes and constitution are more freak laws, more trivial laws and more laws of all sorts than in any other state of the union. When the legislators could think of nothing else to legislate, they turned the job over to the people, giving us the initiative. This practically makes every man a law-maker. Whoever wishes to add a little to the codes and make Californians do something they never did before, has only to draught a petition and get eight per cent of the voters to sign it. This is sufficient to list it on the next ballot and receive the "yes" votes of those who usually vote that way when they haven't time to read what is wanted of them. It is well known that thousands of people will vote one way or another, after a hasty reading of the item and then not understand whether they have voted for or against the measure. Besides, there are usually so many initiatives on the ballot that one detracts from the attention of the other. It would seem, then, that there is much merit in the present campaign to amend the law so as to require 25 per cent of the registered voters to sign the petition which enables the proposed law to go before the people. It is intended that the change operates only on such laws as appertain to taxes. A curious part of this proposal is that it is itself an initiative measure. So the people of the state are to ask themselves if it were not best to go a little more slowly in the matter of the initiative. The initiative is not absolutely necessary as a means of proposing a law. Any body of citizens—25 per cent, 8 per cent or less than that, signing a petition could undoubtedly interest an assemblyman to formulate a bill and bring it before his colleagues. Of course, in that event, it would be the legislature and not the people at large who do the voting. In practical effect the result is about the same. Californians do not live in an Arcadia as the result of the initiative, referendum and recall. One thing after another transpires very much the same as in the days before these methods existed. The superabundance of our laws moved Vice President Marshall to jocularity. What he said was, in effect, "Legislate your heads off, and then think it over." What we need is a code commission who will put our statutes and constitution in such form that an ordinary lawyer (to say naught of the ordinary citizen) can remember about half.

* * *

The Struggle for Population

In the matter of population, our cities are temperamental as opera singers. Each municipality sees its standing in the universe according to the number of human beings who sleep within the sacred precincts. It matters not whether they sleep on folding beds, ornamental brass or on park benches, as long as they sleep in good faith within the city limits and wake up in time to get counted. As the figures are, from time to time, given to the press, we find some cities protesting fraud, favoritism, negligence, ballot-stuffing and all sorts of crime over the result. California has the distinction of two cities that take the tenth and eleventh places—a municipal rivalry not found in any other state. Oakland proudly declares that it is now among the first thirty-one cities, and with considerable hauteur surrenders its former thirty-second place to Akron, Ohio. However, since you are counted where you sleep, it behooves us to remark that the sleeping accommodations all over the country are getting scarcer. People are coming into the country and our own are marrying faster than the architects are turning out bungalows, apartments and tiny places for light housekeeping. A few months ago, several experts, who, in some way, get track of such affairs, asserted that more than 3,000,000 homes are needed in the United States. A sudden offer of 15,000 to San Francisco would find ready takers. Where these takers now slumber is a mystery. We assume that they are not passing the night on doorsteps. Any real estate agent, though, will tell you that he doesn't have to carry an attractive apartment past lunch hour. And the rents indicate that most of the family heads are either profiteers or are earning time-and-a-half for overtime. We have heard oft-repeated the statement that some of the $75 and $100 apartments are leased by those princesses of Sheba who during the day are employed in department stores. This does not sound plausible, as they would have to subsist on soda crackers and expect their clothes to fall from the sky. Strictest economy would not afford them one square meal a week, and one lovely hat a year. There must be a mistake somewhere. Perhaps it is different in Akron, Ohio. But then Aakron is not so big as Oakland, and in Oakland you don't hear such talk. In Berkeley—yes; but not in Oakland.

Problem of the Automobile

The Labor Day jam on Altamont Pass will probably endure, in automobile history, as equal to that ancient mess in the Pass of Thermopolae. No lives were lost in the Altamont impasse; but casualties in personal dignity amounted to the same thing. Early in the afternoon about 500 machines were arguing for the right of way in this narrow defile of the Alameda hills. By nightfall there were 7000, and every man at a wheel was having his say, duly assisted by his wife and family or some other auxilliary. The repartee was immense. People spoke without introduction, and intimated there was good reason for the previous lack of opportunity therefor. After 1 a. m. the party gradually broke up, tactfully directed by deputy sheriffs. Next day, at our own City Hall, there were frequent conjectures as to the number of municipal cars that took part in the conflict. Our officials enjoy more than a hundred automobiles, owned, oiled and gasolined by the city and county. Outsiders have constantly inquired why so many are needed. The usual answer is "Shut up!" As a matter of fact, more than 1200 automobiles are stolen during the year in San Francisco; so the authorities no doubt wish to keep a large supply on hand in case the depredations in any month should fall particularly hard on the municipal garage. Thus the gentlemen who sing departmental ditties at the City Hall have troubles of their own, sorrows that the general public wots not of. Across the bay has arisen a new vexation in the shape of the automobile bus, which looks like a traveling bungalow, takes you to San Jose and way stations, or to towns via Richmond, and, for a few cents, gives you the satisfaction of scaring the big racers and limousines to the other side of the road. The town of Richmond itself is trying to exercise certain rights over these juggernauts of the highway, but has not yet aroused their respect. So important has become this traffic that the Key Route has complained against it. The Key Route is a very sentimental corporation—truly a corporation with a soul—spending large sums in pamphlets and placards to win public esteem. To change the figure—these buses are seemingly the wolf at the Key Route door, and patriotic citizens are supposed to take note thereof. One can readily understand that the spark-plug will play a large part in our future controversies, private and municipal.

The House Opposite

I wonder why they build them a house,
Little and low and gray,
With tiled roof and shadowy caves,
In an old Italian way?

And I wonder whether its charming face,
Strange to this restless street,
Smiles into eyes that see Italy,
Hurries their homeward feet?

The shabby tent of occasional blue,
Set over their sharp roof-tree—
Does it suddenly seem to their homesick hearts
The sky of Tuscany?

At the foolish door of their happy house—
In the shafted city gloom—
Lingers—ah, lingers!—like love in spring,
An almond bush a-bloom!

And does every breath of the breaking May,
Wanton and warm and dear,
Waken the image of distant dreams
Whose altar they cherish here?

I wonder why they build them a house,
Little and gray and low?
Is it for love and for Italy—
Or because it happened so?

—Emery Pottle in The Touchstone.

Musha Andy

By Ella MacMahon

He goes by this name in consequence of a habit of prefacing most of his remarks with "musha", an ejaculation of obscure origin, and one somewhat out of date, at least with the younger generation. But Andy is not young—far from it. It is difficult to guess his age, for as long as I can remember he has looked exactly the same, and that is anything from sixty to eighty. He is a small old man, bent nearly double, with shoulders so round as to be almost globular. He has long arms and short legs and immensely strong muscles. He grows a fringe of beard encircling his cheeks and chin, and shaves his upper lip. His gums are toothless, save for three horny front teeth in the upper jaw and a few scattered stumps in the lower. It is said that one of the longest and most pronglike of the upper row was once a horse's tooth, which Andy stuck into the gap left by his own, but for the truth of this I can not vouch. Yet it may be owing to it that he is inclined to dribble when he speaks. One corner of his mouth has a permanent droop, caused by the pressure of the pipe (a very dirty clay) which is constantly stuck there, alight or not. His clothing consists of a pair of corduroy trousers, tied below the knee with a wisp of stray or rope, a waistcoat with sleeves, huge coarse boots, showing a glimpse of bare legs above them, and laced with string. His coat he usually carries over his shoulder. He may possibly wear a shirt, but he has certainly never worn a collar. He can neither read nor write, his travels have been circumscribed within five miles; he has never been on a train.

In the days of his youth he was one of the best ploughmen in the country, but he does not follow the plough now, though he can still dig as well and as vigorously as ever, and he is a notable hand with pigs. Pigs, potatoes and the plough make up the sum of Andy's interest in things terrestrial,—with one addition, fishing. His participation in that sport is peculiar, for to my knowledge he has never possessed a rod or thrown a fly, nevertheless on occasion he has proved himself an efficient if amateurish gillie; and incredible as it may sound, he has been known to gaff a salmon with a pitchfork.

The fisherman's art is frequently accused of engendering unsocial qualities; be this as it may, no one could describe Andy as sociable. He lives absolutely alone in a tumble-down cabin from which, by some unexplainable right of inheritance, none can evict him, and views with naked contempt the new "laborers' cottages" which an enlightened legislature has erected around him.

"Musha," he says of them disdainfully, "ye'd get yer death in them with the windas that do be in them."

The aesthetic aspect of these dwellings leaves him quite cold. He does not like roses (rambler or othrewise); he likes manure.

"They are so good for the women and children," I remark, in mild extenuation of their existence.

"Ay, musha, 'tis all they are good for."

Andy is not married. The tale runs that far back in his youth he "asked" a girl, but that the financial negotiations incident to marriage having broken down, he walked out of the house with the parting remark to the maiden's father, "Musha faith! ye may keep her," and from that hour lived celibate.

His opinion of women and children has remained permanently colored by this episode. On being reminded that without women and children the world would speedily come to an end, he makes it clear that his estimation of the world is such that its extinction would be no calamity; yet I think he would be sorry to part with his pigs.

Of the great events which shake the world from time to time, it would be difficult to say how much he knows or understands. In an age when events are so largely manufactured by the newspapers, it is impossible to assess the knowledge of one to whom newspapers are a dead letter. Even with regard to the local topics wherewith the air is filled, he remains aloof and seemingly indifferent.

Spoken to about Sinn Fein, he gazed at me and observed slowly,—

"I once seen Par-nell. He was a good man. Musha they tell me he's dead. Would that be true now?"

When I reply in the affirmative, he shakes his head.

"It's the good people are taken; th'others are not wanted above or below, and so they're left to tormint us."

In spite of his disabilities, however, I suspect he knows more about current events and modern conditions than he chooses to admit. It is his humor to pose as one blackly ignorant; nevertheless, the other day he said to me,—

"There's nothin' cheap but chat." a summary of economic conditions at present as pithy as it was perspicacious.

"Ay, musha, ye'll always get a bargain of that so long as there's women in the worrld." Meeting my eye at this point, a twinkle glimmers in his own, and he hastens to add—

"Sure they're always generous, the cratures!"

Not long ago an aeroplane flew over, the first ever seen in our part of the country. Excitement ran high; every one stood gazing up to heaven at this strange and remarkable sight. For perhaps five minutes Andy left off digging, and with strained, uplifted head watched the winged vehicle of the air swimming through the ether across the blue sky. Then he stuck his spade in the earth and moistened the palms of his hands.

"Would there be any one up in that?" His face is inscrutably composed.

"Two men," I reply.

He moistens a little more.

"Augh-a-musha, they've little to do with their lives, so they have, that'd trust themselves to that."

Sometimes I go a-fishing. My luck is seldom brilliant—a circumstance which Andy ascribes with ungallant and out-of-date conviction to the accident of my sex—but on this one occasion the unbelievable nearly happened. After more than an hour of industrious but futile endeavor, I suddenly felt a tug which sent my heart into my mouth. Agonized seconds of suspense resolved themselves into the certainty of a salmon on the line! To throw a fly for trout and catch a salmon! Flaming visions of an epic return to home, bearing with me this lordly trophy to lay at the feet of relations stricken for once into awed admiration, dazzle and intoxicate me. With panting breast and quivering nerves I enter upon the struggle to land my prey. But the battle is indeed to the strong. Bereft of gaff or help, what chance have I? From first to last I am outclassed. Suddenly in the midst of chagrin and approaching defeat I catch sight of Andy digging in an adjacent field. He is within call. I call; he heeds not. I cry, I yell, I scream. No response. At length, after interminable ages, during which the monster (a 17-pounder at least, my imagination feels sure) at the other end is dragging my arms out of their sockets, he raises himself, and turning round scans the far horizon with inquiring mien. I shout again, but with no result. I can not beckon, for my hands are glued to the rod in desperate grip. But I yell till my voice breaks and dies in a strangled cry. He has returned to his work, and continues to dig unmoved. And with my last breath away my captive goes free and victorious, while in the jerk of release I nearly fall backwards on the bank. Crushed and collapsed, all I can do is to recover sufficient strength to pack up and go hence—empty. The flaming vision of triumph is replaced by flaming anger with Andy. I wish I could kill that old man. I should like to see him dig his own grave. Worn with emotion and bursting with spleen, I approach him with what I trust is the vengeful dignity of an accusing angel.

He is still digging.

Infuriation makes me long to lay my rod across those bowed shoulders.

"Well!" I exclaim when I was standing over him, "that was a pretty trick to play me! Do you hear?"

The spade arrested by the movement of his hands remains uplifted. He turns himself upwards painfully.

"Eh-h?"

I really do want to kill him.

"I had a salmon"—fury lends concentration to my accents—"on the line just now."

The grasp of his hands on the handle of the spade relaxes and his face quickens.

"A salmon! Glory be to God!"

"Yes, and I've lost him,"—once more my voice breaks between anger and disappointment,—"thanks to you."

The spade slides slowly out of his hands to fall unheeded at his feet.

"Musha, don't tell me that."

"I do," I cry shrilly.

He stands transfixed, his face quivering. I have never seen him so moved.

"Oh, be the Holy Father, that's a terrible awful thing—to lose a salmon!" He seems dazed.

"Yes," I retort. "But what could I do? I had no gaff, and it's no joke to land a twenty-pound fish. . . . I roared and shouted to you, and you wouldn't take the trouble to cross the field to help me. Did you think I was shouting like that for fun?"

He gazes at me with grief-stricken eyes, and lips that tremble so much that the old pipe becomes dislodged from its corner and drops out of his mouth to the ground, where, like the spade, it lies unregarded. His voice, when he can bring himself to utter a word again, is agitated almost beyond recognition.

"Oh, be the Holy Father, an' if I'd known it was a salmon ye had! But be the way ye were screechin' and cryin', musha, bedad I was full sure 'twas only a child had fell into the river."

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence, 1600 California Street, Apt. 25.
Residence Phone: Franklin 2735

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC
and
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 Montgomery Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

House For Sale!

By Alphonse Daudet

Above the gate, a wooden gate, badly put together, and not preventing the sandy soil of the little garden from mingling with the earth of the road, a sign had hung for some time, scarcely stirred under the sun of summer, but twisted and shaken by every gale of autumn: "House for Sale!" And something seemed to say that it was a deserted house as well, so deep was the silence surrounding it.

And yet some one dwelt there. A tiny bluish ring of smoke ascending from the brick chimney which rose slightly above the wall, betrayed that an existence was in hiding here,—an existence as sad, as inobtrusive as the smoke of that meagre fire. Through the loose and rickety boards of that gate could be seen, not the abandon and emptiness, that indescribable something in the air which precedes and announces an auction sale and departure, but instead were trim walks, rounded arbors, water-cans near an artificial basin, and gardener's tools leaning against the side of the tiny house. It was merely a peasant's cottage built on an incline, propped by a tiny stairway, which placed the first story on the shady side, the ground-floor facing the south. On that side it looked like a hothouse. There were bell-glasses piled up along the walks, empty flower-pots turned upside down; others, in rows and filled with geraniums and verbenas, stood in the warm, white sand. Except for the shade of three great plane trees, the garden basked in sunshine. A fruit-wall, and fruit trees with fan-shaped props of iron wire stood in the sunshine, somewhat robbed of their leafage, but merely for the sake of the fruit. There were strawberry-beds, too, and peas well propped; in the midst of all these things, surrounded by order and calm, an old man in a straw hat went up and down through the walks all day long, watering his garden through the early hours of the day, pruning branches, and trimming borders.

The old man knew no one in the neighborhood. Except for the baker's wagon, which stopped at every door of the only street in the village, he never received a visit. Sometimes, in search of one of those lots of land half-way up the hill, always fruitful, and making such charming orchards, some passer-by would sight the sign, and pause to ring.

At first the house would remain deaf. At the second ring there was heard the sound of wooden shoes approaching slowly from the farthest end of the garden, and the old man opened the door half-way with a furious air.

"What do you want?"

"Is this house for sale?"

"Yes," answered the worthy man, with some effort. "Yes, it is for sale, but I will tell you in advance that the price is very high"; and his hand was placed upon the door, ready to close it and obstruct all entrance. And his eyes compelled you to go away, they showed such anger; he remained there, guarding like a dragon his plots of vegetables and his little sand-yard. People passed on their way, asking themselves what maniac this might be with whom they had to deal, and what was meant by this folly of putting up that sign "For Sale", and showing such desire that his house should remain unsold.

The mystery was explained to me. One day as I passed the little house, I heard the sound of animated voices in eager discussion.

"It must be sold, papa, it must be sold. You promised."

And the tremulous voice of the old man was heard,—

"But, my children, I ask nothing better than to sell it. Look! Have I not put up a sign?"

I thus learned that these were his sons and his daughters-in-law, petty Parisian shopkeepers, who were compelling him to dispose of this well-loved spot. For what reason? I do not know. But one thing was certain: they had begun to find that matters were moving too slowly; and from that day they appeared regularly every Sunday to harass the unfortunate man, and oblige him to keep his promise. In that deep Sabbath stillness, when even the earth itself rests after sowing and laboring all week long, I could hear those voices very plainly from the road. The shopkeepers were talking, arguing among themselves, as they played tonneau, and that word "money", spoken by those sharp voices, had all the hard metalic sound of the quoits they were tossing. In the evening they would all depart again, and after the old man had reconducted them along the road for a few steps he returned quickly, and gladly closed his big gate, with another week of respite before him. For seven days' space the house was silent again. In the little sun-baked garden nothing could be heard but the sound of sand crushed under a heavy foot, and the dragging of a rake.

But as weeks went on the old man was tormented and pressed more and more. The shopkeepers employed every means. Little children were brought there to seduce him.

"Don't you see, grandpapa, when the house is sold you shall live with us? We shall all be so happy together." And there were whispered asides in every corner, endless promenades along the walks, calculations made in a loud voice. On one occasion I heard one of the daughters exclaim,—

"The shanty is not worth a hundred sous. It is only fit to be torn down."

The old man listened silently. They talked of him as though he were already dead, of his house as if it were already demolished. He walked about, his body bent, his eys full of tears, through force of habit feeling for a branch he might prune, a fruit he might care for, in passing, and it was evident that his life was so firmly rooted in this little spot of earth that he had not strength to tear himself away from it. And, indeed, no matter what was said to him, he always contrived to put off the moment of departure. In summer, with the ripening of those slightly acid fruits which exhale the freshness of the season, as the cherries and the currants black and red ripened, he said,—

"We must wait till after they have been gathered. I will sell it immediately after that."

But after the gathering, when the cherry season had gone by, came the peaches, then the grapes, and after the grapes those beautiful brown medlars which may be gathered almost up to the time of the first snow-fall. Then winter arrived. The country was dismal then, the garden had nothing left in it. No passers-by, no purchasers. The shopkeepers themselves no longer appeared of a Sunday. Three long months of rest in which to prepare for the sowing, to prune the fruit trees while that useless sign rocked back and forth upon the road, swayed by wind and rain.

At length, grown impatient, and persuaded that the old man was striving to drive away every purchaser, his children took a decided step. One of the daughters-in-law proceeded to install herself in the house,—a little shopwoman, finely arrayed from early morning, comely in appearance, and possessing that artificial sweetness, that obsequious amiability cultivated by people accustomed to a commercial life. The very highway seemed to belong to her. She opened the gate wide, talked loudly, smiling at every passer-by, as if to say,—

"Come in. Don't you see that the house is for sale?"

No more respite for the poor old man. At times he would endeavor to forget her presence, dig his garden-plots, and sow them once more, as a man who stands in the presence of death, and loves to delude even his fears by devising new plans. But all the time the shopwoman followed him about, tormenting him: "Bah! what good is that?—You are taking all this trouble for others!"

He never replied to her, but continued his work with a singular obstinacy. Had he let his garden alone, he would have felt that already it was partly lost to him, that he must begin to wean himself from it; therefore he did not permit a single blade of grass in the walks, or a single gourmand among his rose bushes.

Meanwhile purchasers did not present themselves. The war was in progress, and all in vain did the woman keep that gate wide open, and make eyes affably at the road. She saw loads of furniture moved away, nothing more. Only dust entered at the gate. From day to day the woman's temper grew more sour. Her business in Paris needed her presence. I heard her heap reproaches upon her father-in-law, make genuine scenes with him, slamming the doors. The old man bent his back and said nothing, but consoled himself with watching his little peas beginning to climb, and with seeing always in the same place that sign, "House for Sale!"

That year, when I arrived in the country, I recognized the house, but alas! The sign was no longer there. Torn, mouldy placards still hung along the walls, but all was over! The house had been sold. Instead of the great gray entrance was a green gate, freshly painted, with a swelling front, and a small grated opening through which one could peep into the garden. It was no longer the fruit-orchard of other days, but a bourgeois heap of flower beds, of lawns and cascades, and everything was reflected in a huge metal ball which swayed back and forth in front of the steps. Reflected in this ball the walks were seen bordered with gaudy flower beds, and two figures whose size was even exaggerated; one was a big, red-faced man, dripping with perspiration, and buried in a rustic chair; the other was an enormous woman, who cried, quite out of breath, as she brandished a watering-pot,—

"I have put fourteen canfuls upon the balsams!"

They had built for themselves, renovated the palisades, and in this little house, completely remodeled and still smelling of paint, a piano was playing familiar quadrilles and polkas and dance-hall airs at full speed. This dance-music, which could be heard out on the road, making one warm to listen, the thick dust of that July day, the vulgar display of big flowers and fat women, this excessive and trivial gayety rent my heart. I was thinking of the poor old man who used to walk there, so happy and peaceful! I pictured him in Paris, his straw hat upon his head; I seemed to see the bent shoulders of the old gardener as he wandered about in the middle of some back-shop, weary, timid, fearful, while his daughter-in-law, the triumphant owner of a new counter, jingled the money the little house had brought.

The Spectator

ENCLOSED FIND CHECK FOR $5.00 FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO TOWN TALK, FROM..... ..., 1920, to..... .....1921.

(Cut this out and give it to a friend. We wish to increase our subscription list).
TOWN TALK - 88 FIRST STREET

Work for the Bar Association

Now that election time is approaching, could not the Bar Association do excellent work by investigating the cases of recent strikers and the sentences imposed or not imposed upon them? For instance, for picketing, one police judge said: "Men have a right to walk up and down the street." Again, a striking workman who called another "a scab" was dismissed with a reprimand. "Unfair paper" patrols were calmly informed that they were within their rights to carry papers "as long as they are regular newspapers." Again, a judge suggested that in selling papers they should not be held so as to be construed as signs.

A motorcycle picketer was dismissed for picketing, but fined $5 for doing so without a state motor license.

Judge Oppenheim, in trying a man for striking a picketer for calling him a vile name, ordered him to pay $8 for the broken glasses of the abusive picketer, who happened to be the president of the shipfitters' union. He also dismissed a charge of battery against a man who was charged with an assault with a deadly weapon, to-wit, a blackjack.

When convictions did take place, in nearly all cases the guilty men were at once paroled.

Of course, judges who decided in this manner do so to curry favor with the striking union forces.

One Robert W. Burton, a strike leader, was appointed bookkeeper in the office of the bond and warrant clerk's office to which employers had to apply for warrants to arrest assaulters; but with Burton so strategically placed, was it strange that every union picket for whose arrest a warrant was asked disappeared before it could be served?

During the term of the last shipyard strike 202 cases of violent assault were reported to the S. F. authorities,—the chief of police and his commissioners, the mayor and the foreman of the grand jury and a report of the action, or lack of it, in each case also was sent to these officials.

The majority of union men are against violence and would uphold judges with sufficient courage to convict the thugs who disgrace the name of labor.

Let an employer dare to resort to violence or coercion and how quickly would the biased judge order him severely punished! — the severer the sentence the more labor votes he would expect.

These violent members of unions make it a point to go to the polls with all members of the families of voting ages. Is it not criminal carelessness for law-abiding citizens to neglect voting?

Let not the women of this city become so absorbed in the pursuit of their own affairs that they will refrain from casting their votes for judges who are honorable, courageous and just. When women were given the vote, a great deal was expected of them in the way of purifying the political system. Women of San Francisco, it is not alone those among you whose families will benefit directly by political patronage who should faithfully cast your votes; the gay young society butterfly, the elderly, decrepid widow who has not a relative in the world, you can both exert an influence for good in the city where you live by voting for men known to be high-minded and unafraid to perform their duties in accordance with laws of the United States.

The busy man of affairs owes part of his energy to his city and his country. He is deliberately withholding it and ultimately defrauding himself if he fails in his duty to vote.

There is ample time between now and November to study the records and ideals of the different candidates.

The League of Nations

It is unfortunate that there does not seem to be a champion of the League of Nations to lift up his voice as President Wilson did and explain the League of Nations to a forgetful world. Knowing that the public demands reaction after a long course in the subject, the League's opponents are at present engaged in spreading false doctrine about its effects; and realizing that the reading public, already "fed up" on the covenant, whether they digested it or not, some of the newspaper in order to drive the cursory reader to their view, publish cartoons which are a direct falsification of the objects of the League. It is amazing how unintelligent and easily led the majority of our citizens are. It is lamentable but true that a majority form their opinions of international movements entirely by the guidance of yellow journalism whose warping influence is as dangerous as Bolshevism, to which they deliberately direct with language as thinly veiled as the government will permit.

Gamaliel and the League of Nations

Senator Harding's middle name is, it is claimed, Gamaliel. Gamaliel was a wise man. St. Paul knelt at his feet. Were he existing today in aught else than the middle name of Warren G. Harding, and were he a Republican, the G. O. P. would undoubtedly cast their lot with some other device than an assault upon Article X of the League of Nations. Gamaliel would have noted that Ariticle X has had some force and effect in this country since the days of President Monroe. The Monroe Doctrine does preserve as against European aggression "the teritorial integrity and existing political independence" of the western hemisphere. The quoted words are from this very tenth article. Thus, for many years, the United States has maintained Article X in this half of the world. Now it is proposed that the principle be extended to world-wide use. When President Wilson declared that elimination of this clause would be cutting the heart out of the league, he meant that the league was intended for self-preservation and that Article X empowered the nations to act in self defense, as a unit—one for all, and all for one. In other words, the idea is "Join the League and fear naught". Once that a nation is in the League, it is theoretically unassailable; its right to independence is dogmatically unchallenged Challenge and assault are to be defended by the complete aggregation of colleague nations There is, in diplomacy, nothing simpler than the peace guaranty herein. Could we imagine Greece invading Rumania with the realization that the leagued world would rush to the scene and drive out the invaders? Germany would never have entered Belgium had the Germans foreseen that Britain and the United States were to join the conflict. Premeditating in the main a Franco-German quarrel, Berlin dickered with London until the last moment, when Britannia was dashing into the waves of the North Sea. Berlin supposed that London could be bluffed; and Washington, D. C., cajoled. German egotism never went so far as to despise France, Britain and America, as allied belligerents, unequal to Teuton arms. The League of Ntaions is essentially a Democratic Party measure. Republicans advocated it years ago, individually, and their opposition today is hardly sincere politics, and merely to discredit the Democrats. Hiram Johnson, the loudest opponent to Wilson, was rejected at his party's convention. Governor Cox has called to our attention that the country's prosperity depends on the welfare of the League. It is only fair to tell a country engaged in world commerce that the peace of the world as guaranteed in a signed, sealed and delivered document of friendship is a big and noble idea, even though commerce flourish under its mandates. That, in short, is the League of Nations, and that is the view with which the Democratic party will go to the polls

From Babylon to Montmartre

The death of Olive Thomas at the French capital has moved the press correspondents to exploit once more those thrilling episodes which, with Eugene Sue, we might call the mysteries of Paris. A motion-picture actress of fair ability and good looks visits those glittering precincts; a few hours of dancing, perhaps high kicking, toasts to youth and beauty, more or less champagne, and then—bichloride of mercury. It is the end. Motion-picture people live and die, and their off-stage emotions frequently call for newspaper space; yet here the off-stage setting was so picturesque that the world inquires again—what are those mysteries of Paris? 'Tis said that even Paris itself is asking. There seems to be some sort of investigation, as we have in this country when a congressman is accused of packing the pork-barrels too tight. Others will ask, quite innocently, "Well, what is Paris for, if not this very thing, this place of astonishing amusements where the world can work off its boredom?" The clergy are already denouncing the environments that suggest this means of easing our ennui. They are tirading Montmarte as the modern Babylon, As Babylon (The Great Mystery) is sufficiently cursed in the Bible, the phrases of clergical denunciation come readily to the occasion. The newspaper men, though, have taken a more entertaining view. The mere itemizing of familiar vices and listing of well-known French resorts are sufficient for that sort of reading in which the stay-at-home beholds the globe-trotter's elysium, or, as some philosophers term it, the Fool's Paradise. In this paradisial splendor are insidious perfumes, voluptuous music, jewels, pearly and pearl-adorned necks, dazzling gowns, champagne, sudden flashes of garter with a diamond gleam, the dance, the shadowy flirtation, the clandestine glance. Just a name will conjure up such visions. Montmartre, The Dead Rat, Deauville. Here are duchesses and artists' models, Satanic libertines, Russian adventuresses, curiosity-seeking American girls, beauties and beauty-mad from the world over. Intermingled with the obvious revels are hints of darker dreams, later suppers, more daring dances, wilder music, subtler pleasures, absinthe, cocaine, a bewildering outfit of

poisons for the soul. This is what some people call Paris, and this may have been in the mind of Olive Thomas when she whispered, "Well, Doc; see what Paris did for me!" Perhaps the words were invented by the reporter in the ordinary course of turning out a story for American reading. The Parisian is a thrifty citizen; his family follows him. He might be amazed at reading the words, "This is what Paris did for me." Montmartre, The Dead Rat,—he has heard of them. Such places exist in all European cities. One may take a bichloride tablet intentionally or by mistake in Chicago. The tragedy might happen to a Parisian in San Diego; and it would not be impossible that the French papers contain the dying statement, "This is what San Diego did for me.' In a visit to Paris, it is best to spend most of one's time in the Louvre; and, on return home, all your friends will hear for some time what Paris did for you.

Faking in the Name of Keith

Local art coteries are not deeply disturbed over the recent discovery that there are many fake canvases being sold for the work of the late William Keith. The brutal fact of the case is that Keith's fame rested largely among the art dealers, the newspapers and, of course, his patrons. Today, nine out of ten artists esteem Keith so lightly that they will not take the trouble to tell you why. It is even remarked that maybe the fakes are worth more than the genuine. Even in the old days there were imitation landscapes on the market, bringing tolerably good prices as the work of his brush. Speaking on this topic, some years ago, a lifelong friend of Keith told me that he could always recognize the true from the bogus work of this painter. "Keith," said he, "has an imperfect vision. He cannot draw an exactly horizontal line. A genuine Keith is always slightly lopsided." As to the merit of the pictures, he said, "Don't let them tell you that Keith is not a painter. His works will survive. Of course, Keith is not what the moderns would call a genius. He is never inspired. All that he accomplished was done through good, honest, Scotch hard work." It has frequently been said that Keith lost a large number of pictures when the 1906 fire burned his studio over the California market. The same friend assured me that these canvases were approximately two thousand, and that several times he urged Keith to place them on the market simultaneously in various art centers of the country, sell them for $100 each, and thus obtain the neat sum of $200,000, less the expenses of sale. To this proposition the artist would never agree. He was sensitive over the details of criticism and the establishment of his fame. In the matter of infringement of his artistic dignity, "good, honest, Scotch" rage was not unknown to him. He displayed this temper once when requested to touch up a certain canvas from the easel of a well known marine painter and which, in a moment of carelessness due to a Bohemian lunch, had been sold unfinished. Keith, scenting a ruse to draw him into collaboration with an inferior, made a few remarks that Sir Walter Scott would have loved to hear. The request was never repeated.

Mrs. Asquith on Beauty

Mrs. Asquith is not the first person to bewail the fact that women are not so beautiful as they once were, but she has put her wail in a book, and that entitles her to more attention in London than all her husband's politics. The women of the Asquith family are always in the spotlight, either through criticising somebody or being criticised. It is said that the Court of St. James never was as brilliant as now with stately peeresses. We hear the same plaint in San Francisco, and the same answer. Where are the beauties of yesteryear? That is a question as old as poetry. I have heard it said that the general average of beauty is higher now in San Francisco than ever in the city's history, although Town Talk is sure of its foundation for the statement that our society queens have not the same queenliness which caused the promenader of the late '90s to stare. This means, too, that the princesses have not inherited all their mothers' charm. How oft we hear it said of a debutante that she's a sweet girl, but is not what her mother was! I have even heard remarks to the effect that the radiant mother still outshines the daughter. And this is not astounding when we observe that even the grandmother tries to.

The modern girl's ancestral prototypes had a more sentimental equipment; landaus, broughams and victorias instead of limousines and roadsters; the waltz, the quadrille, and the minuet instead of the tango, the fox-trot and the shimmy. In the realm of stage dancers, we have personalities that appear to us the equals of those charmers who excited furore when our fathers were stage Johnnies. Ida Rubinstein, recently brought back to Europe's attention through her relations wtih D'Annunzio, has been called by Sarah Bernhardt the greatest of them all. In musical comedy and the various "follies" there is no lack of pulchritude. The old-timer, however, claims that there is a decided lack of enthusiasm on the part of the admiring men. After all, it is the enthusiasm that makes reputation, and reputation that makes beauty. In these days, when every celebrity, from grand opera star to amusement-park mermaid, has a press agent, the public does not direct its attention to the loveliest. Mrs. Asquith herself may have fallen victim to a press agent's wiles and it is not an impossibility, as things now go, that she will be answered by some vaudeville manager exhibiting Twenty British Beauties and challenging the world for comparison.

Andy Gallagher Makes a Noise

When neighbors of Andrew J Gallagher complained that his idea of having a good time was unsuited to his environment, I called to mind some of his performances on the Board of Supervisors. Gallagher enjoyed himself on the board; but his voice was a little too loud for municipal purposes. He would be more at home in the League of Nations, where his vocal cords could be effectively exercised when Poles and Czecho-Slovaks are cussing one another. The peculiar feaure of the aforesaid disturbance was that it happened at Larkspur, where falling leaves are the noisiest thing in the neighborhood after 9 p. m. It was considerably after this hour when Mrs. Alida Gunn heard song, dance and stampeding next door. Thirty or forty San Franciscans and Larkspurinos were defending themselves against sorrow. Above all the rest, thought Mrs. Gunn, she heard the voice of Andy Gallagher. As Sealer of Weights and Measures his resonant tones had lost some of their robusto but were still unsurpassed by his comrades. Mrs. Gunn knocked at the door, and all the guests shouted at her. They wanted to know how dared she knock so loudly at that hour of the night. Gallagher and one Kelly escorted her by the elbow down the front setps. She hunted up the Town Marshal, who found the crowd drinking black coffee, which is no offense under the law. Next day the lady applied for a warrant of arrest. As a Supervisor, Andrew Gallagher was noted for his courtesy to women when they congratulated him on his victory in debate. When one argued against him from the visitors' box, he was likely to forget that the lady might be easily frightened. It seems to me that all public officials, when frightening ladies or neighbors, and even when having a good time, are duty-bound to do so within their own municipality.

Some impressions of J. J. Tynan were happened upon in a Harlan newspaper of last June. When our leading men, known to us for their executive ability, wander away from home it is gratifying to learn that the qualities which have endeared them to "home folks" are appreciated by strangers.

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RECOMMENDS the purchase of Sutter Basin Company Bonds.

The Security is exceptional—a first mortgage on 55,000 acres of the famous Sacramento Delta, every acre under profitable cultivation, and the **Unconditional Guarantee of Mr. J. Ogden Armour of Chicago,** endorsed on the back of every bond.

8 Per Cent Interest

The Term of the loan will suit every requirement. One may invest for any length of time from three years to nine years.

The Amount may be $100, which will return $8.00 a year; $500, which will return $40.00 a year; or $1,000, which will return $80.00 a year.

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San Francisco, California.

The Impressions

The next best thing to seeing Alaska is to read a Rex Beach or Jack London novel—or see the screening of one. The next best bet to seeing California, and its shipbuilding, is to view and talk with J. J. Tynan, general manager of the Union Plant of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, Ltd. He is the embodiment of the generous and hospitable spirit that is rightly the pride and boast of the land west of the Rockies, and triumph after triumph has given him the undisputed right to the title of Master Shipbuilder.

Recently it was our privilege to have two solid hours with the shipbuilding genius of the coast. Mr. Tynan was on his way back to sun-drenched California following an executive session at Bethlehem. The first leg of the journey took him to Philadelphia.

Just how well Mr. Tynan likes his California may be judged from the fact that it was his intention to make his stay in the East three weeks, and despite all the pleasant things that were arranged for him, he terminated his visit at the end of ten days.

Small wonder it is, you will agree—after a chat with the Union Plant director — that Eastern shipbuilders who go to the coast come back and talk more Tynan than they do of the magical manufacturing ways of those on the coast; although they speak glowingly of these also. But it's usually three words about Tynan hospitality, and one word about shipbiulding when they return.

The Tynan Personality

We believe that Mr. Tynan possesses in a marked degree that inestimable quality known as personality. He puts you at ease directly you engage him in conversation, and is ready and willing to reply to your most trifling observations, be they on shipbuilding, California "movie" ranches, or national politics.

It is our humble opinion that Joe Tynan's success can be summed up in the few words, HE KNOWS MEN. He hasn't forgotten the time when he was a workman, nor has he permitted the workman's viewpoint to escape him. But after all a workman's viewpoint is just a human slant. Mr. Tynan can get your ideas in a few minutes' talk and carry you along indefinitely. That's a certain sort of genius in itself, we claim.

Some men endear themselves to their industrial associates in one way, some in another. Various Bethlehem plant heads enjoy great popularity among their workmen, but not all for the same, precise reason. He didn't tell us this, but we have heard from big Bethlehem officials that Joe Tynan can walk down through the Potrero or Alameda plants and call half the workmen by their names, or connect them with some incident so that they feel sure he knows who they are. He can also take a riveting hammer, a chipping tool, a wrench, or in fact any of the shipyard implements from a worker and finish up any part of the job that's under way. This is one of his sources of popularity and respect.

It doesn't follow that a general manager who doesn't attempt these sort of stunts is either unpopular or lacking in respect. Many could do it but if it wasn't done in the right way it would be worse than not attempting to do it at all. It all goes back to the personality of the doer. Joe Tynan can do these things in the right way.

Well-Grounded in Shipbuilding

Back of his ability to perform a mechanic's duty in many crafts stand years of actual first-class rating in shipbuilding trades. These were followed with foremenships as shipfitter, riveter, chipper, pipe and coppersmith. A little further along in his career came general foreman and superintendent. You will admit that he is fairly well-grounded in the principles of shipbuilding. Couple these assets with that of warm personality and generosity and you have a wonderfully successful leader.

We had heard so much about "Come-and-See-Us," the Tynan country estate where his workmen hold their picnics among the giant California redwoods.

Mr. Tynan lightly referred to the ability of "Come-and-See-Us" to accommodate 200 people, and its various facilities for entertainment of "the boys" when they came out—which is whenever they please. Mr. Tynan's title of "Father of the California Naval Cadets" was earned through the fact he organized and equipped this youthful unit, and personally foots the huge bill for its maintenance. Californians boast of this juvenile group as they do of the climate.

We asked Mr. Tynan what he considered his most thrilling moment in shipbuilding. He thought for a moment or so and replied "July 4, 1918; and the circumtsance was the launching of twelve ships from the Potrero and Alameda works in 55 minutes. The tide of war was on its crest, the Eagle screamed for 'Ships, More Ships,' and Bethlehem answered with eleven at Union alone.

"After Mr. Schwab, who was then Director General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, had made a brief talk between the launching of the first seven or eight ships, he choked up," narrated Mr. Tynan, "and was speechless with emotion as the final patriotic tributes slid into the bay. Then came the cable from General Pershing, thanking us for the splendid response to the nation's need in time of peril.

"Yes," continued Mr. Tynan, "I believe that was the biggest moment of my life. There have been others that thrilled me, in fact I'm thrilled at every launching—I think all true shipbuilders are—but none affected me in quite the way that the 'Big Splash' of wartime did."

On the Job Always

We were nearing Philadelphia now. A whirl up to the Bellevue-Stratford uncovered an unusual sight. In front of the Tynan suite door—they could only get a few under the door—was a mountain of telegrams and mail. Many were presents for "Buster" Tynan, his son, from big men in every walk of life.

And speaking of "Buster" Tynan, we believe that the finest thing about Joe Tynan is the look that comes in his eyes when he refers to his family, his home life, his boy.

Shepherd Sculptor

The young shepherd-sculptor Paul Dardé has leaped into fame suddenly at the present Salon, and the seal of that fame is today's announcement that he has won the much-coveted national prize for sculpture.

By lucky accident Dardé, when occupied in tending his sheep in the Cevennes, attracted the notice of an art professor who was on holiday. The professor noticed the extraordinary skill with which the boy cut animals and figures with an old jack-knife out of stumps of wood and soft stone, and questioned him. The boy had never read anything else but Dante, Shakespeare, the Bible, and Tolstoy, and was, apart from this admirable reading, totally ignorant of the outside world.

He was brought to Paris, and entered the National School of Art, but soon he found he had learnt all that it could teach him, and departed for Italy to see with his own eyes the marvels of Michelangelo and Donatello. On his return he worked for a little in the studio of Rodin, and then came the war. Last year he was demobilized, and retiring to his native hills of the Cevennes, he cut the two works on show at the Salon that have won him his present honor. The first of them is a fawn, crouching and meditative, strange and powerful like a Caliban with the soul of Ariel. The other is a mighty Medusa, the beautiful head of a fainting woman tormented with the shame of a hundred serpents.

Southern Pacific Roads

In a circular signed by William Sproule, president, the Southern Pacific employes received a notification last week reminding them of what is expected under the Transportation Act of 1920, to which all roads are now subject. The conclusion is:

"The war period has passed, and in passing, a word of appreciation is due the efforts of those loyal employes who served the government during the period of federal control in the same efficient way they had previously served the company. Now let us settle down for the future, each one of us, to show the public we serve and upon whose good opinion we are dependent, that ours is a compact and vigilant organization of people who realize their responsibilities, are earnest in their work and ambitious to show their fellow citizens what a first-class railroad system can achieve under renewal of private control. Let us handle the business of the public in every department with the serious purpose of doing our best, for all men know by this time that production and business depend largely on transportation for their returns, and if we fail the people they will fail us.

Indian Summer
in the
High Sierra
is
Glorious

Yosemite—
Lake Tahoe—
Sequoia and
Gen. Grant Parks—
Kings and Kern
River Canyons—
Huntington Lake—
Shasta Region.

Comfortable Hotels — Well Equipped Camps—Trail Riding—Mountain Climbing—Fishing—Hunting.

Reduced round trip season tickets on sale daily. Still lower round trip fares Fridays and Saturdays; return limit 15 days.

Southern Pacific Lines

"I ask for the hearty support of all on the payrolls of Pacific System, being confident that together we can reach results which will justify the expectations of the public, of the stockholders, and of the government.

"Finally, let us cherish that spirit of good faith and good will which should always exist among men in the same organization, and engaged in a common service which touches the well-being of all our fellow citizens."

Unselfishness of the Medical Profession

A striking illustration that science broadens our outlook and makes us solicitous for the welfare of the rest of the wirld is the attitude of the medical profession. For generations it has been the custom to poke fun at the medical men and their skill in running up bills. Yet they do not keep the results of their scientific researches a secret. They spread the doctrine of health broadcast and are at pains to explain to the publice how to keep well. In other words, how not to become ill and call in a doctor. The American Public Health Association now convened here is engaged in this generous work. All honor to the doctors who deliberately set to work to teach people how to save doctors' bills.

Not only in convention do physicians scheme to keep people healthy, but in their private practice, physicians constantly give, with their prescriptions and surgical ministrations, explicit instructions and explanations how to avoid disease and accidents, thus deliberately depleting their own incomes.

Large Japanese Families

There are very few American families in which there are as many as ten children, and most Japanese families are small because their parents have not lived in this country long enough to produce large families. Registrar L. E. Ross of the Bureau of Vital Statistics of the State Board of Health has discovered at least two Japanese families, however, in which ten children have been born to the parents One of these families is in San Francisco and the other is in San Joaquin county. The San Francisco Japanese mother is 38 years old. A tenth child has been born to her recently and eight of her children are now living. The mother living in San Joaquin county is 45 years old. Her tenth child was born in April and six of her children are now living.

John McCormack's Australian Experience

The amazing news comes from Australia that some inhabitants of that hospitable country kicked up a row at one of John McCormack's concerts because his failure to sing "God Save the King" at the close of a concert gave rise to the rumor that McCormack is a Sinn Fein leader. Yet Sinn Feiners in England and the U. S. have found fault with him because at the beginning of the war he unhesitatingly threw his hat into the Allies' ring.

Only the other day a prominent Sinn Fein young lady of this city made the statement that John isn't Irish anyway, in spite of his Irish birth and education. "His parents were Scotch," she said, "and his failure to come out in support of Sinn Fein confirms my belief in atavism." John calls his closing song group on his programs "Irish propaganda," for, truth to tell, the flame of love for Ireland will never lose its warmth and glow so long as John McCormack's voice can sing its songs of love and beauty and tradition. "Victory for Ireland through ways of peace" is the message of his heaven-born tones.

John McCormack is very jealous of his American citizenship and he would scorn to ally himself with any cause jeopardizing his standing as such.

He is a distinguished artist and a gentleman and therefore would not boorishly refuse to comply with the recognized customs of any country in which he had accepted a contract to give a concert.

The despatch said that he explained the omission of the anthem by the statement of his understanding that the song was expected only on occasions graced by the governor's official presence, and that thereupon he canceled his contract dates.

The illustrious Irish singer had a similar experience in Montreal some time ago.

At the close of all performances "God Save the King" is played as the audience leaves in all British theatres. Edwin Schneider, his accompanist, in conformity with the custom, played it, but some auditors demanded that John sing it; he declined, simply because his program was finished. Later he refused to sing again in Montreal.

He is the sincerest and kindest of men, but when he lives up to his agreements as he understands them, he is steadfast in refusing to be coerced. John McCormack has done nothing which requires an apology to the Australian government. The millions of his admirers are convinced that he would not bend to discourtesy. Neither does he have to explain to the Sinn Fein that, because he has never endorsed their coercive methods of procedure, he is not an Irish patriot.

Yars after the Sinn Fein movement shall have become a thing of the past and after his own voice shall be silenced, his patriotism, his love for the Little Green Isle will sound in his records and make immortal the history of its people.

Railroad Fares

But the Southern Pacific news bureau has fathomed rail rates round about the globe, and has deduced the following:

In Great Britain the present first-class rate between London and Glasgow, a distance of 401.50 miles, reduced to American equivalent at the normal rate of exchange, is $24 70. The California traveler may go from Los Angeles to Stockton, 400 2 miles, for $14.52, plus $4.50 Pullman, or a total of $19.02.

The American who goes abroad will pay $12.35 to go first-class from London to Liverpool, a distance of 193.5 miles—but in his own country he can be whisked from San Francisco to Red Bluff, 198 miles, for $10.20, including $3.00 Pullman.

The English rate from Manchester to Aberdeen —363.50 miles—is $23.89, and the Southern Pacific rate from San Francisco to Santa Barbara, 367 miles, is $13.26, with a Pullman charge of $3.75.

The same comparison, it is said, holds true with the rates from Paris to various points on the continent. The traveler going from Paris to Antwerp, 226.18 miles, pays $14.14, whereas in this country he can go from San Francisco to Fresno, 205 miles, for $7.44 plus $3 00 Pullman.

The first-class fare from Paris to Barcelona, Spain, 753 miles, is $54.54—as compared with the rate from San Francisco to Portland, 745 miles, or $26.96 and $8.25 for Pullman.

From Paris to Belgrade, 1237 miles, the traveler pays $95.32, while the Los Angeles man can go to Portland via San Francisco, a distance of 1216 miles, for a total cost of $56.38.

It should be noted that rates quoted do not include the war tax in this country, for the reason that the European fares quoted do not include a similar tax, of three francs on all reservations up to 50 francs, and above that amount 4 francs.

Second-class travel in England is now almost non-existent, but there is a large amount of passenger travel which goes third-class for a rate which is slightly less than the American first-class rate, but which calls for accommodations that would not be acceptable in this country.

Leigh H. Irvine, S. F. Newspaper Scribe

In a letter from Leigh H. Irvine from Bakersfield this week, news was given of his recent return from Washington on his way to Tahiti, whither he planned to live a year or so to do some literary work. Mr. Irvine has deferred his departure for the South Seas in order to take charge of the editorial department of a southern daily during the absence of the owner, who has made a recent fortune in a silver mine.

Irvine is well remembered in newspaper circles in this city, where he was a writer on the Daily Report, the brilliant evening paper of William Bunker. Irvine is the author of several well-known books, including "The Masses in the Mirror", which has been highly praised by Nicholas Murray Butler and other distinguished students of political economy. A "Cyclopedia of Diction" by Mr. Irvine is now in process of publication and is awaited with keen interest by students of the correct use of the English language.

We Reach the Top-Notch Price

Prohibitive as our prices seem to us, a returned tourist from the east claims that prices there are higher than ours. For instance, that round steak which he paid 28 cents a pound for a few weeks ago in this city was last week 32½ cents in Clinton, Iowa, which enjoys the advantages of proximity to the large stockyards. To corroborate the report, Spectator telephoned on Monday to a local butcher who quoted the price of round steak as 33 cents a pound.

House rent, too, was high in Clinton, Ia., and roofs almost unobtainable. Three small unfurnished rooms at the top of a house was the best domicile one weary pilgrim could locate after a months' search, and the price demanded was sixty dollars. Our local landlords don't ask so much because the demand for houses here is not yet so great as in the east; rents here are, however of sufficiently imposing an altitude as to drive householders to the bleak land of despair.

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Social

By TANTALUS

Heroines in S F. Society

The Florence Nightingales of society are many. During the war the work of nursing attracted many society women all over the world and the profession received impetus from the splendid devotion of women who abandoned leisurely existence from patriotic ideals.

But a society girl who, without the appeal of war, devotes her life to the arduous duties of caring for the sick in normal times is as rare as a rose in the snows of Alaska.

There are, in our own fair city, a few of these angels of mercy. They are so modest that they refuse to allow their names to be mentioned in print. Though they are known to large circles of friends, one is constrained to respect that modesty and be content with a mere chronicling of their daily deeds of nobility.

To take a three-year nursing course in Stanford University Hospital, for instance, is to be on duty eight hours a day, one's detail beginning at the hour of sunrise or in the early afternoon or evening, or the darkness before dawn. Sickness knows no hours for the convenience and repose of nurses and hospital executives are obliged to be martinets of discipline. Student nurses must care for all patients assigned to them, irrespective of age, sex, color or worldly position, if they would achieve graduation

When a girl deliberately selects nursing as a profession as a means of livelihood she must necessarily have something of the heroic within her heart. When she embraces the calling without the existence of the necessity of monetary return, she must indeed be made of the stuff of which heroes are made.

I have in mind a certain young woman who is endowed by nature and fortune with gifts usually coveted by girls whose ideal in life is ease and enjoyment; yet she cheerfully steps aside from flower strewn paths and seeks for happiness where there are thorns instead of blossoms, dust instead of green grass, her mission being to make flowers bloom in arid places and shade trees to grow in parched regions, that the homeless wayfarer may rest and be refreshed.

This girl has a very attractive appearance, well stored mind, charming manners, loving relatives, devoted friends, and wealth in her own right to carry out her philanthropic scheme. She is the favorite niece of a United States Senator who would be proud to have her live with him in Washington and participate in the social activities to which she would be an ornament.

Yet with smiling face and unswerving energy she clings to her nurse's course. Her ambition is not only to direct intelligently, but participate in the settlement work of which she dreams. Her friends say that she has in mind a clinic to care for a few afflicted children. She herself declares that her plans are of a scope so wide that she dares not allow herself to dwell upon it.

Recently she felt that her ambition had almost been realized upon an occasion when as she rang the bell of an Italian tenement she heard a radiant young voice call out: "Mama, the nurse is here,—the one that took care of baby in the hospital." "Nurse", in her free time, had called to see how mother was progressing with the food formula given at the hospital for the ill-nourished infant. "I found," related the nurse, "no means of boiling water to sterilize vessels required in preparing the food, but was delighted with the intelligent assistance of the baby's sister of twelve,—the public school training does wonders practically for the children in the Italian quarter." Nurse did not tell where she obtained ingredients to prepare the nourishment, but it is an open secret among her friends that the money she might spend on fine clothes and other luxuries for herself is used to pay certified milk bills, etc., for poor babies and their indigent mothers.

It is illuminating to hear her relate her experiences in the hospital wards, where sometimes the poorest patients offer the nurses fifty cents to reward them for their attentions and are grieved when told that it is an inexorable rule of the hospital for nurses to refuse rewards for performing their duties to patients.

This noble California girl when pressed to reveal what made her take up the arduous course required in a nurse's training said: "My dear mother was very ill for a year before her death. As I, helpless and heartbroken, watched her sufferings, I decided to be ready to offer tender, skilled care if any other such occasion should come so near to my own heart."

That mother, beloved in our city for her charitable works, leaves a priceless heritage to the community in a daughter who would not leave to hired attendants, however skilled, the services which ease the racked body of a beloved one. In acquiring efficiency, how much suffering that child has alleviated, how many kind deeds she has performed!

It is not only the sick poor who need devoted nurses, but too often people of wealth are the recipients of nurses' care gradgingly given and perfunctorily performed The poor we have always with us, but when the wealthy are the victims of bodily ailments, frequently they have to suffer for the extent of their earthy possessions.

By no means are cold or indifferent trained nurses in the majority, but the "idle rich" can testify that the genus exists. The example of wealthy girls taking up the burdens of public nursing ought to reap humane results in all walks of life where physical weakness and pain exist.

Mrs. C. P. Overton and her little daughter Daisy Belle left Monday morning for Europe. They will not return for a year. They were accompanied by Mrs. Overton's youngest sister, Mrs. Edgar Jones of Piedmont, who expects to return in two months.

Mrs Overton is still steadfast in refusing to divulge the causes of her separation from her husband, Courtney Ford. Many of her friends advise her to break her self-imposed silence, but she is firm in her resolution. Mrs. Overton is a woman of gentle breeding and delicacy of sentiment, and those who know her are pained at the embarrassment her unfortunate alliance has caused.

That she resumed the name of her late husband, C. P. Overton, causes no surprise. If a woman finds a new husband unworthy and impossible to live with, why should she not go back to the name of a former one with whom alliance brought respect and sheltering love? The sensible old world nowadays looks on unamazed when an unhappily married woman proceeds to mold her future according to her own standards when they are founded upon a basis of morality and self-respect.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan gave a dinner dance Monday at the St. Francis. Mrs. Fagan was a radiant little bride a few years ago, but matronhood adds to her beauty every year. The Fagans are a very jolly young couple and their entertainments are eagerly anticipated by their young guests The following were present Monday evening: Mrs. Luther Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade, Misses F. Lent, G. Grace, C. Bentley, L. Miller, M. Buckbee, Messrs. L. Gray, W. Hendrickson, J. Pitt, C. Filmer, J. Bergden, A. Carter.

Mr and Mrs Robert Oxnard and Miss Marie Louise Winslow are expected to arrive here this month from their visit to Europe.

Miss Helene Comte leaves early in October for a visit to New York.

Mrs. Lillian Donnelley was hostess at luncheon at the Palace Wednesday. She leaves in November to visit her sister, Mrs. Hills, on her plantation in Hawaii. Mr. Hills inaugurated cocoanut cultivation on the island of Kauai, whence he exports shipments of copra.

Miss Blanche Hamilton Fox, the contralto, has accepted a position as vocal teacher in Honolulu at Oahu College, where she will remain a year. Her beautiful voice will be missed greatly in local musical circles.

Mrs. Templeton Crocker entertained at luncheon at the St. Francis Monday in honor of Mrs. Jay Gould (née Graham) of a distinguished Hawaiian family and intimate friends of Mrs. Crocker and her parents, the late William Irwins, who spent part of each year upon their extensive estates in the islands.

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DANCING

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AFTER THE THEATRE

APPETIZING SUPPERS

DAINTILY SERVED

A Portland wedding of interest to many S. F. people was that of Miss Marjorie Campbell and Wilson B. Coffey at the Campbell residence, where a large reception followed the ceremony. The bride was extensively entertained in the Portland smart set previous to her marriage.

Miss Thelma Stoddard of San Diego is the house guest of H. R. Teal in Seattle. Miss Stoddard and her parents plan to spend the winter in this city at the Fairmont. Miss Stoddard is a very handsome girl of the Spanish type and has won honors as a golfer and horsewoman.

Mills College was the Mecca on Thursday for many San Franciscans who went over to the college to attend the annual tug-of-war. Later a delicious luncheon was served, after which the guests explored the college grounds and buildings. Dr. Rhinehart, the Mills president, one of the most brilliant women who have ever lived in California, is always a magnet to draw people who are interested in the big things that make life worth living. She is the type of woman whose influence is so potent at this time when women are emerging from darkness and being made to realize their own powers. The students under her care are extremely fortunate to have her splendid influnce in the formative years of their lives.

There is no reason in the world why a woman like Dr. Aurelia Rhinehart should not sit in the executive councils of the nation; and we of the West who know of her achievements, her influence, not only upon Mills College but upon the broadening thought of the community, await the time when she will be called there.

Open Sesame to Heaven

Robert Tolmie, the Piedmont pianist and instructor, has been enjoying his first week out of the hospital. While hiking around Red Bluff, he was overcome by heat, and a months nursing was required to bring him back to form. Tolmie was taken to the Sisters' Hospital up there, and found the serene atmosphere of the place just the thing for his sun-tortured nerves. It had been a hot summer. "Mr. Tolmie!" said one of the sisters to him, "you should find much consolation in this experience; for when the time comes that you take the little journey that we all must take, and St. Peter is informed that you have spent some time in Red Bluff, he will open wide the gates and say, 'Let the gentleman in without further formality.'" Tolmie intends to ramble the picturesque hills of Piedmont for many years before making a test of the nun's story.

The Origin of Dancing

Dancing has its derivation and inception back in the early ages. The Phrygian Corybantes danced in honor of Rhea to the music of drum and cymbal; at Rome during the festival of Mars, the priests sang and danced, beating their shields; among the ancient Jews Miriam danced to a song of triumph, itself an act of worship, whilst David danced before the Sacred Ark. A survival of religious dancing is still seen even within the pale of Christendom where during the Corpus Christi Octave a ballet is danced every evening before the High Altar of Seville Cathedral, by boys from 12 to 17 years of age in plumed hats and the dress of pages of Philip III's time It is a long cry from these periods to the present day dancing At Techau Tavern we find the last word in the modern styles of music and dancing, a solo danseuse giving excellent renditions of folk and novelty dances Guest dancing on the polished oval floor is a delightful pleasure greatly appreciated by the many patrons who nightly throng the delightful restaurant Saturday afternoons also attract their quota of the dance-loving public to the tea dansants held from 2:30 to 5:00 p. m.

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"A Night in India"

Many interesting features are being arranged for the entertainment of those attending the Night in India given by the San Francisco Club and Memorial Museum Endowment Committee at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening, September 29th, to raise funds for the club's museum work. All the members and a list of patrons and patronesses are working for the success of the affair, which is the second given by the organization. Two years ago "A Night in Egypt" was given by the same institution and proved such a success both socially and financially that the directors decided to repeat the success, only taking India as the country around which they would center their entertainment.

William H. McCarthy is the chairman of the committee on arrangements and is assisted by Halsey E. Manwaring, John Francis Neylan, Samuel M. Shortridge, Miss Cecile M. Sorbier, Mrs. John F. Cunningham, Major Jas. Reade Watson, William F. Cashman, Louis C. Mullgardt, Mrs. A. L. Spectzen, Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mme. Louise A. Sorbier, Mr. Harry I. Stafford, John F. Cunningham, Mrs. James Shea, Mr. Thos. F. Delury, Miss Tyna Wannamacher, Mrs. Vincent Walsh, Mrs. Glen G. Hitt, Mrs. Frederick H. Colburn, Mrs. Wm. A. Limbaugh, Mrs. Edwin Val Schmidt, Mrs. Ida K. Umbsen, Mrs. S. N. Rucker, Dr. Chas. Penez, Wm. K. Gutzkow, Sir Henry Heyman.

TRAGEDY

The solemn tragedy and end is near,
Not as I thought, but in the ordained way;
The spirit that abandoned its racked clay,
Pausing before it seeks another sphere,
Knowing it may no longer fashion here
The dreams and hopes it fashioned yesterday,
Seems in its silence more to mean and say
Than all the song of many a crowded year.

She reassures me of eternity,
Lying there, still as sculpture and as fair;
She brings such wide-horizoned hope to me
That joy grows in my heart, and not despair;
And I perceive that greater things must be
Beyond this world hung in a bubble of air.
—Harry Kemp in Ainslie's.

A dusty stranger limped into the railroad station of a little Texas town that was chiefly noted for cactus and alkali, and deposited a coin on the counter.

"Gimme a ticket to the next place," he ordered dispiritedly.

"Single or round-trip?" queried the agent.

The stranger glared. "Round-trip?" he burst forth. "What's the use of a round-trip when I'm here already?"

He took his girl to the restaurant, determined to be a sport if it took the last cent he had, but as she gave her dictation to the waiter his face grew longer and longer. Finally, though, she finished.

"And now, sir," asked the waiter politely, turning to him, "what do you wish?"

"Me?" returned the young man in a voice of abysmal gloom. "I wish I'd stayed at home."

SONG OF AN ABSENT SON

Within my heart a song shall be
Made of thy name's sweet mlcody
For all my heartstrings sound to thee—
California.

When careless gods, in their disdain
Surged me in seas of bitter pain,
Leaving on love's bright hours a stain,
Then did I learn life's meaning, where
Thy brown hills rise, sublime and fair,
Thou who canst overcome despair!
California!

Thou knowest—all to thee I gave,
When love, lamenting could not save,
And in thy peace there is a grave,
California!

Some day, when days are weariest
I, in thy bosom shall be blessed
With mine own heritage of rest,
California!

From thy swift-slipping golden years
I grasped the joy that oft outwears—
Time's gift of memories and tears;
Thus shall I say farewell to thee,
Thou who hast known mine ecstacy
When all the glad young years of me
Were thine, California!

Tho' I am far from thee, alone,
I was, I am, thy Native Son!
Take thou this song of love, my own
California!

See, in my cup, long drained of wine,
I pledge in smiles and tears: thou'rt mine.
When I am dust, let me be thine—
California!
—David Furlong Butler.
(From Grizzly Bear Magazine, 1910.)

In or Out?

Warden—Your wife's here to see ye.

Prisoner (desperately)—Tell 'er I'm out!—Citizen.

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The Stage

Alcazar en Fete

Last Monday night our most popular theatre was filled with a brilliant, enthusiastic audience; for the occasion was a benefit for the French library. Loyally, the French colony was out in force and they were reinforced by many prominent society people who are interested in the propagation of the French language and literature.

Besides the regular performance, there were excellent numbers by French artists. The pièce de resistance was a Moliere scene, exquisitely done by Andre Ferrier and Josephine Tatie who, though but about fourteen, evidenced unusual dramatic talent. It is said that the French Library Fund is the gainer by $1400.

Among those in the audience were: Messrs. and Mmes. Paul Verdier, Leon Bocqueraz, G. McEnerney, W.H. Crocker, M. Gerstle, T. Crocker, E. Chapuis, Dupas, A. B. Spreckels, E. W. Crellin, A. Roos, Mmes. A. Comte, L. Donnelly, Belle Moore, R. Godchaux, Messrs. M. Hall, E. Godchaux, C. Jocelyn and many others.

"39 East" is a gripping little play by the clever Rachel Crothers. A boarding-house filled with types never collected anywhere else but in a shabby boarding house is a scene from real life in which the live young Alcazarans acquit themselves with distinction.

Miss Ragan is charming in the leading role and Dudley Ayres, the good-looking "star boarder", absorb the sentimental interest, while handsome Emily Pinter, whose sense of humor is very keen, revels in the role of a giggling, parasitical species. Ben Erway added to his portraits, this time of the Italian school. Brady Kline is always excellent in a "loud" part, though he plays everything in a monotone, which is unfortunate, as his personality demands intensity of vocal color. Monotone is merely a habit which is becoming fixed upon him.

May Nannery is a cameo in the part of the landlady; Brunetto, Misses Hartley and Emmons and Al Cunningham and Fred Green all have opoprtunities to reveal their versatility.

Not the least appealing event of the evening was Col. Bertram Cadwalader's address in exquisite French as well as English. His remarks surely will win new subscribers to the library among those interested in the spread of French culture.—John Alderson.

A Digest of Ads at the Orpheum

Perhaps the new decorations at the Orpheum were a present from the Ticket Scalpers' Protective Association; perhaps, because scalpers, like republics, and the scalped public, are ungrateful. These embelishments are crossed between an O'Farrell Street candy store and a Florentine barber shop. However, they give us something to look at during the "Literary Digest's" reel, "Topics of the Day". Many have wondered whether the Orpheum pays for this service or the "Digest" pays the Orpheum. As these bits of gee-whiz philosophy and whiz-bang jokes are an obvious advertisement for a cleverly advertised weekly, it appears that the Orpheum must receive a neat stipend for presenting the hash to the public. This reel of topics leads one, now and then to inquire—are not other numbers on the bill being tried out on the same principle? Some of the recent artistes could hardly get on the boards without paying for the privilege. A wild guess, say you. Yet what excuse is there, this week, for "Jackie and Billie" enjoying a vaudeville career? Jack and Bill are cockatoos. One rings a bell; the other screeches a few words no better than an ordinary parrot in a milliner's parlor. A lady (unnamed) smiles and bows after each effort of the birds to entertain.

"Follow On" is billed as a one-act comedy, and, though an advertisement in a worthy cause, is nevertheless propaganda and publicity—for the Salvation Army—and is not a one-act comedy. The Salvation Army has won the world's respect, even love, for its heroism, its doughnuts and its human salvage; yet the newspaper column and not vaudeville is the place for such exploitation. Since "Under the Apple Tree" is a one-act tommyrot and contains a Beauty Review, it would be bad taste to call the number an ad for anything in particular. Its main reason for existence is one honest-to-gallery-god risque joke and one risque costume—a sort of fluffy black corset-cover containing an honest working girl.

Miss Ioleen styles herself "The Petite Entertainer". By singing in a somewhat wiry voice, she intimates the possession of other accomplishments and, apropriately enough, exhibits them on the tight-wire. I am often puzzled why tight-wire girls feel constrained to sing before doing the split between a cable and a Japanese parasol. She is quite an ad. for the next act, which proves to be the widely (nay, broadly) heralded Emma Haig. One cannot gaze on this dancer without the thought that somehow she looks unimportant. That is the only word for her in comparison with the graceful and intellectual dancers who have appeared in vaudeville during the last five years.

Sidney Phillips, with a rich, darkey voice and magnetic stage manner, relates a few jokes that have been used as newspaper fillers for a year, such as the doughboy who won his medals in a crap-game (not a very funny incident) and the Swede who couldn't serve soda water without vanilla flavor because he had none in the house. Finally, Phillips, under a green spotlight, advertises the delights of cocaine, demonstrating the way it is snuffed from the back of the hand and followed by a millionaire dream.

Cahill and Romaine have a wop-coon act. It is sufficient to say that they are cheered into a curtain speech. They advertise the fact that O'Farrell street vaudeville is sadly in need of comic relief. Last of all comes "Reno", tramp eccentric and pantomimist with a bicycle. From him we gradually infer that the show is over.—L. J.

Scotti Opera Co.

G. Albert Lansburgh, architect and acoustic expert, is in charge of the building of the special stage for the engagement of the Scotti Grand Opera Company. Mr. Landsburgh, who is a grand opera fan in every sense of the word, promises that the merest sigh in Mimi's "Si mi chiamano Mimi' or the faintest sob in Canio's "Lament" will be distinctly heard in every nook and corner of the Auditorium. Mr. Landsburgh has so arranged as to bring the artists and the audience into the closest intimacy.

Scotti and his wonderful company left New York last Saturday night, and are now en route to California, playing the most important cities. He is carrying eleven expert stage mechanics from the Metropolitan and to be sure that he will get the lighting effects he desires, he carries a special switchboard.

Tickets are now on sale at Sherman-Clay & Company, and here are the casts for the first two performances:

Monday evening, October 4, at 8 o'clock—Puccini's opera, "La Boheme", in Italian, with Orville Harrold, Louis d'Angelo, Paolo Ananian, Florence Easton, Giordano Paltrinieri, Antonio Scotti, Giovanni Martino, Marie Sundelius, William Clarke. Conductor, Papi.

Tuesday evening, October 5, at 8 o'clock—Double bill, Leoni's opera, "L'Oracolo" (The Oracle), in Italian, with Antonio Scotti, Giovanni Martino, Louis d'Angelo, Mario Chamlee, Addie Frank, Marie Sundelius, Mary Kent, Giordano Paltrinieri. Conductor, Peroni.

Followed by Leoncavallo's opera, "Pagliacci", in Italian, with Anna Roselle, Morgan Kingston, Millo Picco, Giordano Paltrinieri, Mario Laurent.. Conductor, Peroni.

S. F. Symphony

While the majority of the members of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra have been reengaged for the coming season, the personnel has been slightly modified by sixteen changes among the players. E. J. Rossett, a former member of the organization, returns to the first violin section which will contain as a new player W. Czarny, who comes direct from the Warsaw symphony. Among the second violins the newcomers are H. H. Hoffmann, who played there two years ago, and Hubert Dunn.

Emil Hahl, who played at the first viola stand of the Philadelphia symphony for seventeen years, will occupy the same position here, and in this section there will be two new men—August Triebel from the Minneapolis symphony and F. Dierich of New York. Two new players will be noted among the 'cellists—C. Hranik from the Minneapolis symphony and Nino Marcelli of San Francisco. There are also two changes in the double basses, the new members being L. R. Cassetta and E. Schulze, both from the Minneapolis symphony.

B. Emilio Puyans, who will soon leave for Cuba, will be replaced as first flutist by Anthony Linden, who has been filling this position with the Minenapolis symphony. Linden is a talented young American musician, who is certain to win popularity here. V. Schippiliti, who was first

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A thrill or a laugh with every tick of the clock
Every Evening—Matinees Sunday, Thursday, Saturday.

Single Tickets Now at
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EXPOSITION AUDITORIUM

October 4—La Boheme.
October 5—L'Oracolo and Pagliacci.
October 6—Faust.
October 7—La Tosca.
October 8—Trovatore.
October 9—Afternoon, Mme. Butterfly; Night, L'Oracolo and Cavalleria Rusticana.
October 10—La Boheme.

Single, $5.00, $3.00, $2.00, $1.50.
War Tax 10% Extra

oboe with the Los Angeles Philharmonic last season, has returned to play the English horn. J. S. Voglesang takes a place among the French horns. Leland S. Barton, whose godfather was the late Leland Stanford, will play first trumpet, and Frederick W. Tait first trombone.

The first appearance of the orchestra will be on Saturday evening, October 2, in the Exposition Auditorium at a special pre-season concert. Alfred Hertz has arranged the following program for the occasion:

Overture, "Leonore" No. 3.....Beethoven
Fugue a la Gigue.....Bach
Organ solo by Edwin H. Lemare
Largo ..... Handel
Edwin H. Lemare at the organ
Violin obligato by Louis Persinger
Two Movements from Symphony "Pathetique"
.....Tschaikowsky
Kol Nidrei .....Bruch
'Cello solo by Horace Britt
Overture, "The Mastersingers" .....Wagner
Overture, "Poet and Peasant".....Suppe
Prelude to "Le Deluge" .....Saint-Saens
Louis Persinger, soloist
Spring Song .....Mendelssohn
Spinning Song .....Mendelssohn
Waltz from "Die Fledermaus" ("The Bat")....
.....Johann Strauss

All seats will be reserved for this concert, which is entirely separate from the regular series. The season ticket sale is now in progress, and the first concert will take place in the Curran Theatre on Friday afternoon, October 8.

Alcazar

The wildly hilarious fun-making of "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath", at the Alcazar, will be followed next Sunday matinee by a week's revival of "Daddies", the David Belasco success that created a positive sensation a fortnight ago. It had to be withdrawn temporarily while crowds were being turned away reluctant, and its restoration will afford universal satisfaction. The delicious humor and gentle pathos of this comedy about the little foreign waifs who brought anxieties and joys to the club of bachelors who foster-fathered them provide delightful entertainment to all ages and conditions. The theme is so tender, heart warming and human, and comes at such a psychological time, that no one who loves a child can resist its emotional appeal. In a quarter of a century of Alcazar achievement it stands out as a phenomenal success, not only because the play is adorable, but because it is given so true and artistic an interpretation. The ideal cast remains unchanged, including Dudley Ayres, Inez Ragan, Rafael Brunetto, Brady Kline, Ben Erway, Al Cunningham, Frederic Green, Emily Pinter, Helen MacKerricher, Mlle. Valentina Zimina and Talma-Yetta Wilbur, with the wonderful group of child players, Sylvia Yaffe, Phyllis Chatterly and the Wynn triplets.

To follow comes the mystery melodrama of baffling surprises and quivering suspense "At 9:45", by Owen Davis, that was a New York sensation last season when produced for a long period by William A. Brady at the Playhouse. It has a thrill or a laugh with every tick of the clock.

Walter Damrosch as a Leader

Ernest Newman, an English critic, in the Manchester Guardian writes the following of the New York Symphony Orchestra, which played a season this year in England:

"It is an excellent organization, fit to compare with the finest we have ever heard in this country; some of the wood-wind and the brass tone is particularly beautiful. Mr. Walter Damrosch strikes one as a disciplinarian rather than a conductor of temperament. His 'Meistersinger' Overture had something of that Richterian heaviness that we have now outgrown, and his 'Eroica' Symphony was too full of merely capricious nuances. Both he and the orchestra were most brilliant in a selection from Ravel's 'Daphne and Chloe' ballet, where the music was left to speak for itself and all Ravel's cleverness came over to us without contortions and without dilution."

Rachel

(By George Henry Lewes)

Rachel was the panther of the stage; with a panther's terrible beauty and undulating grace she moved and stood, glared and sprang. There always seemed something not human about her. She seemed made of different clay from her fellows—beautiful but not loveable. Those who never saw Edmund Kean may form a very good conception of him if they have seen Rachel. She was very much as a woman what he was as a man. If he was a lion, she was a panther.

Her range, like Kean's was very limited, but her expression was perfect within that range. Scorn, triumph, rage, lust and merciless malignity she could represent in symbols of irresistible power; but she had little tenderness, no womanly caressing softness, no gaiety, no heartiness. She was so graceful and so powerful that her air of dignity was incomparable; but somehow you always found in her presence an indefinable suggestion of latent wickedness. By the side of Pasta she would have appeared like a beautiful devil beside a queenly woman; with more intellect, more incisive and impressive power, but with less diffusive and subduing influence.

In her early days nothing more exquisite could be heard than her elocution—it was musical and artistically graduated to the fluctuations of meaning. Her thrilling voice, flexible, penetrating, and grave, responded with the precision of a keyed instrument. Her thin, nervous frame vibrated with emotion. Her face, which would have been common, had it not been aflame with genius, was capable of intense expression. Her gestures were so fluent and graceful that merely to see her would have been a rare delight. The ideal tragedies of Racine, which ignorant Englishmen call "cold," were, by her interpretation, shown to be instinct with passion and dramatic effect. But this was only in her early days. Later in her career she grew careless; played her parts as if only in a hurry to get through them, flashing out now and then with tremendous power, just to show what she could do; and resembling Kean in the sacrifice of the character to a few points. She, whose elocution had been incomparable, so delicately shaded were its various refinements and so sustained its music, came at last to gabble, and to mash up her rhythm til the verses were often unintelligible and generally ineffective. After the gabble she paused upon some well known point, and flung upon it all the emphasis of her power. In what I have to say of her, I shall speak only of her acting in its better days, for it is that to which memory naturally recurs.

The finest of her performances was of Phèdre. Nothing I have ever seen surpassed this picture of a soul torn by the conflicts of incestuous passion and struggling conscience; the unutterable mournfulness of her look and tone as she recognised the guilt of her desires, yet felt herself so possessed by them that escape was impossible, are thing never to be forgotten. What a picture she was as she entered! You felt that she was wasting away under the fire within, that she was standing on the verge of the grave with pallid face, hot eyes, emaciated frame—an awful ghastly apparition. The slow, deep, mournful toning of her apostrophe to the sun, especially that close—

Soleil! je te viens voir pour la derniére fois—

produced a thrill which vibrates still in memory. The whole of the opening scene, with one exception, was inexpressibly affecting and intensely true. As an ideal representation of real emotion, it belonged to the highest art. The remorseful lines—

Grâces au ciel, mes mains ne sont point criminelles:
Plût aux dieux que mon coeur fût innocent comme elles—

were charged with pathos. And how finely expressed was the hurrying horror with, as it were, a shiver between each phrase, transient yet vividly indicated, when she confessed her guilt;—

Tu vas ouir le comble des horreurs.....
J'aime.....á ce nom fatal, je tremble, je frissonne....
(and her whole frame here quivered)
J'aime.....
Œnone.—Qui?
Phédre.—Tu connais ce fils de l'Amazone,
Ce prince si longtemps par moi-mé opprimè....
Œnone.—Hippolyte! Grands dieux!
Phèdre.—C'est toi qui l'as nommé.

The one point in this scene to which I took exception was the mode of rendering the poet's meaning in this magnificent apostrophe, taken from Euripides, "C'est toi qui l'as nommé." She uttered it in a tone of sorrowing reproach which, as I conceive, is psychologically at variance with the character and the position. For Phèdre has kept her love a secret; it is a horrible crime; she cannot utter the name of Hippolyte because of her horror at the crime; and not in sadness but in the sophistry of passion, she tries indignantly to throw on Œnone the guilt of naming that which should be unnameable.

In the second act, where Phèdre declares her passion to Hippolyte, Rachel was transcendent. She subtly contrived to indicate that her passion was a diseased passion, fiery and irresistible, yet odious to her and to him. She was marvellous in the abandonment to this onward-sweeping madness; her manner was fierce and rapid, as if the thoughts were crowding on her brain in tumult, and she dared not pause to consider them; and such was the amazing variety and compass of her expression that when she quitted the stage she left us quivering with an excitement comparable only to that produced by Kean in the third act of "Othello." In the fourth act came the storm of rage, jealousy, and despair; it was lit up by wonderful flashes. Like Kean, she had a power of concentrating into a single phrase a world of intense feeling; and even Kean himself could not have surpassed the terrific exclamation—

Misérable! et je vis!

Whoever saw Rachel play Phèdre may be pardoned if he doubt whether he will ever see such acting again.

Hermione, in "Andromaque," was also another very fine part of hers, especially in the two great scenes with Pyrrhus. In the first, her withering sarcasm, calm, polished, implacable, was beyond description; in the second she displayed her

(Continued on Page 15)

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The Stock market did not get far either way the past week and trading was mostly by professional element, with the outsider inclined to look on. Sentiment was more favorable to the market than it has been for some time and the professional element succeeded in putting the market on a higher level, but when the public showed no signs of coming in they threw their stocks overboard and the advance was nearly all lost at the close of the week. The credit situation is still the dominant factor in the market, and this showed signs of easing up with the large imports of gold on their way to New York, but this was later offset by the sharp decline in Sterling exchange, with a change to the worse in the European political news. The outlook is sufficiently uncertain to make for caution in the stock market commitments, except in such group of stocks that are not under the influence of constantly declining inventory readjustments to meet the public's demand that the cost of living be brought down. Two groups which do not fall into this category are the Oils and Rails. The former do a business that is practically cash and is having no trouble in selling all the crude and refined products available. The Rails although under the influence of profit taking during the past few days following their rapid advance from the August low levels, do not as yet seem to have discounted the benefits coming to them because of the high freight rates and passenger fares. There was some selling of the Steel issues by traders who believe that finished steel with all other commodities must show some recession in price and it was said that while the big corporation was doing a profitable business the independent Steel producers were not doing so well and there was some curtailment talk in that line. This was offset to some extent by the statement issued by the president of the American Woolen Co that the lower price schedules were having a very satisfactory effect upon the demand and predicting a quick recovery in the Woolen industry. As this stock has been one of the acknowledged weak spots in the industrial situation, it came in for a good deal of attention and had a temporary effect on the market. The Mexican situation shows further signs of improvement and on the announcement of the new president of Mexico that all foreign interests would be given fair treatment, the Mexican Oil issues reflected this news by a sharp advance in both Mexican Petroleum and Pan-American Petroleum, the two acknowledged leaders of the Mexican Oil group. These two companies are in excellent shape and the action of the directors in putting Mexican Petroleum on at 12% basis would indicate that Pan American Petroleum, which is a large holder of Mexican Petroleum, would also raise its dividend rate. The market at present seems to be a two-sided affair and until money rates show that money can be had at something like a normal figure stocks will continue to mark time, but we believe conditions on the whole will justify a higher level and that the next change in the market will be upward.

Cotton—Sentiment in Cotton continues bearish but prices did not change much from the previous week. Daily fluctuations were governed mostly by the overnight news, especially as regards the weather and the Liverpool markets. Shorts became aggressive at times and forced prices downward only to be followed by a quick recovery whenever this element decided to take profits. The news was very much mixed, but on the whole the bearish news predominated. Weather conditions throughout the belt were generally unfavorable, with lower temperatures and an abundance of rain to which was added numerous complaints of weevil damage. On the other hand, the trade conditions are so bad that curtailment by the mills was more than fifty per cent of the normal output. The Liverpool market was inclined to drop and no encouragement was given holders from there. With a declining exchange market and a prospective coal strike that, if it takes place, will close the Manchester Mills and shut off the export demand that is now running only about one-third of last year. Notwithstanding the limited amount of actual bottom being offered from the plantations the Southern spot markets are weak and show a declining tendency and would indicate that the demand for actual cotton is at a low ebb and the absence of bids is making quotations nominal. Reports from the stock markets from Texas to the Atlantic are pessimistic, although the larger spot operatives are not pressing their stock on the market in any large quantity. Most of the pressure is the usual rush of the smaller planters to sell their crop because of financial needs and it is believed that when these offerings are out of the way Cotton will be in stronger hands and the spot markets will be able to show a better front. However, it will take a better demand than exists now to bring about a change in the spot situation. With the domestic mills practically out of the market and no demand from Europe and with the probability of more favorable weather, picking will be general, which will mean increasing hedging sales that should force prices to a lower level. We favor the short side of the market until there is some indication of the mills coming into the market for supplies; until then prices must work lower.

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June 30th, 1920

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Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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Rachel

(Continued from Page 13)

manifold resources in expressing rage, scorn, grief and defiance. In her eyes charged with lightning, in her thin convulsive frame, in the spasms of her voice, changing from melodious clearness to a hoarseness that made us shudder, the demoniac element was felt. With touching and forlorn grace she revealed the secret of her heart in the lines:

Malgré le juste horreur que son crime me donne,
Tant qu'il vivra craignez que je ne lui pardonne;
Doutez jusqu'a sa mort d'un courroux incertain:
S'il ne meurt aujourd'hui je puis l'aimer demain.

In describing how she will avenge the insult to her beauty by slaying Pyrrhus—

Je percerai le coeur que je n'ai pu toucher—

her wail was so piercing and so musical that the whole audience rose in a transport to applaud her; and difficult as it was to prevent an anticlimax after such an effect, she crowned the scene with the exclamation of jealous threat when bidding him hasten to his mistress:

Va, cours; mais crains encore d'y trouver Hermione.

The close was in the same high strain. The fine passionate speech in which she upbraids Orestes for having followed her orders and slain Pyrrhus (a speech which may be commended to those who fancy Racine is cold) was delivered as nobody but Rachel could deliver it.

Very noticeable it is that Rachel could not speak prose with even tolerable success; deprived of the music of verse, and missing its ictus, she seemed quite incapable of managing the easy cadences of colloquial prose. The subtle influence of rhythm seemed to penetrate her, and gave a movement and animation to her delivery which was altogether wanting in her declamation of prose. Hence, among other reasons, the failure of her attempts in modern drama. As Kean was only truly great in Shakespeare and Massinger, Rachel was only truly herself in Racine and Corneille.

"In the 'Polyeucte" of Corneille she had one scene of incomparable grandeur, where, baptized in the blood of her martyred husband, she exclaims,—

Son sang dont tes bourreaux viennent de me couvrir
M'a desillé les yeux, et me les vient d'ouvrir.
Je vois, je sais, je crois!

The climbing exultation and radiant glory of the inspired convert, her face lighted with fervour, her whole frame trembling with the burden of overpowering thoughts, were fitly succeeded by the uplifting of her arms to heaven, while an expression of such fervent aspiration glowed in her features that she seemed a martyr welcoming the death which was the portal to eternal bliss As an example of "face-acting" should be cited the very remarkable scene in "Les Horaces," in which she stands silent during the long recital of her lover's death.

Rachel tried once or twice to play Moliére. I did not see these attempts, which were pitilessly criticised by Jules Janin, but I am convinced that they were mistakes. She was wholly unsuited to comedy, unless it were comedy like that of Madame Girardin's Lady Hartufe, in which I thought her graceful, ladylike, and diabolical—very admirable in the way she thoroughly identified herself with the character, making its odiousness appear so thoroughly easy and unconscious that you almost doubted whether after all the woman were so odious. The manner in which Rachel walked to the fireplace, placed her gloves on the mantelpiece, and her right foot on the fender, as she began the great scene with her lover, was of itself a study. The sleek hypocrisy of the part was not exaggerated, nor was the cruel irony colder or crueller than seemed natural to such a woman; it was like the occasional gleam of it in "Bajazet," especially where Roxane is assured that Bajazet loves her still, and she replies, smiling with calm, bitter superiority—

Il y va de sa vie, au moins, que je le croie.

It would form an interesting question why actors so transcendent as Kean and Rachel should have been singularly limited in the range of characters they could play with effect—why, being confessedly great in a few difficult parts, they could not be even tolerable in many parts less difficult and demanding the same kind of talent. But as this is a question I am not prepared to answer, I content myself with calling attention to it.

Town Talk Press

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BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

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Still a Deadly Weapon

The judge was listening to testimony in a case and ventured to interject a remark. "Do you claim that this man hit you with malice aforethought?" he asked. The complainant eyed him suspiciously for a moment and then replied: "You can't mix em up as easy as that, judge. I said he hit me with a Ford, and I stick to it."—Ex.

Nowadays

Friend—How's business?

Manufacturer—Not bad. With the government wanting seventy-five per cent of the profits and the employes fifty per cent, I'm not running over twenty-five per cent in the hole.—Life.

A lecturer was talking on the drink question. "Now, supposing I had a pail of water and a pail of beer on this platform and then brought on a donkey, which of the two would he take?"

"He'd take the water," came a voice from the gallery.

"And why would he take the water?" asked the lecturer.

"Because you would beat him to the beer," was the reply.

"Bessie," said her mother, "why is it that you and your small brother are always quarreling?"

"I don't know," returned the child, "unless I take after you and he takes after papa."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Whittier—What delightful manners your daughter has!

Mrs. Biller (proudly)—Yes. You see, she has been away from home so much.—Pearson's.

Circus Manager—So you want a job as circus attendant, do you? What steps would you take if a lion were to escape?

Applicant—Good long ones, guv-nor!

"Three balls!" yelled the umpire.

"Now's your chance to soak it," shouted the excited pawnbroker's clerk to the batsman.—Boston Transcript.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Joseph Goodman, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of JOSEPH GOODMAN, Deceased, to the creditors and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 860 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH GOODMAN, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the Estate of
JOSEPH GOODMAN, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 10, 1920. 8-21-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

Dept. No. 2. No. 106183

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

HAZEL M. DAY, Plaintiff, vs. TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send greeting to TIMOTHY E. DAY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, 20th day of April, A. D. 1920.

(Seal of) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Superior Court) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of P. MORICONI, also called PAOLINI MORICONI, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of said Administrator, Room 858 Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of P. MORICONI, also called PAOLINI MORICONI, Deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Helen M. Bonnet.....Editor

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The Message of the Bomb.

For several years, organizations of respectable citizens have been passing resolutions that called for the suppression of Anarchists, Bolshevists, Reds, Radicals and all the tribe whose propaganda is directed against government. These resolutions were handed to secretaries: some were printed in newspapers, and simultaneously we were treated to a few deportations and jail sentences. Thousands of societies throughout the country warned the law-makers that something more should be done to protect the law-abiding citizenry. Last week, in New York City, the Anarchists sent their own message. Town Talk believes that the message of the Anarchists was loud enough to be heard through every legislature in the land and compel the attention of every public official. A 200-pound bomb, charged with either T. N. T. or picric acid and loaded with iron slugs, was exploded in Wall Street. Thirty-seven persons were slain, 250 were injured, and the financial center of the country, in a few moments, bore the resemblance of a miniature battlefield. We take it that the men who perpetrated this hideous outrage stand ready to act again. Certain undesirable characters have been deported. Others remain. It is time to inquire of the government why the work of deportation does not continue as long as a known Anarchist can be located by the police. Surely one of them is as dangerous as another. Can we consider the nation free of danger while it harbors miscreants whose minds are constantly bent on the destruction of lives and property? J. P. Morgan & Co. have issued a statement that they do not know the motive of the crime. Now, we care not whether the motive was to destroy Morgan's institution, incidentally, or the Federal Reserve Bank or the banana stand on the curb. The prime intent was to take American lives. These murderers were adroit enough to manufacture and deliver a contrivance that in a single outburst laid low nearly 300 persons. This would be considered good marksmanship in battle. It seems that such an adversary within our borders is important enough to demand the attention of our government at Washington. We mean that Federal officials should do more than search for the criminals and put them before a jury. Search and seizure of the Anarchists should be unrelenting. If our police knew of a school for pickpockets, arrests would follows. Anarchism is a school for murder. It seems incredible that representatives of the people, knowing the existence of malefactors whose printed and spoken word is a glorification of the bomb-and-torch idea, should not devote every fiber of energy to the eradication of the monsters. The people have demanded it; the civic associations have sent their warnings, and now the Anarchists themselves have hurled their own message of what they can do and intend to do again and again. Announcement of what government intends to do will be awaited with interest.

* * *

The Anarchistic Principle.

At a time when victims of the Wall Street bomb lay in the morgue and some writhed in hospitals, there apeared in the telegraph news a remarkable item from Genoa. It was dated September 17th. The short dispatch said in part: "A time-bomb exploded in the Stock Exchange, doing heavy property damage. The police have discovered in one house enough explosives to blow up a city block.' The coincidence of the Genoa Stock Exchange and the New York financial district is too striking to be passed over lightly. It indicates (if we accept the two bombs as part of one scheme) that the present idea of the Reds is to direct their forces against the world's money marts. The inference would also be that the newer characters that animate Bolshevism are behind the movement. The one prevailing note of all radicalism is to strike terror. Any distinction between one sect and another is therefore misleading. The Bolshevist at the present day is more ambitious internationally. So if we see any relation between the Genoa and the New York outrage, it is time for a word with the so-called Parlor Bolshevist. This irresponsible creature should be informed just who his comrades are. We assume that the Parlor Bolshevist considers himself or herself rather cutely audacious to sympathize with the Russian Reds. These cute creature might well be given a free trip to the New York morgue, where they could view the logical result of their theories. If such a trip be impracticable, then photographs of the corpses could be sent to all known Parlor Bolshevists. We believe further that if the League of Nations had the moral support caused by United States membership, that the Russian Soviets could be disorganized. Downfall of the Soviets would bring at least a little sanity into the heads of American Bolshevists who imagine that a bomb in this country is a help to Russia. Bolshevism, of course, is a world problem; and it was partly for affairs of this very nature (tasks too big for one country) that the League of Nations had its inception. The deportation of all radicals is an internal business of this country. Deport them as fast as possible. Let every country do the same, and when they are all in Russia, let the League of Nations complete the work from an international standpoint.

* * *

League or No League.

On the Fourth of July, 1914, there was no oratory to the effect that the United States stood ready to guarantee the independence of Servia. Americans with political ambition spent the day paying compliments to George Washington. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand had already been slain at Sarajevo. A few weeks later, Austria-Hungary served Servia with an ultimatum. In August, France and Great Britain were battling Germany on Belgian soil. On April 6, 1917, the United States of America joined the conflict. Some people say that America won the war. Whether we did or not, the fact remains that the Servians and Belgians were grateful to the good old U. S. A. for having put in an appearance on a quite precarious battle-field. There was no League of Nations at the time. There was no Article X. Hiram Johnson was in existence, yet had the tact (personal and political) to support President Wilson in all war measures. The point is that nations ere this have been drawn into battle array without an Article X to supply the diplomatic touch-word for the fray. Is there any one so malign of mind as to assert that Article X was inserted for the purpose of bringing on other wars? Is there any senator, or presidential candidate, so hypocritical as to say that the war-weary statesmen at Versailles were not actuated by the best motives in the world when they draughted the document known as the League of Nations? This league was designed for no other purpose than to prevent the repitition of a calamity that had bled the world for four years. In his Labor Day message, September 1, 1918, President Wilson declared: "It is a war to make the nations and people of the world secure against every such power as the German autocracy represents. It is a war of emancipation. Not until it is won can men live free from fear of invasion or know that governments are their servants, not their masters."

In other words, we know that wars are instigated by small coteries; hence, the slogan of 1917, "to make the world safe for democracy." In the face of all this we have chicken-headed editorials and cheap cartoons telling us that the United States of America is being inveigled by Europe to act as an international policeman. About the silliest ideas that ever appeared in pen-and-ink are to be found in the present Opper series representing the League of Nations as a bride; Governor Cox, the groom, while John Bull, the best man, winks at the American's predicament. Those who noted Opper's cartoons during the war, may remember that he was not enthusiastically pro-Ally; and the Hearst papers had to defend themselves on a similar line. Hearst, usually a Democrat, supports Harding. It is now said that pro-Germans are against the League. Germany's invitation to join has not yet been sent. It is quite clear that most of the arguments against the League foster the antiquated grudge between the Britisher and the American. There is no such ill feeling today. An election cartoon in "Judge" once represented Grover Cleveland and John Bull as two chicken thieves, arm in arm, while Uncle Sam, as a watch-dog, growled them away from the "American industries hen coop." No one today would read such an insinuation in the history of those years; yet we still have the same trick being played on the imagination of the unthinking. No intelligent man believes that Great Britain has any influence over the speeches of Governor Cox. One might as well say that John Bull sent word to Cox's audiences that they applaud him. The League stands for peace; and while there is no human safeguard that could honestly guarantee peace for a hundred years, the League of Nations is, in its essence and sincerity, the nearest approach to that desirable end.

* * *

The Higher Critics of MacSwiney.

Casting aside all political feelings for or against the Lord Mayor of Cork, his case presents a remarkable psychology of present-day viewpoints. In Terence MacSwiney we have a man who ostensibly, at least, is dying in what he considers a noble cause. To the friends of Irish freedom he is the official martyr of the year 1920. At this moment of writing, MacSwiney is alive, having fasted for more than a month to teach England a lesson. When this goes to print, MacSwiney may be somewhere between the iron bars of Brixton prison and the mystic embellishments of the Pearly Gates. Anybody that has ever missed a meal should feel some admiration for a man who ekes his way through a foodless month while prison-keepers are shoving savory pork-pies, juicy roast beef, coffee, sherry and other good things under his nose. The fortitude of the man is worth attention, yet many there are about us who gaily refer to him as a fool. "If he refuses to eat, it's not my fault, and I don't blame Lloyd George," is characteristic of what we hear. Again, "I should be very sorry if they starved him; in fact, I'd be angry; but they send him all the food he can possibly imagine, and he won't take it. What's the answer?" Or this: "One man's refusal to eat is not going to change the British government." This is higher criticism. To the higher critic, freedom and buckwheat cakes are on equal footing. The demand for sympathy is not recognized. It is sympathy that has distorted the world's ideas of this and that. Now, the man on the street feels the same way about matters that do not affect his interests. It is a hard-hearted world. In that sense everybody is addicted to higher criticism; that is, everybody who has the nerve to call a starving man a fool. Of course, we have seen that the cruel world itself will rush to die in a noble cause. But this, says the critic, is mob spirit. MacSwiney, so runs the philosophy, is a victim of his own mob. If he was sensible, he would eat what is given him, and ask no question for conscience's sake. He would get out as quickly as possible and, from a full stomach, shake his fist at London. The Lord Mayor of Cork took a different view at the very outset; he thought that, by shaking an empty stomach at the British government, he would reverberate the hearts of the world. Perhaps, had he succeeded, he would have been called great. As the days of the hunger strike prolonged, the world, or a large part of it, found no thrill in the performance. To speak bluntly, the world was not entertained. Although a poet, MacSwiney could not bring genius to bear upon his death-chamber. Editorially we cannot call either MacSwiney or Great Britain a fool. We must say, though, that both have acted stubbornly without any apparent achievement.

* * *

The Coming of Cox.

Governor James M. Cox impressed San Franciscans with one fact: it is difficult to find weak spots in his armor of sincerity. This is not said in any spirit of partisanship. It is the result of little talks with political opponents of his, the reading of hostile journals and even from a published statement of Senator Warren G. Harding. The "Examiner," which is supporting the Republican candidate, sent Edward H. Hamilton to the auditorium. Hamilton was apparently overwhelmed by Cox's astonishing virility, and began his account of the Democrat with these words: "Here's to you, Jimmy Cox—you're a first-class fighting man." The candidate who can draw such a tribute from partisan journalism certainly possesses a magnetic touch. Harding, in a signed interview, giving his impressions of the rival campaign principles, made the following observation: "Governor Cox has an active mind, which readily attacks any problem, and he has an attractive personality, which brings him a great deal of personal attention." These characteristics go far toward making a hero of the people. The campaign has not yet progressed to a point where either candidate is put to a test of moral or mental acumen. Neither the Republicans nor the Democrats have staged a situation dramatic, melodramatic or otherwise sensational. Both the Ohioans have uttered their sentiments with a sort of judicial poise. So Harding appears in print; and Cox thus far displays the same distaste for theatrical rant such as made Roosevelt ridiculous in some eyes. Yet Cox has considerable of the Rooseveltian vim, tempered with analytical powers which heretofore we praised in President Wilson. In the words of many, Cox gave a good account of himself, and left no doubt that he will wage a forceful campaign. His mentality may be described in a few words as one of serious ideals and sensible enthusiasm; and just now those are exactly the qualifications that the country demands in the presidential chair.

* * * *

Manifestations of the Japanese.

The Japanese program for the next few years is an ambitious one. Viewed in one way —perhaps their own—it contains an element of danger for the Occidental world. Examined from another angle, we must say that it becomes quite dangerous for the Japanese. Let us take note of three seemingly unrelated, remote facts, one of them arising in this country, in our own state, and in the town of Marysville. A Japanese concern, called the Sutter Farm Company, was recently incorporated with a capital stock of $20,000. This is just t trivial encroachment along the line continually pointed out. The second fact appears also in the news of this country. At Washington, D. C., the Chamber of Commerce learns of a prospective Pan-Asiatic and world's fair to be held at Kyoto, Japan, 1922, in commemoration of the victorious conclusion of the war. The Japs feel that the world should celebrate the victory and focus the radiant hopes of peace at no other place than Kyoto. The third fact is more startling. It comes to us from Tokio, and is nothing less than that in the year 1927 Japan will have eight more battle-ships, eight more battle-cruisers—and 120 submarines. Since so much has been said, in recent years, concerning the activity of the submarine, we refrain from comment, except to note that if those undersea craft ever get obstreperous in Pacific waters, they will have a deleterious effect upon the popularity of the Sutter Farm Company with its $20,000 capital stock in Marysville.

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Horace Peppergrave and Jim O'Dowd

By Lucille Ellis

Once upon a time there lived a man named Horace Peppergrave over in the Potrero.

Mr. Peppergrave was well satisfied with his standing with God, he felt God was satisfied with him because he (Mr. Peppergrave) was so sincere about what was right and wrong that he would split a hair when it came to justice.

Horace believed much in righteousness, and when he prayed,—

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all things shall be added unto it," he always emphasized the "all things".

Mr Peppergrave did not have all the things he desired; for instance, he did not have a high-power automobile and he did not have a diamond ring for the third finger of his left hand; he would not have, of course, worn the ring on the third finger of his right hand, because, if he had done so, most people when they beheld it would surely think he was trying to flash it on them, as he was decidedly right-handed. Nevertheless, if he wore it on his left hand (that is, providing he ever got it) people would be duly impressed anyhow, and they would still think him the righteous, upstanding man that he was.

He often wondered why he was cursed with being poor and having to live in a poor neighborhood where slatternly women and dirty faced, towsly headed children abounded.

"Why," thought he, "couldn't everything be precisely as it should be?" And the bitterness at his heart was as a gnawing.

Of course in the summer time there were beautiful sunsets, when the sun seemed to sink into the sea, leaving a sky of blue and gold, then changing into flame and the soft tints of the rainbow, followed by the quiet twilight.

This was a wonderfully beautiful thing, only so commonplace that very few ever remarked about it.

Amongst the few was Mr. Peppergrave's next door neighbor, Jim O'Dowd.

Jim was a structural ironworker, and after a hard day in the terrific noise and turmoil on an immense steel frame building, the happy laughter of the children playing in the street was like music to his ears; with this music he also had the wondrous picture of the sunset skies.

Jim, on his own stoop, enjoying a pipe and the evening air, often spoke of these things to Mr. Peppergrave, who agreed they were all right, but of what use were beautiful skies when the streets were not finished? In fact, there was hardly anything just right.

Mr. Peppergrave's private opinion was that Jim O'Dowd would have been more of a benefit to himself and the neighborhood had he quit smoking his strong-smelling pipe and kept his numerous children off the street in the evening; Jim O'Dowd had too many children anyhow; he never could be what he should be,—that is, according to Mr. Peppergrave's notion.

Of what use could wonderful sunsets be to Jim O'Dowd? They didn't buy him or his clamorous brood anything.

Why, even in the winter time when the wind was blowing a gale and rain coming down in torrents, Jim would put on his oilskin slicker and sou'wester and wade out into the storm, and he seemed to think it was great,—anyway he said so to Mr. Peppergrave. He would say if it did not do him any good, at least it would help the farmers' crops.

Yes, Jim O'Dowd had too many children, who were alwsy bringing stray cats and dogs to the house; the poor animals were to be pitied, of course, but then, you know, the pound always looked after such things.

Yes, Jim and his family were plebeian, decidedly so.

Only a plebeian would fight or want to fight another man, simply because the other man brutally beat some horses that were hitched to a heavily loaded coal wagon.

The other man knew he should not beat the horses, but he was angry and Oh! well, it did not matter, they were only animals, and well, you know, there is a law for the correction of such acts.

But Jim, being a plebeian, did not know this; he only knew when the blows fell that cut in the quivering flesh of the animals that it hurt him, too, and as he was not a horse chained to a loaded wagon, stuck fast in the mud, he felt free to act. Being a hardy plebeian all his life, his muscles were firm and his hands hard, and when the heavy blows struck the horses they rebounded and struck Jim.

Now, if he had been a very, very oh! an extremely righteous man, he never would have got into such awful fights.

There was a law of the land to take care of such things, at least so Mr. Peppergrave thought.

It was 11 A. M. and Jim O'Dowd, standing on the girders of a steel frame building, felt nervous. It may have been the heat and noise, or possibly it may have been Jack Flaherty up on the 7th floor, the one just above Jim.

Jack wasn't exactly steady when he came on work that morning and Jim wondered if the boss had noticed. Anyway, it seemed as if there was some extra responsibility resting on Jim's shoulders.

It did not seem to Jim O'Dowd (although he was watching Jack) that he saw him fall, but as they swung in space with only the life-saving grip of Jim's arm to save himself and Jack from death, there flashed through his mind many thoughts, and he wondered if he could pray.

No, he didn't know how to pray; in fact, he had never said a prayer. The most he knew about a prayer was when his mother was dying, when he was ten years of age, she held him close to her and said,—

"Jimmie, dear little boy, mother is going to leave you, dear, dear little boy, and the only prayer I can say, the greatest thing I can ask of God for you, is that you will always try to do what you know is right and have love in your heart for all things, then I am sure you will be happy, because when the last hour comes you will surely know you have not lived in vain."

Her eyes were wide open, and there was a look on her face (so Jimmie thought) as though all she had asked or ever hoped to ask had been granted.

They took her away and in the years to come she seemed to fade from his memory. It is strange, how all this after so many years and at such a time should come to his mind. Then also he thought how he had never deliberately planned to wrong any man. He did not know about having any great love for things, but he was thankful for all he had, even as he swung in space, holding on to Jack Flaherty, and he was glad he tried to save him.

(Of course you know, greater love than this has no man, that he law down his life for a friend.)

It was only a few moments, but it seemed like hours to Jim 'till the other workmen grasped his hands and in their eyes there shone a light of love as they told him what a brave thing he had done.

Jim knew he had saved Jack's life, but by tomorrow morning, after a good night's sleep, the thrill of horror would have left him and he would forget about it.

Horace Peppergrave read of Jim O'Dowd's heroism in the evening paper and congratulated him properly, and now as he laid himself down for his Sunday afternoon nap the subject again came to his mind.

Yes, O'Dowd certainly did have nerve, so he thought, to risk his own life the way he did, merely to catch a drunken fellow workingman.

As Mr. Pepergrave thought of the two men on the verge of death it seemed as if they did fall, and their earthly remains were two unrecognizable bodies.

And, yes; oh! there was Jim O'Dowd's soul going up to heaven, also Mr. Pepergrave's soul was going along. Now, that was funny!

Why, he hadn't died,—at least he didn't remember dying. It was all right for Jim O'Dowd, because he was killed when he fell. But he, Horace Peppergrave, he couldn't remember dying,—just the same his soul was on its way.

Horace overtook Jim and asked him if he was prepared to meet his judgment.

"I don't know," said Jim. "I've always done the best I could to live right. I've made some mistakes, but they only helped me on to a better way. It seems as if I learned by them."

Horace Peppergrave and Jim O'Dowd stood before St. Peter at the gates of Paradise. St. Peter looked them over and asked each on what merits he was to enter heaven.

Horace told of his prayerful, well ordered life, of how he had always prayer for God's righteousness and all things that should be added to it.

St. Peter turned to O'Dowd. "So," said he, "what have you don?"

"I don't know," said O'Dowd; "I never knew how to pray. I've always tried to do what I thought was right and was thankful for all I ever had, and I didn't know how to do more."

"Oh, I don't know about you," said St. Peter, thoughtfully. "Let me look at your soul." Then he examined im O'Dowd's soul and all he could find written there was one word.

"Yes," said St. Peter, "you may go into Paradise, because you have the key, for you know, the only key that will open the gates to Paradise is the key of love, and love is written largely on your soul.

"Jim O'Dowd, you may enter Paradise!"

"Now, Horace, let me see your soul. What a lot you have written on it!" "Yes," said Horace, proudly; but, although St. Peter searched every nook and cranny of Horace Peppergrave's soul, he could not find the tiniest word of love written anywhere; he found—

"And all things shall be added," that was graven deeply, but not the tiniest word of love could he find.

"So," said St. Peter, "you want to enter Paradise?" and he looked sorrowfully at Horace Peppergrave.

"Horace," said he, "I pity you; and, what is still greater, you need that pity.

"I'm going to give you another chance to enter heaven, therefore, go back to earth, and when you have found and know love, the only key to Paradise, you may return."

A fly that had been skirmishing around on the

bald pate of Horace Peppergrave slowly danced up and down till he reached the tip end of Horace's nose, where he proceeded to groom his wings with his legs. These slight actions not only tickled, but aroused Mr. Peppergrave. He sat upright before he was thoroughly awake, then he slapped at the fly and slapped himself, which made him wide awake. He hastily opened the front door and looked acros to his neighbor, Jim O'Dowd.

Yes, Jim was sitting there with his evening pipe, lounging lazily over the gate watching the sunset behind the flaming clowds of blue and gold.

"Oh, I say, Jim!" cried Horace; "are you alive?"

"You bet your life I'm alive," said Jim. "Ain't it a fine sunset we're having?"

With the Three Hundred Thousand Francs Girardin Promised Me!

By Alphonse Daudet

After a two hours' walk in Paris, when you had left home with light tread, and gay-hearted, have you never returned out of sorts, depressed by a sadness for which you could ascribe no cause, an incomprehensible weariness? You ask yourself what ails you, but seek in vain for an answer to the question. Your walk had led you through pleasent paths; it was dry underfoot, and the sun shone brightly, and yet your heart is touched with a pain and sorrow that linger like the memory of some past grief.

For in this mighty Paris, with its multitude of people who feel themselves free and unobserved, it is impossible to take a step without jostling against some intrusive misery that bespatters the passer-by, leaving its ineffacable mark. I am speaking not merely of those misfortunes with which we are familiar, in which we are interested, of those disappointments of some friend, which seem in some slight degree our disapopintments also, which oppress our hearts with a pang almost of remorse when we encounter them suddenly; neither do I speak of the troubles of those for whom we feel mere indifference, to whom we listen with one ear only, scarcely suspecting that we are distressed at all; I speak of those sorrows which are quite alien to our lives, of which we catch only a passing, momentary glimpse while rambling about through the crowded streets.

Fragments of dialogues are heard, interrupted by the noise of vehicles; some of these wayfarers are preoccupied, deaf and dumb; they soliloquize loudly, with wild gestures; their eyes glitter feverishly, and their shoulders droop from weariness. Others there are whose pale faces are swollen with weeping, black-veiled mourners whose recent tears are scarcely dried. And then those trivial details which seem to elude notice! That figure whose well-worn coat, shiny from frequent brushings, shuns the bright daylight; another seated beneath a porch turning a barrel-organ that has lost its notes; a hunchback who wears about her neck a velvet ribbon, stiffly tied between her misshapen shoulders. You sight these unfortunates, strangers to you, merely for a moment, and forget them as you pass on, but they have brushed against you, you have felt some passing contact with their wretchedness, your very garments are impregnated with the weariness that follows in their footsteps, and at the day's end, you feel a restlessness, a sense of depression; for at some street-corner, at the threshold of some home, unconsciously you have touched the invisible thread that binds so closely the existence of all these wretched ones that the least shock to one is felt by all.

I was thinking of this the other morning, for it is especially during the morning that the misery of Paris may be seen at its worst. I saw, walking in front of me, a poor lean devil in a coat much too small for him, which seemed to make his long legs still longer, and to exaggerate tremendously all his gestures. He was walking very fast, bent almost double, swaying like a tree tossed by the wind. From time to time he would put his hand in one of his back pockets and break off a bit of a small roll concealed there, devouring it furtively, as if ashamed to eat in the street.

When I see masons seated upon the sidewalks, nibbling the heart of a fine fresh loaf, it gives me an appetite. I envy too, each humble clerk rushing back from the bake-shop to his work, pen behind his ear, and his mouth full, quite exhilarated by this meal in the open air. But this man wore the shamefaced air of one who knows what real hunger means, and it was pitiful to see this unfortunate afraid to eat more than the tiniest morsels of the bread he was crumbling within his pocket. I followed him for a moment, but suddenly, brusquely, as frequently happens with these dazed beings, the trend of his thought was changed, and turning around, he found himself face to face with me.

"Holloa, is it you?" I chanced to recognize him as an acquaintance, one of those fomenters of schemes that spring up in innumerable numbers from the very paveemnt of Paris, an inventor, a founder of impossible journals, which for a space make no end of talk in print, and are advertised on every side. Three months ago he had disappeared in a formidable plunge. After a few days' bubbling of the waters where he fell, the surface of the tide was as smooth as ever, the waters closed again, and no one thought further about him. He was disturbed at seeing me, and in order also to divert attention from his sordid appearance, his half-pennyworth of bread, he began to talk very rapidly, in a tone of assumed gayety. His affairs were progressing finely, finely! A little at a standstill just at present, but this would not be for long. At this very moment he was considering a magnificent undertaking, nothing less than a great industrial journal, illustrated! Much money in it, and a splendid contract, superb advertising! His face grew more and more animated as he talked. His figure straightened itself. By degrees, he began to assume a protecting tone, as though he fancied himself already seated at his editor's-desk. He even asked me to furnish some articles, adding in a triumphant voice,—

"And you know, it's an assured thing; I shall begin with the three hundred thousand francs that Girardin has promised me!"

Girardin!

That is the name forever upon the tongue of all these visionaries. When I hear it pronounced, I seem to see new quarters, huge buildings never completed, journals just fresh from print, with lists of subscribers and directors. How often I have heard it said of some senseless project: "We must speak about that to Girardin!"

And in this poor devil's brain also had come the idea that he must mention his scheme to Girardin! All night long he had been preparing his plan, figuring upon it. Then he had started out, and as he went on, to his excited fancy it had all looked so fine that at the moment of our encounter it seemed absolutely impossible to him that Girardin could think of refusing that three hundred thousand francs. And in stating that they had been promised to him the poor wretch told no falsehood, for his words were merely the continuation of his dream.

While he was talking, we were jostled and pushed against a wall. We stood upon the sidewalk of one of those bustling streets leading to the Bourse and the Bank; it was filled with people rushing on distractedly and absorbed in their own affairs, anxious shop-keepers in haste to pay their notes, petty speculators, with coarse faces ,hurling quotations in each other's ears as they passed by. And listening to all these fine projects in the midst of that crowd, in that quarter where speculation runs riot, where all these players of the game of chance impart their feverish haste to every one, I shuddered as one might to hear the tale of some shipwreck recited in mid-ocean. For I saw all that this man was telling me actually written upon the faces of those about us; all his catastrophes, all his radiant hopes could be read in their wild, dazed eyes. He left me as suddenly as he had accosted me, and plunged headlong into that whirl of folly and illusions and lying hopes, all that which men of this sort refer to in a serious tone as "affairs".

At the end of five minutes I had forgotten him, but at night after I returned home, when I had dispelled the memory of all the sad sights of the day in shaking the dust of the streets off my feet, I seemed to see again that wan, worried face of the man with his morsel of bread, seemed to see the gesture that emphasized those pompous words, "With the three hundred thousand franes which Girardin has promised me!"

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Wine, Woman and Yeast

Every man that has ever tinkered with a Welsh rarebit or a salad seems to carry a recipe, these days, for a concoction that assuages a certain cruel and unusual punishment known as the Eighteenth Amendment. In most of the grocery stores, you will find a box of yeast cakes foremost on the counter. Some people eat it to get rid of wrinkles or indigestion; some put in it fruit juices and stir it once a day for a month. Raisins are not good for the complexion; yet we hear that they are bought in such quantities that large families could not consume them. At that, raisins are not plentiful in the market, especially the seeded ones. Moreover, one explanation of the sugar scarcity is that it goes into soft drinks, while another has it that the harder variety is using up all the grocers will sell. In a goodly proportion of homes, you will now and then observe somebody steal mysteriously from the room, anon returning with either a puzzled or a triumphant expression. You will hear on all sides that chemistry is a man's game. The fermentation of fruit juices is not to be regarded as cookery. At the same time, because a pot, a crock and a ladle are required, the feminist movement is decidedly to the fore with advice as to these utensils. There is the left-handed method of stirring, and the right-handed; you must select one and keep on going in the same direction. Never before has the sex conflict become as acute. The woman who can produce fairly good champagne of July or August vintage certainly makes the sterner sex bow his humble acknowledgements. The United States, once known as a nation of inventors, is fast becoming one of chemical experimenters. The big idea is to produce a kick. "Kick," like the word "booze," is now freely accepted in the most refined society. The dainty debutante inquires if the booze has any kick, and no one looks reproachfully at her. The first experiments with fruit juices and yeast are bound to be surprising. He who has not hitherto gazed on fermentation at its climax soon realizes the joy of using a mysterious force of Nature. Many failures are recorded; and eventual success is likely to be the proudest moment of the experimenter's life. He has done something for his fellow men; and, what is more to the point, is the recipient of true and unmitigated gratitude.

The Supervisors and the Budget

In passing the $3.18 tax rate there was also passed one little remark which was very much after the manner of Supervisor McLeran. In fact, McLeran uttered it; so we cannot fail to observe that the leonine member of the board is ever and always and absolutely like himself. He remarked, "I am not going to be drawn into a controversy with Supervisor McSheehy". McLeran hates arguments, while other members have an idea that the board meets for no other purpose. McSheehy, it is not hard to believe, would serve the city without pay, for the sole enjoyment of engaging in those debates which concern the management of a great city. To draw him into an argument, the other City Fathers have only to keep their seats. To make McLeran talk one must cast a slur on the budget or something equally important. It is the budget, naturally, that causes most of the hard feelings between supervisors for the ensuing year. Debates on other matters go loud and long and lead to reconciliations; but the spending of the city's money always brings to the surface certain intimations, innuendoes, accusations, etc, which are unforgettable. McSheehy thought he could cut almost a half million dollars from McLeran's budget, thus reducing the tax rate from $3.18 to $3.11. The board evidently took the suggestion as emanating from a polemical mind, for it lost no time in fixing the rate at the higher level. If the city could be saved $450,000 in one year, the thrift would not be inadvisable. But the board members usually exercise their thrift on one another's pet schemes. In practice this is not bad for the city, as it keeps every supervisor on the defensive, explaining his motives, his conscience and his fidelity to the people. However, $3.18 is a high rate, and with that money to spend, San Francisco ought to look very classy in the next fiscal year.

No All-Night Movies

More interesting than the municipal budget, to some people, is the recent act of the supervisors denying a permit for a motion-picture house to operate from nightfall until following dawn. A number of women's clubs were on hand protesting against the permit. In the name, fame and general honor of fair womanhood, they denounced the innovation. No doubt all concerned had in mind the words of the song, "Take your girl to the movies if you can't make love at home.'] If this idea caused the supervisors to act as they did, then they must have opined that few persons would seek the solace of the movies after midnight for the movies' own sake. Nevertheless there is a large percentage of the population unable to find amusement in their hours of leisure. The hotels alone have many employes that sleep by day; and the theater and motion-picture people themselves would welcome a late show. Then, there are policemen, night clerks, bakers, car men, cafe men and a host of others who attend our daily needs until a late hour. A midnight performance would be just the thing for a man of such employment. But, then, he might take his girl with him and hold her hand. And civilization would fall with a crash. There is also the notion that a perfect or imperfect lady and gentleman might find themselves side by side and become acquainted in the darkness. True enough, a "funny comedy" at 3 a. m. is not conducive to morality; nor is it at any afternoon show. If these "funny comedies" could be eliminated, the movie people would find themselves much more popular with the law and with women's clubs and even with fairly well educated children.

"Everybody Takes Dope," Says Movie Girl

Having been assured, by a serious authority, that all the world loves a cannibal, we can extend the list of horrors to which many of us give a half-amused attention or even delight. The next item of interest would probably be an opium smoker. Just as little boys dote on cannibals, so do grownups find the opium eater an amusing wonder. "A hideous practice," say the physicians when speaking on the subject of narcotics. It is remarkable that the public looks upon the opium den as a place of the gaudy picturesque, and little more. As far as concerns the report that five hundred motion-picture people in Los Angeles are addicts , we can readily believe it. In fact, we always knew that some mysterious blight was on the movies. It proves to be cocaine. Cecille DeMille says the official records are unjust; that the registered addicts claim to be movie people if they've acted once as an extra. But now comes Mildred Moore, whose tale of life in film cities is apparently no pipe-dream, and she says they all do it. They smoke it or snuff it or take a little in a glass of water—opium, cocaine, heroin, or morphine. There is no denying that movie people do look dopey on the screen. Of course, in the studios they look like nightmares. The latest improvements in movie make-up go hand-in-hand with futurist art. In all likelihood the constant sight of one another, in their yellow, red and green complexions, calls for something to steady the nerves. At any rate, the State Board of Pharmacy has 2,000 registered cases in Los Angeles, and 500 of them give their occupation as movie actors. So in cannibals, dope fiends, movie vamps and movie comedians, we have four horrors that fascinate the world. If it be true that I love a cannibal or a vamp (both at a great distance) it must follow that there is a theatrical air over all these mysteries, because, at best, I think we all feel toward the cannibal and the movie vamp just as Shylock felt toward Bassanio. "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you and walk with you; but I will not eat with you." If you dine with a movie vamp you have a secret fear that the moment your back is turned she will take an overdose of morphine, and the police will put you through

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the third degree. I don't like to slander anybody, yet I am inclined to believe Miss Moore when she says they all do it.

Monsieur Le Maire Sustains Lamare

The reappointment as city organist of Edwin Lemare is an illustration of the fallacy of giving the city's mayor appointive power, and shows what the condition would be if that official were empowered to appoint the school superintendent or the school directors. The people would, as in the case of Lemare, have nothing to say. Yet the people pay the taxes. There are so many needs for San Francisco's betterment, that the Lemare $7,000 annual deficit ought to be considered. If he were making money for the city, that might be an argument to retain him on the pay-roll. His artistic influence is not potent, otherwise he would not so often play to empty chairs. That $7,000 deficit in the organist's salary could be more advantageously directed in paying bands to play in the public plazas. No car fare has to be paid, no long distance pilgrimages to be made in order to hear the music. Oft heard "music of the band' is a splendid musical influence to implant and awaken musical instinct in the multitude. Why not try the experiment since Mr. Lemare's influence is not sufficiently far-reaching? His concerts are supposed to be given for the people, who are conspicuously absent from his performances. If the band suggestion does not meet with approval as being sufficiently elevating, the missing $7,000 might be given to the Symphony Orchestra to help make up their deficit since the wealthy citizens of San Francisco do not seem inclined to subsidize that institution. We are rapidly losing our sense of values in our apparent reluctance to support the cause of music. We have money for everything but music (except Lemare's).

On Monday night at 11 o'clock, when the reengagement of Lemare had been under discussion for a long time, Mayor Rolph appeared magically and exercised his right to adjust the Lemare contract for another year.

The same condition would repeat itself if he or any other mayor could appoint our school officials. Voters, by no means silence your own voices when it comes to selecting the men and women who govern the school board. It would not be taking the schools out of politics, but thrusting them in farther than they have ever been. Our chief executive has all the power now that he can hold and far more than is good for the tax-payers.

Perhaps Mayor Rolph should be admired for his staunch support of his friend, Lemare, whose battles he has fought valiantly whenever the supervisors have attempted to depose him. But, on the other hand, why should a mayor or any official maintain his personal obligations and friendships at the expense of the tax-ridden public?

Lemare's long looked for resignation has at last been presented to the S. F. public. According to an evening paper, he played his first performance of his "Resignation" last Sunday evening, which so delighted the audience that Lemare had to play it three times—three times without taking the delicately offered hint. He will remain with us, dear public, another year.

D'Annunzio and Maeterlinck.

There was a time when Maeterlinck was called the Belgian Shakespeare, while D'Annunzio rejoiced as a decadent novelist, also known as the Dandy of Europe. This Italian Jew had trunks filled with more clothes than ever gladdened the heart of a comic-opera queen. The Belgian in his later years is obviously far, far from Shakespeare. Etymologically his name is "butterfly," and, true enough, he sees life as a butterfly sees it. The Dandy of Europe has become a soldier and statesman. Nay, more than that, he has worked his way into predicaments where men's heads are usually in danger. It is one of the wonders of present-day diplomacy that he has not been summoned to the man with the black mask and the axe. From the standpoint of the book reviewer, there is much similarity in the two men, if we delve into their best known books. When we read their current utterances, we find a remarkable disparity. Says Maeterlinck, "The more beautiful things we see the, the more good deeds we are apt to do." Says D'Annunzio in Fiume, "All citizens are required by the constitution to register as voters. A dictator may be selected in time of extreme danger." The Belgian traces a relationship between charming landscapes and the human soul; the Italian marches to emancipate Latin civilization in the extreme East. The Belgian has visions of impossible loveliness; the Italian enacts the impossible by parleying with the potentates of the diplomatic world. One revels in voluptuous longings; the other, in war cries, patriotism and something very near rebellion. It is a curious contrast, that of two writers, intrinsically poets, one should cling to the last atom of metaphysical hapiness, while the other goes the limit of a soldier's audacity. Maeterlinck is a butterfly in the clouds; D'Annunzio went up in an airship. We cannot predict what his story will say of the soldier-poet. Byron forsook his manuscrips to fight for Greece, and most of us consider the 'Maid of Athens" the most important part of the Grecian episode. We do not speak of Byron as a soldier or a statesman. Perhaps the same fate will overtake D'Annunzio. We do not know whether Poland will remember Paderewski as an excitable premier or the composer of a certain minuet. D'Annunzio has issued a constitution for Fiume, and this should entitle him to some face in that particular. Yet when we recall that the proudest boast of Bonaparte was the Code of Napoleon, it appears that a man's fame rests upon his genius rather than his later fads. Fiume is a fad or a frill of D'Annunzio's declining years. He took it up like a hero; but his greatest achieveemnt lies on the printed page.

Deepening the Golden Gate.

Finding that Oakland and other bay cities have joined in a movement to improve the Golden Gate, has astonished many of our prominent citizens. The Golden Gate was locally regarded as the special pride of an Francisco. Glorious in song, story and oil painting as is this waterway, and of equal significance with the Declaration of Independence, Niagara Falls and things of that nature, Oakland has pointed out that at low tide the channel is only 32 feet deep. San Francisco will have to take a practical view of the situation and co-operate for the dredging. After all, a more serviceable channel will not destroy the sentiment of the waves. Modern battleships draw 40 feet, and as we desire a naval base on the Pacific Coast, why, let the channel be deepened, by all means. Another thing, Oakland, claiming to be the front door of Alameda County and a few other districts, has been named recently as a port of call by an Eastern steamship company—the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific. This is the first time that such an honor has befallen the transbay city, and we can readily understand the deep interest that Oakland is now taking in the Golden Gate. In her advertising literature, Oakland tells the world that that Golden Gate is a very beautiful, advantageous and promising neck of water which bountiful Nature has bestowed upon highly deserving Alameda County. At Emeryville and San Leandro, you can hear that the Gate should be deepened. So, why not?

Expense Vs. Memory

Speaking of the big money contributions in the major political league reminds one of what's doing here among the coast candidatorial batters.

Among the myriad statutes written but ignored is a local one making it incumbent on each can-

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didate for office to file a statement of his campaign expenses—this to show not only what he personally spent, but likewise what had been expended in his behalf by others. Well, this little law gives to some who run about as much concern as hell's overheating worries Satan! Is is indeed productive of merriment to glance through some of these solemnly sworn statements. The saying of a Celt that a bad memory is a d—— fine thing to have when a man wants to forget aptly fits the case of sundry oath takers. At managing these accounts within the deadline maximum of a fixed percentum of their first year's salary these mathematicians are entirely successful; many of them measure 99 per cent efficiency in fitting the foot to the shoe and 100 in mental reservation for observing statisticians show figures at variance with those given and can set up little accounts of their own to the truth of which they will take solemn oath!

However, the adage "Figures don't lie" is not herein necessarily controverted, for, after all, numerals are inanimate things in the hands of manipulators and accurately relate their misrepresentations. This is a law, designed to purify elections, made a byword and a delusion by a candidate's availing himself of that thing of opportunity—a poor memory.

S. P.'s New Schedule

Further improvements in its passenger train service have been announced by the Southern Pacific, to take effect October 1st. In addition to the restoration of the Sunset Limited, which will cut the running time between San Francisco eleven hours eastbound and two hours westbound, several news trains are to be added and the running time o f the others shortened.

The "Lark" is restored to its old schedule, which will reduce the running time between San Francisco and Los Angeles by 30 minutes.

Train No. 17, the Seashore Express, will leave Los Angeles at 4 p. m., instead of 6:15 p. m., as at present, and will arrive in San Francisco at 9:15 the following morning.

Train No. 23, between San Luis Obispo and San Francisco, will be restored to the old schedule, which will permit travelers to arrive at San Francisco at 4:20 p. m. instead of 8:20 p. m., as at present.

Passenger Traffic Manager Charles S. Fee said that these and many other changes are in line with the company's desire to restore its service to the pre-war standard and keep pace with the heavy increase in passenger travel.

Short Story Manuscripts to Be Class Study

An innovation is announced by University of California Extension in its writing courses to be conducted for the next four months by Gilbert G. Weigle, newspaper feature writer. It is to be a course in reading and criticising short story manuscripts. This course will be begun at the lecture room of the S. F. Public Library next Monday evening at 8 o'clock, and will continue for four months.

In offering the new course, U. C. Extension management has considered the need of constructive criticism of their stories by the many writers whose efforts to "land" with magazine publishers. "In What Does Your Story Fail?" will be the slogan of the new manuscript class.

A course in Newspaper Writing will begin Monday at 7 p. m., and on Tuesday evening there will be two new classes formed, Feature Stories for Magazines and Newspapers, 7 o'clock, and Short Story Writing at 8 o'clock.

The courses are open to all writers and students, they offer university credit, and registration may be made at the class meetings or at U. C. Extension offices, 140 Kearny street.

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The Election Way Down In Maine.

The enthusiasm of Harding's party over the election in Maine is somewhat amateurish. Republican congressmen and a governor were elected. Instead of saying that the Dutch have taken Holland, one might, for a change, inform the public that Maine has gone Republican. Maine has become more and more Republican with the passing of years, and the G. O. P. wives and daughters have added to the election returns; for we know that the women folk up there, or way down there, are of a very obedient sort. With all that, the Republican propensities of Maine did not prevent the state from swinging to the Wilson column in 1912. Of course, that was a remarkable year. Utah and Vermont were the only states that stood pat; and our dear, fat friend, William H. Taft, received exactly eight electoral votes. Four years later, Maine recovered from its delirium of Democratic voting, and settled back into its prehistoric, Republican calm. Yet this fact did not interfere with Wilson's re-election. At that time it was predicted that Wilson could not be re-elected because Maine had repented of having taken part in a Democratic orgy. Wilson's second term was not the product of as large a majority as his first; yet quite a little betting money was lost by the Hughes faction on theories similar to the deductions from the recent Maine election. It was the same kind of reasoning that made Hiram Johnson confident of receiving the nomination in 1920. Will Hays, the G. O. P. national chairman, asserts that Harding will repeat Roosevelt's big triumph of 1904. In that year, T. R. was a celebrity. A few months ago Harding was almost unknown.

Americans Charged With Corrupting Paris

It appears that the American is not, in the words of Mark Twain, an innocent abroad. Following the death of Olive Thomas in Paris, the worldwide perusal of French wickedness finds the blame heaped upon the lovely shoulders of the New York social queen, the Chicago meat-packer's lady. Why not the San Francisco matron with her air of sunshine, fruits and flowers? Parisian writers now say that most of these exhibition places—this public dangling of forbidden fruits, this flourishing of poisonous blossoms in gilded gardens, are done mainly for edification of the American curiosity. Foreigners (mostly Americans, of course) visit the French capital for the purpose of seeing things that should not be seen by well regulated families. The charge is made—and we must plead guilty — that our staunchest citizens take their wives to these voluptuous resorts. This is a fact almost incredible to the French mind. The Frenchman, if he visits these places at all, takes his mistress, or goes in search of one. His wife has nothing to do with the adventure. As I noted last week, slumming is a perfectly legitimate pastime with us. We go to Chinatown, Tia Juana or The Folies Bergére with the same nonchalance. And then, after a few night jaunts about Paris, the women will say, "Why, as long as we're here, let's take in the worst of it." The queer part of the thing is that in Paris there is no palpable dividing line between moral and immoral amusement places. This was once the case in San Francisco. We had theatres that were largely attended by spectators such as are found at any theatrical performance; yet one might drink and sup with the actresses if he wished, and linger after the show. These places, however, were tawdry affairs compared with the emblazoned walls within which the modern Zazas and Camilles entertain post-war crowds. In addition to all that, we have the Newport or Kansas City dame who does the foreign capitals without her husband. According to all reports, this lady goes through the wildest places like a daughter of a divorce. However, there is another side of the question: we all know women who have returned from Paris with tales of entertainment they never could have previously dreamed of — and, well, they continue their family life, management of the household and affairs with no more change in their characters than if they had read a book instead of witnessing Byzantine crudities of music, dance and flesh. I haven't the slightest doubt that after attending one of these seminude dances or viewing the mortal frame en bloc, milady could go on to the Matterhorn or Mont Blanc with equal serenity or wonder.

A tourist was just emerging from a corn field by the roadside, bearing in his arms a dozen handsome roasting ears, says the Oakley Gazette. A second car approached and stopped, whereupon the tourist reached for his pocketbook and asked in an embarrassed manner, "How much?"

"One dollar," said the newcomer, and then, after receiving payment, remarked: "This is a fine field of corn. Wonder whom it belongs to?"—Kansas City Star.

"Y'know, you're not a bad-looking sort of girl."

"Oh, but you'd say so even if you didn't think so."

"Well, we're square—you'd think so even if I didn't say so."—Sydney Bulletin.

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Letter To a Friend.

My Good Friend:

In response to your note, let me say that I can fully sympathize with all who have either real or fancied domestic griefs. I feel that I am so well in touch with both of you that I can be very confidential with you.

Your chief trouble is, my dear friend, that you have a rival. You have never seemed to realize that. Your little wife was frequently with him before your marriage, and has occasionally seen him since, though she has not met him as often as she might have done. That she has not, however, is due more to the fact that you have forced your presence upon her and left no time or room for him. Yet her difficulty in seeing him has not cooled her love for him. As a matter of fact, his absence has only intensified her love for him, while the intrusion of your presence has cooled her love for you.

It will do you no good to get jealous or bitter or try to destroy him, for his death would mean the death of her as well as yourself and so you would gain nothing by that tragedy.

I hope you may see him, some time, and I believe that when you do see him, you will yourself admire him, and be proud of her that she could have loved him as she does. I know and admire him myself, and I will try to give you a word picture of him.

Your rival keeps pretty well disguised. You have occasionally seen him yourself, but so perfect is his disguise that you have not recognized him as your rival. He strongly resembles you, at least in age and form. He entertains noble ideals; is gentle, courteous, ambitious, and withal holds for her the tenderest love and affection. He has a high sense of honor, seeking nothing that does not rightly belong to him.

Your rival honors her parents, too, at least for the service they rendered to him in providing for him the sweetest companion and the truest friend he had ever hoped to find. And he has always looked forward to the time when age shall have enfeebled them, that he might show to them an appreciation of the kindness they had honestly tried to show to him. He secure their peace and happiness in every way. has hoped always to be proud of them and to I am still trusting that you will meet him some day.

Shall I tell you who your rival is?

He is that man she so often saw behind you. He is the one she honored in your presence—of whom she dreamed in her quiet and sacred moments—who spoke tenderest words of love and affection for her—who did not boast and was modest at all times—whose kindness touched her heart, and to whom she stood ready to give her all.

In short, your rival is the man she thought you to be, and whom I am sure she yet shall find really is you. Like all women, and men, too, she fashioned an ideal, and that was you. It is your soul she loved, and you have allowed the mask of flesh to disappoint her. Show her, my friend, that you are still the man she thought you were, and cast aside that mask and disguise, that your own true picture shall rise constantly before her vision to gladden her life and thereby to add to your own a peace and happiness you have never known before.—L. J. Q.

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Record Tourney at Del Monte

At the California State Golf Championship held over the Del Monte and Pebble Beach courses, there was a total of 269 entries made for the event, with approximately 250 actual starters. In the Women's event there were 80 participants. This is the greatest number of golfers ever to take part in a golf tournament in the state.

The entry list contained the names of players of all ages and ability. It ranged from Frank O'Keefe, the San Jose southpaw, who has passed the sixty-year mark, to Reggie Hirschmann, who has just turned 16. There were included grandfathers and a dozen combinations of fathers and sons.

Something over 20 years ago the first State Golf Tournament was staged at Del Monte, and the entries numbered something like a dozen or so, a mere handful. Golf was in its infancy then in this country, but no sport has made greater strides in the last decade, perhaps, in coming into popular favor.

WILLIAM H. McCARTHY, who is chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, for "A Night In India," which is being given by the San Francisco Club and Memorial Museum Endowment Committee, at the Palace Hotel, next Wednesday evening, September 29th.

At the recent tournament, E. B. Tufts of Los Angeles was a contestant, and he enjoyed the distinction of having played in the first tournament held at Del Monte.

Chas. E. Maud and J. W. Byrne were among these first old timers and played in the State event last year, but these were among the absentees on the occasion of this year's tournament. Percy W. Selby, Louis F. Monteagle, W. H. Crocker, Dr. Pritchett and a host of others were really the true veterans of California golf that were in the competition against the younger element who have been coming forward in leaps and bounds in recent years.

Golf is firmly entrenched, and the California Golf Association is looking forward to even a greater turn-out of golfers for the championship next year at Del Monte and Pebble Beach.

Miss Eleanor Guggenheim, daughter of S. R. Guggenheim of N. Y., will be married soon to Viscount Stuart, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Castle Stuart.

A quiet wedding of considerable interest both here and abroad was solemnized September 18th at the Church of the Advent, Fell street, at 10 A. M., when Louise E. Frank, widow of Marshall A. Frank, became the bride of Frederick Charles Brewer, a graduate of Liverpool College, England, and a former officer of the British army.

Mr. Brewer is the son of the late William and Jane Brewer (Jane Kendall Howard of Philadelphia).

The Rev. Father Kincaid officiated. The bride, who enjoys a large circle of friends in SanFrancisco, was attended by Miss Angela Coyle. David K. Shanks attended the groom.

Mr. Brewer served throughout the Criqualand rebellion with the Criqualand Horse, and during the Boer war with the Imperial Light Horse. In the recent world war he served in the Royal Engineers with the Canadian Overseas Forces. He is internationally known as a polo player, having represented South Africa, and as a yachtsman.

The honeymoon will be spent in an automobile trip through Southern California.

A Night In India

Many parties have been made up by our local smart set to attend "A Night In India," which is to be given by the San Francisco Club and Memorial Museum Endowment Committee in the ball-room of the Palace Hotel.

Moving pictures of India and dances of that country, conducted by Miss Ethel McFarland and ten young girls in costume, will be a feature of the evening.

Messrs. and Mmes. Wm. H. Crocker, Fred. Koster, N. Kaufmann, Mortimer Fleischhacker, N. T. Lesnon, V. S. Walsh, Homer Bickel, L. Monteagle and many other society people interested in the work of the Memorial Museum have made reservations. There will be a surprise as the piece de resistance.

Among those who have made reservations are W. H. Crocker, M. Fleischhacker, W. T. Tesnon, G. Fordere, Sidney Gilman, J. F. Cunningham, L. Monteagle, A. Roos, S. N. Rucker, R.

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Miss Florence Olson has returned to town from Carmel, where she and her mother have spent the past month.

Mrs. Alfred Kelley and her daughter, Miss Margaret, have returned from New York, where they spent the last five months.

Miss Elmire Dowdell's tea on Saturday was given in honor of Miss Leona Wellbanks at the Dowdell home in Jordan Park.

Rev. William Sullivan, pastor of Menlo Park, leaves soon for New York. He will take a two years' special.

Dr. and Mrs. Alvarez have left for Minneapolis to attend a medical conference.

Miss Ada Hancock gave an informal tea at her Piedmont home on Tuesday. During the afternoon, the guests embroidered upon Miss Hancock's linen, which she is preparing for the home she will occupy after her approaching marriage. Those who were present at the embroidery bee were Mmes. Haas, Quinn, Fitzmaurice; Misses Marie Tomassini and Helene Comte.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels gave a dinner recently to a number of Eastern friends at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Pittman, the charming wife of Senator Pittman of Nevada, who is directing the Cox campaign in this part of the world, gave a luncheon at the St. Francis last week to a number of San Francisco ladies, among whom were Mmes. Dinman, Helm and Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. William Miller Graham made a delightful impression in S. F. society while the guest of the Robert Hays Smiths. Mrs. Graham is very attractive, the fortunate possessor of a very animated manner. Her daughter, Geraldine, will become the bride of Whitney Warren, Jr., in February, and then go to Paris where the groom will matriculate at L'Ecole des Beaux Arts to study architecture.

The marriage of Miss Martha McCook and Mr. Eliot Cross at Tuxedo Park was an event of prime importance in society of East and West as the families, both so prominent in New York for generations, are also well known in California, because Charles B. Alexander, the bride's uncle, married Hattie Crocker of this city. Our local smart set always takes a keen interest in the social affairs of its sons and daughters who establish coteries in distant places.

Mrs. Julian Thorne was hostess at a luncheon Monday at the Woman's Athletic Club. Mrs. John Gill, of Redlands, was guest of honor. The guests were. Mmes. Samuel Knight, H. F. Dutton, Fred. Kimball, Latham McMullin, Eugene Lent, Alanson Weeks, Richard Heimann, Harry Butts, and Miss Ethel Cooper.

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
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GOVERNMENT

Hotel Cecil Notes

A coterie of friends enjoyed the hospitality of Miss Sally Fox at another luncheon, Wednesday. Miss Fox and her mother, Mrs. George Ives, have just returned from an extended trip through the Orient. They are domiciled for the winter at the Cecil Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kerfoot are receiving a warm welcome from San Francisco friends.

Mrs. H. J. Gilbert and her son, Harry Gilbert, Jr., arrived this week from Chicago.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Sr., is visiting her grandson, Cosmo Morgan, at the Cecil.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Devore are enjoying their visit at the hotel. They will not return to Brooklyn, N. Y., for several months.

Other New Yorkers include Dr. and Mrs. Louis Bishop, Mrs. T. H. Bishop and Herbert Bishop.

The Ennises Take Douglas Tilden's Studio

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Ennis have leased the Oakland landmark which in recent years was occupied by Douglas Tilden, the sculptor. This odd-looking structure, on Franklin street, near Twenty-first, has been also the home of drama, and was known as the Little Theater. History says that it was originally a church, a town hall and a flour mill. Tilden gave the interior a somber decorative scheme of blue, gray and black. He paneled the lobby with a large basso-relievo and inscription, now left for the contemplation of, it may be said, all the bay cities, especially San Francisco, which has been deucedly ungrateful to this man whose bronzes deck our main thoroughfares. Tilden had to abandon his clay and become a mechanic. The windlass and scaffold from which he worked his larger figures still hangs from the ceiling of the main hall. As a tribute to this sculptor Mrs. Ennis, herself an artist of rare ability, has decided to let the mechanism remain. She will conceal it with a canopy of Chinese design and extend the richly colored motive to other parts of the room. Earl Ennis, magazine writer and newspaperman, finds many an anecdote and character sketch in strangers who appear within his domicile unknown and unannounced. They wander up a spiral stairway, emerge from a trap-door and are with difficulty convinced that the former show-place, with its curious architecture and numerous doorways, is now the home of a family occupied with those concerns which pertain to the household rather than points of interest for sightseers.

The Olympic Picnicers, by One of Them

To go to the Juvenile Olympic Club picnic I had first to meet some boys, which I did, and then went down to Crowley's wharf, where we met to our gaze a good sized launch which we were supposed to board and be carried off to our picnic; but just now it was not time for this. When more of the boys were there we hopped on and then waited until the rest of our party arrived, and when we were all corralled on the boat we were ready for our voyage. The boat was a little rocky, but we made up for that by noticing all the boxes that contained the eatables.

At length we reached Paradise Cove, and there met my eyes a sign, "No admittance; rented to a private party." So we entered. Immediately we changed to our gym suits and went out to play foot-ball and to buy sodas. We had running races and a tug-of-war and loafed for about an hour.

It was now time to eat, so on getting a cup of lemonade we made swift pace for the plates and the tables. I had a meal consisting of about 8 hot dogs, buns, 2 apples, 4 peaches, 2 pieces of pie and 1 cup of coffee, after which I had to loosen my belt. We loafed around for an hour and then went in swimming. We climbed all over a half sunken motor boat, many of us getting plenty of scratches on the legs. We dried on the beach, also getting sunburned. It was a grand picnic. Our favorite, Tom Bunyan, was on board and also at the picnic. He looked very happy as usual. Also the instructors were there enjoying themselves.

At last it was time to come home, so we climbed aboard and floated over the bay, singing and so forth. At length we reached the city, but I don't have to tell you about good old S. F. S' long!

French Tourists

Inconveniences which tourists in France have experienced by reason of formalities having their origin in war conditions are now largely eliminated as a result of representations made to the French Minister of the Interior through Mr. Joseph Perret, manager of the Office Francais du Tourisme in New York.

Mr. Perret has just received a communication from the Minister of the Interior informing him that the Prefect of Police has been instructed to exempt foreigners coming to France for a period not exceeding two months, as tourists, from the formality of obtaining a card of identity.

A Spectacle of Splendor

Those who have witnessed the "Gown and Girl Revue" at Techau Tavern cannot but be impressed with the striking characterizations of the latest styles in every hue and color which are worn with telling chic effect by the graceful members of the Revue. The Techau Tavern Dance Orchestra, another striking feature, is extremely popular. "If it is new, you will hear it at Techau Tavern" is one patron's description. The oval dance floor with its polished attractiveness lures those who delight in this healthful pastime, and with the fascinating tunes of the season's melodies, it would be hard to resist. Saturday afternoons and the tea dansants are synomymous, and local society finds a restful hour whiled happily away over the tea cups, with entertainment and dancing as added attractions. In the evenings, lucky dances, offering Hilson's Orders and Melachrino Cigarettes, also appeal to those who would dance and be lucky.

A minister who guarded his morning study hour very carefully told the new maid that in no circumstances were callers to be admitted—except, of course, he added, in case of life and death.

Half an hour later the maid knocked at his door.

"A gentleman to se you, sir."

"Why, I thought I told you—"

"Yes, I told him," she replied, "but he says it's a question of life and death.

So he went downstairs—and found an insurance agent.

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The Stage

'Little Old New York"

Ernest Glendenning, long an Alcazar favorite, has covered himself with glory again in a new play, "Little Old New York," a comedy by Rida Johnson Young, in a Broadway production. In a wonderful cast, Glendenning stands out vitally, news that is gratefully received in San Francisco, which was the scene of the launching of his career.

"Little Old New York" is a play about real people who flourished when the big metropolis was both little and of the olden time. The characters are Larry Delevan (Glendenning), Washington Irving, Fitz Green Halleck, Henry Brevort, Cornelius Vanderbilt, John Jacob Astor, Peter Delmonico, Bill Hart, John Hoey, Patricia O'Day, Ariana de Puyster, Rachel Brewster, the old fire department and picturesque characters of the period 1810.

It was the discerning Alcazar general manager, Ed. Price, who brought Glendenning to San Francisco as leading juvenile in 1905 to support While Whittlesey. When Glendenning applied for an Alcazar position, Mr. Price engaged him for the Portland Alcazar on the strength of his personality and of his dramatic heritage (the boy being the son of John Glendenning, actor of fine standing and who had endeared himself to the American public as "Taffy the Laird" in "Trilby"). At that time Ernest had played only one season, consisting of a small part in Mrs. Pat Campbell's company, the rest of his performances being principally on the piano at the Lambs Club. Hardly had Glendenning departed from Mr. Price's New York office than a wire was received from Mr. Belasco in S. F. announcing that a juvenile had been engaged for Portland. When Glendenning returned to see Mr.Price about his transportation, he was greatly disappointed, and, though his chin quivered a bit, he straightened himself like a soldier as he handed back the precious contract. Mr. Price's unfailing intuition prompted him to send Glendenning to the S. F. Alcazar with the understanding that his appearance was to be a trial of his ability. The experiment was so successful that Glendenning triumphed weekly as a favorite member of the regular company until the big fire brought our amusements to an end. Then Glendenning went East to more successes, returning for a special engagement when the Alcazar rose from the ashes on Sutter Street. Ever since his New York appearances for the past ten years, his engagement in a company has meant success for it. Though the Broadway stars very rarely come to us until their brilliance is considerably dimmed in the cast, we can derive comfort from the thought that as in the case with Glendenning, San Francisco knew them when they first shed their light upon an admiring world.

Antonio Scotti, the only singing Impressario, who appears in San Francisco, for the week commencing Monday, October 4.

ALCAZAR

THIS WEEK—DAVID BELASCO'S
Phenomenal Success—"DADDIES"
WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE, SEPT. 26
Owen Davis' Master Mystery Melodrama

"At 9:45"

A Thrill of a Laugh with Every Tick of the Clock.
INEZ RAGAN—DUDLEY AYRES
SUN. MAT. OCT. 3—First Time Here, Wm. Hodge's New York Success

"A CURE FOR CURABLES"
Comedy Melodrama of Health and Happiness by Author of "7 Keys to Baldpate."
Every Evening—Matinees Sunday, Thursday, Saturday.

Bored Audiences at Orpheum

It is a mean trick of the Primrose Four to entitle their singing, "1,000 pounds of Harmony," with Mary and Marie McFarland on the same bill. As soon as the two Maries take the footlights in their concert program, the uppermost thought in everyone's mind is "500 Pounds of Harmony." Mary and Marie can sing, having entered vaudeville by way of the American Grand Opera Company. This must have been an easier journey than the return trip will be. It is well that the Primrose Four do not call themselves a quartet, for there is only one voice among them—the bass The others chirp a little, poke one another in the ribs and maintain that smile-damn-you-smile brand of happiness, heavenly bliss and monkeyshines which have become essential to the vaudeville quartet.

We have with us, this week, Elly, the Youngest Feminine Juggler in the World. Judging from the style in which she wears her hair, she may be the youngest; but her calves tell another story.

Frank Wilcox offers his playlet, "Ssh-h." The audience accepts it listlessly. Three women make a sort of panting, lapdog love to one man, and he hides them about the house with as much dramatic finesse as we would expect from Happy Hooligan or Boob McNutt. The most remarkable part of this act is that Wilcox was able to employ fairly intelligent actors to degrade their talents in the roles. John Sully does better for his players in the holdover girl display, "Under the Apple Tree," yet it is unfair of him to announce "a delicious spread of the best in girls," and then make one girl do all the spreading; unfair to the public and unfair to the girl who spends most of her salary in talcum powder for her legs and back.

Wallace Galvin, assisted by a deck of cards, a hatful of eggs and few steel hoops, tries to draw the spectators from their lethargy. Some of us, in our youth, and before we moved to the city, performed this same magic to a more enthusiastic audience.

William Brock has a hard-working group of acrobats and tumblers. If physical and mental strength were on a par, these vaudeville days, O'Farrell Street could put on a much better show. Vode seems to be in great need of a stimulus. Perhaps the Eighteenth Amendment dealt a crushing blow to vaudeville artistes and writers.

Coley and Jaxon present "The Minstrel and the Maid." I assume that Coley is the minstrel. He is a rakish looking chap who might have done comedy parts with John McCullough and has been thinking about it ever since. The pair

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Scotti Grand Opera Co.

EXPOSITION AUDITORIUM

October 4—La Boheme.
October 5—L'Oracolo and Pagliacci.
October 6—Faust.
October 7—La Tosca.
October 8—Trovatore.
October 9—Afternoon, Mme. Butterfly; Night, L'Oracolo and Cavalleria Rusticana.
October 10—La Boheme.

Single, $5.00, $3.00, $2.00, $1.50.
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with our hearts with a dog story, told by "the maid." Boys continually tied tin cans to this dog's tail; so that, in the course of time, whenever the hound saw a can he would back up to it. Of Miss Jaxon, nobody can say that she plays to the gallery. She has one of those teeny-weeny voices that get little beyond the tenth row of the orchestra, a phenomenon of modern stage technic that may have resulted from learning one's art in little theatres.—L. J.

Scotti Grand Opera Co.

The early advance sale of the Scotti Grand Opera Company's engagement at the Exposition Auditorium for the six nights, commencing October 4, and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, has already brought forth such activity as to give every evidence of achieving a substantial financial success, and the exceeding eminence of the engagement is attested by the fact that next Wednesday will note the arrival in San Francisco of the master mechanic of the Scotti Grand Opera Company and the baggage car, containing the stage effects, costumes, properties and electrical effects of La Boheme, the opening bill.

Advance Agent Charles G. Strakosch, scion of a noble operatic family, his ancestors being Max and Maurice Strakosch, two men most closely connection with the larger operatic enterprises of early years, is now in San Francisco. Like his forefathers, Mr. Strakosch is identified with the operatic life of this country. Having been connected with the Metropolitan Opera House for the past fourteen years, Mr. Strakosch is enthusiastic over the Scotti Grand Opera Company and the prospects for great business in San Francisco. The Scotti Grand Opera Company, according to Mr. Strakosch, travels in a special train, consisting of five Pullman sleepers, four 80-foot baggage cars, one day coach and one dining car.

An idea of the magnitude of the Scotti stage production is proven by the fact that Scotti carries eleven of the master mechanics of the Metropolitan Opera House, and that it will require to "work the shows' and for each performance a large force of local stage mechanics. San Francisco's opening performance of La Boheme will be conducted by Genaro Papi, known at the Metropolitan as the "little Toscanini," for Papi was brought to the Metropolitan from Italy by Toscanini himself, and, like Toscanini, Mr. Papi conducts his every performance without any reference to the printed score.

S. F. Symphony Concert

Rehearsals of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra began last Monday morning in the Curran Theatre under the direction of Alfred Hertz in preparation for the gala pre-season popular concert in the Exposition Auditorium on Saturday evening, October 2, and the opening concert of the season on Friday afternoon, October 8. There have been a few changes in the personnel of the orchestra, and the first-chair men for the season will be as follows:

Louis Persinger, concertmaster; Arthur Argiewicz and Louis W. Ford, assistant concertmasters; Giulio Minetti, second violins; Lajos Fenster, violas; Horace Britt, 'cellos; John Lahann, double basses; Anthony Linden, flutes; Cesar Addimondo, oboes; Harold B. Rabdall, clarinets; E. Kubitschek, bassoons; Walter Hornig, horns; Ralph Murray, tuba; Leland S, Barton, trumpets; Frederick W. Tait, trombones; Kajetan Attl, harp; George Wagner, tympani.

The programme for the pre-season concert in the Auditorium is one that will please varied tastes, the numbers being as follows:

Overture, "Leonore" No. 3.....Beethoven

Fugue a la Gigue.....Bach
Organ solo by Edwin H. Lemare.

Largo ..... Handel
Edwin H. Lemare at the organ.
Violin obligato by Louis Persinger.

Two Movements from Symphony "Pathetique" ..... Tschaikowsky

Kol Nidrei ..... Bruch
'Cello solo by Horace Britt.

Overture, "The Mastersingers"..... Wagner

Overture, "Poet and Peasant".....Suppe

Prelude to "Le Deluge".....Saint-Saens
Louis Persinger, soloist.

Spring Song..... Mendelssohn

Spinning Song ..... Mendelssohn

Waltz from "Die Fledermaus" ("The Bat")..... ..... Johann Strauss

For the opening concert of the season on the afternoon of October 8 in the Curran Theatre, Alfred Hertz announces Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 in E flat ("Eroica"), Richard Strauss' tone-poem, and "Don Juan" and "Italia" by Alfredo Casella, one of the leading composers of the modern Italian movement.

Alcazar

From the joys and vexations of "Daddies," this week the flexible New Alcazar Company will pass next Sunday afternoon to the first enacting upon the Pacific Coast of the absorbing mystery play of suspensive interest, "At 9:45," by Owen Davis, master melodramatist, author of "Sinners," "Forever After," and countless fascinating studies of criminology. "At 9:45" gripped New York nearly all last season when produced by Wm. A. Brady. It discloses innumerable surprises and complications during the investigation of who shot young Howard Clayton in the library of his father, Judge Clayton. At least three persons confessed it, but the identity of the criminal keeps an audience guessing and keyed up to a high pitch of uncertainty. The characters in "At 9:45" are of fashionable society, not the underworld, and the action runs swiftly from a mansion on Fifth Avenue to the restaurant of the swager Ritz-Carlton, half a dozen blocks away, and then back to the residence, when comes an unexpected and thrilling climax. Dudley Ayres is the young Army officer whose revolver was found on the scene, and Inez Ragan, the society belle, a fragment of whose ball gown was found clinging to a spiked iron fence outside. All the Alcazar favorites with special reinforcements are involved in the mysterious proceedings.

"A Cure for Curables," which Wm. Hodge found immensely profitable in the East, and is new to this coast, will be presented Sunday, October 3rd. It is by Earl Derr Biggers, author of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and Lawrence Whitman,—a comedy of laughter, romance, health and happiness, with an interesting touch of melodrama.

The Carl Rosa Opera Co. are traveling by motor bus (charabanc) during a long provincial tour in England, the idea being to defeat high railroad fares for transportation. The widow of Carl Rosa still survives and manages the famous old enterprise.

Moll Cutpurse

(By Charles Whibley)

The most illustrious woman of an illustrious age, Moll Cutpurse has never lacked the recognition due to her genius. She was scarce of age when the town devoured in greedy admiration the first record of her pranks and exploits. A year later Middleton made her the heroine of a sparkling comedy. Thereafter she became the favorite of the rufflers, the commonplace of the poets. Newgate knew her, and Fleet Street; her manly figure was as familiar in the Bear Garden as at the Devil Tavern; courted alike by the thief and his victim, for fifty years she lived a life brilliant as sunlight, many-colored as a rainbow. And she is remembered, after the lapse of centuries, not only as the Queen-Regent of Misrule, the benevolent tyrant of cly-filers and heavers, of hacks and blades, but as the incomparable Roaring Girl, free of the playhouse, who perchance presided with Ben Johnson over the Parliament of Wits.

She was born in the Barbican at the heyday of England's greatness, four years after the glorious defeat of the Armada, and had for her father an honest shoemaker. She came into the world (saith rumor) with her fist doubled, and even in the cradle gave proof of a boyish, boisterous disposition. Her girlhood, if the word be not an affront to her manish character, was as tempestuous as a wind-blown petticoat. A very 'tomrig and rump-scuttle,' she knew only the sports of boys; her warlike spirit counted no excuse too slight for a battle; and so valiant a lad was she of her hands, so well skilled in cudgel-play, that none ever wrested a victory from fighting Moll. While other girls were content to hem a kerchief or make a sampler, Moll would escape to the Bear Garden, and there enjoy the sport of baiting, whose loyal patron she remained unto the end. That which most bitterly affronted her was the magpie talk of the wenches. 'Why,' she would ask in a fury of indignation, 'why crouch over the fire with a pack of gossips, when the highway invites you to romance? Why finger a distaff, when a quarterstaff comes more aptly to your hand?'

And thus she grew in age and stature, a stranger to the soft delights of her sex, her heart still deaf to the trivial voice of love. Had not a wayward accident cumbered her with a kirtle, she would have sought death or glory in the wars; she would have gone with Colonel Downe's men upon the road; she would have sailed to the Spanish Main for pieces of eight. But the tyranny of womanhood was as yet supreme, and the honest shoemaker, ignorant of his daughter's talent, bade her take service at a respectable saddler's, and thus suppress the forwardness of her passion. Her rebellion was instant. Never would she abandon the sword and the wrestling-booth for the harmless bodkin and the hearthstone of domesticity. Being absolute in refusal, she was kidnapped by her friends and sent on board a ship, bound for Virginia and slavery. There, in the dearth of womankind, even so sturdy a wench as Moll might have found a husband, but the enterprise was little to her taste, and, always resourceful, she escaped from shipboard before the captain had weighed his anchor. Henceforth she resolved her life should be free and chainless as the winds. Never more should needle and thread tempt her to a womanish inactivity. As Hercules, whose counterpart she was, changed

his club for the distaff of Omphale, so would she put off the wimple and bodice of her sex for jerkin and galligaskins. If she could not allure manhood, then would she brave it. And though she might not cross swords with her country's foes, at least she might levy tribute upon the unjustly rich, and confront an enemy wherever there was a full pocket.

Her entrance into a gang of thieves was beset by no difficulty. The Bear Garden, always her favorite resort, had made her acquainted with all the divers and rumpads of the town. The time, moreover, was favorable to enterprise, and once again was genius born into a golden age. The cutting of purses was an art brought to perfection, and already the more elegant practice of picking pockets was understood. The transition gave scope for endless ingenuity, and Moll was not slow in mastering the theory of either craft. It was a changing fashion of dress, as I have said, which forced a new tactic upon the thief; the pocket was invented because the hanging purse was too easy a prey for the thievish scissors. And no sooner did the world conceal its wealth in pockets than the cly-filer was born to extract the booty with his long, nimble fingers. The trick was managed with an admirable forethought, which has been a constant example to after ages. The file was always accompanied by a bulk, whose duty it was to jostle and distract the victim while his pockets were rifled. The bung, or what not, was rapidly passed on to the attendant rub, who scurried off before the cry of Stop thief! could be raised.

Thus was the craft of thieving practised when Moll was enrolled a humble member of the gang. Yet nature had not endowed her with the qualities which ensure an active triumph. 'The best signs and marks of a happy, industrious hand,' wrote the hoyden, 'is a long middle finger, equally suited with that they call the fool's or first finger.' Now, though she was never a clumsy jade, the practice of sword-play and quarterstaff had not refined the industry of her hands, which were the rather framed for strength than for delicacy. So that though she served a willing apprenticeship, and eagerly shared the risks of her chosen trade, the fear of Newgate and Tyburn weighed heavily upon her spirit, and she cast about her for a method of escape. Avoiding the danger of discovery, she was loth to forego her just profit, and hoped that intelligence might atone for her sturdy, inactive fingers. Already she had endeared herself to the gang by unnumbered acts of kindness and generosity; already her inflexible justice had made her umpire in many a difficult dispute. If a rascal could be bought off at the gallows' foot, there was Moll with an open purse; and so speedily did she penetrate all the secrets of thievish policy, that her counsel and comfort were soon indispensable.

Here, then, was her opportunity. Always a diplomatist rather than a general, she gave up the battlefield for the council chamber. She planned the robberies which defter hands achieved; and, turning herself from cly-filer to fence, she received and changed to money all the watches and trinkets stolen by the gang. Were a citizen robbed upon the highway, he straightway betook himself to Moll, and his property was presently returned him at a handsome price. Her house, in short, became a brokery. Hither the blades and divers brought their purchases, and sought the ransom; hither came the outraged victims to buy again the jewels and rings which thievish fingers had pinched. With prosperity her method improved, until at last her statesmanship controlled the remotest details of the craft. Did one of her gang get to work overnight and carry off a wealthy swag, she had due intelligence of the affair betimes next morning, so that, furnished with an inventory of the booty, she might make a just division, or be prepared for the advent of the rightful owner.

So she gained a complete ascendancy over her fellows. And when once her position was assured, she came forth a pitiless autocrat. Henceforth the gang existed for her pleasure, not she for the gang's; and she was as urgent to punish insubordination as is an empress to avenge the heinous sin of treason. The pickpocket who had claimed her protection knew no more the delight of freedom. If he dared conceal the booty that was his, he had an enemy more powerful than the law, and many a time did contumacy pay the last penalty at the gallows. But the faithful also had their regard, for Moll never deserted a comrade, and while she lived in perfect safety herself she knew well how to contrive the safety of others. Nor was she content merely to discharge those duties of the fence for which an instinct of statecraft designed her. Her restless brain seethed with plans of plunder, and if her hands were idle it was her direction that emptied half the pockets in London. Having drilled her army of divers to an unparalleled activity, she cast about for some fresh method of warfare, and so enrolled a regiment of heavers, who would lurk at the mercers' doors for an opportunity to carry off ledgers and account-books. The price of redemption was fixed by Moll herself, and until the mercers were aroused by frequent losses to a quicker vigilance, the trade was profitably secure.

Meanwhile new clients were ever seeking her aid, and, already empress of the thieves, she presently aspired to the friendship and patronage of the highwaymen. Though she did not dispose of their booty, she was appointed their banker, and vast was the treasure entrusted to the coffers of honest Moll. Now, it was her pride to keep only the best company, for she hated stupidity worse than a clumsy hand, and they were men of wit and spirit who frequented her house. Thither came the famous Captain Hind, the Regicides' inveterate enemy, whose lofty achievements Moll, with an amiable extravagance, was wont to claim for her own. Thither came the unamiably notorious Mull Sack, whose courage was as formidable as his rough-edged tongue. Another favorite was the ingenious Crowder, whose humor it was to take the road habited like a bishop, and who surprised the victims of his greed with ghostly counsel. Thus it was a merry party that assembled in the lady's parlor, loyal to the memory of the martyred king, and quick to fling back an offending pleasantry.

But the house in Fleet Street was a refuge as well as a resort, the sanctuary of a hundred rascals, whose misdeeds were not too flagrantly discovered. For, while Moll always allowed discretion to govern her conduct, while she would risk no present security for a vague promise of advantages to come, her secret influence in Newgate made her more powerful than the hangman and the whole bench of judges. There was no turnkey who was not her devoted servitor, but it was the clerk of Newgate to whom she and her family were most deeply beholden. This was one Ralph Briscoe, as pretty a fellow as ever deserted the law for a bull-baiting. Though wizened and clerkly in appearance, he was of a lofty courage; and Moll was heard to declare that had she not been sworn to celibacy, she would have cast an eye upon the faithful Ralph, who was obedient to her behests whether at Gaol Delivery or Bear Garden. For her he would pack a jury or get a reprieve; for him she would bait a bull with the fiercest dogs in London. Why then should she fear the law, when the clerk of Newgate and Gregory the Hangman fought upon her side?

For others the arbiter of life and death, she was only thrice in an unexampled career confronted with the law. Her first occasion of arrest was so paltry that it brought discredit only on the constable. This jack-in-office, a very Dogberry, encountered Moll returning down Ludgate Hill from some merry-making, a lanthorn carried pompously before her. Startled by her attire he questioned her closely, and receiving insult for answer, promptly carried her to the Round House. The customary garnish made her free of the prison, and next morning a brief interview with the Lord Mayor restored Moll to liberty but not to forgetfulness. She had yet to wreak her vengeance upon the constable for a monstrous affront, and hearing presently that he had a rich uncle in Shropshire, she killed the old gentleman (in imagination) and made the constable his heir. Instantly a retainer, in the true garb and accent of the country, carried the news to Dogberry, and sent him off to Ludlow on the costliest of fool's errands. He purchased a horse and set forth joyously, as became a man of property; he limped home, broken in purse and spirit, the hapless object of ridicule and contempt. Perhaps he guessed the author of this sprightly outrage; but Moll, for her part, was far too finished a humorist to reveal the truth, and hereafter she was content to swell the jesting chorus.

Her second encounter with justice was no mere pleasantry, and it was only her marvellous generalship that snatched her career from untimely ruin and herself from the clutch of Master Gregory. Two of her emissaries had encountered a farmer in Chancery Lane. They spoke with him first at Smithfield, and knew that his pocket was well lined with bank-notes. An improvised quarrel at a tavern-door threw the farmer off his guard, and though he defended the money, his watch was snatched from his fob and duly carried to Moll. The next day the victim, anxious to repurchase his watch, repaired to Fleet Street, where Moll generously promised to recover the stolen property. Unhappily security had encouraged recklessness, and as the farmer turned to leave he espied his own watch hanging among other trinkets upon the wall. With a rare discretion he held his peace until he had called a constable to his aid, and this time the Roaring Girl was lodged in Newgate, with an ugly crime laid to her charge.

Committed for trial, she demanded that the watch should be left in the constable's keeping, and, pleading not guilty when the sessions came round, insisted that her watch and the farmer's were not the same. The farmer, anxious to acknowledge his property, demanded the constable to deliver the watch, that it might be sworn to in open court; and when the constable put his hand to his pocket the only piece of damning evidence had vanished, stolen by the nimble fingers of one of Moll's officers. Thus with admirable trickery and a perfect sense of dramatic effect she contrived her escape, and never again ran the risk of a sudden discovery. For experience brought caution in its train, and though this wiliest of fences lived almost within the shadow of Newgate, though she was as familiar in the prison yard as at the Globe Tavern, her nightly resort, she obeyed the rules of life and law with so precise an exactitude that suspicion could never fasten upon her. Her kingdom was midway between robbery and justice. And as she controlled the mystery of thieving so, in reality, she meted out punishment to the evildoer. Honest citizens were robbed with small risk to life or property. For Moll always frowned upon violence, and was ever ready to restore the booty for a fair ransom. And the thieves, driven by discipline to a certain humanity, plied their trade with an obedience and orderliness hitherto unknown. Moll's then was no mean achievement. Her career was not circumscribed

(Continued on Page 15)

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Maine election results were the signal for a strong buying movement that continued throughout the week with only occasional setbacks due to profit-taking. Other factors that helped the bullish sentiment was the belief that the Mexican situation was rapidly clearing for the better and the easing up in the money rates.

The market was ready for favorable developments, and it only required a little bidding up of stocks to encourage others to take hold, but most of the demand came from the professional element.

So far as the domestic situation is concerned, things appear to be growing better each day. There is no question about the improvement in transportation, and the settlement of the outlaw strike removed the last obstacle to rapid recovery of the maximum efficiency of the roads.

The credit situation is also getting better all the time and evidence accumulates in support of the assumption that things are to be allowed to develop along natural lines for a time. The labor situation seems to be improving and there is less talk of strikes—with most of the coal miners getting back to work.

The oil stocks continue to be the leaders in the advance—with the big Mexican oil companies in good demand and every indication of higher prices in the near future. The Mexican situation is improving all the time and the demand for oil is such that these companies are in a position to make handsome profits, and, no doubt, make an extra distribution to their stockholders.

American Smelters was also benefitted by the more favorable political news from Mexico, as this company is a large property owner in Mexico and has been handicapped by conditions there for some time.

Copper stocks were in better demand, but there was really nothing to account for the strength in these issues, as the metal market is still dragging around 18½ cents.

A good demand sprang up for the low priced Rails, and they all came to life, scoring a general advance. The public are beginning to awaken to the speculative possibilities in these low priced issues, and a good demand carried these issues up in some stocks as much as five points. The better class of Rails are gradually getting on a higher level and, while there is nothing new to account for the advance that has not already been published, sentiment seems to be more favorable to the buying side than for some time past and, no doubt, these issues are selling at attractive prices.

The credit situation is still the big factor in the market—with rates showing some signs of easing up, and, unless we get too rapid an advance, there is plenty money to finance an orderly advancing market. If the market should develop into a runaway affair, the Federal Reserve would soon put the brakes on and a quick reaction would follow, which would do the market more harm than good, and would be the means of scaring out a number of traders who are now bullish with reservations.

Cotton—The cotton market zigzagged the entire week and did not get very far either way. The news was generally bearish, but the technical condition is strong, due to the enormous short interest in the market, and it did not take much buying to bring about recoveries.

The weather reports were mostly favorable—with generally clear weather throughout the belt, although temperatures were quite low.

Wall Street operators were large buyers of cotton in the way of short covering, and some were even taking the long side for a turn.

The landslide of the Republican party in Maine had a strong sentimental effect, and the consequent rise in stocks also encouraged new speculative buying of cotton. Traders, who adopted the long side of the market, argued that the market had fully discounted all of the unfavorable factors now facing the crop, as the coming few weeks constitute one of the most critical periods in the life of the crop, and shorts are wary of possible crop damage reports on a large scale.

Private reports are coming from many parts of the South regarding the holding movement, and, so far, it is agreed that farmers are determined to hold a good percentage of their cotton, as urged by the American Cotton Association and many other co-operative agencies. However, the success of such a movement relies on unanimous action, as much as the banking position.

In the meantime, spot cotton seems to be in poor demand at the different Southern markets, the receipts running well above last year.

Domestic trade conditions continue very poor, and there is some talk of further curtailment by the New England mills. Advices from Liverpool were rather discouraging. Labor troubles are becoming more serious, Manchester reporting almost a complete shut-down of mills, and the general railroad strike seems to be far from settled. Exports to Europe are only about one-third of last year and are expected to be small for the balance of the year.

There are so many things, both favorable and unfavorable, that can happen within the next thirty days, that it is useless to hazard a guess as to the immediate trend of the market; but the present indications point to a scalping market until something definite in the way of a change in conditions warrants the market in taking a decided trend either way.

"Yes, sir," said Brown "Jimson said you were an old fool. But I stood by you. I defended you, all right."

"Did you?" returned Smith. "That was good of you. What did you say?"

"Oh, I said you weren't so very old."—Boston Globe.

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June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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Moll Cutpurse

(Continued from Page 13)

by her trade, and the Roaring Girl, the dare-devil companion of the wits and bloods, enjoyed a fame no less glorious than the Queen of Thieves.

'Enter Moll in a frieze jerkin and a black safeguard.' Thus in the old comedy she comes upon the stage; and truly it was by her clothes that she was first notorious. By accident a woman, by habit a man, she must needs invent a costume proper to her pursuits. But she was no shrieking reformer, no fanatic spying regeneration in a pair of breeches. Only in her attire she showed her wit; and she went to a bull-baiting in such a dress as well became her favorite sport. She was not of those who 'walk in spurs but never ride.' The jerkin, the doublet, the galligaskins were put on to serve the practical purposes of life, not to attract the policeman or the spinster. And when a petticoat spread its ample folds beneath the doublet, not only was her array handsome, but it symbolized the career of one who was neither man nor woman, and yet both. After a while, however, the petticoat seemed too tame for her stalwart temper, and she exchanged it for the great Dutch slop, habited in which unseemly garment she is pictured in the ancient prints.

Up and down the town she romped and scolded, earning the name which Middleton gave her in her green girlhood. 'She has the spirit of four great parishes,' says the wit in the comedy, 'and a voice that will drown all the city.' If a gallant stood in the way, she drew upon him in an instant, and he must be a clever swordsman to hold his ground against the tomboy who had laid low the German fencer himself. A good fellow always, she had ever a merry word for the passerby, and so sharp was her tongue that none ever put a trick upon her. Not to know Moll was to be inglorious, and she 'slipped from one company to another like a fat eel between a Dutchman's fingers.' Now at Parker's Ordinary, now at the Bear Garden, she frequented only the haunts of men, and not until old age came upon her did she endure patiently the presence of women.

Her voice and speech were suited to the galligaskin. She was a true disciple of Maitre Francois, hating nothing so much as mincing obscenity, and if she flavored her discourse with many a blasphemous quip, the blasphemy was 'not so malicious as customary.' Like the blood she was, she loved good ale and wine; and she regarded it among her proudest titles to renown that she was the first of women to smoke tobacco. Many was the pound of best Virginian that she bought of Mistress Gallipot, and the pipe, with monkey, dog and eagle, is her constant emblem. Her antic attire, the fearless courage of her pranks, now and again involved her in disgrace or even jeopardised her freedom; but her unchanging gaiety made light of disaster, and still she laughed and rollicked in defiance of prude and pedant.

Her companion in many a fantastical adventure was Banks, the vintner of Cheapside, that same Banks who taught his horse to dance and shod him with silver. Now once upon a time a right witty sport was devised between them. The vintner bet Moll £20 that she would not ride from Charing Cross to Shoreditch astraddle on horseback, in breeches and doublet, boots and spurs. The hoyden took him up in a moment, and added of her own devilry a trumpet and banner. She set out from Charing Cross bravely enough, and a trumpeter being an unwonted spectacle, the eyes of all the town were clapped upon her. Yet none knew her until she reached Bishopsgate, where an orange-wench set up the cry, 'Moll Cutpurse on horseback!' Instantly the cavalier was surrounded by a noisy mob. Some would have torn her from the saddle for an imagined insult upon womanhood, others, more wisely minded, laughed at the prank with good-humored merriment. Every minute the throng grew denser, and it had fared hardly with roystering Moll, had not a wedding and the arrest of a debtor presently distracted the gaping idlers. As the mob turned to gaze at the fresh wonder, she spurred her horse until she gained Newington by an unfrequented lane. There she waited until night should cover her progress to Shoreditch, and thus peacefully she returned home to lighten the vintner's pocket of twenty pounds.

The fame of the adventurer spread abroad, and that the scandal should not be repeated Moll was summoned before the Court of Arches to answer a charge of appearing publicly in mannish apparel. The august tribunal had no terror for her, and she received her sentence to do penance in a white sheet at Paul's Cross during morning service on a Sunday with an audacious contempt. 'They might as well have shamed a black dog as me,' she proudly exclaimed; and why should she dread the white sheet, when all the spectators looked with a lenient eye upon her professed discomfiture? 'For a halfpenny,' she said, 'she would have traveled to every market-town of England in the guise of a penitent,' and having tippled off three quarts of sack she swaggered to Paul's Cross in the maddest of humors. But not all the courts on earth could lengthen her petticoat, or contract the Dutch slop by a single fold. For a while, perhaps, she chastened her costume, yet she soon reverted to the ancient mode, and to her dying day went habited as a man.

As bear-baiting was the passion of her life, so she was scrupulous in the care and training of her dogs. She gave them each a trundle-bed, wrapping them from the cold in sheets and blankets, while their food would not have dishonored a gentleman's table. Parrots, too, gave a sense of color and companionship to her house; and it was in this love of pets, and her devotion to cleanliness, that she showed a trace of dormant womanhood. Abroad a ribald and a scold, at home she was the neatest of housewives, and her parlor, with its mirrors and its manifold ornaments, was the envy of the neighbors. So her trade flourished, and she lived a life of comfort, of plenty even, until the Civil War threw her out of work. When an unnatural conflict set the whole country at loggerheads, what occasion was there for the honest prig? And it is not surprising that, like all the gentlemen adventurers of the age, Moll remained most stubbornly loyal to the King's cause. She made the conduit in Fleet Street run with wine when Charles came to London in 1638; and it was her amiable pleasantry to give the name of Strafford to a clever, cunning bull, and to dub the dogs that assailed him Pym, Hampden, and the rest, that right heartily she might applaud the courage of Strafford as he threw off his unwary assailants.

So long as the quarrel lasted, she was compelled to follow a profession more ancient than the fence's; for there is one passion which war itself cannot extinguish. When once the King had laid his head 'down as upon a bed,' when once the Protector had proclaimed his supremacy, the industry of the road revived; and there was not a single diver or rumpad that did not declare eternal war upon the black-hearted Regicides. With a laudable devotion to her chosen cause, Moll dispatched the most experienced of her gang to rob Lady Fairfax on her way to church; and there is a tradition that the Roaring Girl, hearing that Fairfax himself would pass by Hounslow, rode forth to meet him, and with her own voice bade him stand and deliver. One would like to believe it; yet it is scarce credible. If Fairfax had spent the balance of an ignominious career in being plundered by a band of loyal brigands, he would not have had time to justify the innumerable legends of pockets emptied and pistols levelled at his head. Moreover, Moll herself was laden with years, and she had always preferred the council chamber to the battlefield. But it is certain that, with Captain Hind and Mull Sack to aid, she schemed many a clever plot against the Roundheads, and nobly she played her part in avenging the the martyred King.

Thus she declined into old age, attended, like Queen Mary, by her maids, who would card, reel, spin and beguile her leisure with sweet singing. Though her spirit was untamed, the burden of her years compelled her to a tranquil life. She, who formerly never missed a bull-baiting, must now content herself with tick-tack. Her fortune, moreover, had been wrecked in the Civil War. Though silver shillings still jingled in her pocket, time was when she knew the rattle of the yellow boys. But she never lost courage, and died at last of a dropsy, in placid contentment with her lot. Assuredly she was born at a time well suited to her genius. Had she lived today, she might have been a 'Pioneer'; she might even have discussed some paltry problem of sex in a printed obscenity. In her own freer, wiser age, she was not man's detractor, but his rival; and if she never knew the passion of love, she was always loyal to the obligation of friendship. By her will she left twenty pounds to celebrate the Second Charles' restoration to his kingdom; and you contemplate her career with the single regret that she died a brief year before the red wine, thus generously bestowed, bubbled at the fountain.

BALLADE AMOUREAUSE

Not Jason nor Medea wise.
I crave to see, nor win much lore,
Nor list to Orpheus' minstrelsies;
Nor Her'cles would I see, that o'er
The wide world roamed from shore to shore;
Nor, by St. James, Penelope,—
Nor pure Lucrece, such wrong that bore;
To see my Love suffices me!

Virgil and Cato, no man vies
With them in wealth of clerkly store;
I would not see them with mine eyes;
Nor him that sailed, sans sail nor oar,
Across the barren sea and hoar,
And all for love of his ladye;
Nor pearls nor sapphire takes me more;
To see my Love suffices me!

I heed not Pegasus, that flies
As swift as shafts the bowmen pour;
Nor famed Pygmalion's artifice,
Whereof the like was ne'er before;
Nor Oleus, that drank of yore
The salt wave of the whole great sea:
Why? dost thou ask? 'Tis as I swore—
To see my Love suffices me!

—Andrew Lang.

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Helen M. Bonnet.....Editor

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Millerand and Poincaré

The election of Alexander Millerand to the presidency of France has a more than ordinary significance, if some of the cable correspondents are to be trusted. As things go, the inhabitants of one country never can know the emotions that dominate another. The news seldom crosses the ocean in its true form; so we cannot judge how much there is in this monarchical turn which Millerand's election supposedly gives to the French government. Last week it was cabled that he would accept the office on condition that the presidential powers be enlarged, giving him control of France's internal and foreign affairs. The resignation of President Deschanel, after a few months' incumbency, makes his premier, Millerand, practicaly the successor of Raymond Poincaré, who took office in 1913, the French term being seven years. Now, a peculiar phase of this is that Millerand and Poincaré are partners in a law firm. Their names are more closely associated in Paris than perhaps any two law partners in San Francisco today. Perhaps one of the best known firms known to local fame was that of Delmas and Shortridge, which was dissolved when D. M. Delmas went to New York to defend Harry K. Thaw. Suppose that Samuel Shortridge, the survivor of the firm, and now Republican candidate for U. S. senator, had, in the old days, been elected to the presidency of the United States. Suppose that shortly after the expiration of his term, D. M. Delmas were elected to the same high office. It is not to be thought of seriously in this country. The way we feel about such matters would preclude even the nomination of a man so closely related to his predecessor in business matters. And now we can further understand why some of the press dispatches touch on monarchical tendencies. The word must be used in a limited sense, however, as "monarchy" signifies dynastic succession. At any rate it is a novel situation. Perhaps, though, as France is a land of novelties, there is little meaning attached to this election other than that two acceptable statesmen happen to be associated in law practice, and the French congress were independent enough to accept them.

* * *

Bar Association Backs the Constitution

Last week the California Bar Association held its annual banquet at Santa Cruz, and made its annual remarks. Some reports were adopted; others laid on the table. Prior to this banquet, there was a rumor that slurs and mean words had been cast at that mysterious document known as the Constitution of the State of California. This rumor had persisted for many years; oddly enough, so had the Constitution. Some lawyers say that if this long, rambling, rakish vessel of civic rights were tossed into the bay, and a Chinese poem substituted in its place, few persons would suffer appreciably, and still fewer be any the wiser. However, in view of the annual supper, a committee got busy and made a report, after the soup or salad, or with the cigars—report sayeth not. At any rate, there was no excitement connected with the attempt to frame a new fundamental set of laws, as appears from the following: "There is no well defined conviction that the present Constitution is unsuited to the needs of California. Society is in a state of flux. The industrial and political unrest should be allowed to pass before any step is taken toward a new Constitution. By amendment and by initiative and by referendum, the people have power to put into the present Constitution whatever they desire." This report was adopted. So we assume that if the Constitution were tottering on its throne, it has ceased to totter, and will not, even by so much as a jot or tittle, until a month before the next banquet. It is true that there is no general conviction among the people that a new Constitution is needed; but it is erroneous to say that there is "no well defined conviction." In some quarters this antagonism to the unwieldly document in convincingly expressed in language that amounts to and includes profanity. Like unto society, industry and politics, the California Constitution is in a state of flux and unrest. Flux and unrest are caused mostly by lawyers after they have dipped into its pages for ten minutes. The cause is not hard to find. In the past, as at present, "the people have had power to put into the Constitution whatever they desire." Sometimes the desire has been deliberate, then whimsical, ever and anon heedless of anything but an impulse to vote quickly and be done with it. The Constitution contains many provisions that more properly should be in a code. It contains provisions that apparently got in by accident; and some provisions the meaning whereof no man knoweth. It has survived, like the giraffe; firstly, because we have a certain amount of pity for it; and secondly, because we don't exactly know what would be appropriate instead of it.

* * *

One More Word for the League of Nations

Town Talk has liked the League from the moment of its first appearance. We have also admired many men who spoke in favor of it. We have passed such thoughts and admiration to our readers, editorially. And now, it is only fair to say that since those aforesaid editorials, something new has happened; we do not intimate that our editorial policy has been shaken from pit to dome, nor do we fear that the people are swaying in their desire for a world compact. The simple fact is that the League of Nations has been opposed by Lillian Russell. She used very pretty language, as becomes her; yet oppose it she did, and she did it from the front porch at Marion, where Senator Harding is wont to address the Republican part of the cosmos. We infer that Lillian is a Republican and that Harding is engaged in some airy, fairy politics. How time passes, and what little faith the newspapers have in the knowledge of the rising generation, when they print, "Lillian Russell, the actress!" One cannot help recalling the remark of Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, that the entrance of women into public life does not appeal to him. It is impossible to think of closer relationship in two minds than Lillian's on the subject of Article X and Edison's on feminine activities. Of course, to Edison's conservative mind, the actress had no business on Harding's porch; but then, democratic as we are, we must say that as a public speaker and as a purveyor of news items to the press, Lillian is quite the inventor's superior. When Edison returned from Europe, his most spirited comment was on the excellence of French bread as compared with the article in this country. He was perfectly right; yet his press interviews and other public utterances have never been such as to make an interviewed suffragette seem dull in comparison. On her part, Lillian Russell's front-porch episode will not cause a panic in Cox's headquarters. Article X will stand a harder drubbing than Lillian or anyone else can give it at the present day

Miss Russell's stage training and magnetic appearance are moving forces which will strengthen the convictions of those already opposed to the League. Harding could not have secured a more appealing adversary against it. In the east, the personal influence of Lillian is very strong. Since her marriage to Alex. Moore she has warmly espoused Republican politics. Her husband, a prominent news-

paper publisher of Pittsburg, was one of Roosevelt's intimate friends and influential constituents. During the Johnson campaign for president, Lillian and her husband accompanied the senator and his wife very often in public appearances. Certainly, in the woman's political arena, Harding captured, in Lillian Russell, he prize speaker.

The triumph at the Democratic convention of Izetta Jewel Brown was a forceful example of the superiority of highly trained actresses to club women as orators.

Governor Cox will have difficulty in finding a woman orator to equal the attractions of Lillian Russell, but by all means let him try. Out of a fair woman's mouth argument would be convincing in support of Article X, which was primarily made to keep the world at peace. Lillian Russell is an unusually intelligent woman ,but she is only one of a legion who see that the heart of the League on the wrong side of the body. Had Article X been the inspiration of a Republican mind, all Republicans would sing its praises. But because it was Wilson's ideal, it will be flayed. If the U. S. suffers through its rejection, these same Republicans will be forced to admit that the League's heart was in the right place after all.

* * *

Psychology of the Modern Farmer

It is not long ago since we said that nothing is too good for the farmer. If we did not say it, our congressmen (who surely represent us) made the statement in our behalf. The idea was that the man at the plow-handles requires merely his meals, a mortgage and a few kind words to make him happy. The larger part of his conversation is devoted to the probabilities of rain. He talks politics, too, and interfered with party platforms to about the same extent that he would meddle with the Bible. Political bosses give him the opportunity of voting for or against. And what could be fairer? Today we have the American Farm Bureau Federation. It has published a statement or list of demands which the government or the people (supposedly the same thing) are to grant the farmer on his farm. Our present interest is not so much with these demands, which relate to railroad rates, middlemen, finance, e c., as the language in which the document is set forth. We have a faint recollection of having heard similar phrases before. Hearken unto this: "America is facing an agricultural condition that will lead to consequences so grave as to affect all industry, to the point of imperiling the social order." The phrase, "imperiling the social order," is the one that causes the pang, lingers in the memory, and reverberates like—we know not what. Yes; we have heard the phrase before. It sounds unfarmerlike. The old boy that drove down to the general merchandise store with nodding horse and a buckboard could never have draughted such a statement; nor would he have allowed any smart Aleck lawyer to draught it for him. To him the social order of the big cities was dangerously close to damnation, mainly through the Terpsichorean efforts of plump young women in tights. As for the benefits to be derived from transportation, middlemen and finance, he trusted unto them as to the rainfall. We do not mean to say that the modern farmer should be alike trustful; everybody is organizing nowadays. The farmer who plays a lone hand can not hope to own an automobile. And yet it seems to us that while the modern farmer makes use of up-to-date systems and politics, he should not copy the phraseology of the radical labor leader. The farmers should pay some tribute to their former well-known glory as the backbone of the nation. Imagine a nation with a radical backbone!

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Ford and Food Prices

The public is somewhat skeptical over Henry Ford's reduction in the price of his famous automobile which cannot take a steep grade. It is said that he has a new model of Tin Lizzie, and there are rumors that the machine has already been seen testing the California hills. Simultaneously the prices of food and clothing are suffering a breakdown—also with a suspicion that the slashing reductions merely make way for fall and winter stocks. The most interesting feature of the phenomena is the glad, free, generous, the patriotic and hyperesthetically noble impulses that burst from the profiteers as they tell why they cease to profit as hugely as hitherto. Says the president of a Chicago mail order house: "We do this gladly for our customers, because it will relieve hardships among many and perhaps lower the cost of living all along the line." This is a noble thought. Half that amount of nobility, during the year, would have saved heavy fines to some of the profiteers, who were working a good thing to death. The "good thing," of course, means the war. Snooping historians have traced the causes of the war to an ill feeling over the price of hogs in Servia and Austria. One can meditate on something weirdly consistent in the hog idea at the beginning and end of the war. Henry Ford is no hog, for, in his words: "High prices impede progress. It is high time ge got back to the old basis. The war is over. Prices must come down." The manufacture of those little, muddy machines has become a multi-millionaire, and we sincerely hope that he is not trying to reduce himself into the $50,000,000 class from which he recently arose. By the way, it has been also stated that labor is more plentiful than in the days when millions of workers were taking orders from a drill sergeant. Boston reports thousands of unemployed; and one commentator goes so far as to say that silk shirts for the workingman and silk stockings for his family are things of the past. Some people consider it a mistake of civilization when silk stockings are so multitudinous on the streets that you cannot distinguish a stenographer from a society belle by the leg alone. The love of luxury has had a lot to do with the rise in prices, or so say they who sell the things. Everybody wanted the best. Naturally, the dealers asked $20 for a pair of shoes that cost $7, as was proven in one investigation where the shoes were found to have been wholesaled on the same city block; and the profiteering was accomplished through sheer bravado. These men may have lost courage; or they may have lost hope. One thing is certain: they will not lose house and home through their generosity.

The Return

A little hand is knocking at my heart,
And I have closed the door.
"I pray thee, for the love of God, depart;
Thou shalt come in no more."

"Open, for I am weary of the way.
The night is very black.
I have been wandering many a night and day.
Open. I have come back."

The little hand is knocking patiently;
I listen, dumb with pain:—
"Wilt thou not open any more to me?
I have come back again."

"I will not open any more. Depart.
I, that once lived, am dead."
The hand that had been knocking at my heart
Was still. "And I?" she said.

There is no sound, save, in the winter air,
The sound of wind and rain.
All that I loved in all the world stands there,
And will not knock again.

—ARTHUR SYMONS.

A Slump in the Box Office

By THEODORE F. BONNET—1916

In venturing to challenge a pretty generally accepted dictum touching affairs in the theatre I am prepared to be asked the question Charles Lamb put to Dr. Nott—"Who the devil are you?" I am prepared to answer that my name is not a household word for eminence in the amusement business; that I never owned a theatre, never produced a play. Only a student of things theatrical, with a simple faith in the mission of the stage, I venture nevertheless to dispute the dictum that the cinema is ruining the theatre of the spoken drama, and to assert that on the contrary the cinema is doing the twin arts—acting and the drama—a lot of good. Herein my thesis, in so far as I have a thesis, is that the theatre of the spoken drama put playgoers in the mood for the "movies." Talked almost to death by the spoken drama, playgoers were resuscitated by the speechless drama, which made its appearance providentially at the psychological moment. And now the cinema with its inarticulate drama of quick action and sensation is making us understand what the matter is with the theatre Shakespeare used to write for. But the cinema is not wholly responsible for the slump in the box-office. The slump in the box-office was in a large measure induced by the failure of the manager to give playgoers what they wanted. The manager thought he knew what was wanted, but he was mistaken.

When hard times came along a few years ago the cheapness of the "movies" appealed to people athirst for amusement, but they were already turning their back on the spoken drama and the untutored actor. The art of the theatre had been suffered to deteriorate. There had been evolved a kind of drama that was no drama at all, whose first and last object was talk. The theatre was darkened with the vapors of tedious debate, and and playgoers were plunged into the profounds of boredom. The theatre is a pleasure-house to which we go for delight and to indulge our sense of art, but some playwrights have seemed to be under the impression that the stage was only a rostrum, while others wrote as though they thought the drama should be divorced from reality and that plots should be distilled through popular magazines. We were asked to take plots for granted like the solar system. Plays were written for the tired business man on the theory that he goes to the theatre to quit thinking and give his brain a complete rest As though to insure him against exhaustion, and lest the slightest sting of veracity imperil his digestive system, he was soused in sloppy sentimentality and shielded from common sense and reality. All the while managers were making actors over night for Road Company No. 5 or No. 6 and starting sweet girls on the fast track to stardom which is something less than a block long on Broadway.

Thus we se the cinema was invented just in time to fill a void and satisfy the demand for distraction and diversion. The cinema is a most momentous invention. It has made a great stir in the world. It is having a tremendous influence. Although in its infancy, it is the most powerful of all agencies; for it tells its story to the illiterate as well as to the literate, and it is going to produce effects that all the cheap books, all the yellow newspapers and all the oratorical demagogues in the world could never produce. But the cinema is having no ill-effect on the dramatic art.

As I have suggested, before the cinema the dramatic art had been impaired in its own home, among its own friends. This is true of the dramatic art only in this country. Elsewhere the art of the theatre in all its aspects was flourishing up to the breaking out of the war. This art has been in a state of transition for many years, ever since Ibsen substituted for the drama of external action what Maeterlinck describes as the drama "that reveals human consciousness." It was Ibsen who first showed us that not all the crises of life are on the surface; that the greatest of them are in silent hidden ways. Most of the dramas of the pre-Ibsen period began with a love affair, and ended with a marriage. Ibsen gave us the psychological drama that begins with joyful domesticity and ends with a family explosion. For a time the Drama of Ideas, as it was called, had a monopoly of the stage. It was full of the battlecries of advanced people intent either on posing problems or solving burning questions. The theory of today was expounded behind the footlights of tomorrow. The writers of these plays were regarded as disciples of Ibsen because they imitated his stagecraft. But Ibsen was a philosopher who had something to say, and whose dramas took life in the warmth of the footlights. His so-called disciples were able to follow his methods, but they had nothing in particular to say. The problems they sweated over were problems contrived by college professors for intellectual exercise in feminine clubland. These playwrights were superior persons who disdained the elementary conflicts and the primitive emotions. Not for them such complications as a Pinero or a Henry Arthur Jones or a Sudermann can invent, but they enabled us to eavesdrop on intimate domestic episodes and to inspect naked souls from high spiritual levels. It was a novel experience, but unfortunately the naked souls belonged to lopsided men and women who were never able to stand the test of afterthought. Drama of this sort gets on the nerves in time and makes one long for the entrancing atmosphere of the lordly passionate life, and feel that even a farce like "Pink Dominoes" or a melodrama like "The Silver King" might prove a great relief.

We demand above all things in a play dramatic vitality, and if the characters are persons who were born defective, and whose lives have thrills only for persons with artistic temperament, the play is fit for that solemn drudge, the critic, whose function is performed only to keep body and soul together. There is a very natural desire in playgoers to see something happen, and whatever it is they like to see it happen to persons like themselves or to persons whom they fondly imagine themselves to be like. Hence it is that plays like "On Trial" and like the Cohan masterpiece, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," have a great vogue in the theatre

Now it was because people were not getting what they wanted, because they were surfeited with the fare furnished forth by uninspired imitators of Ibsen and by pamphleteers of the burning problems school, that the "movie" drama, crude and vulgar as it is, proved a strong counter attraction. It proved so strong an attraction that it produced a panic in the theatre. Managers jumped to the conclusion that a revolution had been wrought by the cinema, which would soon put an end to the spoken drama. Our theatre managers are alarmists. What they were attributing to the cinema was in a large measure due to themselves—to their own incompetency. For be it known, our theatre managers have much to learn about their business. The theatrical business is the only business in which men in this country have succeeded though absolutely ignorant of one of its essential elements—the drama itself. Among our producers there are few managers informed in the current literature of the drama. All of them depend chiefly on "readers" who are supposed to have excellent judgment, but what the value of their judgment is we may infer from the many failures that occur on the New York stage every year; also from the successful plays that have been rejected in New York—a notable instance being "The Blue Bird," which was produced in this country only after the merits of it had been made manifest by a London production. There is a very large mass of evidence of the incompetence of the persons who pass judgment on the merits and demerits of plays in our great centre of production. By way of palliating their blunders they tell us that nobody can tell anything about a play until it is produced. This is a very familiar patter in the theatrical world. And there is nothing more to it than patter

That an unacted play will be an enormous success it would be folly for anybody to predict, but assuredly the fatal defects of a play crude of conception and construction are not imperceptible to the eye of an intelligent critic. Moreover the shrewd critic may perceive elements that will ensure success and that are not accessible to the faculties of the average theatre manager or professional reader of conventional plays.

The history of the theatre in modern Europe abounds in proof of the purblindness and ignorance of professional producers and their readers. Some of the best of modern plays were rejected dramas. Fancy an opera like Charpentier's "Louise" going the rounds for years! It was rejected by every manager in Paris. For all that is great in the modern drama and theatre we are indebted to artists and literary folk who gave the stage fresh material when it was disintegrating from dry rot. It was because of the obstuseness of managers that Ibsen struggled in obscurity in Norway and remained in obscurity to be discovered by a society of literary men. The Abbey Theatre of Dublin, made famous by Yeats and Lady Gregory, was a protest against the dullness of managers. And now the arrival of the Irish Players in London is one of the regular events of the summer season. Theirs are the really precious weeks of the London playgoer. In no other theatre but the one they appear in is the Britisher able to forget the common traffic in plays between manager and public. They produce fine dramas, and they give speech that is beautiful, feeling simple and sincere.

What amateurs did in Dublin, amateurs did also in Paris. Antoine was the founder of the Theatre Libre. He was unknown in the theatre. He was employed as a clerk in a gas company He raised the necessary funds for his theatre among his friends. The first play he produced was snapped up by the Odeon, so great was its success. He introduced thirty unknown playwrights to Paris. Among them were Ibsen, Catulle Mendes, Tolstoi, Turgenieff and Zola. He tasted the anodyne of complete success.

The most notable instance of the rescue of the theatre from the hands of incompetent professional managers is to be found in the history of the Moscow Art Theatre, the influence of which has been felt all over the continent of Europe and in England. That famous theatre was born at a period when although every other form of art, not only in Russia, but all over

Europe, was undergoing a revival, the art of the stage in Russia remained stagnant and drowsy. Sardou was supplying plays for the Russians in the late eighteen-nineties when Chekhoff's "Seagull" was "turned down" in the Imperial Alexander Theatre. In that year an academic prize was awarded to Nemirovitch-Dantchenko for his play, "The Price of Life." He refused the prize, saying that by right it belonged to Crekhoff. About that time a rich Moscow merchant by the name of Stanislavsy, a name now familiar to all the theatrical world, was trying to do something for the drama in Russia. He was an amateur actor. He founded the Moscow Society of Art and Literature. With two or three other merchants he started the Moscow Art Theatre in a big barn in the grounds of a country home. There they gave a number of amateur performances. The actors and actresses, now world-famous, used to make their own scenery, prepare their own meals and sweep the stage. In this theatre was produced Chekhoff's "Seagull." The curtain went down on the first act in dead silence. The audience was spellbound, but about the time the actors reached their dressing-rooms the whole house broke into such a roar of applause as Moscow had never heard before. After the last act the audience stood up as one man and demanded that a telegram expressing its feelings be at once sent to Chekhoff who was ill in the Crimea.

The "Seagull" made the Art Theatre, and in grateful memory the directors chose as the emblem of the house a seagull. It is commonly known in Russia as the theatre of the Seagull. It has one of the most modern and best equipped stages in the world. The theatre has a stock company of one hundred people, and this company has made a tour of Europe, which was a great financial as well as a great artistic success.

We are a very cultured people in this country —so we think; and we have many theatres, but we have few managers who ever heard of Chekhoff or his "Seagull" or his famous "The Cherry Orchard," or any of his plays which have been produced in Berlin, Paris and London. And certainly we have no theatre like the Moscow Art Theatre, nor have we any merchants with an artistic interest in the drama. However, I have permitted myself to indulge in the pastime described by Balzac as "smoking perfumed cigarettes": that is to say, I have amused myself by pondering an airy theatre project to which I have but small hope of giving a local habitation or a name. My hope is small because to realize it I must separate a man from his money, and I am not an experienced or tactful promoter. True, I have enthusiasm for the stage, and what is more, I have absolute confidence in my project, but it has none of the characteristics of any of the enterprises with which the average millionaire is on speaking terms. It is the sort of thing wherewith to frighten a millionaire merely by mentioning it. So you see my problem is far from facile. O, for a bevy of Clutterbucks! According to Hilaire Belloc, Clutterbuck is the typical successful business man. He was swindled into fortunes. Time and again he was taken in on the ground floor by promoters who enriched him contrary to their own expectations. Fate performed miracles for Clutterbuck. Now I believe that only a Clutterbuck would be susceptible to my enthusiasm; only a Clutterbuck or a millionaire with imagination who would like his name to go echoing down the ages.

But I am forgetting you, dear reader. You are my friend, and will listen. What I wish to do is what Antoine did. I wish to do in San Francisco what Antoine did in Paris; not what the three merchants of Moscow did in that city, because that would be too much. There is a great and genuine love of art in Russia; hardly any at all in this country. And the Art Theatre of Moscow is now an institution. It has its own dramatic school. Besides it has a big orchestra, a choir and, in addition to the company, a staff of about a hundred people engaged in various other departments connected with the school; also an experimental stage on which the young actors and students give regular performances of plays by young authors. No, I have no thought of anything approximating to the Moscow Art Theatre. For the present it would be enough to follow in the footsteps of Antoine, and give the people drama worth seeing. Though there is no end of good drama in the world, we are not getting any of it. Half the best literary artists of our time have devoted themselves, entirely or in large measure, to writing plays. Just before the war, from Moscow to Rome, from Paris to New York, the air was trembling with proclamations of the artistic and social missions of the drama. Repertory theatres and producing societies sprang up everywhere with the object of staging plays that appeal to the brain and the spirit. The drama was usurping one by one most of the functions of the printed word; never, even in the days of Aristophanes or of Shakespeare, did the theatre touch the communal life at so many points. The modern theatre had become among other things, a pulpit, a platform, a legal and economic research bureau and a debating hall. But San Francisco except at long intervals has been aside from the current. Now I am for putting the old city on the theatre map; but let it not be supposed that I wish to make the stage a pulpit or platform for the discussion of theses. When one pleads for excellence of any kind in literature or the theatre, one is almost immediately suspected of wishing to deprive the world of its lightness of heart. Excellence suggests solemnity, long hair and a tall forehead. There seems to be an inevitable association of ideas between merit, moral or esthetic, and dullness. Whilst I should like to see the theatre brought into close touch with reality, I am not partial to propagandist plays. The "movies" have made us see that the propagandist play is played out, and therefore the "movie" is really elevating the stage of the spoken word. A handbook to therapeutics may be Art; likewise plays that call attention to disease and insanitation, but I prefer plays that deal with the more general topics of God, Destiny and Human Nature without ramming any particular deductions down anybody's throat. If a propagandist play happens also to have the qualities of fine comedy or tragedy, then it may be acceptable but not otherwise. (I am only giving you an inkling of the main rule for the playhouse that I have visualized in the wreaths of smoke from my perfumed cigarettes.) There are propagandist plays of which I am tolerant, but I want to get the money. I want to make the San Francisco theatre a monetary success. To the purely intellectual the polemical or the propogandist play may be acceptable as an alternative to the poetic drama, but I harbor the notion that it is not an entirely satisfying substitute. In the nature of things it cannot appeal to the average man, and the average man has been going to the movies. He was bored in the theatre, first, by the extreme conventionality of the society play with its narrow appeal and its everlasting repetition of types, and, secondly, by the ethically militant propagandist in rebellious drama bristling with animosities and animated by restless persons suffering from a world out of joint and crazy to set it right. Who wouldn't want to go to the "movies" after sitting through a problem play like Gus Thomas's "As a Man thinks?"

What I purpose giving the people are the best works of the best playwrights. If I give a Hauptmann play it will not be symbolical drama for the esthetes to rave over; it will be a play wherein there is a supremacy of sensation. Hauptmann has written some great melodramas, but they have never been seen in this country. Strindberg, Masefield, Galsworthy, Schnitzler, Granville Barker, Suderman, Synge—all have written plays to thrill the average man, not one of which has ever been seen in San Francisco. Few of them have been seen anywhere in this country; not even in the so-called Little Theatres which have been opened in several towns by small groups of devotees of high-class drama. If these Little Theatres have not been a success it is because they appeal chiefly to the highbrow. My plan is appeal to the general with plays that have the literary quality but that appeal to all lovers of good fiction. There are plays galore of this character, and it is my theory that good plays, the handiwork of skilled craftsmen, are more enjoyable even to the crowd than the ordinary claptrap plays of American manufacture. This theory is borne out by the success in this city of such plays as "The Blue Bird," "Peter Pan," "Kismet," "Milestones," "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and "Man and Superman."

My whole plan, including as it does, details of management and patronage, is quite elaborate, and I will not spread it all before you. I remember that Mr. Samuel Weller once remarked that a letter should not exhaust its subject. "She'll wish there was more," he said of his valentine to the pretty housemaid. This may be true of my readers. Perhaps the art of the promoter is the knack of sugesting new lines of thought and leaving them unexplored.

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Impeaching the President

If the Spectator understands President Wilson aright, nothing would tickle him more than impeachment proceedings at the hands of his present political opponents. Wilson has not written many limericks during his term of office; perhaps because he has not found the muse compatible with the demands of state; but now that the strain of two terms is over, we can imagine some of the jingles he would spin at the expense of the impeachers. It is all because section 34 of the Jones Shipping Act "authorizes and directs" the president to annul certain parts of our commercial treaties. Wilson signed the bill, accepted the authorization; but did not continue as directed by Congress. W. S. Greene, M. C. from Massachusetts, considers this delinquency worthy of impeachment, and some of his confreres are talking it over. It is more than likely that Senator Harding, the well-known candidate for Wilson's job, will have more and still more to say on the Shipping Act as time goes on. Harding (to say naught of his inability to debate with Cox) has not been clever enough to swap repartee with the prohibition candidate. We should therefore like to see what Wilson would do with him. There would be some formal statements on both sides; then the president's superbly sarcastic utterances; after which Warren Gamaliel Harding would retire to the consolation of Will Hayes. We venture to say that after a Wilson-Harding debate, Wall Street Republicans would shorten their odds and the offers of money on the senator's chances. Cox, without doubt, would utter a few of his concise sentences in behalf of the man now occupying the White House; and the present campaign, which has impressed the nation as being devoid of sensation, would resound with a blare of oratory to the heart's content of the old-timer. After all, though, the Spectator feels that the history of the debate would appear to greatest advantage in a volume of limericks by the president. Wilson's intellect will loom larger and larger as he passes from the newspaper paragraph into the pages of history, and the men who attempt to impeach him are likely to be known to posterity on no other account than that they despicably tried to vex one of the greatest U. S. presidents in the last few months of his office.

Their names will be preserved in some immortal document from his rickety little typewriter, and—yes, Wilson may be resting after eight years of the most nerve-racking work that ever befell an American president, and we should like to see him turn placidly to his books. And yet, if the Republicans should draw articles of impeachment against him, we should be treated to a fine effort of his virile brain—an effort almost to be wished for; as the proceedings would mean the final spasm of the Republican party for many years to come.

The figure of Woodrow Wilson is too colossal for numbers of his contemporaries to view without distorted vision. Washington and Lincoln also endured the shafts of the small-minded. But neither had to suffer the ignominy of the puerile attempt of pigmy hands to pull him down to the level where their strabismic eyes can behold him conforming to the picture of their own conception.

The Baseball Bribery Case

It is too early to form an opinion on the charges of corruption that have been made against last year's World Series between the White Sox and Cincinati. But the effect in the mind, the heart, the soul and the general psychology of the baseball fan is not hard to imagine. Scandal there has been on the diamond from time to time, and there have even been whispers that World Series games were not always above suspicion These whispers, though, were little more than the general suspicion which is directed against any and every human activity. We are all human, first basemen and pitchers included. To err on the baseball field (mentally, physically or morally) is, to say the least, also human; and to forgive—well, neither the rooter in the bleachers nor the sporting scribe behind the screen is divine. If anything of a tangible nature results from the evidence, those players that are involved will never be forgiven for having besmirched the records of the great American game. It appears that one Billy Maharg, an ex-pugilist and sporting man, states circumstantially—and his tale reads plausibly on the face of it—that a $100,000 fund was to be raised His story has been leaking into sportdom for some time, and now we have the unusual spectacle of eight indictments against as many members of the Chicago team thus charged with conspiracy to do an illegal act. New York gamblers, hangers-on, henchmen, pugilists and various members of the sporting fraternity have been named in more or less comprising connection with the deal. As might have been expected, the bribe-givers lost their money while attempting to outwit the bribe-taking members of the Chisox. Without doubt, numerous of their friends, to whom the tip had gone forth, won or lost money according to their luck and perspicacity. True pity, however, goes to the chap who considered the great American game as sacred. We can see him on the bleachers or on the street or gazing upward to the news bulletins, every fiber of his frame attuned to the next move of the players. And to think that these moves were bargained for in advance! It is a very, very sad story. Come to think of it—there are two so-called great American games: baseball and poker. Maybe as much bluff enters one as the other. Yet we trust not. For the good of the American youth, who looks up on the diamond as a little bit of heaven, and on the players as demi-gods, it is to be hoped that the game will eventually be restored to its former place of honr.

The Morality of David P. Barrows

Right out in open meeting, Mrs. Ida C. Blockman called the university president a moral giant. As Mrs. Blockman is chairman of the Berkeley Center, the tribute looks official. It is true that the University of California has become a very moral institution since Barrows took hold. It also bids fair to become an expensive place, proving that virtue is not always its own reward. The U. C. president states that he needs more money for the campus and roundabout, and that if he does not get it through additional state funds, the students will have to pay $50 a semester for their intellectual and moral growth. This is a big price, as things go, and $100 a year is likely to deliver an awful blow in the hopes of many a freshman. It will place a university education beyond the practical ambition of hundreds; it will be a hardship on thousands. It would be undemocratic for all. More than that, such a charge must, in all likelihood, be contrary to the ideas of those who fostered the university with endowments. The plan will be popular nowhere. If President Barrows be an intellectual as well as a moral giant, he will see a way out of the difficulty. His present solution is the special tax levy. This is the object of Amendment 12. As this provision carries an annual $6,000,000 additional for the university budget, it is not certain to pass. A student body of 10,000, each paying $50 a semester, would yield $1,000,000. Many improvements could be made with this money; yet the present status of the university is surely adequate for the average student and the advanced one. An institution of this rank could go on indefinitely with improvements, and become so costly that a large part of the aspirants for knowledge would have to forego the courses altogether. It would be far better to maintain the university as it is than freeze out a few hundred students from the improved conditions.

Amendment XII

The students at U. C. from S. F. county have signed an appeal to the people of the state to support Amentment 12 on November 2nd, which will give the university a steady, permanent income. Education, in the United States, is free. This is the proud boast of our country. There must never come the time in our glorious state when the ambitious boy or girl will come to an educational barrier: "Thus far and no farther." It is true indeed that there is no royal road to learning. Education depends upon the mental efforts of the individual. To place monetary obstacles in the path of the ambitious student is the most undemocratic action that could be taken by the American people. The higher the educational standards of the youth of the nation, the greater the hope for national advancement. Not all girls and boys crave it, even when within their grasp, just as there are humans who exclude fresh aid and sunshine from their shut-in, artificial homes. University education is our most democratic institution. It should be every citizen's birthright.

When a child is born, its wise father and mother resolve to give it every educational opportunity within their power. The state owes the same obligation to its children. The finer the children, the more perfect the race. The citizen who holds close to his heart the welfare of his country takes not into account that he pays taxes to educate other people's children if he has none of his own, nor if his own are disinclined to embrace educational opportunities which are theirs for the acceptance.

A large proportion of students find it not a hardship to pay $50 a semester. Others would find it an impossibility, having to work hard to evolve the means of subsistence meanwhile. Education is not free if it stops at the gates of the university.

Many a poor working woman's proudest boast has been: "I have striven hard to give my children the highest education they can absorb." The bounteous state of California, raised in the lap of luxury and ease, cannot afford to regard in the mirror her own beautiful face and say: "I have withheld from my devoted children, just as they

were on the threshold of manhood and womanhood, the precious gift of higher education, because I deemed it wise to expend the cost in other ways."

Admiral Jayne's Terminal Plan

Hurrah for Admiral Jayne! He has accomplished the difficult feat of extracting an expression of unanimity from San Francisco and east bay city officials regarding a ferry terminus. Admiral Jayne saw the wisdom of keeping in the middle of the road, and chose Goat Island. No objections have thus far been voiced by the seven mayors present when he proposed the project. William H. Crocker, J. D. McKee, Rennie Schwerin, Capt. Barneson and several other public spirited citizens were also present when Admiral Jayne outlined his plan. If such men approve, San Francisco's interests will be safeguarded. If it proves a feasible project, its having been presented by a neutral agent will mitigate in its favor. Heretofore, Oakland has objected to any proposition for a terminal advanced by residents of San Francisco, and we have been a bit parochial ourselves when there has been a suggestion to select Oakland.

Admiral Jayne is not only a man of high principles and fine character, but he is a skilled engineer. After graduating from Annapolis he took a post-graduate course in the applied electrical department at Johns Hopkins University, and was largely instrumental in the introduction of radio telegraphy in the U. S. naval service. While he was superintendent of the naval observatory at Washington, a determination of the difference in longitude between Paris and Washington was made under his direction in connection with the French government, using radio telegraphic measures.

An engineer of Admiral Jayne's wide experience is in a position to form an unbiased judgment of the needs of this harbor for a great city whose progress is but in its infancy. His opinions deserve the profoundest respect and consideration, especially as his choice was not exercised out of deference to partisanship for any section of what is destined to be a world metropolis.

Admiral Jayne is in a position to know what he is talking about when he declares that the Navy can be depended upon to handle its share of the improvement on Goat Island.

Negligent Attitude Toward the Redwoods

The redwood forests of California came into being without any effort of the Californians, Californiacs or the N. S. G. W. The pioneers found these trees here, and the general sentiment seems to be that that which has been always will be. Meanwhile the wood-cutter spared no tree. The movement to save the redwoods has not been proportionate with the pride that Californians have taken in them. We are lax in regard to matters of that nature. It has been the same with the missions. Here are two supremely distinctive features of our state, and yet enthusiasm lags in steps toward their preservation. Most of the imperiled trees are in Humboldt county, which is far, far from the center of population. Bull Creek might as well be in West Virginia, for all that most of us know about the place. And yet, one would think the mere intimation of danger to the forests up there would arouse all of us to action—even those who imagined that the sequoias flourish mainly near Santa Cruz. Some of the ardent friends of the redwood movement live in Los Angeles. These Los Angeles people are mixed up in everything nowadays. They will soon be appropriating money to improve Golden Gate Park. However, we should be with them in this forest enterprise. The N. S. G. W. in particular might rise to the occasion.

Milady a Secretary of War

Surely the National Women's Party is not serious in demanding that one of the fair sex be made secretary of war in order to insure perfect peace now and forever. According to Mrs. Abby Scott Baker, chairman of the party, if that portfolio is not feasible, then secretaryship of the navy would do. This would be on the theory that if the army became excited, the lady in the naval part of the cabinet would refuse to let the battleships go out; and thus, as the army cannot do much without the navy, there would be no war. Now, William Jennings Bryan acted like a perfect lady when secretary of state. He refused to participate in any fighting talk. He said that wars are naughty. After a few confabs with Wilson, Bryan had to resign, and subsequently the war went on without him. Perhaps if the next president should, in similar circumstances, call for the resignation of a woman secretary, she would stick to her post. I can imagine her standing as adamant while the chief executive tears his hair, paces madly up and down the room and feebly and still more feebly calls upon the lady to resign. This might put an end to bloodshed; but it would not prevent a foreign country from sinking our ships. In truth, had there been a roughneck diplomat doing the work that Bryan was employed to do, the Lusitania might be carrying passengers today. This is just a wild guess; yet when we remember Dewey's remark, "Please don't get between my guns and the enemy," we must admit that a good hint has its effect upon foreign commanders.

Achievements of the New Woman

The recent campaign for ratification of the female suffrage amendment cost the National Woman's Party more than $100,000. This, which is merely the officially recorded expense, indicates the determination which is behind the feminist movement in America. Not until the days of the Democratic Convention in San Francisco was it known to what extent women had been studying the political situation. In the matter of labor legislation alone, they offered fifteen planks to the party platform. Thus they refuted the charge that the feminine voter is interested only in such laws as pertain to women, children and the household. True enough, in laws of this nature, California club women have been keenly active. The 1919 community property law has unfortunately been advanced largely through their efforts. Propaganda for this campaign in northern California was under the direction of Mrs. Genevieve Allen, executive secretary of the San Francisco Center. She went east to study property laws in general, and her findings have had the close attention of local legislators. The high cost of living has, of course, received vigorous attack from club women, who have gone to the extent of boycotting milk, bread and vegetables. In this they have not been highly successful, yet have had the satisfaction of fighting the dealers every cent of the way. Incidentally debates on these topics have familiarized the women with parliamentary law, and the best known women in public life have graduated from debating schools where diatribes on the 16-cent milk were followed by resolutions on the federal steel and fuel commission. One of the women prominent in local hospitality during the Democratic Convention, Mrs. Genevieve Daly Reid, had just been appointed by President Wilson as Receiver of Public Moneys in San Francisco. At one time she was secretary to the Toledo mayor, Tom Johnson. The District of Columbia, early last month, was given its first woman member of the executive commission in Mabel T. Boardman, for many years on the executive board of the American Red Cross. Annette A. Adams, formerly U. S. District Attorney here, is now in Washington, D. C., as Assistant Attorney General. Congress, recently refused to let her name go on the ballot for the lieutenant governorship of Montana. Mrs. Glad (is it short for Gladys?) Kimball Warburton is the latest of the decoleté sex to head a federal department. She is now what is called the bootleg-buster of California; otherwise, Acting Prohibition Enforcement Officer, to succeed the late Loren Handley, whose

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assistant she was. Mrs. Warburton came from the national capital, where she was in military intelligence work under Rupert Hughes. The success of all these women is backed by clever and powerful organizations, political, social and business. The later class has been the last to consolidate. It is said that there are 12,000,000 women earning a livelihood in the United States; the number includes girls 15 years of age. Last July the Business and Professional Women's Club here sponsored a state federation so as to take part in National Federation's assembly in Chicago. Miss Gail Laughlin, of San Francisco, is the national president.

Divorcees and What to Do With Them

The year 1920 is a queer time to be discussing the question, Should remarriage be permitted after divorce? The subject arose in a natural way, to wit: a New York divorce court. In that state, a person against whom a divorce for adultery is granted, can be adjudged ineligible to a second marriage. Permission to remarry might subsequently be awarded him. However, the subject may sooner or later be up for country-wide debate, as there is a general reformation brewing on the divorce laws. Divorces are now more numerous than ever. So if there should be any restraint on remarriage, today is the day when the greatest protest would arise. Millions of uncoupled and soon-to-be uncoupled couples would join in one resounding howl of wrath. Perhaps there are not millions of them, but almost. On this topic we have the observations of Mrs. John Francis Yawger, a New York society and club woman, whose sensible remarks have now and then been quoted in our columns. She says: "A law preventing remarriage of divorced persons would induce immorality; for where there is love there is bound to be a union." This is something that the reformers usually forget or pretend to. When they were informed that under prohibition men were dying of wood alcohol, the prohibs replied, "Let them die." We wonder what they would say when told that unmarriageable divorcees were burning to remarry. "Let them burn," perhaps would be the unfeeling remark. The trouble is that a level-headed woman like Mrs. Yawger can be outvoted by two ordinary fools. That is the one failing of democracy. An overplus of fools can do a lot of damage. The demand for a uniform divorce law in all the states has been heard for some time. Let's hope that when it does come it will not give uniform dissatisfaction.

The Price of a Kiss

Pierre C. Moore got a big discount for cash on the kiss he stole from the Pacific Union Club chambermaid. The young lady, having brought suit for $10,000, certainly set a high price on the transaction, even though her clothing was torn in the course of negotiations. The compromise takes place at a time when other prices are coming down, and there seems to be no reason why kisses too should not be included in the general decline of profiteering; besides the cost of production is no more now than in war times. I take it that if one were to go into the open market today, offering $500 for a smack or two, that the responses would be numerous. Even if one should make the offer outside the exclusive circle of club chambermaids, he would find a number of enthusiasts willing to supply the demand. As aforesaid, the young lady originally set a price of $10,000 on the stolen sweet. A high mark, I fancy. There is hardly a court in the land that would sustain her in that idea of kisses ad valorem. Even $500, the compromise figure, is too high for ordinary practice, and none but a millionaire could afford to osculate at the price. Of course, we assume that the club custom is against the tearing of a chambermaid's clothes when seeking her lips. Technically speaking, the members are not supposed to dally with the girls at all—in so far as public knowledge is concerned. Otherwise why should Moore have lost his membership in the Pacific Union? Either he committed the sin of being found out by the public, or else club ethics are against tackling the maid against her wish and consent. In this case, the girl declares she resisted quite strenuously but could not convince Moore that his attentions were undesirable. It seems that litigation of this sort could be avoided if the penal code would fix the price of stolen kisses, thus creating, at the same time, a better understanding between clubmen and their chambermaids.

Here, by the way, is another chance for amateur law-makers. They might get an ordinance passed making it a crime to employ within the walls of a man's club, persons of the opposite sex as servitors. In framing said law, the age of the club's legislators should not exceed the average age of the club's members by more than twenty years, as too elderly directors sometimes forget the tempting appeal of the fair sex in the long ago when they themselves were young.

The State Printer Resigns

Robert L. Telfer, state printer, has performed that hazardous official feat known as resigning under fire. Still, his act was a graceful one, and will no doubt be appreciated by Governor Stephens, who is thus relieved of an unpleasant quandary. In his letter of resignation, Telfer denies "all charges, insinuations and innuendoes." From the pace at which the case against him was going, that is about as far as the proof will get. The big idea of the scandal thus far is the accusation that Telfer showed the girls in his shop how to keep the legislators in a good humor while in Sacramento. It is an absorbing factor of the proceedings; and yet is one of the matters that hardly ever could be proven. Telfer's countercharge that the antagonism to him was brought about by labor disputes in the shop relates to facts that are more easy of access. Governmental printing shops are not the best conducted places in the world, and there is no doubt that Telfer must have had a hard time if he tried to run the Sacramento outfit in a businesslike way. We do not know that he tried. He states that later conditions bordered on anarchy. Such conditions, where a number of girls are employed, might result in intrigues with senators and assemblymen. The investigation will probably be of more dramatic interest than good to the commonwealth, for when once intrigue and sensation enter a state department, litigation only makes it worse. The lines are more tightly drawn. Friendships and enmities become stronger. And if, as is charged in this case, immorality exists, that too increases. But, one side declares itself virtuous and impregnable to temptation. Virtue too may become augmented. Thus it is possible that all sides will be satisfied with the outcome.

Eternal Optimism As a Jewish Characteristic

There are those who, earnestly surveying the Jewish situation in easterly Europe and elsewhere, regard the outlook as almost hopeless. They contemplate the many wars in which Jews are blamed by both sides, the many outrages of which they are the victims, the many ways in which the Jewish people are still, even in these enlightened days made the scapegoat of the nations, and thereupon throw up their hands in desperation and can see no way out of such trampling upon the rights of communities by the overwhelming majority. But we can not accept such a gloomy view and adopt such a doctrine of despair. As we have before remarked, we regard such outbursts as the last throes of expiring bigotry. Jews are at least getting their rights on paper by separate treaties with special nations. There must came, as in the past, a reaction from the anti-Semetic wave when such sentiments cease to be the fashion. Jews must hope on. They can not lose their eternal optimism. It has been this preservative which has kept them alive through the centuries, which has made them survive so many empires, and which will not fail to uphold them through the most trying periods.—Emanu-El.

The Clockwinder on Election Betting

"There is one feature about a presidential election that always interests me intensely," said the Clockwinder in the Ferry Tower.

"And what might that be?" I asked.

"'Tis the betting, sir. It makes the election of a president kind of like a sporting event. For those who take no interest in politics, the wagering of money on the result lifts the affair out of the dull routine of stump-speaking, platforms, campaign expenses, and all that sort of thing.

"Now, I see by the Republican papers that Wall Street is offering odds of 5 to 1 on Warren Gamaliel Harding. This leads me to suppose that Wall Street is eager to see Harding win."

"But will he?"

"Will he? Ah! That's the question you ask of me today. To tell you the truth, my boy, I think little Warren is carrying too much weight and too much money for a dark horse that he was. I have seen many a 1-to-5 shot finish in the mud—among the also-rans. Let me tell you

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something: This is a bad time of day for favorites in the betting. Look at Europe. Take some of the men who were favorites when few of us knew whether Warren Harding was a lighthouse keeper or a movie star. Remember Mr. Asquith? He was premier of England; a big favorite over there. Where is he now? I don't know. 'Member who was premier of France at the beginning of the war? M'seur Viviani. Pretty soon came Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, and the hottest kind of a favorite. He's enjoying private life now. Nicholas II was a big man in Russia. Some people say he's still alive; others tell conclusively that he went down to his doom. In this country, not so long ago, they wondered if General Pershing would permit the people to elect him president. You could have made all kinds of money if you were willing to bet that these men would be ousted from the headlines in the year of 1920. In another month, the men who bet on Harding may be afraid to tell their wives about it. You know these Wall Street chaps. Maybe they like Harding. Maybe they are just manipulating the odds.

"You know, they say that republics are ungrateful; and, referring to myself, I don't know what gratitude I owe Harding for being senator from Ohio. Wall Street ought to remember him kindly, though. Lemme tell you another thing: This country ain't so keen on senators. They're not a popular set of men. Some people think they should be taken out of Congress and the Constitution. But governors always take well with the people. For that reason alone I'd put my money on Governor Cox. He's a man of the people and a worthy follower of President Wilson. And whom does Harding follow? I think he's trying to revive the teachings of Mark Hanna. Mark would have liked Warren; but I don't think he'd have offered 5 to 1 on him."

Passing of a Philanthropist

George Kessler, once famous as "the American champagne king" and later as the architect of a large fortune built by speculation, died in his Paris home, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, on September 13th after an illness dating from the sinking of the Lusitania upon which he was a passenger. He never recovered from the physical effects of his experiences of that dastardly outrage. Spiritually, he was reborn. His wife, out of gratitude for his survival, founded the Britain, France, Belgium Permanent Blind Relief, she and her husband consecrating their services and fortune to those who suffered blindness during the war.

Up to two weeks before his death Mr. Kessler's energies were concentrated upon this noble work. Then he went to the sea shore, but was with difficulty brought to his Paris home, one of the show places of the French capital. His ashes were sent from France on Sept. 24th to New York for interment, in the care of his niece and nephew. Mrs. Kessler remained in Paris She cabled to her mother, Mrs. Christine Parsons of this city, that she is crushed and heart-broken.

Mrs. Kessler (née Cora Parsons of S. F.) is an extremely beautiful woman, highly cultured and accomplished. She visited her mother in this city last October and created a sensation by her ravishing beauty and her splendid enthusiasm for those made sightless by the war.

She is expected to remain in Paris, which has been her home for twenty years, and where she will doubtless continue the work of devotion to the blind.

On Roofs

The chateau that I have in mind looks westward over one of the choicest landscapes in the world, lovely in line and color and form. Wood and meadow, orchard and ploughed land, the ranks of delicate poplars, the curve of the pale green river, the little town and its bridge, all are right and ordered, inevitably in place. It has all grown to the condition of music. This landscape is the slow product of centuries. A thousand years charge it. It is complete, exquisite, restrained. It is France. Racine walked these roads and dreamed young dreams in the dark forest that bounds the horizon.

But what I see there, looking back as I write, comparing and selecting, is neither the landscape nor the chateau itself; but the roofs of the chateau, a steep slope of slates, now grown silver and purple with the passage of years, perfect in just proportion and slope, the crown of the great house. In its kind, this roof is an admirable work of art.

I fancy that one might live happily under such roofs. They promised protection and contented sleep. Fancy, of course—and a hundred moralists rise against me with trite comparisons of cottages and kings' houses. But when I build a house, if I can find no old house to come by, the architect shall look to the sweep and curve of the roof. The meanness of modern building, the passing of dignity from our lives, is shown by the miserable roofs with which latter-day men cover their buildings—low ridges of raw tiles and hard-colored slates. Over all is the desire for cheapness, and for result the plague of ugliness which spreads over the world. It is perhaps as well. These things will crumble in less than a hundred years, and by that time men may have learned again to build for their successors.

What hides under the roofs of which the dreary panorama makes the traveler, coming by train into any of our great cities, indict industrial civilization in protest against the ugliness flung before him? Doubtless a multitude of good and gracious things are there, but little romance and fantasy. Those grimy slates cover no free spaces, no lofts; beneath them are at best cramped, forlorn attics. So childhood is robbed of a whole world of the imagination. I remember the loft which ran beneath the embosoming roof of an old house in Sussex. There was no finer playground for wet afternoons than that warm brown obscurity, nothing that gave a child a more agreeable terror than the face of the moon peering through the dusty glass in the gable. Here, too, were treasures old and new. The lumber of generations had drifted hither; a boy was forever finding some worm-eaten antiquity that gave a run to a whole day's imaginings. There were books, too, that one read there secretly because they were banned below stairs by Victorian parents. They savored palpitatingly and wonderfully, as books have never savored since. I remember still how I read there through the hours, only lifting my eyes to watch how thickly the motes danced in the single ray of rich yellow sunlight that struck across the floor. All these things are woven into the texture of the bing; the memory of them is better than the gold I shall never earn. And had I children, I should wish for them nothing better than such a loft to play and dream in, and such a bowed, deep roof, gold and green with moss and stonecrop, to be lifted up, across a blossoming orchard, for home.

Another roof in Sussex is near my heart. This was of thatch and, for a little time, my own. The cottage was England and had grown from England's heart. All in that narrow lifehold was native of the soil—oaken beams from deep ghylls of the Wald, flint and chalk from the Downs, thatch of reeds from the river. The roof descends from ridge to deep dropping eaves in a noble curve; it was the very covering against winter colds and summer heats. The wise, unperturbed old thatcher came in the autumn and plied his immemorial inherited art. He worked in the honest way his fathers had taught him. He, too, was English and the last of his race. I envied him, watching him at this task through a week of serene days. The flower of England was being scythed that these might remain—the elms round the upland farm turning golden and the green solemn impending wave of the Down beyond, and these thatched roofs, and the smoke of wood fires going up at evening. Never had the beauty of England been more poignant, and never had one seemed to hold it on so frail a tenure.

This is sentiment, perhaps, and the day of the thatched roof is gone, unless our present distresses should make it cheaper than slates and tiles. Nevertheless it was a symbol of England; it was approved by the practice and habit of a thousand and more years. The next generation may be the last to look upon England. We may be healthier, but we shall have improved our past away. The traditions of English building, which have grown up naturally, inspired by the materials our fathers found to their hands and shaped to the needs life had taught them, will have vanished before a monotony of raw brick and corrugated iron. Is the heritage of our children's children to be ashes for beauty?

And turning, midway in life, to other memories, I find a hundred visions of roofs come up in my mind. I see the high-pitched leads of Amiens Cathedral standing out black against a rainy yellow sunset as I came upon the city over the dreary Picard plateau; from miles away in the Fens I see the mass of faithful Lincoln, like a new ark upon a new Ararat; I have memories of the steep roofs and stepped gables of slumberous Flemish cities; I see the brown tiles of little towns in Northern France. I am certain that the idealistic dreams of Germany were begotten under such deep maternal roofs of those of Nuremberg. There are, best of all, the roofs which tell the Northerner that he is come South and home. There were times, vanished now, when one went southward at night from Bordeaux and the grey light brought with it the fluted red tiles of the roofs of St. Jean de Luz. A man knew then that he was in the South, and in the clear summer dawn he looked at the Pyrenees and watched the Atlantic rollers break upon the noble headlands of Spain. And Rome lives forever in a memory of the dome of St. Peter's seen from far out in the Campagna and floating, solemn, blue, and majestic, over the city, a blessing and a dominating presence. What is a dome but a roof? And what are the Himalayas but the roof of the world?

A. N.

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Social

By TANTALUS

Mrs. A. Comte leaves on Thursday for an eastern trip. After a week in Chicago she will visit relatives in Montreal with whom she will motor through picturesque eastern Canada before going to New York and other cities. Her beautiful daughter, Helene, will accompany her.

Mr. Andrew Lawrence left on Monday for Chicago where he is to inaugurate another Journal of Commerce. On the first of the year his San Francisco Journal will branch out elaborately, embracing many new departments in journalism. Mr. Lawrence sees a great future for an independent daily newspaper in this city. His short and successful experiment with the Journal of Commerce has proven the sagacity of his judgment.

If all San Francisco were as optimistic about our future as Andrew Lawrence and equally willing to back their faith financially, our enterprises would progress by leaps and bounds.

Mr. William F. Humphrey left on Thursday for New York where he will spend some weeks attending to law cases and business affairs. Incidentally our most popular bachelor will find time to review the new shows and to participate in some of the smart social functions of the metropolis.

Mr. Frederick Myrtle is in the Pitt River district, directing the transfer of the Pitt River Power Co. to the Pacific Gas and Electric Co.

Mr. and Mrs. William Scott leave in their private car next week for Houston, Tex. Mr. Scott is president of the Southern Railroad. The Scotts have a picturesque home on West End Drive, Piedmont, where they spend two months each year and which they plan to make their permanent residence when Mr. Scott retires from active participation in R. R. affairs.

On Monday Mrs. Scott entertained at luncheon at her home, her guests being Mmes. J. W. Reed, Charles M. Sadler, Frederick Hessé and Joseph Beamer.

Mrs. William Fitzhue is still very ill at Adler hospital. Her son, Arthur, deferred his de parture for Yale on account of his mother's serious condition, but the reports of her physician are optimistic for a recovery.

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Mrs. Frederick Hessé plans to leave for Chicago next week. Her husband opens there with the season of Ethel Barrymore's "Delcassée" company. In November Mrs. Hessé will be in New York to supervise the reconstruction of her musical play, "Two Innocent Lambs," for which Brehl has written the music. Mrs. Hessé's many friends are glad to learn that she expects to visit California again in the spring. This is her first visit here in ten years, when she left as Nevada Heffron, clever actress and journalist. She and her family, pioneer residents of Nevada, have a large connection in local society, which has entertained her extensively during her sojourn.

Mr. Herbert E. Law left last week for New York where he will remain a short time before embarking for Europe; there he will finish his work regarding the U. S. contract with Czecho-Slovakian manufacture.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter B. Coffey and their little daughter leave in a few days for Montreal where the doctor will attend the Medical Conference. Afterwards they will go to New York for a few weeks.

Mrs. C. P. Overton and her sister, Mrs. Edgar Jones, were at the Waldorf-Astoria during their recent New York visit. They sailed on the 21st aboard the Aquitania for Europe. Mrs. Overton will be absent a year but Mrs. Jones will return in two months.

There was considerable speculation in society about the cause of the separation of Mrs. Overton from Courtney Ford, whom she married about a year ago, but neither would make any statement.

However, when the news was given that the marriage on Mrs. Overton's petition was recently annulled in Fresno, the bride resuming her former husband's name, all rumors of tempermental differences were set at rest, as annulments do not take place for such cause.

Mrs. Overton is a beautiful, highly bred woman and she shrank, naturally, from taking the public into her confidence as to the cause of the separation. Consequently she was greatly pained when one of the dailies printed the news with comment. However, the American press seems to proceed upon the theory that domestic affairs are everybody's business, an attitude which gives foreigners the erroneous impression that there is nothing sacred or harmonious in our family life.

Mr and Mrs. Frank V. MacPeak, of Los Angeles, will arrive in New York to attend the opening of the Metropolitan season. They will spend the greater part of the winter there where Mr. MacPeak has some extensive engineering contracts to fulfill.

Mrs. Lillian Donnlley gave a dinner and musical at the artistic home of her brother, Dr. Maurice O'Connell, on the 19th.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay M. Greene gave a delightful dinner party at their charming Hyde street apartment last Thursday. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Smith, Mmes Clarence Eddy, George J. Bucknall, Fred Myrtle, Messrs. Joseph D. Redding, Julian Eltinge, Archibald White and William Oothout.

Mlle. Rebecca Gouchaux announces a series of ten French lectures at her home, 2620 Broadway, to begin Tuesday, October 12th, at half past ten. The program is "La faison sous 'orage" (drame nouveau), Emile Fabre; "Les Burgraves" (Hugo); "Beranger" comedie (nouveau), Sacha Guitry; "L' Animateur," Henry Bataille; "Le premier couple" (André Dumas Dumas), "La maison du passeur" (Armont et Verneull), "Le Pharmacien" (Maurey), "Fintje a de la voix;" "L' Idée (Frappa); "Liluli," Raynal; Une heure de Contes.

"The Girl and Gown Revue"

The current attraction at Techau Tavern, "The Girl and Gown Revue," is one of the most enterprising features of entertainment that has been offered to the San Francisco public in some time. The costumes, which interpret the latest in modern fashion in daring, dashing galaxies of color, shown by members of the Revue, who are noted for their beauty and artistry in song and dance, are veritable delights in hue and cut. The latest songs vie in melody with the charming atmosphere of droll bandinage which intersperses itself in rhyme and rhythm throughout the evening. Dancing to the latest tunes by the Techau Tavern dance orchestra every evening, and on Saturday afternoon during tea is, of course, a contant attraction.

LIFE AND WORK

Isn't it strange that princes and kings
And clowns who caper in sawdust rings
And common people, like you and me,
Are workers for eternity?

Each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass and a book or rules,
And each must make, ere life be flown
A stumbling block of a stepping stone.
—Tamar Faed.

Disappearing Hair

"I think the baby has your hair, ma'am," said the new nurse, looking pleasantly at her mistress.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the lady, glancing up from the novel. "Run into the nursery and take it away from her. She will ruin it."—London Blighty.

Unusual Young man

Wanted—Sunny, respectable young man to look after garden and care for cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir."—Winged M.

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The Stage

"9:45"—A Mystery

Lovers of melodrama have been revelling this week at the Alcazar by witnessing "9:45," an Owen Davis mystery play. All the favorites have excellent opportunity and entangle themselves in the maze, which the Alcazar audiences are inclined not to take too seriously, after the inexplicable manner of some audiences.

They are treated to a surprise in the climax when a hitherto unsuspected maid confesses the crime and the despicable cause which occasioned it. The maid is handsome Emily Pinter, who makes the most of her opportunity in the emotional scene at the bed-side of the victim, who saves her from legal expiation by giving promise of recovery. Miss Pinter occasionally gives flashlight portraits of emotional characters which reveal her as a tragedian. This week more than one observer has likened her to Nance O'Neil.

Miss Inez Ragan looks charming as usual and makes the customary appeal to her many admirers.—E. I. S.

The Scotti Grand Opera Company

The Scotti Grand Opera Company will open its engagement for six nights and Saturday and Sunday afternoons at the Exposition Auditorium next Monday night, October 4, at 8:15 o'clock. Attention is called to the fact that the performances will commence exactly at 8:15 and that late-comers will positively not be seated until after the completion of the first act. This rule is necessary in order that those who do arrive early will not be disturbed.

Enetirely aside from the excellence of the personnel and the oportunity afforded of becoming acquainted with the art of Antonio Scotti, one of the greatest singing actors of all time, this transcontinental tour of the Scotti Grand Opera Company has an importance of its own in solving the problem of hearing really first class grand opera in cities other than New York and Chicago. As has been set forth previously in these columns, the Scotti Grand Opera Company is comprised of principal artists, chorus and orchestra from the Metropolitan Opera House, and it is no disparagement of other traveling organizations to say that he Scotti Grand Opera Company is by long odds the greatest traveling organization.

The Scotti Grand Opera Company is the first real link between the Metropolitan Opera House and the thousands and thousands of music devotees who throng the great west. The Scotti company recalls the visits which the old Metropolitan company made to San Francisco, ending with the one that was uncermoniously interrupted by the fire of 1906. Many numbers in the Scotti repertoire can be cast here exactly as they are at the Metropolitan, from among the singers now on tour with Scotti.

Mr. Scotti himself will be heard here as Chim-Fang in L'Oracolo and Scarpia in Tosca, two of the roles that have brought to the great baritone the two greatest triumphs of his long and unusually memorable career. The Scotti Grand Opera Company exists only in the weeks immediately preceding and immediately folowing the Metropolitan season. It does not sing in opposition to the Metropolitan in New York City, but gets its artists from the Metropolitan at a time when the Metropolitan is "dark." In this way it avoids all semblance of competition with the Metropolitan, and instead serves as a touring advertisement for the great opera house.

Because of his arrangement with the Metropolitan Opera House and also because of his great friendship with Gatti-Gasazza, general director of the Metropolitan, Scotti does not have to depend on sung-out singers or unknown singers for the personnel of his company. In this he is in an entirely different position than that of any other impresario. He can take his pick of the singers in the world, and he need not fear of higher remuneration elsewhere. Elegance, refinement, subtlety, force and vigor have been characteristic of the personal art of Scotti; for years he designed his own costumes. In his character studies he has always been a worker of infinite detail. The greatest actor on the operatic stage, he is also a very fine singer. All the qualities enumerated combine to make an ideal director of Scotti. He applies to his company the same feeling for dramatic values, the same taste for investiture and the same pictorial treatment of ensemble scenes to assure performances of the highest standards.

Tickets are sold for all performances from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. at Sherman, Clay & Co., and after 6 p. m. (for the current performances only) at the box offices of the Exposition Auditorium.

Here is the repertoire with the list of principal artists:

Monday, Octoger 4, "La Boheme," Harrold, d'Angelo, Ananian, Easton, Paltrinieri, Scotti, Martino, Sundelius, Clarke.

Tuesday, Oct. 5, "L'Oracolo," Scotti, Martino, d'Angelo, Chamlee, Frank, Sundelius, Kent, Paltrinieri, followed by "Pagliacci," Roselle, Kingston, Picco, Paltrinieri, Laurenti.

Wednesday, Oct. 6, "Faust," Harrold, Rother, Laurenti, Ananian, Easton, Roselle, Kent.

Thursday, Oct .7, "Tosca," Easton, Chamlee, Scotti, d'Angelo, Ananian, Paltrinieri, White, Parker.

Friday, Oct. 8, "Il Trovatore," Peralta, Gordon, Kent, Kingston, Evans, Rothier, Paltrinieri, White.

Saturday, Oct. 9 (matinee), "Madam Butterfly," Easton, Gordon, Kent, Kingston, Laurenti, Paltrinieri, d'Angelo, Ananian, Martino, White. Evening, "L'Oracolo," Scotti, Rothier, d'Angelo, Chamlee, Frank, Sundelius, Kent, Paltrinieri, followed by "Cavalleria Rusticana," Peralta, Fernanda, Chamlee, Picco, Kent.

Sunday, Oct. 10 (matinee), "La Boheme," Harrold, d'Angelo, Ananian, Sundelius, Paltrinieri, Laurenti, Martin, Roselle, Clarke.

Conductors, Papi and Peroni.

Music Season's Inaugural

San Francisco's fall music season will have an enthusiastic opening next Saturday night, when the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Alfred Hertz will give one of its big "Pop" concerts in the Exposition Auditorium. The popularity of these concerts is evidenced by the heavy demand for seats and by the recollection of the last similar concert, when the huge hall was taxed to the extremes of its seating and standing capacity.

The program includes numbers by Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Tchaikowsky, Bruch, Wagner, Von Suppeé, Saint-Saens, Mendelssohn and Johann Strauss.

Character Acting—Holbrook Blinn

When Holbrook Blinn was a young man of the theatre he was called upon to play a cockney, so he delved into his make-up box and emerged with a pair of blond side whisker ansd an accent which enabled him to pronounce "can't" as if it were spelled "cawn't." And with these accomplishments he was successful in a cockney role.

"But since those days things have changed," said the star of "The Bad Man," Porter Emerson Browne's satirical comedy at the Comedy Theatre. 'There is no audience more critical of Character portrayal than the American audience. Many persons who go to the theatre are personally familiar with the types which are presented on the stage, and any defects in diction, in make-up, in costumes, in gestures or in anything are sure to be noted by some one in the audience. An actor cannot afford to overlook anything in a character role. The population of the country is made up of so many different races that there is practically no character that can be presented on the American stage wholly unfamiliar to a typical American audience. If an actor attempted to play a cockney the way he played when I first went on the stage he would fail. Americans have traveled back and forth between the United States and England and they know a cockney when they see and hear one. They can't be fooled!"

And now that Holbrook Blinn is playing one of the most picturesque character roles that the American stage has seen in years, that of Pancho Lopez, the domineering but human Mexican bandit, with a winning sense of humor, he has an opportunity to put into practice the rules he outlines for care in playing characters in the theatre. Texans who have lived on the border and have encountered Mexican chieftians, at friendly or unfriendly meetings, can find no flaws in his characterization. That is the supreme test.

"I was born in California, you know, and met some of the Mexican bandits, who were well known along the border," he says. "At rehearsals I had a Spaniard out front listening to my Spanish pronunciation. And the clothes I wear were either imported from Mexico, or were copied from the Mexican originals, which could not be obtained for importation here. Pancho Lopez is fussy regarding clothes. He dresses up to the latest edicts from Banditville. I use both pure Castilian and the Mexican dialect in playing the part of Pancho, choosing according to effectiveness. In some cases the pure Spanish sounds best; in others the Mexican pronunciation is best."—N. Y. Telegraph.

ALCAZAR

THIS WEEK—MYSTERY MELODRAMA
By Owen Davis—"AT 9:45"
WEEK COMMENCING NEXT SUNDAY MAT., OCT. 3
First Time in the West of Earl Derr Bigger's New York Comedy Success

"A CURE FOR CURABLES"

Play of Love, Health and Happiness
NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
DUDLEY AYRES—INEZ RAGAN
SUNDAY MATINEE, OCTOBER 10—A GREAT PLAY
Henry Arthur Jones' Tremendous Emotional Drama
"THE HYPOCRITES"
Charles Frohman's New York and London Success.
Every Evening — Matinees Sunday, Thursday, Saturday

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Scotti Grand Opera Co.

EXPOSITION AUDITORIUM

October 4—La Boheme.
October 5—L'Oracolo and Pagliacci.
October 6—Faust.
October 7—La Tosca.
October 8—Trovatore.
October 9—Afternoon, Mme. Butterfly; Night, L'Oracolo and Cavalleria Rusticana.
October 10—La Boheme.

Single, $5.00, $3 00, $2.00, $1.50.
War Tax 10% Extra

Doctor of Domestic Distempers

There is a new kind of physician in town—a "doctor of domestic difficulties"—whose wisdom and knowledge of human nature keep husband and wife out of the domestic relations court and makes the errant course of love run straight. She is Joan Deering, D. D. D., with an office in the Empire Theatre.

In David Belasco's first production of the current season, "Call the Doctor," Jean Archibald, a new young playwright, has created the doctor of domestic difficulties, and Janet Beecher is the Dr. Deering of the play.

Janet Beecher had closed her domestic clinic for the evening. That is, the curtain had rung down; the play was over.

"I certainly do think there is a field and a most interesting field for a doctor of domestic difficulties," the actress said. "The doctor of domestic difficulties would work very much like any other doctor. She, or it might be a he, also would diagnose the case and prescribe remedial measures. Of course no rules for diagnosis or treatment can be laid down. Each case must be handled in an individual manner, for, just as no two human beings are exactly alike, no two cases of marital misunderstandings can be exactly alike. A doctor of domestic difficulties will have to be a student of human nature and pretty much of a detective besides. It will be hard for a husband or a wife to tell their innermost troubles to an outsider and much will have to be learned by the doctor through observation and analysis.

"I don't think the doctor will have to deal with the wife all the time, as she does in "Call the Doctor.'" Miss Beecher continued. "A husband who sees his wife slipping away from him might go to a doctor of domestic difficulties, explain his case, and then call in the expert to observe and prescribe. A temporary separation may be the cure needed. Very often when husband and wife are irritable and find it difficult to get along a separation, a trip abroad for the wife, is just the thing needed. And the doctor might be called in by both husband and wife. The practitioner could sit as an arbitrator, listen to the stories of both, and then set to work effecting a cure.

"Every one knows how hard it is to take advice, especially from a friend or relative. Somehow, one hates to listen to a recital of one's shortcomings by a father, a mother, or a very close friend. But when you are paying for advice, advice which may not be as good as free advice, it is much easier to take, and that is where the doctor of domestic difficulties will come in. The doctor will have his code of ethics. Unlike a friend, the doctor will be sought, and the advice given will be impersonal, paid for, and no doubt followed."—N. Y. Telegraph.

Alcazar

The thrills of this week's stirring mystery drama, "At 9:45," at the Alcazar will be followed at next Sunday's matinee by the laughter and romance of "A Cure for Curables," in which the eccentric comedian, Wm. Hodge, acted with great success for a season at the 39th St. Theatre, New York. It now finds first release for the Pacific coast. This comedy of health, happiness and humor is not without a stimulating tonic of melodramatic flavor; some of its episodes of intrigue are quite exciting. The play is founded on a popular story by Cora Harris, and is the joint work of Earl Derr Biggers, who wrote immensely successful "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and Lawrence Whitman. It is an open secret that the latter is none other than Wm. Hodge himself, who is a fine actor with a keen sense of stage values. The "curables" are a group of blasé, fashionable hypochondriacs, gathered at a "rest cure," in the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia, willed to an optimistic young doctor upon condition that ten of his patients will certify to complete health restoration within a month The doctor has a battle to win and he goes at it in a most original way. There are more than twenty diverting types in an exceptionally large cast, headed by Dudley Ayres as the cheery, resourceful young physician, and Inez Ragan as the loveliest but most languid of his patients, who becomes his powerful ally when he heart is aroused. All of Wm. Hodge's plays are wholesome and enjoyable and their popular appeal is unquestioned.

Diversity of offerings is an Alcazar policy. Sunday, Octoger 10, brings Henry Arthur Jones' tremendous emotional play, "The Hypocrites," a dramatic classic and literary materpiece that tears the mask off sham and pretense. It is even more vital under present social conditions than when produced in New York and London with sensational success by Charles Frohman.

Acting

(By George Henry Lewes)

All art is symbolical. If it presented emotion in its real expression it would cease to move us as art; sometimes cease to move us at all, or move us only to laughter. There is a departure from reality in all the stage-accessories. The situation, the character, the language, all are at variance with daily experience. Emotion does not utter itself in verse nor in carefully chosen sentences; and to speak verse with the negligence of prose is a serious fault. There is a good passage in Colley Cibber's account of Betterton, which actors, and critics who are not alive to the immense effects that lie in fine elocution, would do well to ponder on. "In the just delivery of poetical numbers, particularly where the sentiments are pathetic, it is scarce credible upon how minute an article of sound depends their greatest beauty or inaffection. The voice of a singer is not more strictly ty'd to Time and Tune, than that of an actor in theatrical elocution. The least syllable too long, or too slightly dwelt upon in a period, depreciates it to nothing; which very syllable, if rightly touched, shall, like the heightening stroke of light from a master's pencil, give life and spirit to the whole." It is superfluous to insist on the utter impossibility of attending to such delicate minutiae if the speaker be really agitated by emotion. A similar remark applies to all the other details of his art. His looks and gestures, his position in the picture, all will be out of proportion and fail of their due effect unless he is master of himself.

The reader sees at once that as a matter of fact the emotions represented by the actor are not agitating him as they would agitate him in reality; he is feigning, and we know that he is feigning; he is representing a fiction which is to move us as a fiction, and not to lacerate our sympathies as they would be lacerated by the agony of a fellow-creature actually suffering in our presence. The tears we shed are tears welling from a sympathetic source; but their salt bitterness is removed, and their pain is pleasurable.

But now arises the antinomy, as Kant would call it—the contradiction which perplexes judgment. If the actor lose all power over his art under the disturbing influence of emotion, he also loses all power over his art in proportion to his deadness to emotion. If he really feel, he cannot act; but he cannot act unless he feel. All the absurd efforts of mouthing and grimacing actors to produce an effect, all the wearisomeness of cold conventional representation—mimicry without life—we know to be owing to the unimpassioned talent of the actor. Observe, I do not say to his unimpassioned nature. It is quite possible for a man of exquisite sensibility to be ludicrously tame in his acting, if he has not the requisite talent of expression, or has not yet learned how to modulate it so as to give it due effect. In noticing the rare ability of Mdle. Lucca in depicting the emotions of Margaret in "Faust," I had occasion to remark on the surprising transformation which had taken place in two years, changing her from a feeble conventional ineffective actress, into a passionate, subtle, and original artist. In the practice of two years she had learned the secrets of expression; she had learned to modulate; and having learnt this, having felt her way, she could venture to give play to the suggestions of her impulses, which before that had doubtless alarmed her. But although it is quite possible for an actor to have sensibility without the talent of expression, and therefore to be a tame actor though an impassioned man, it is wholly impossible for him to express what he has never felt, to be an impassioned actor with a cold nature.

And here is the point of intersection of the two lines of argument just followed out. The condition being that a man must feel emotion if he is to express it, for if he does not feel it he will not know how to express it, how can this be reconciled with the impossibility of his affecting us aesthetically while he is disturbed by emotion? In other words: how far does he really feel the passion he expresses? It is a question of degree. As in all art, feeling lies at the root, but the foliage and flowers, though deriving their sap from emotion, derive their form and structure from the intellect. The poet cannot write while his eyes are full of tears, while his nerves are trembling from the mental shock, and his hurrying thoughts are too agitated to settle into definite tracks. But he must have felt, or his verse will be a mere echo. It is from the memory of past feelings that he draws the beautiful image with which he delights us. He is tremulous again under the remembered agi-

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tation, but it is a pleasant tremor, and in no way disturbs the clearness of his intellect. He is a spectator of his own tumult; and though moved by it, can yet so master it as to select from it only these elements which suit his purpose. We are all spectators of ourselves; but it is the peculiarity of the artistic nature to indulge in such introspection even in moments of all but the most disturbing passion, and to draw thence materials for art. This is true also of the fine actor, and many of my readers will recognize the truth of what Talma said of himself: "I have suffered cruel losses, and have often been assailed with profound sorrows; but after the first moment when grief vents itself in cries and tears, I have found myself involuntarily turning my gaze inwards ("je faisais un retour sur mes souffrances"), and found that the actor was unconsciously studying the man, and catching nature in the act. It is only by thus familiarising oneself with the nature of the various emotions that one can properly interpret them. But even that is not enough. They must be watched in others, the interpreting key being given in our own consciousness. Having something like an intellectual appreciation of the sequences of feeling and their modes of manifestation, the actor has next to select out of these such as his own physical qualifications enable him to reproduce effectively, and such as wil be universally intelligible. To quote Talma once more: "Oui, nous devons être sensibles, nous devons éprouver l'èmotion; mais pour mieux l'étude et la réflexion. Notre art en exige de profonds. Point d'improvisation possible sur la scéne sour peine d'èchec. Tout est calculè, tout doit être prévu, et l'èmotion qui semble soudaine, et le trouble qui parait involontaire. L'intonation, le geste, le regard qui semblent inspirés, one été répétès cent fois."

The answer to the question, How far does the actor feel? is, therefore, something like this: He is in a state of emotional excitement sufficiently strong to furnish him with the elements of expression, but not strong enough to disturb his consciousness of the fact that he is only imagining—sufficiently strong to give the requisite tone to his voice and aspect to his features, but not strong enough to prevent his modulating the one and arranging the other according to a preconceived standard. His passion must be ideal—sympathetic, not personal. He may hate with a rival's hate the actress to whom he is manifesting tenderness, or love with a husband's love the actress to whom he is expressing vindictiveness; but for Juliet or Desdemona he must feel love and wrath. One day Malibran upbraiding Templeton for his coldness towards her in the love scenes of "La Sonnambula," asked him if he were not married, and told him to imagine that she was his wife. The stupid tenor, entirely misunderstanding her, began to be superfluously tender at rehearsal, whereupon she playfully recalled to him that it was during the performance he was to imagine her to be Mrs. Templeton—at rehearsal, Mdme. Malibran.

We sometimes hear amateur critics object to fine actors that they are every night the same, never varying their gestures of their tones. This is stigmatised as "mechanical"; and the critics innocently oppose to it some ideal or their own which they call "inspiration." Actors would smile at such nonsense. What is called inspiration is the mere haphazard of carelessness or incompetence; the actor is seeking an expression which he ought to have found when studying his part. What would be thought of a singer who sang his aria differently every night? In the management of his breath, in the distribution of light and shade, in his phrasing, the singer who knows how to sing never varies. The timbre of his voice, the energy of his spirit, may vary; but his methods are invariable. Actors learn their parts as singers learn their songs. Every detail is deliberative, or has been deliberated. The very separation of Art from Nature involves this calculation. The sudden flash of suggestion which is called inspiration may be valuable, it may be worthless: the artistic intellect estimates the value, and adopts or rejects it accordingly.

Trusting to the inspiration of the moment is like trusting to a shipwreck for your first lesson in swimming.

WOMAN'S POLITICAL STATUS

Imagine a country in which political policies, in the times through which we are passing, should be decided by the proprietors of the land only, as in certain past ages. This would be equivalent now to nothing less than the provocation of a social revolution. Imagine one in which those who work at a trade should be the only persons recognized as citizens. This is what has been set up in Russia arbitrarily by the Bolshevists. Think of being set down in a country where merely the old men should have political rights; and you would be able to imagine that you were living in an historical museum, with figures more or less immutable, in which few evils would be reformed and resignation alone would be demanded. Try, finally, to bring before your minds what a nation would be like in which the government would devolve wholly upon the young men who had just left the school room, with all their impeuosity as reformers and seekers after the new; and you will become convinced of the importance of the role played by the active citizenry of a nation.

In our case, it is a question of the half of mankind, which is composed of women, whose psychological characteristics are not opposed, thank God, to those of men, although different from them. The problem therefore is important. Regarding what they say to you—to the effect that no change takes place in a state with the acquitition of political rights by women, since tendencies are identical, and you, as mothers, daughters, wives or sisters are already represented by men—tell them that you will then vote for them; and you will see how the man will at once retract their argument.

Do not think, however, that it may be deduced from all that has been said that in the countries which have recognized woman's political rights thus: antagonism has been aroused toward man.

Experience, which in the cases of some of them extends over almost half a century, demonstrates that women do not form an exclusive political party, but that they distribute themselves according to former alinements. Their activities are manifested along lines as natural as those of the old men and the youth about whom we have spoken, who do not figure as such in any circle of their own; however, their opinion weighs none the less in the public scales. Women continue to exercise their functions in their families, in their guilds or in the existing political groups, in the countries that have recognized their civic status, and all without shocks or violence, by gently modifying their tendencies in given directions, but never by lining up in ranks hostile to men.

It is necessary to ascertain what experience has to teach us in this respect regarding the true effect of woman's action, apparently so silent and natural in its forms.

In the Saxon countries, which have recognized for many years the political right of women to vote and to be elected in the communal elections, there is living testimony. A North American publicist of repute says that the participation of women as voters has rapidly improved the sanitary and moral conditions of hundreds of cities: parks are enlarged, streets and markets are kept clean, new asylums are opened, school buildings are made more ample and agreeable, libraries are founded, the means of proper recreation are incrased, and th centers of vice—the brothel, the saloon and the gambling-house—diminished.

The evident and beneficent results of the participation of this beautiful and noble disregarded half of the human species in municipal affairs led the legislators of those countries some years later —a fact well worthy of note—almost invariably to extend the suffrage of women to legislative spheres, where almost universally they exercise today functions as electors and at times as congressional representatives.

Their influence in Australia, in the Scandinavian countries and in the local legislatures of the North American states, had been shown, even before the war, by the adoption of wise legislation for the social protection of labor.

It has been rightly said that if women had possessed political rights from the time when, during the past century, the era of individualism began, the labor problem which sprang from it and which today is reaching a violent crisis would perhaps not have existed.

Woman's sentimental fiber would have made her comprehend, more oportunely than we men did, all the justice that is involved in the clamor of the working people, and, foreseeing with sufficient anticipation the present violent conflicts—as fatal to capital as to labor—who can tell whether we should not have been able to prevent them by favoring little by little the establishment of an economic regimen more thoroughly grounded in justice and morality, more permeated with social charity?

Perhaps upon the future political action of woman will depend the internal peace of the nations.

It is interesting to note, in this respect, the suggestive fact that revolutionary socialism exists at present in France, Belgium and other countries in open political strife simultaneously with the defenders of peaceful social reform and the partizans of the electoral rights of women. The upholders of violence see in the latter the best support of social peace, and hence they have come out as their enemies.

You are well aware that the great thinker, President Wilson, has sought to found upon the sentiments of women the future international tranquallity, and that, in order to remove the threatening dangers of a new armed peace, he solicited, in the conferences at Versailles, the universal recognition to the right of woman to vote.

Flattering Woman's Vanity

In order to banish from the minds of women the idea that they may deem it a duty not to be occupied even ocasionally with these subjects, which are so closely related to the welfare of their fellows, certain writers have adopted the plan of flattering their vanity. The old discussion regarding the qualities of women's souls and the defective configuration of their brains have been nullified by experience, which has demonstrated their perfect intellectual capacity; but some have adopted the system, I say, of holding that, inasmuch as woman's chief mission in the world is to please man, woman, in taking part in the affairs of which we are speaking, would become less attractive to him, and thus she would suffer a decline in the realm of love in which she is the sovereign queen.

This is not the first time that the enemies of woman have condoled with themselves over the future loss of her beautiful qualities. When, during the last century, an active campaign was undertaken in favor of the gymnasium and sports

(Continued on Page 15)

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Cotton—Bearish sentiment was so pronounced in the cotton market that only for the rule, limiting the decline to two hundred points in any one day's transactions kept the market from becoming panicky.

The wave of price cuting by the leading cotton goods people and the predictions of much lower prices in all commodities in general was used as an argument for lower cotton prices and, notwithstanding unfavorable reports from the cotton growing districts, the bears hammered the market and brought about a general collapse not only in the futures' market but also in the spot basis at southern ports.

There were numerous reports of deterioration from Texas, as well as the Eastern belt, brought on by excessive rains, cool weather and insect damage—with private statisticians reducing their estimates on the growing crop and predicting a crop of low grade cotton.

At present, what little demand there is is for the better grades of cotton, and the supply of high grade cotton will be scarce once the mills come into the market.

There is a large supply of low grade cotton held over from last year and the wet weather during this year's harvest will increase this low grade cotton and, unless there is a turn for the better in the market, farmers will not pick this low grade stuff. The low grades are always figured in the total crop, and the trade seems to be losing sight of this factor and, when conditions become so bearish—as they are at present—the market is generally forced to a level beyond the price that actual conditions would warrant.

No doubt, cotton is high as compared with prewar prices, but everything else that goes in the production of cotton is higher—including wages and, while financial conditions are such that farmers will not be able to get much assistance from the banks, yet prices are down more than 50 per cent from the high prices early in the year and should have discounted a good deal that is bearish.

We have been bearish on cotton for months and, while there is nothing in the situation to warrant any permanent upturn in prices, yet we would not care to follow the short side around the 20-cent level.

Stocks—All factors that have been given prominence in stock market circles heretofore gave way to a new factor that made itself felt in the market in the past few weeks and that factor is price cutting Politics and credit conditions seem to have improved, but no one gave them a thought.

Henry Ford in his announcement that was given full publicity, cutting the price of his automobiles and tractors, and his interview in which he called attention to the necessity of getting back to pre-war prices, started the ball rolling and was followed by other automobile concerns announcing reductions in price to the consumer.

The large textile companies also announced reductions of from 15 to 25 per cent, which was followed by reductions in other commodity prices, and then came the big decline in the grain and cotton markets.

The rails and oil stocks held firm and, in some instances, the low-priced rails made new high records. The market was irregular and, while the industrials were declining, these rails and those industrials that are not carrying large inventories, were firm or showing an advancing tendency.

It was wholly a question of price cutting movement, and whether the decline has been discounted in the current level of stock prices remains to be seen. There is a general feeling in some quarters that the reaction in the stock, which has been going on for sometime, has been carried a little too far. The people with this view are calling attention to the large profits which industrial concerns have piled up during the war and which can be drawn upon during any business emergency. These huge profits, no doubt, would have indicated a long period of extra dividends had there not been a sharp reaction in prices of merchandise and commodities, which is affecting inventory accounts.

This reaction in prices has caused much concern among officials of companies which are known to carry large inventories. In some quarters, the opinion prevails that some industrial corporations have been able to reduce their inventory accounts since the beginning of the current year, but it is the general belief that the change in business conditions from those existing previous to last May to that which now prevails was so sudden that most concerns were unable to unload except at a loss.

Credit conditions showed a decided improvement and for the first time in months loans were offered as low as 8 per cent. Liberty bonds came to life for a brief spell with an advance throughout the list that speaks well for the general conditions financially and the effect of stirring up a better demand for all kinds of bonds. In fact, the bond market generally has shown decided strength for some time—with prices advancing, especially in the railroad list.

The railroads continue the strongest factor in the stock market, and, as they are in better shape now than for years, prices are only held down by the demand for money in other channels of trade. Any easing up in money rates will be reflected in an advancing rail market.

Now that price cutting is general throughout in all commodities and manufactured lines, it is bound to stimulate business and, while the remedy may be a little drastic with some corporations, yet the results generally will go a long way towards putting all kinds of business on a legitimate basis.

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Assets	$66,840,376.95
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WOMAN'S POLITICAL STATUS

(Continued from Page 13)

for women, it was predicted that women, by strengthening their muscles, were going to lose the roundness of their forms and change themselves into beings with straight lines and angular bodies, without any attractions for the species. You are acquainted with the facts: after the sports, woman has preserved her same beautiful figure that is so attractive to man, and, besides, she has acquired another new quality: robustness of health.

God based the sympathies of the sexes upon foundations too natural and immutable to afford grounds for the fear that they might vanish with the same ease as that with which we forget the whims of each winter's changing fashions.

However—to concentrate upon our subject, since time advances—we may say that the experience of the nations among which woman has exercised for several decades a political function—whether an active one or a merely occasional one with the suffrage—is that, far from having lost any of her attractiveness for man because of her noble interest in the welfare of her fellows, she has rendered her position beside him more dignified.

She is no longer a being who thinks about questions of public interest, or who is preoccupied with artistic frivolities only, but she is the true companion of man, who is beginning to share with her his intellectual life; diversions and the arts alternate, in the preferences of her heart, with the consciousness of what she can do to make the conditions of her fellow creatures more just and more moral.

By the light that is shed upon woman by her responsibility and coöperation in the work of social felicity, man has seen in her a being that awakens in him physical, moral and intellectual affinities, thus dignifying and perfecting the conditions of love.—Inter-America.

A returned vacationist tells us that he was fishing in a pond one day when a country boy who had been watching him from a distance approached him and asked, "How many fish yer got, mister?"

"None yet," he was told.

"Well, yer ain't doin' so bad," said the youngster. "I know a feller what fished here for two weeks an' he didn't get any more than you got in half an hour."—Boston Transcript.

Sir: I sat in a Loz Onglaze park counting earthquakes. An improvident-looking person approached and asked for two bits to buy a drink. As I slipped him the coin I asked in return—Well, you know what I asked.

"Any shoe store," quoth he.

"Drug store," I corrected.

"Shoe store," he maintained. "Shoe dressing—any old kind—nearly all alcohol, with a kick like a musket.

A glance at the dark lines on his chin proved his sincerity.—J. H. F., in the Chicago Tribune.

I recently heard in a small restaurant an appropriate reference to the venerable phrase, "Everyone must eat a peck of dirt before he dies." The table linen, dishes and waiter gave evidence of having accumulated more than their share of dirt. One of the diners remarked to his companion that the health inspectors must have overlooked the place. The waiter overheard the remark and promptly replied, "Everyone must eat a peck of dirt before he dies." The diner surveyed the waiter and observed appreciatively, "Well, I'll recommend this place to anyone that want to get his peck at one meal."—Better Health.

Bishop Hoss said at a Nashville picnic:

"The religious knowledge of too many adults resembles, I am afraid, the religious knowledge of little Eva.

"'So you attend Sunday school regularly?' the minister said to little Eva.

"'Oh, yes, sir.'

"And you know your Bible?'

"'Oh, yes, sir.'

"Could you perhaps tell me something that is in it?'

"I could tell you everything that's in it.'

"'Indeed,' and the minister smiled. 'Do tell me, then.

"'Sister's beau's photo is in it,' said little Eve, promptly, 'and ma's recipe for vanishin' cream is in it, and a lock of my hair cut off when I was a baby is in it, and the ticket for pa's watch is in it.'"—Los Angeles Times.

Political orators must talk of Pilgrim Mothers as well as Pilgrim Fathers or they will lose votes.—The Shoe and Leather Reporter (Boston).

"Well, Ezri, how'd jer make out with yer summer boarders this year?"

"Fine! Best season I ever had. There was seven, all told—three couples in love an a dyspeptic."—Life.

Binks (coming out of theatre)—Why did everybody cry during the death scene? They must have known the actor was not dead.

Jinks—Yes, that was just it.—Michigan Gargoyle.

"Hello, old man! Have any luck shooting?"

"I should say I did. I shot seventeen ducks in one day."

"Were they wild?"

"Well, no—not exactly; but the farmer who owned them was."—Ex.

They had just become engaged.

"I shall love," she cooed, "to share all your griefs and troubles."

"But, darling," he purred, "I have none."

"No," she agreed, "but I mean when we are married."—Dallas News.

"I understand that in the new play Alice has quite a difficult part."

"Difficult? Why, she doesn't say a word."

"Well, isn't that difficult for Alice?"—Boston Transcript.

Cost the Same

"What is the difference between a luxury and a necessity?"

"There is no difference at all, nowadays."—Detroit Free Press.

"That antagonist of yours says he is going to leave footprints in the sands of time."

"He won't," replied Senator Sorghum. "His mind is in the clouds. He is an intellectual aviator. When he comes down he will leave a dent, not a footprint."—Washington Star.

"Does your wife believe what the ouija board says?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Mekton. "And she's right. If my wife puts her hand on an ouijo board it's going to say what she believes or nothing."—Detroit Free Press.

What Love Does

A normal child may be reared in an environment of poverty, and if there is an atmosphere of love in his home life it will grow to manhood or womanhood with no marks of its environment.

Like a butterfly that emerges from the chrysalis state, a child reared in an atmosphere of love, although its environment is one of poverty even abject poverty—wil rise above the discouraging influence of poverty, radiant with beautiful ideals,—knowing the right way to live.

Lady of the Mist—Viewed from the San Francisco hills, this majestic outline carved by nature in such peaceful beauty seems a mighty symbol of rest.

TAMALPAIS

Far on the mountain's mighty height from west
to east thy supple
Length in calm and tranquil power lieth;
Softly the midnight mists sink down
And hush thy deep breast's gentle breathing,
Where to quiet slumber lulled by the tireless
ocean's eternal song
In perfect rest thou sleepest.
Flaming up from the east at dawn the burning
sun shall
Melt the night-mist pall to light,
Leaving thee serenely strong and sweet to still
the restless day.
O, lift us high from all the tired world's dragging toil and care,
Raise us in hope to drink thy calm strength's
silent power—
Breathe thy eternal heavenly peace forever by us
Thou—Angel of rest on Tamalpais.

—Christie Tyler, S. F.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29830—Dept. No. 9.

Estate of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executrix, of the last will of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the office of her attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, rooms 501-504, Phelan Bldg., in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased.

GERTRUDE RICHTER,
Executrix of the will of
INA LUCIE VENN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 24th, 1920.
Charles F. Hanlon,
Attorney for Executrix. 10-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 27663—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the will annexed of the estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator with the will annexed, at the office of its attorney, Henry Eickhoff, room 604, Mills building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undesigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased.

MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of
ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, September 28th, 1920. 10-2-4

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Helen M. Bonnet.....Editor

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The Ponderous Merchant Marine Act

Not in the history of this nation has there devolved upon its president a greater responsibility than the one which confronted Woodrow Wilson when he refused to follow congressional demands for section 34 of the Jones Act. Wilson's reasons have been set forth with his usual clarity, and prove that there is yet in the White House a chief executive who understands the business for which he was elected. To have obeyed the whim of Congress in this matter would have been to remodel our treaties with thirty-two nations. It would have meant approximately a rewriting of our complete diplomatic history and relations with the world. It threw upon the State Department duties equal to the whole line of diplomatic intercourse from Washington's day to the present. For this colossal task the Wilson administration would have had only six months of negotiations. The Jones Merchant Marine Act was passed on July 5 of this year, giving the president ninety days within which to notify the nations that the commercial clauses of the treaties would be terminated in favor of new advantages for American vessels. Before the end of that month, all Europe and South American countries had in one form or another (unofficially, of course) protested against the Jones Act. It was intimated that the radical ideas of our Congress would bring about a trade war, which no adherent of the Jones Act can say we are prepared to wage at the present time. Some of these treaties have existd since 1850, and several go as far back as 1815 and 1826. Great Britain's document was ratified in 1815; Belgium's, in 1871; Norway's, 1827; Paraguay's, 1859; and, all in all, the text of these treaties is the bound volume of our foreign relations. It may be remembered that just prior to the passage of this bill, the Republicans in Congress were at loggerheads with the administration over the League of Nations. A few disgruntled Democrats joined them. Recalling their tactics, it is plain that the Merchant Marine Act was a direct attempt to bring confusion upon Wilson's foreign policy. And no Congress ever went further than this. Wilson signed the bill because, as he states, it contains valuable provisions for our maritime routine. He declined to carry out section 34 and give notice of terminating commercial treaties that bind us to the good will and commerce of the world. There is not the slightest doubt that the Republican Congress went beyond its powers as well as discretion in this political onslaught. As Wilson points out, the president has the power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties. This constitutional provision disposes of section 34. Congress cannot authorize and direct the president to make or change treaties. The language of the Constitution is so patent that we have not yet heard any of the more prominent Republicans seek to subvert it. Harding says, if he were president, he would convene Congress and state why he could not carry out the law. This is a paltry bit of criticism.

* * *

Election of Harding Would Mean Commercial War

If the Merchant Marine Act were to be executed in the manner contemplated by congress, a trade war, the like of which this country has never known, would be declared by every country involved. Early in September it was said that ten treaties were certainly within scope of the section; about fifteen others were found more or less affected by the words of the Jones Act, and the total number is now said to be thirty-two. The idea is to discriminate between foreign and domestic vessels, favoring the latter with less tonnage charges and also imposing on the cargoes thereof a lower customs duty. It can readily be seen that such a course would move the countries of the world to retaliate by whatever discriminations might lie in their power. That they would unite against us goes without saying, since their interests would be as one. We have seen, during the recent World War, how unbalanced foreign relations bring internal hardships. Prices, production, financial rates, and general optimism have not yet been restored. Upon these things rest the emoluments and blessings of peace. A maritime war devoted strictly to commerce, with world diplomats and experts striving to outwit this country, would put the whole wheelwork of trade out of gear, and create disturbance from Wall Street to Sansome for years. Action by the president according to the dictates of the belligerent congressmen would be tantamount to the declaration of such commercial war. One finds it unpleasant to foresee the United States getting the worst of it in any controversy; yet, with the heads of thirty-two governments aligned against us, the probabilities are that we should have to yield a little; and perhaps more than that. As mentioned above, Harding's comment on the situation has been rather weak. He does not wish to say that Wilson is right; he cannot find wherein the president was wrong. Harding feels that there is a possibility of himself becoming president. It is to that end that he is now making speeches from his front porch. He might criticize Wilson for the stand on section 34, and then the burden of the trade war would eventually rest on the shoulders of Warren Gamaliel Harding. In fact, as a Republican, he would recognize the necessity of carrying out this legislation to the bitter end. This election of Harding thus means a commercial war. We cannot look at this belated campaign trick in any other light. The Republicans, using every strategy to discredit Wilson, will be committed to the the policy of the Jones Act, which they possibly considered the shrewdest of all national bombs. They gave the president ninety days to think it over, thus bringing the administration's decision within thirty days of election. The talk of impeachment for thwarting Congress on section 34 indicates the amount of publicity they had in mind. They have put their own candidate in an extremely delicate position—if he should be elected; in which event he could hardly evade a declaration of the trade war on Europe, Asia, Mexico, Central and South America. The contemplation of such a disaster must redound to the chances of Governor Cox. This predicament is the best thing that could have happened to the governor's campaign. Article X has become an academic debate. The Republicans, committing their candidate to a trade war, have thrown millions of votes to the Democrats.

* * *

Is the Legion in Politics?

It would be highly presumptious for an outsider to doubt the sincerity of those who have spoken for the American Legion. The Legion, they said, was not organized for political purposes, and has no motive other than comradeship and mutual aid. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that some politicians look with longing eyes on an association of citizens that might somehow be lured into group voting. One cannot, first of all, criticize these veterans for such acts as passing resolutions against the entry of Japanese into "the country, and abrogation of the so-called "gentlemen's agreement" with Japan. Nor can one term "politics" the Legion's demand for the dismissal of Assistant Secretary of Labor Louis F. Post, who, they say, has obstructed the enforcement of Red deportations, that is, if the accusation against him be founded on a

certainty; and we take it that serious-minded citizens would not oust a man from federal office without due examination into the facts. The Legion appointed an investigating committee, which reported that Post had been guilty of hindering the alien deportation laws. After such a noble record, there must be regret for the subterfuge by which the soldiers' publication, "Stars and Stripes," was infused with political propaganda and supplied with political funds through the instrumentality of practical politicians. Richard H. Waldo, of New York, having been called before a Senate investigating committee, was asked if he had tried to purchase "Stars and Stripes" as a representative of the Du Pont interests. This he denied. However, he did try to buy the publication and turn it into a campaign sheet for Harding. This he admitted, but was not clear in his reasons for dropping the deal. The "Stars and Stripes" is not the American Legion, yet its readers are mostly ex-members of the American Expeditionary force. Waldo was an editor of the paper when it was first published on French soil. On return to the United States, he antagonized many of the heroes by opposing the soldiers' bonus. Whatever his motives were, he and Mrs. Ethel Parks were able to obtain donations of from $1,000 to $10,000. Men in active campaign work were approached, and seemingly gave the sums without reluctance. Now, some of these men were Republicans, and some were Democrats. So we have no bias in the matter. It is likely that no man standing high in the councils of either the Republican or the Democratic National Cominttees was aware of the contributions. Indeed, it would be difficult to prevent the supply and demand of political money for any newspaper, however heroic its readers. At the same time, it would be wise of the American Legion, in one of its many resolutions, to denounce the encroachment of political doctrine in the veteran ranks, and this merely to keep their other activities pure and unassailable. Otherwise, there would be no reason for denying to the Legion whatever message statesmen and politicians might choose to give them. There being both Republicans and Democrats in this organization, the Legion as a whole is presumtively non-partisan. Exclusion of Japanese and Radicals might be termed a non-partisan activity, and therefore, that efforts in that behalf may be maintained without suspicion of motive or weakness in practice, it would be altogether advisable for the Legion to quash every attempt at its use for party enthusiasm.

* * *

The Goat Island Terminal

From time to time San Francisco has discussed certain engineering plans for accomodation of its growing importance—ocean shore highways, a tunnel or bridge near the Golden Gate, improvements on the Marina, and several minor facilities for the new era of transportation. The Stockton street and Twin Peaks tunnels were achieved after years of debate. At times, public interest relaxed, and a few enterprising committeemen kept the enterprises afloat. The suggestion of Rear Admiral Joseph L. Jayne for a union terminal on Goat Island has had a better impetus than any of the aforesaid projects. In the first place, it comes in a day when talks of municipal consolidation is in the air. Despite the fact that the transbay cities look with suspicion on San Francisco's fraternalism as an effort to absorb them for selfish interests, there is a widespread feeling that in no distant year the populations around the bay will unite under a single charter. Amalgamation is the spirit of the age. Consolidation is a phase of modern progress. One of the objections hitherto is the distance between Oakland and San Francisco. The two cities are separated by waters requiring fifteen minutes of travel from pier to pier. A trestle from Oakland to Goat Island would cut the ferry time to less than half. Oakland and San Francisco would be one and a quarter miles apart. Beyond that there would be the added interest of both cities in an island that to most of us is little more than a locus of naval training tents and the sign-board of a cable crossing. Goat Island is a charming spot. Technically it is controlled by the United States. Sentimentally it is a possession of the bay cities. If the federal government, on advising with the navy, should see fit to collaborate in the scheme, a distinct and picturesque change would come into the local history. Of course, in speaking thus, one should not take lightly the monetary cost involved; and besides, considerable loss or scrapping of equipment would be entailed the two ferry companies. They would be making a sacrifice of property now in use and built to last for many years. Yet the gain would be worth while, to the transportation companies as well as their patrons. One would search long for an instance where a large city has not increased its traffic after making traffic improvements. From all accounts, Admiral Jayne has the details of the engineering well worked out. He has spoken with the consent of Secretary of the Navy Daniels, and, while many official acts will be necessary to further the plan, it has already a wide support, and should be fostered with at least an amount of energy that will leave no doubt of its unremitted advance.

* * *

An Imbroglio in Booze

It is time for the bootleggers to have a little fun with the federal government. While they must submit to arrest and penalty, their hearts rejoice when they see two government officials giving each other a stony governmental stare in a clash of authority. In the present instance the clash is not only psychological but subtle; and this perhaps because one of the officials is a woman. Two men were arrested for bribing a bonded warehouse detective, who trapped them on the advice of Justus S. Wardell, collector of internal revenue. Wardell is one of the aforesaid officials; the other is Gladys K. Warburton, acting prohibition director. She issued permits to Messrs. Daniels and Callaghan for the withdrawal of whiskey (8,000 gallons) from the warehouse. Despite the possession of such written authority, it is alleged that he gentlemen had so much difficulty placed in their way that they offered the detective $1 a gallon to expedite matters and free the liquor for medicinal purposes. They had secured many barrels of whiskey prior to that episode, and the warehouseman was suspicious of the medicinal needs. So he checked up on their permits, and Wardell placed a blockade on all the whiskey in this part of the country, so that the system of releasing Old Crow and Old Pleasant Smiles might be investigated. Thus, even if you have, at the present moment, regular, honest-to-goodness written authority from the United States of America, countersigned by Gladys Warburton, it is of no immediate use. Your physician must prescribe something else. So it seems that she must hang up her rubber stamps until Wardell gives the word to go ahead. Now, has he authority to stop the wheels of progress in this manner? Mrs. Warburton says: "Collector Wardell knows as well as I do that his sole duty is to collect the taxes." As we understand the duties of a collector, the lady is perfectly right. However, she will cooperate with Wardell in the investigation. She has the reputation of being quite an investigator on her own account. Some persons think that the bootlegging business is too much for a woman to control; and we trust that the male members in the federal building are not over-curious of Mrs. Warburton's permits merely on that account.

* * *

A Submarine Auto

There are not only warlike but political possibilities in the newly designed French armored tank. It is an amphibious vehicle that goes on land or sea, and dives under. Senator Harding could find good use for such a craft. The senator is notoriously choice in his stump-speaking. Unlike Governor Cox, he will not address every common crowd, but selects audiences from populaces that are worthy of his utterances. Only the best class of people are invited to Marion for this new Republican oratory. Now in an enclosed automobile, Harding could make his way across Ohio without being annoyed by the citizens of towns which he might consider beneath his notice. Then entering the Ohio River he could drift with the current, addressing those river folk that might catch his fancy. Should any of these prove too much for his nerves, he could cut short the interview by diving, and reappear on the Mississippi, take a look around, plunge again and emerge at New Orleans. There need be no rowdy crowds on his itinerary, and all such vexations as train-end speeches would be eliminated. This is an age of inventions. The Republican Party, having a huge expense fund, could afford them all, proving itself up to date in its methods even though behind the times in its policies.

A Delimma

By S. WEIR MITCHELL

I was just thirty-seven when my Uncle Philip died. A week before that event he sent for me; and here let me say that I had never set eyes on him. He hated my mother, but I do not know why. She told me long before his last illness that I need expect nothing from my father's brother. He was an inventor, an able and ingenious mechanical engineer, and had made much money by his improvement in turbine wheels. He was a bachelor; lived alone, cooked his own meals, and collected precious stones, especially rubies and pearls. From the time he made his first money he had this mania. As he grew richer, the desire to possess rare and costly gems became stronger. When he bought a new stone, he carried it in his pocket for a month and now and then took it out and looked at it. Then it was added to the collection in his safe at the trust company.

At the time he sent for me I was a clerk, and poor enough. Remembering my mother's words, his message gave me, his sole relative, no new hopes; but I thought it best to go.

When I sat down by his bedside, he began, with a malicious grin:

"I suppose you think me queer. I will explain." What he said was certainly queer enough. "I have been living on an annuity into which I put my fortune. In other words, I have been, as to money, eccentric half of my life to enable me to be as eccentric as I pleased the rest of it. Now I repent of my wickedness to you all, and desire to live in the memory of at least one of my family. You think I am poor and have only my annuity. You will be profitably surprised. I have never parted with my precious stones; they will be yours. You are my sole heir. I shall carry with me to the other world the satisfaction of making one man happy.

"No doubt you have always had expectations, and I desire that you should continue to expect. My jewels are in my safe. There is nothing else left."

When I thanked him he grinned all over his lean face, and said:

"You will have to pay for my funeral."

I must say that I never looked forward to any expenditure with more pleasure than to what it would cost me to put him away in the earth. As I rose to go, he said:

"The rubies are valuable. They are in my safe at the trsut company. Before you unlock the box, be very careful to read a letter which lies on top of it; and be sure not to shake the box." I thought this odd. "Don't come back. It won't hasten things."

He died that day week, and was handsomely buried. The day after, his will was found, leaving me his heir. I opened his safe and found in it nothing but an iron box, evidently of his own making, for he was a skilled workman and very ingenious. The box was heavy and strong, about ten inches long, eight inches wide and ten inches high. On it lay a letter to me. It ran thus:

"Dear Tom: This box contains a large number of very fine pigeon-blood rubies and a fair lot of diamonds; one is blue—a beauty. There are hundreds of pearls—one the famous green pearl and a necklace of blue pearls, for which any woman would sell her soul—or her affections." I thought of Susan. "I wish you to continue to have expectations and continuously to remember your dear uncle. I would have left these stones to some charity, but I hate the poor as much as I hate your mother's son,—yes, rather more.

"The box contains an interesting mechanism, which will act with certainty as you unlock it, and explode ten ounces of my improved, supersensitive dynamite—no, to be accurate, there are only nine and a half ounces. Doubt me, and open it, and you will be blown to atoms. Believe me, and you will continue to nourish expectations which will never be fulfilled. As a considerate men, I counsel extreme care in handling the box. Don't forget your affectionate

"UNCLE."

I stood appalled, the key in my hand. Was it true? Was it a lie? I had spent all my savings on the funeral, and was poorer than ever.

Remembering the old man's oddity, his malice, his cleverness in mechanic arts, and the patent explosive which had helped to make him rich, I began to feel how very likely it was that he had told the truth in this cruel letter.

I carried the iron box away to my lodgings, set it down with care in a closet, laid the key on it, and locked the closet.

Then I sat down, as yet hopeful, and began to exert my ingenuity upon ways of opening the box without being killed. There must be a way.

After a week of vain thinking I bethought me, one day, that it would be easy to explode the box by unlocking it at a safe distance, and I arranged a plan with wires, which seemed as if it would answer. But when I reflected on what would happen when the dynamite scattered the rubies, I knew that I should be none the richer. For hours at a time I sat looking at that box and handling the key.

At last I hung the key on my watchguard; but then it occurred to me that it might be lost or stolen. Dreading this, I hid it, fearful that some one might use it to open the box. This state of doubt and fear lasted for weeks, until I became nervous and began to dread that some accident might happen to that box. A burglar might come and carry it away and force it open and find it was a wicked fraud of my uncle's. Even the rumble and vibration caused by the heavy vans in the street became at last a terror.

In my despair I consulted Professor Clinch about my delemma, and as to some safe way of getting at the rubies. He said that, if my uncle had not lied, there was none that would not ruin the stones, especially the pearls, but that it was a silly tale and altogether incredible. I offered him the biggest ruby if he wished to test his opinion. He did not desire to do so.

Dr. Schaff, my uncle's doctor, believed the old man's letter, and added a caution, which was entirely useless, for by this time I was afraid to be in the room with that terrible box.

At last the doctor kindly warned me that I was in danger of losing my mind with too much thought about my rubies. In fact, I did nothing else but contrive wild plans to get at them safely. I spent all my spare hours at one of the great libraries reading about dynamite. Indeed, I talked of it until the library attendants, believing me a lunatic or a dynamite fiend, declined to humor me, and spoke to the police. I suspect that for a while I was "shadowed" as a suspicious and possibly criminal character. I gave up the libraries, and, becoming more and more fearful, set my precious box on a down pillow, for fear of its being shaken; for at this time even the absurd possibility of its being disturbed by an earthquake troubled me. I tried to calculate the amount of shake needful to explode my box.

The old doctor, when I saw him again, begged me to give up all thought of the matter, and, as I felt how completely I was the slave of one despotic idea, I tried to take the good advice thus given me.

Unhappily, I found, soon after, between the leaves of my uncle's Bible, a numbered list of the stones with their cost and much beside. It was dated two years before my uncle's death. Many of the stones were well known, and their enormous value amazed me.

Several of the rubies were described with care, and curious histories of them were given in detail. One was said to be the famous "Sunset ruby," which had belonged to the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa. One was called the "Blood ruby," not, as explained, because of the color, but on account of the murders it had occasioned. Now, as I read, it seemed again to threaten death.

The pearls were described with care as an unequalled collection. Concerning two of them my uncle had written what I might call biographies, —for, indeed, they seemed to have done much evil and some good. One, a black pearl, was mentioned in an old bill of sale as—She—which seemed queer to me.

It was maddening. Here, guarded by a vision of sudden death, was wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice." I am not a clever or ingenious man; I know little beyond how to keep a ledger, and so I was, and am, no doubt, absurd about many of my notions as to how to solve this riddle.

At one time I thought of finding a man who would take the risk of unlocking the box, but what right had I to subject any one else to the trial I dared not face I could easily drop the box from a height somewhere, and if it did not explode could then safely unlock it; but if it did blow up when it fell, good-by to my rubies. Mine, indeed! I was rich, and I was not. I grew thin and morbid, and so miserable that, being a Catholic, I at last carried my troubles to my father confessor. He thought it simply a cruel joke of my uncle's, but was not so eager for another world as to be willing to open my box. He, too, counselled me to cease thinking about it. Good heavens! I dreamed about it. Not to think about it was impossible. Neither my own thought nor science nor religion had been able to assist me.

Two years have gone by, and I am one of the richest men in the city, and have no more money than will keep me alive.

Susan said I was half cracked like Uncle Philip, and broke off her engagement. In my despair I have advertised in the "Journal of Science," and have had absurd schemes sent me by the dozen. At last, as I talked too much about it, the thing became so well known that when I put the horror

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in a safe, in bank, I was promptly desired to withdraw it. I was in constant fear of burglars, the landlady gave me notice to leave, because no one would stay in the house with that bo.. I am now advised to print my story and await 'vice from the ingenuity of the American mind.

I have moved into the suburbs and hidden the box and changed my name and my occupation. This I did to escape the curiosity of the reporters. I ought to say that when the government officials came to hear of my inheritance, the. very reasonably desired to collect the succession tax on my uncle's estate.

I was delighted to assist them. I told the collector my story, and showed him Uncle Philip's letter. Then I offered him the key, and asked for time to get half a mile away. That man said he would think it over and come back later.

This is all I have to say. I have made a will left my rubies and pearls to the Society for the Prevention of Human Vivisection. If any man thinks this account a joke or an invention, let him coldly imagine the situation.

Given an iron box, known to contain wealth, said to contain dynamite, arranged to explode when the key is used to unlock it—what would any sane man do? What would he advise?

"Thou Art the Soul of Thy House"

By S. WEIR MITCHELL

"Thou are the soul of thy house, and he who after thee inhabits it will know thee."—Pavel Sychofsky, M. P. S.

My friend Secton is a Ph.D. in psychometry, and believes that all things created by man have souls, and remember, and are what he calls influential. It is sad nonsense, and in shops where the successive owners always fail. He goes further, and says that it is morally dangerous to live in a house where a murderer has has long dwelt, or in which a murder has been done. My doctor says there is only one kind of ghost and that lives unseen of any in houses where certain kinds of diseases have killed men. This idea captures my imagination, through my reason, and does appeal to me. As to the other style of ghost, I entirely disbelieve. My friend is hurt when I say that ghosts must be rare, since there is no mention of them in the last census; nor of rattlesnakes, says Secton, who dislikes trifling with the serious, and does not see the logical value of a jest, nor why I grin at his houses with "influential memories."

That doctor of mine also smiles at Secton's queer notions, and taps his forehead indicatively. But then, the doctor is a materialist. So extreme a mystic as Secton is more to my taste. I can readily see why, with that kind of a doctor, my wife remains neither well enough to be of use, nor ill enough to be honestly pitied. He says: "Bah! a ghost. I should put a thermometer under his tongue, and soon know where he came from."

One night in June, when my wife was away, Secton called at my house in South Kensington, and began at once on his hobby. I smoked and listened, mildly amused. Secton is very persistent. He suspects me of having a little leaven of love of the mystical, which is true of most men.

He said at last: "I have often tested my own belief as to houses. Will you submit your skepticism to a trial?"

I replied that I would.

He said: "I have hired a house for a week. I want you to sleep there two nights. To be brief," he added, "I make no suggestive statement. I have furnished one room, the second story back. Occupy it two sucessive nights, and, mind you, it is not a question of ghosts."

The next night he called for me.

We had a long drive in a hansom to a suburban house near St. John's Wood. Here Secton gave me a key, and left me at the door.

The dwelling was large, and had a small walled garden behind it. It was about eleven when I lighted the candle I found in the hall, on the floor, for the house was, as he said, unfurnished. It smelt close and musty. I walked through several rooms to a little conservatory. I found nothing unlike a multitude of other so-called villas.

I went to my room, locked the door, lighted three candles, set my shaving-case and toilet affairs on a chair, for want of a table, and went to bed. It is proof of my indifferent attitude of mind that I slept well. I awoke early, about six, and, to my surprise, felt a strange sense of depression, a melancholy so convincing that I seemed of a sudden to understand how it was that men may desire to die. I sat up with a feeling of horror and of recoil as from an abyss. I struck my repeater. It was after six o'clock. As I looked about me in the dim light, I saw my razor lying open on the bed. It startled me. I was sure I had left it on the chair.

I got up and walked about the room, and after a little began to be more myself. As it was very warm, I opened a window. When I turned toward the bed, the razor, closed, was lying on the chair. I began to dislike the adventure and again to feel the cloud of melancholy, like a shroud, about me.

I dressed and went home, and after breakfast was as usual. By nightfall I had explained it all to my satisfaction, and, reassured, went gaily back to the house.

Nothing unusual happened. I smoked a cigar or two, read a sleep-compelling novel, and went to bed at ten. I woke twice in an hour, conscious each time of fear, the product of dreams which at once faded past recall. After this I was unable to sleep. I was restless and uneasy. At last I got up, and in the darkness had abruptly a sense of alarm which was like a possession; that is, as of a thing, a mood, which owned me. I found a match, and lighted all my three candles. I was in a cold sweat and afraid with the fear a nightmare brings, and with this terror I was, also, in a mood of deep gloom. I dressed and went to a closet to find the novel I had left on the shelf. I was resolved to dismiss these sensations. As I took it, I saw some empty vials, and one which was half full. I took it up, and uncorked it, and smelt it to learn what it might be. It was laudanum. I staggered across the room with it in my hand, and with an oath threw it into the fireplace. I had resisted the deadl'est temptation life had ever set in my way.

I went slowly down-stairs, and must have been in a queer condition, for I seemed to be moving with an onerous use of will power. At last I was out in the air and was at once relieved. After walking about for hours, I reluctantly went back to the house, and up to my room. The fragments of the bottle I had broken when I threw it on the hearth were gone.

As I stood in amazement, looking about me, I felt a slowly gathering renewal of the melancholy of the night before. Was it all a dream—or what? My reason and my will power were affected by the mood of gloom, and by the desire, the longing to—I would not say it even to that confidant, my own mind. I hastily put my toilet things in a hand-bag, and went away to get, at home, a bath and breakfast. The feeling of depression was with me until evening.

When I called on Secton and made my statement he asked if I were satisfied. I replied that, as to the razor, it must have been a lapse of memory, and possibly—

Secton broke in: "But I say, man, do you leave open razors on your bed and forget them? Or do you mean me to believe that it is a habit of yours to get up in your sleep and shave yourself?"

"But," said I, "how else can I explain it?"

"That is just the question. I can explain it. What about the laudanum?"

I replied that I must have been, in some way, the fool of my own suggestive imagination.

"Well," said he, "you certainly reason very oddly. And so you remain unconvinced."

"Of what am I to be convinced?" I said nothing of my melancholy mood, nor of the temptation. I hated to think of what was an absolutely new, and as surely very humbling, remembrance for a man as decisive as I.

He sneered as he returned: "You wished to test the value of my belief that houses have active memories and may affect, as with a moral malaria, those who live in them."

"Yes; that is put fairly. What of that house—what does it remember?"

"I will tell you. Three persons have taken their lives in that house; no one can live in it."

"Stop!" I said. "Were they all of one family?"

"Yes."

"That," I urged, "seems to me to lessen the value of your test."

"Does it?" he said. "For them, perhaps; but not for you. Now be fair."

I said it required thought.

I think he knew that I had not been entirely frank, for he asked if I would try another night in the same house.

I said, "No." Upon which he replied, smiling: "I do not ask why. I am satisfied."

Secton has good manners. He might have made himself disagreeable.

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The League of Nations

Under the American system, where important policies of government are determined by the people, it is essential that every avenue of information touching such policies should be absolutely reliable. While not so technically, in a moral sense it is plain treason to misrepresent facts. Deliberately to deceive the public mind—which mind ultimately determines all policies of the government—is the most contemptible form of treason, for such conduct insidiously undermines government at its source.

Whether the League of Nations be ratified or not, however honest opinion may differ, is not the question. The question is: Should anyone violate his conscience by voting for or against it, when misled by deliberate falsehoods? The opposition to the League must be lame indeed if its only case against it is a tissue of misrepresentations.

Such has been the case with many of the large dailies in America in dealing with the League of Nations. Intelligent patriotism is learning to ignore such publications, and it will not be long before the influence of such mendacious sheets will be nil. God speed the day!

That the world might "get together" in some form of federation has been the hope of the prophets and seers, as well as the statesmen, of all ages. It has been the dream of mankind as the only practical way of doing away with the crime of war. The present covenant is the first practical move in that direction, and all the progressive, civilized nations of the world, save only the United States, have ratified and are seeking to adjust themselves to it. The United States—due to a small coterie of Senators, who, in history, will be remembered without pleasure and forgotten without pain—is in the most unenviable company it was ever in—Russia, Turkey, Mexico and such nations—outside the League.

Women, especially, at the November election, should vote in favor of the League of Nations, for it is the first attempt in an international arrangements, which speciegally provides that women may hold the highest offices under the League upon the same terms with men. (See Article VII.)

There has been an effort to stir up Irish feeling against the League on the theory that "Great Britain has six votes" in the assembly. In the first place, the assembly is not the executive branch of the League. That consists of the council, and in that body Great Britain has but one vote. Even in the assembly, to assert that Great Britain has six votes to our one, is a deliberate falsehood, for no one familiar with the English system will maintain that England could control the votes of her self-governing dominions against their will. She has never been able, and never tries, to do it. Even at present her dominions freely levy import duties against her products into their realms.

On the contrary, Article XI provides an opportunity, without offense, to bring such matters as the Irish question before the League.

Though the council, which is the executive branch of the League, is required to meet at least once a year, there is no specified time when the assembly shall meet. It is to meet at "stated intervals," which might be any period of time, or "as occasion may require."

For the first time in the history of the world, this covenant undertakes to bring about a just condition for those who perform the arduous toil of the world, bringing to the several nations a united consideration of the conditions of labor, especially as such affect the welfare of women and children.

The covenant specifically recognizes and undertakes to preserve our Monroe Doctrine, making that doctrine the policy of the world. (See Article XI.)

Perhaps the most viciously attacked article of the League is known as Article X. In principle that article is simply a world application of our Monroe Doctrine. That doctrine, which we have considered a most vital one in our national life, was practically nothing less than this same Article X, except that it applied to this hemisphere alone, and had back of it only the United States. In this covenant, the same principle is applied to "the teritorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League." In it the League undertakes to "preserve as against EXTERNAL aggression" such integrity and political independence.

Even in such promise to "preserve," the decision of the council (not the assembly) must be unanimous—which means that our own representative must vote for it—and then it undertakes only to "advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled."

Yet some mendacious and liberous sheets show their contempt for the intelligence of their readers by saying that under that article the League could order our boys to "fight in Europe." The infamy of that falsehood is emphasized when we consider that our own representative would have to vote for it, that he would be subject to the orders of our President and the Senate, and that, even then, we could not order our boys into such duties except by act of Congress.

Had that League covenant been one year later, so that a political party could not make capital for a campaign, the Senate, as at present constituted, would have ratified it.

In that connection, I wish merely to mention the fact that in his autobiography, written three years after the Civil war, Horace Greeley—perhaps the greatest journalist America has produced—says of Lincoln: "He might have been a good and successful President during the time of peace, but it was extremely unfortunate for the country that Abraham Lincoln was President during the Civil war."

As history has placed the martyred President of the Civil war period where he rightly belongs, so may we trust to history to place the real author of the Covenant of the League of Nations—our own President—in the niche that justice assigns to him.

The War on Beauty

The phrase, "more beautiful than the law allows," has passed from a jest to reality. Woman's attire, within recent years, has advanced to a point that has aroused the attention of clergymen, savants and even police departments. Season after season we observe women becoming more beautiful, their garb more daintily and flimsily draped, while the custodians of morals grow more and more nervous lest civilization fall. Of course, in such an event, it would undoubtedly fall at the lady's feet, and if the date of said accident be in the near future, the aforesaid feet, according to fashion's decree, will be shod in pearl-gray suede, the stockings gray and rolled over. Attempts to forestall the added attractions of the fair sex began naturally enough with the bathing season. Early in May the Coney Island police announced that bare-leged nymphs would not be allowed in that part of the Atlantic Ocean. The next blow fell in Portland, Oregon. In the Shriners' parade was to be a shoal of bathing beauties. They were opportunely informed by a committee of women that a parade is no place to take a bath or even seem to. As a result, the Shriners' convention was held in dampness and gloom. Rockaway Beach immediately placed a ban on bathing-suit promenades, and hung up signs that automobiles, whether open or limousine, could not be used as dressing rooms. In June, Chicago took a hand and gave notice that the one-piece, form-fitting style for mermaids would land the lady in a police court. From all this we see the absurdity of the new evolutionary theory, which has it that we did not descend from fish because the human hand could not have developed from a fin. It is more important to note that woman's costume of today developed from a bathing suit, which is amply proven by the fact that you can still perceive the knee. Women bathe in the ocean because fish always did so. This is scientific. It was in June that a regional session of the W. C. T. U., held right in the good city of Oakland, denounced asthetic dancing such as is usually performed in the garb of an Athenian virgin. Another costume that came in for criticism was a glorious thing pat-

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terned after the glitter and lines of a goldfish. The church has also reprimanded female accontrements. From far-away Cardiff, England, came word that communion was not to be held in decollété, anl practically the same ruling was made in Spain. The first shot against October styles comes from our own Sacramento, where the high school girls have been told that they must not enter class rooms looking like vamps. Minerva never penciled her eyebrows, as far as we know. One of her earthly daughters, Aspasia, did so, according to Plutarch. Aspasia was also a devotee of Venus, and the Sacramento girls were apparently dividing their dreams between love and wisdom, if we can believe Job Wood, deputy state superintendent of publi.. instruction. But the Spectator does not believe him. Cosmetics are just a fad, and have no effect, one way or another, on the mind. Silk stockings and crimson lips make things interesting. If interest is thus added to the course of study, so much the better. Woman is most herself when most beautiful; and she is most beautiful when most herself—not overburdened with clothes. There are too many self-appointed policemen nowadays, wearing badges that give them the right to talk of things that don't concern them.

Andy Gallagher and the City's Auto

Andrew J. Gallagher, former supervisor and now scaler of weights and measures, has apparently sealed the doom of a municipal automobile. He, the auto, and a few bottles of wine were nabbed by a prohibition cop. It looks as if the car, under the law will have to be turned over to somebody in the mint or to one of Uncle Sam's lettter carriers. Yet, why not? Andy was wearing it out, anyway. As a one-time city father, he might have taken a more fatherly care of the city's property. I suppose that this machine was put into his care for visiting and sealing grocers' scales and guaranteeing that the public gets measure for measure, not for transporting liquor measured and sealed to his own use. The big sealer has explained that he was proceeding from his San Francisco home to his Larkspur country seat in a quiet and peaceful manner. I wot you well, he was. No doubt he was trying to get out of the county so quietly and peacefully that the booze detective thought there must be something wrong. Besides that, Gallagher had recently been arrested for disturbing the peace of Larkspur with midnight revelry, and was cop-shy. It was one o'clock in the morning when he attempted to get out of San Francisco, perhaps fancying that all good cops were in bed. So should all the municipal autos have been in the garage. The escapade being a week-end one, it can be presumed that Gallagher intended to drive around the Marin hills, which are hard on tires. On return to the city, his gasoline tank and oil cups would need replenishing, and all we taxpayers could rejoice that we helped to give Andy a good time. We like to see all our public officials enjoy themselves at week-end. Some of them work very hard in the fore part of the week. This time, though, we lost an automobile. In sooth, Andy should not have tried to take it out of the county. He ought to have both his homes in San Francisco. His joy-riding would then be less expensive to the city.

Municipal Joy Riding

In connection with the newspaper account of Andrew Gallagher's arrest for transporting old style liquor in a city-owned automobile, two interesting situations come to the fore. The federal law states that vehicles used in illicit transportation of spirituous liquor shall be seized and sold; but in this case the machine used by Gallagher for the joy riding of a week-end trip across the bay is the property of the municipality! Now, in case seizure is carried out, it should be determined: Will Gallagher pay the city the price of the car? Discretion points that way. When the supervisors, not long since, vetoed Andy's bold demand for a limousine top to the car, Andy paid for the top out of his own funds. Mr. Gallagher should know the auto game thoroughly, being, or having been, in the tire business. A city official in the tire business cares not for such a trifle as a 2,000-dollar car.

Then, also, what becomes of all the city owned machines on holidays and week-ends ? Do they legally repose in garages or are they out using up city gasoline and tires? Sleeping the eternal sleep of unused statutes is an ordinance of the supervisors making it mandatory that every municipal automobile have printed on its side in certain sized letters the legend: "City and County of San Francisco." Well, look them over. If you have the minimum of optical trouble you will not be able to discern anything so telltale on these cars—at least not on the big fellows; for all the eight-cylinder beauties have thereon an artistic monogram about three inches in diameter which proclaims to ultra inquisitive taxpayers the story of city ownership. Were the law carried out literally as it is on U. S. army vehicles, these joy-riding cars would readily be detected in the wee' small hours, as long the highways they gleefully bound, all fed up on good city-paid-for gasoline.

Vote for Amendment 30

Charter Amendment No. 30 concerns the purchase of public utilities, permitting them to pay their purchase price out of their own earnings. The amendment simply empowers the mayor and supervisors to submit such proposition at an election for the people to vote upon. The question then would be, "Are we agreeable to buying any service enterprise for public use, permitting its own earnings to pay such purchase price?"

This eliminates bond issue, which after all is mortgaging the future of any utility for which they are issued. This method also does away with extra taxation.

It is as if a printing plant were sold to the city, the owner agreeing to accept the profits of the business as payment; or as if the Palace Hotel were bought by the city on the understanding that rentals, café receipts, etc., were to be paid the city after expenses were deducted. Of course an expert upon the particular business taken over would have to have charge of it, otherwise the sellers would be the ones to suffer loss.

This is a novel plan, but its wisdom has the approval of those who worked out its practicability. Study it, and vote for it. Remember, Amendment 30.

Middle Age

There is a popular fallacy that youth is the time for hope, middle age for delusion, and old age for memory. How it arose one cannot say, for clearly it is not so. Great achievements, whether in action or the arts, belong as a rule to the middle-aged. This idea is expressed with real force by Henry Bryan Binns, who says:

"The processes of freedom are indeed at work from the beginning of conscious life, but the realization of a fuller and even a final and absolute personality belongs to middle life.

"Having fulfilled the ordinary human tasks, the clean uncontaminated man or woman ought still, at maturity, to retain vast possibilities of further development. The mere continuance of the race from generation to generation, however essential toward progrss, promises little in itself toward progress. It is the surplus of personal quality, of personality itself, properly speaking, in any period over that of the period preceding, that alone marks vital progress. And this depends, in very large degree, upon a development continued beyond middle age; upon the gaining of a vital second wind, and the renewing of youth."

Vital Second Wind

Mr. Binns means that if middle-aged people ceased to be bores and gave up talk of disillusion; if they used experience without losing enthusiasm, the world would be a better place. That

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really is the burden of his book, "The Free Spirit." It contains about a hundred poems that will be welcome to those who took pleasure in a previous volume, "The Great Companions." But it is quite possible that a greater amount of attention will fall to this study of "Personal Expression."

Expression to him includes not only art, by which a man appeals to the many, or to conversation which is for those within earshot. It includes prayer:

"We need to draw life down, to deepen our consciousness. Having pushed our individual life out as far as we may in each direction, we must withdraw into the secret desires of our innermost being until we find the answering spring of power, the hidden resources of a new range of personality."

Mr. Binns has taken upon himself a task of supreme difficulty. How is middle age to retain its experience and to awaken its faith? To some the very reading of this book would seem a heavy business. Yet those who care to clear away the mental barnacles may follow Mr. Binns with the certainty that he is writing as a result of experience, and not as the scribes.

His poetry, too, will explain and illustrate his prose, though the author's intention may have been that the prose should elucidate the poetry. It is a curious book: half Quaker, half Quietist; with the rebellious lionhood of Fox setting his "sober feet to skipping."

San Francisco's Boundaries

How many know just where San Francisco lies? Not about her resources nor attractions—that is for her sister California metropolis to do—but in reference to her confines. Vaguely, we know she is bounded on the east by the Embarcadero, on the south, etc., but the Department of Elections has a more exaggerated idea of the city's extent than is given to the ordinary inhabitant to conceive.

The fact is, after journeying from the ferries out to the ordinarily accepted boundary at the ocean beach, you had traversed but a scant portion of her domain, for, arriving there, you take ship thence on the bounding main and steam or sail forth in the general direction of Honolulu until you reach the Farallone Islands—part and parcel of San Francisco City and County.

Returnig to the ferries you start on a trip to our eastern and northern boundary. Again embarking you journey to Yerba Buena and Alcatraz Islands. Because Angel Island was excluded by the legislative act of April 19, 1856, from inclusion in our city area, had, as far as is known, naught to do with a disinclination of the lawmakers to associate angels with our townsmen; however, leaving Alcatraz Island, you steer a course east by north by northeast past Point Richmond in Contra Costa County to Golden Rock way up near San Quentin. Quite a number of our former residents presently sojourn in the prison town, but it was not made a part of us because the penal resort happened to be in another county.

In returning, you skirt the shores of Marin County, past Point Cavallo, Lime Point, Point Diablo and Point Bonita, and finally arrive at—not in—San Francisco, for you were actually in the city during the whole hundred and some odd miles' journey you took seemingly away from it.

School Teaching Not a Job

The average wage earner thinks of the school teacher's work as a "job" and gives the subject no further thought.

But when a woman fits herself by years of training for the position offered in the public schools, she does not do so with the idea of holding the position a year or so, making it only a "pot boiler," for some higher ambition—possibly matrimony and motherhood—although the ideals of those who raise a family of children to be honored citizens and the ideals of a teacher in the public school are not widely different. There is a very complimentary comparison of the two fields of work.

If a veteran school teacher were asked why she choose teaching for a vocation, in all probability she could not tell you; but we know she had executive ability and a talent for constructive leadership, and a desire to direct the growing mind in the right direction. A school teacher's work is one of renownless service.

As a writer has well said: "They give their lives for America," and when their work is done they pass on, unheralded and unsung. The teacher who unobtrusively draws on her meager salary to buy shoes or other articles of clothing for an unkempt pupil of her class, has ideals of which the average job worker never dreams.

A teacher who has the children's welfare at heart should be allowed the iniative to develop the latent physical and mental ability of the children in her care. And to those who have not much interest in child development, and are not greatly concerned with the intellectual and physical welfare of the coming generation, and who thoughtlessly turn the educational potters' wheel, we would remind him that "The interests of the children who are to be educated are paramount."

That Monarchy in France

The remarks in last week's Town Talk relating to monarchical tendencies in France were based on cable rumors connected with the election of Alexander Millerand to the presidency. Phrases of a vaguer note had appeared in Parisian messages for some time. In a recent syndicated article, Anatole France, perhaps the most conspicuous genius in the country bearing his own name, makes a short analysis of the crown-and-scepter idea. He speaks of "distinct signs" indicating that monarchy is becoming more popular, and instances the ceremonial pomp that attended the funeral of Empress Eugenie. Other manifestations of monarchy, pointed out by the French writer, are less notable, or else would seem so to American readers; leastwise they are less picturesque. He says that the bourgeoisie have acquired considerable property since the war, and, saving made certain investments, might be inclined to fight or sympathize accordingly as their investments indicate; yet this, he adds, is debatable. Frenchmen must be chary of foreign securities since the collapse of imperial Russia, the bonds of which they bought heavily. Great Britain's king could hardly be held forth as a spectacular figure to French eyes, since George V's power and personality have not made a brilliant page in the history of England. His attempts to obtain leniency for Terence Mac Swiney had no effect on the imperturable Lloyd George, and was one of the weakest aspects of regal majesty known to Buckingham Palace. Frenchmen, of course, would not take to a king of George V's type. The Napoleonic idea is in their blood. Napoleon was born for France; but whether there is in France a rebirth of any spirit looking toward another Napoleon is a sensational outlook which may expand faster than understood on this side of the water. It may come suddenly. It may have exercised itself to the ultimate at Eugenie's funeral. It has been said that France is a republic in name only. Modern kings are to the same tenour. All of which goes to show that kings and presidents are a small part of modern activity.

"In N. Y."—An Anti-Anarchist Play

"In N. Y." George Arliss, in the new Booth Tarkington play, "Poldekin," has an excellent vehicle for his talents. It is a sermon against anarchy. The scenes are: An apartment in a Russian city, a N. Y. tenement backyard and a teneemnt room Elsie Mackay is the leading woman, and Julia Dean makes a strong appeal.

Pamphlets within mourning bands were distributed to the audiences of "Poldekin" after the heinous Wall Street bomb outrage. They more the message:

"THE BULLET OR THE BALLOT?"

"When the time comes, it comes quickly. Fifty years ago we Reds would have been ridiculous, but not now. The capitalist governments have trained us all to fight. When we have a secret council in every factory and a few sailors and soldiers ready from each center of government—well, that's all. In a city of a million if there is a revolt—900,00 stay home with the doors locked—98,—000 come to look on and the other 2,000 do the fighting. Today a few motor cars with machine guns settle the whole matter and tomorrow the bourgeoisie wake up and have to do as they are told!"—Booth Tarkington's "Poldekin."—Act III.

On Thursday, September 16, at one minute after the stroke of noon, the world was thrilled by the sort of a "great deed" to which ironic reference is made in "Poldekin." A few minutes later the maimed and shattered bodies of thirty American men and women were lying on the pavement and 300 others were lying wounded, some past any possible hope of recovery.

Floods of threatening letters have followed this crime. But people shrug their shoulders when they read about them, laugh a little and turn to baseball talk or the movie show down the block. Some people haven't even energy enough for that. All they do is sit in their carpet slippers in the living room, smoke an after dinner cigar and murmur, "Dear me, this is terrible; something ought to be done about it." So a few join the various movements which talk about fighting the deadly menace that is abroad in the

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land, but the majority of these do so for purposes of "personal exploitation" or for the gratification of "social vanity."

For God's sake, Mr. and Mrs. American Citizen, wake up and keep this country from heading straight to hell. It's high time for you to decide whether you are for peaceful progress under the Constitutionfi or whether you are for red revolution. You've got to decide and decide pretty quickly. We've all got to get out of our several and respective ruts, and take the kind of a stand Mr. Tarkington has taken in "Poldekin" against any and all attempts to instil into America the poison of class warfare and the deadly virus of Bolshevism and bloody revolution. It is not unlikely that "Poldekin" "displeases," annoys and irritates a great many "parlor radicals" and half-baked theorists whose "viewpoints" are outraged because Mr. Tarkington's ideas run counter to their own particular opinions. Isn't that too bad?

With the memory of the "great deed" (to quote Poldekin) of September 16 still fresh in the minds of all Americans there can be only one viewpoint for every patriotic citizen of this country—the viewpoint of Abraham Lincoln that this "government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Are you for Lincoln or Lenine?

An Honest Judge

Judge Henry M. Owens ran fifth in the primary election in the race of twelve contestants for the superior bench. Eight candidates are to be chosen. He should be one, for his record is clean. He is a patriotic citizen with high ideals of integrity. After serving as a private in the U. S. army when he was twenty-one, taking part in Sioux warfare in South Dakota, he became a gripman on the Sutter Street R. R. In his spare time he studied law. In four years he was admitted to the Cal'a bar and later to the Kentucky bar, in due time being admitted to the U. S. Supreme Court He lectured for ten years on medical jurisprudence in medical colleges.

He has the courage of his convictions; and, while in charge of the woman's court here, he came out boldly in favor of equal punishment for both sexes caught in vice raids. He is highly respected in his profession and may be depended upon not to be swayed by any influence inimicable of the city's welfare, for the sake of his own advancement. We need on the superior bench men of Judge Owen's broad vision. There are a few high minded men on the superior bench at present. Let us send Judge Owens to assist in uplifting our courts. Let us not vote blindly but look well in the records of all the contestants Some will not bear scrutiny.

"The Quack Quartet"

Five reasons to vote "No" on No. 5:

1. There are 27 drugless cults in California, chiropractic being only one of them. If chiropractors are granted a special board, the other 26 are equally entitled to special boards.

2. With 27 varieties of boards to examine 27 varieties of cults, the state would lose proper control and could not protect the lives and health of its citizens from the incompetent, unskilled and unscrupulous.

3. The chiropractic initiative is based on the false pretense that the present California board of examiners is unqauified to examine chiropractors. All competent applicants can now secure licenses by passing the examination and complying with lawful requirements.

4. The chiropractic initiative is promoted by chiropractic colleges and groups of "advertising specialists" who declare that chiropractic contains "unlimited possibilities for great financial success." If granted the power to license themselves, regardless of educational qualifications, "great financial success" may be won at the expense of the sick.

5. The welfare of the public is best protected by one responsible board. The governor can change the membership of the present board whenever he deems it desirable. The courts can review and reverse the board's decisions. From such a well regulated board all applicants are assured of ample justice and the people of adequate protection.

Vote "No" on number 5.

Six reasons for voting "No" on No. 6.

1. It is filled with lurking dangers. It breaks down necessary health, sanitation and quarantine laws. It not only removes the safeguard of vaccination but outlaws "inoculation or other medication." Which means that children may come from homes in which there is diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, infantile paralysis and any infections or communicable diseases and attend school and endanger the lives of your children.

2. To understand the real purpose of number 6, the voter must read the official report of "The Public School Protective League"—a religio-politico organization, which placed this anti-health amendment on the ballot. Its official report shows that it worked actively against the public health activities of the Children's Bureau, the National Tuberculosis Association, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the War Camp Community Service, the Junior Red Cross, dental nurses, et al., and hampered the federal, state, county and city boards of health.

3. In the light of its anti-health record, the specious plea of the mis-named "Public School Protective League," that its only purpose is to prohibit compulsory vaccination of school children, is shown to be deceptive.

4. California already has a law exempting children from vaccination whenever parent, guardians or persons responsible for them are conscientiously opposed to the practice of vaccination.

5 . American law does not recognize the right of the individual to do as he pleases when his acts endanger the life or health of his family, his neighbors or the citizens generally. Number 6 demands these perilous privileges.

6. All health and medical authorities agree on the protective value of vaccination. The United States government insists on vaccinating all who join the army or navy—Why? Because vaccination protects them. It would be criminal folly for California to nullify its health laws and abandon a thoroughly tested and reliable method of protection against the dreadful scourge of smallpox. A vote for the anti-vaccination amendment is a vote for smallpox. Vote "No" on number 6 and defeat this epidemic amendment.

Reasons to vote "No" on No. 7:

1. The health and welfare of the people of the state depend upon the abundant supply of wholesome food. If the anti-vivisection measure is adopted the means by which farmers now stop the spread of chicken cholera, hog cholera, anthrax, scab, blackleg, Texas fever, lumpy jaw, etc., the means by which feeding and breeding experiments are scientifically conducted, the means by which the cause and remedy for botulism and other food poisons are discovered, would be permanently prohibited. This means less food, dearer food and more dangerous food.

2. The serum and a virus to protect hogs against cholera, like many other valuable remedies, were developed through animal experimentation by the United States bureau of animal industry. Losses from hog cholera alone have been reduced 60 per cent through animal experimentation—a saving of $41,000,000 per annum.

3. Animal experimentation is the foundation of bacteriology. Without it you can not have safe milk.

4. You don't want your children to get tuberculosis from tuberculous cattle. You don't want them to suffer and die of laryngial diphtheria. The eradication of tuberculosis among food producing animals is impossible without tuberculin; and without antitoxin many children must choke to death. Antitoxin, tuberculin and an endless list of life-saving treatments would be prohibited by the inhuman anti-vivisection act.

5. Whether you estimate the value of animal experimentation in food, in clothing, in money, in suffering relieved or lives saved, it is of incalculable benefit. It has provided the veterinarian and sanitarian with the powerful means of relieving suffering and preventing and controlling disease. It is the basis of sanitary campaigns. It led the way to conquer yellow fever, malaria, typhoid, typhus, bubonic plague and smallpox. It discovered the specific cures for diphtheria, hydrophobia, tetanus, syphilis, etc. This anti-vivisection act would stop the crusade against venereal diseases.

6. The safety of modern surgery, the practice and progress of modern medicine, depend upon animal experimentation; 95 per cent of animal experiments are to determine the strength, purity and safety of drugs that are used by your physicians, dentists and veterinarians for the benefit of man and animals. Anesthetics are used in animal operations the same as in operations on persons wherever the procedure would otherwise inflict pain. Anesthesia is a product of animal experimentation. This anti-vivisection act would prohibit anesthesia and make all operations on man and animals cruelly painful and horribly hazardous.

7. This anti-vivisection initiative would finally result in a permanent quarantine being placed against the state of California that would restrict the movement of cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, and farm, garden and orchard products. We would be deprived of the scientific means of finding out for ourselves or proving to other states

JUDGE HENRY M.

OWENS

— FOR —

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that California products were fit for human or animal food.

Vote "No" and defeat this destructive initiative.

The governor, the legislature, federal and state authorities, all the health authorities, thoughtful men and women in all walks of public and private life and leading newspaers recognize narcotic addiction as a public health menace and a public responsibility.

Narcotic addicton besides causing crime and creating disease removes its many unfortunate victims from the ranks of producers.

It is estimated that over 1,000,000 habitual consumers of drugs in this country spend annually over $61,000,000.

The first step to eradicate the narcotic evil in California was taken by the last legislature when it passed the Poison Act which restricts the right to sell or prescribe opium, morphine, cocaine, heroin, etc., to responsible and qualified persons.

If you vote "No" on number 8, and thereby abolish the Poison Act, you will be virtually voting to lower the bars and encourage unscrupulous drug peddlers and illegitimate "doctors" who help to increase the number of drug addicts.

For the general protection of society and the special protection of the unfortunate victims of habit-forming drugs, you should vote "Yes" and uphold the Poison Act.

Vote "Yes" on number 8.

The Nigger In the Woodpile

November 2, 1920, is General Election Day, but for one man it is also a municipal election day—in fact, outside of the judges, he is the only municipal candidate on the ticket. In addition to this distinction he likewise enjoys another truly unique, in that although he is running, his name is not mentioned This favored of the gods is Andrew Gallagher, past Grand Master of Supervisors and present near Sealer of Weights and Measures—near, because, though he draws the revenue attached to that position, he is not sealer until he passes an examination in accordance with charter provisions relating to civil service. But, like love which laughs at locks, etc., Andy chuckles at such things as charters and their abomination, to-wit: examinations, and is determined to get in without submitting to such an ordeal.

Current history relates that Mr. Gallagher was God-speeded out of his supervisoral job under rather mysterious circumstances; at any rate, he got or was gotten out, but, as sop against his going, his brother supervisors planned a coup d'etat which would provide for him a life job at good pay. To accomplishe this they had to ride rough shod over civil service rules, but that was easy—others had done it—why not they? So Gallagher was made Sealer of Weights and Measures, and the old, old trick was in operation: in the misty future he was to take an examination, and, qualifying therein, the position would be his forever.

However, civil service devotees were determined to stop this flagrant violation of a fundamental law and demanded that the examination be held within ninety days as the statutes provide. Through the vacillating and therefore cooperating conduct of the civil service commission, this was not held, but in the meantime, several astute young men had been publicly proclaiming that they would take the test against Mr. Gallagher. Now, this was not to be countenanced by the interests supporting that gentleman; so it was that some brilliant strategist conceived and placed on the ballot amendment numbered 33.

The object of this innocent looking measure apparently is to place the Sealer's office under civil service, but the sole object thereof is to give life positions to Gallagher and his chief deputy—both of whom were politically appointed, for that office had previously come under the merit system by a former vote of the people and is now subject to the provisions of that law.

The Board of Supervisors is responsible for this latest scheme to inveigle the people into voting for a measure that apparently extends the merit system but which in no wise does so, and is framed entirely in the interest of politically apointed Gallagher and his chief deputy, for, the amendment passing, the two would not be subject to a competitive examination, and the boast that Gallagher would be eared for would finally be acomplished.

And thus it happens that though this is not supposed to be a municipal election, still it really is; for, tucked away possum-like in Amendment No. 33 are Gallagher and his assistant waiting for the windfall that will fix them for life. Nous verrons ce que nous verrons!

Co-eds Living on $19 a Month

This is a matter the Spectator has not investigated, and does not know just how he would go about it; so he must take the published word of Miss Marjorie Ward, social secretary of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Berkeley. She says that about 250 Co-eds at the University of California are living on $19 a month. This sum would have been a small one in the days when you could get a box of good stuff at the grocer's for fifty cents. It is hard to imagine what can be done with the money in these times of jazz prices and hilarious cost of living. I wonder if among these 250 girls are any who have been accused of vamping their way through college; that is, vamping the professors, achieving credits with smiles and glances rather than through study. A girl who subsists at the rate of $19 a month must have a great deal of determination. She would hardly find it necessary to ogle a professor instead of appealing to his strict sense of equality. The vamps are more likely among those young women who have more money than brains, and more smiles than either. The charge was not printed in the gluttonous and gullible "Pelican," but in the University of California Daily. It is not new to general gossip in this or many another university. Professors are not the bearded old fogies and fossils that formerly instructed our youth. Some of them are young themselves, nigh unto the age of their students. Some support families on small salary, and others receive so little salary that a wife is beyond their economic calculations. They may be just as impressionable as a yell-leader. A co-ed whose mind flags on a $19-a-week diet, might find such instructor an easy victim of her wiles. It is not the prettiest kind of a story, with hero and heroine not getting enough to eat; yet there must be more thrilling tales than that in an institution harboring more han 10,000 men and women.

In Little Old New York

Manhattan Island, 19.65 square miles, was purchased in 1626 from Indians for about $2400; land value, $4,020,000,000; total realty value improvements, $6,075,000,000, an average of $432,000 per acre. The island has 2,331,542 inhabitants; the lower end has an office population of 400,000; land there is worth from $200 to $600 per sq. foot, and office space rents from $1 to $40 per square foot.

"Any trouble getting a drink in your town?" asked the farmer.

"Not a bit," replied the city man. "Why, the bootleegers are so thick that they have to wear badges to keep from selling booze to one another."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

THE SENTIMENTS OF WISE MEN

"The moment you abate anything from the full rights of man, each to govern himself," said Edmund Burke, "and suffer any artificial limitations upon those rights, from that moment the whole organization of government becomes a consideration of convenience."

Said Emerson: "The less government we have the better—the fewer laws and the less confided power. The antidote to this abuse of formal government is the influence of private character, the growth of the individual."

Said Goethe: "The best of all governments is that which teaches us to govern ourselves."

Said Phelps: "Other things being equal, that is the best government which most liberally lets its subjects or citizens alone."

Said Lamartine: "Void of freedom, what would virtue be?"

Said J. S. Mill: "The only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it."

Said Pinckard: "True liberty consists in the privilege of enjoying our own rights, not in the destruction of the rights of others."

Said Dante: "The human race is in the best condition when it has the greatest degree of liberty."

One cannot be virtuous under compulsion. Virtue may be defended, as vice may be with stood by a statute, but no virtue can be created by law. To be like Christ in this world we must more or less be the subjects of temptation. As Emerson puts it, "We gain the strength of the temptations we resist."

"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE."

(Revelation xxi., 25.)

No night in Heaven? No dusk nor dawn,
Nor sunset flaming in the west?
No great moon-shadows on a lawn—
A dreaming lawn all dew-possessed?
From earth and flowers no wild sweet scent
Through darkness, like a sacrament?

No lure of dark-enchanted trees?
No song of nightingale, nor call
Of owl? No phosphorescent seas,
Nor any little stars at all?
No stealthy stir of shy earth things,
Nor glow-worm's light, nor moth's dim wings?

At eve no creeping mists to lie
In furrowed fields? No bats that wheels
Their rhythmic ways against the sky?
No hands of sleep to hush and heal?
No Night in Heaven? Dear God, what bliss
Thy light-enveloped angels miss!

—Teresa Hooley.

"Is your place within walking distance of the cars?"

"I dunno," answered Farmer Corntossel. "How far kin you walk?"

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Society and the Opera

Society made its appearance in creditable numbers at the opera and made as gala an appearance as the topography of Auditorium would consistently allow. A broad latitude in dress was the accepted rule, which, after all, should, and probably did, have a beneficent effect upon the box office. If we had permanent opera, cosmopolitanism in dress for it would doubtless prevail, depending more upon what function one had arrived from and that which would follow the opera,—a nice comfortable arrangement.

Mrs. Paul Fagan's Titian beauty attracted admiration at the opera at which she was a faithful attendant.

Miss Frances Joliffe, looking exceedingly well in black lace, was at the opera Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker were faithful attendants at the opera.

Judge and Mrs. T. J. Lennon, who are staying in town, were interested auditors at "L' Oracolo." The Lennons have sold their San Rafael home, but will probably reside at Hotel Rafael.

Dr. Maurice O'Connell with his sisters, Mrs. Lillian Donnelley and Miss Agnes O'Connell, were faithful attendants at the opera, as they always are at musical events. Mrs. Donnelley is to give a supper dance at the St. Francis Saturday evening after the opera.

Mr. and Mrs. George Romanasky were delighted auditors at "L' Oracolo."

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Pacheco had opera parties Wednesday and Thursday, later going to the Fairmont for the supper dance.

Miss Iole Pastori, who sings "Mimi" so beautifully, was an absorbed listener at "La Boheme." Miss Pastori is one of the California singers who should keep up the reputation of this state for good voices. Hers is a lovely lyric soprano.

Mrs. Alfred Hessé was hostess at two opera parties Monday and Tuesday, taking her guests afterwards to the Palace for supper. She left for New York on Thursday.

Miss Sallie Obear gave a bridge tea on Tuesday, entertainng Mmes. Lange, Grunbaum, Mason and Misses Gladys Quarrié, Marjory Dunne, Rosalie Grunbaum, Marian Dunne, K. Masten and Nancy Obear.

Mrs. Ernest K. Johnstone is at Balboa.

The wedding of the week was that of Miss Adele Chevarier and Mr. Theodore Rethers. There was a beautiful nuptial mass at St. Vincent's church and afterwards a wedding breakfast at the Chevalier home on Pacific avenue. The pretty and much feted young bride received scores of her friends at her home the day before her wedding.

Captain John R. Whiteside arrived from Hamburg on Tuesday to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Whiteside, of Clay street. His friends are hoping that he will be assigned to service on the Pacific as he has been on the Atlantic since the beginning of the war, except for two short visits home.

Mr. Charles F. Hanlon is at the Savoy in New York. Last week he gave a large dinner dance at the Biltmore in honor of Miss Lillian Russell (Mrs. Alex. P. Moore) of Pittsburg. His sister, Mrs. Josephine Huff, gave a tea for Miss Russell at the Astor on Monday of this week. Miss Russell is campaigning very sucessfully for Harding, making a series of front porch speeches.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Coffey and their little daughter left on Monday for Montreal where the doctor will attend the conference of Fellows of American Medical Colleges. On the 16th they will arrive in New York where they will stop at the Belmont during their visit to the metropolis.

The Symphony Season

Society is anticipating, as usual with keen interest, the Symphony season. This is one event which society gives a permanent place in its catalogue of indispensable occurrences. Musicians are awaiting it impatiently. It is earnestly desired to give the people many popular concerts. The sucess of the one last Saturday night at the Auditorium was sufficient evidence of the appeal of such affairs. Would it not be a great improvement to eliminate the regular theatre orchestras which play so inartistically and employ the men in "pop" symphony concerts? It is generally understood that the only reason for the existence of theatre orchestras is the demand of the "Musicians' Union" to give employment to the members. Why not let them earn their money in artistic efforts which also would have a soothing effect upon the sensitive temperaments of both the union and its members?

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hanna, of S. F., and their daughters, Mrs. Gardiner Bullis and Miss Virginia Hanna, are in New York where they went to place Miss Virginia in Miss Spence's school. They visited relatives in Allenhurst before leaving for New Orleans en route home.

Miss Eleanor Spreckles is another member of our local smart set to enter Miss Spence's this year.

S. F. Art Ass'n—Palace of Fine Arts

As the time for the opening of the Old Masters' Exhibition draws near interest grows apace, and one of the most representative gatherings that ever attended an exhibition premier is expected to make the private view and reception, with which the exhibition opens on Friday afternoon, October 15th, one of the most notable affairs of the season. A special musical program has been arranged under the direction of the eminent Spanish violinist, Senor Cardona, whose sextette will render selections suitable to the various countries represented in the exhibition. Already many reservations are being received in the tea room of the Meseum for the afternoon of the opening.

The reception committee for the day will include the following. Messrs. and Mmes. Arthur Brown Jr., Charles Templeton Crocker, Wm. H. Crocker, Charles W. Clark, John S. Drum, Sidney M. Ehrman, Daniel C. Jackling, Walter S. Martin, George A. Pope, John I. Walter and Senator James D. Phelan, and Messrs. W. C. Van Antwerp, Edwin Raymond Armsby, Joseph D. Grant, Laurence I. Scott, Richard H. Tobin and George Whittell, together with the following members of the board of directors of the San Francisco Art Associtaion: Mrs. Joseph Fife, Mr. Wm. H. Metson, Mr. Bernard R. Maybeck, Mrs. Geneve R. Sargeant, Mrs. Gottardo Piazzoni, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk and Mr. Clark Hobart.

Director Laurvik has now been definitely assured that he exhibition will contain representative examples of Tinteretto, Veronese, Luini, Bronzino and Lorenzo Lotto among the celebrated Italian Remaissance painters. And he is also assured of the presence of several brilliant examples of the art of the great Spaniards, Goya, El Greco and Zubaran, as well as magnificent paintings by the great French 18th century painters, Jacques Louis David, Vigee Le Brun, Chardin and Watteau, not to mention several important examples of the famous English painters, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Romney, Raeburn, Turner and Constable, while the German, Flemish and Dutch schools will be no less well represented in this notable event in the cultural and social life of San Francisco.

The collection will contain over one hundred paintings by over eighty famous masters such as have never before been exhibited outside of New York City. It is valued at over ten million dollars and is being sponsored by patrons and patronesses who are guaranteeing the very considerable expense involved in bringing the exhibition from New York to the Coast.

As in the case of the Rembrandt and Zuleaga exhibitions, a small admission fee will be charged to help defray some of this expense.

The soap-box orator found many things to criticise.

"And what do we do?" he cried. "We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves but ashes in our empty hands!"—New York Evening Post.

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The Stage

Scotti Grand Opera Season

San Francisco is enjoying a mixed blessing this week, the Scotti Grand Opera Company and its imminent departure. It is such an excellent aggregation of singers presenting a repertoire of standard opera in praiseworthy style that it ought to sing to filled houses at the big Auditorium for four consecutive weeks instead of one. Antonio Scotti arrived at the psychological moment, when the music lovers of the city are hungry for opera. The excellent taste with which he has spread his operatic feast satisfies our appetite long deprived of the favored fare upon which we used proudly to boast we were nurtured. If we expect our musical organism to thrive without the sustenance of grand opera, we are planning a physical weakling—and laying the foundation of musical anemia. With the stimulating influence of the Scotti season, the red corpuscles of our musical blood are already multiplying. What a pity the season will have terminated before its vivifying forces have an opportunity to impregnate our constitutions with nourishment for growth!

Antonio Scotti has long been a brilliant star in the operatic heavens. His fine baritone voice and vocal artistry, together with histrionic technique, have made him a fixed luminary by whose light other artists find their way to stellardom. For twenty-five years his environment has been the royalty of the operatic world where he has been an influential prince of the realm. All this time he has held close to his heart the cherished ideals of his heavenly art whose lustre shines the clearer and purer for his devotion. From this consecration, his reward has been the gift to his own voice of eternal youth, and an impregnable position in the sphere where he is distinguished.

His artistic standards have been responsible for the selection of a company capable of presenting grand opera in a manner to please musicians and educate the student. He is the central sun in this constellation where the others hold their centre of gravity by artistic worth. Though they do not shine in splendor, they light the way in what now is our musical darkness.

ANTONIO SCOTTI, AS BARON SCARPIA IN TOSCA

Monday night they sang "La Boheme" delightfully. Florence Easton revealed a beautiful lyric soprano of charm and tenderness. Vocally she was Puccini's "Mimi" if dramatically she was not Murger's. Orville Harrold's tenor was a revelation, making us rejoice that such a voice can be born and developed in America. Marie Sundelius was a disappointment as "Musetta," singing and acting mechanically as if without the inspiration of the divine spark. The others were very good. Scotti's himself was radiant as Marcello. His scenes with "Rodolfo," "Schaunard" and "Colline" were vivid pictures of Murger's tragic young happiness which cold, hunger and struggle could not destroy.

Tuesday, "L' Oracolo" made its musical debut in the city where it was conceived, and where its story has long since been familiar. The Chinese color has been preserved in the opera but there is little Chinese suggestion in the music; yet one is sensible of the fact that the Italian composer, Leoni, knew that though scenes and events change and differ, human passions remain the same in all countries.

Scotti's "Chim Fang" caused an ache in the heart of San Franciscans because his highbinder was the real Oriental villain who lurked in secret places in our old Chinatown before the fire and modern Chinese uplift. Mario Chamlee was a poetic aand sympathetic "San-Luy" and sang beautifully his scenes with his Chinese Juiet. Here Marie Sundelius was far more convincing than as the mercurial "Musetta," the tenderness of "Ah-Yoe" seeming en rapport with the character of her voice and temperament. Paltrinieri's "Fortune Tells" was as true to type as if he had stepped out of a cul-de-sac in the days when unsuspecting policemen walked by oblivious to the fact that "another highbinder was mysteriously assassinated in Chinatown."

Does the success of L'Oracolo not suggest to any composer who knows the Chinese idiom that "The First Born" is glorious material for grand opera?

"Pagliacci" was well done, Anna Roselle giving almost the best vocal rendition of "Nedda" of any singer who has preceded her in the role in this city. Morgan Kingston was an acceptable "Canio." Millo Picco was a painstaking but undramatic "Tonio," and Laurenti was almost sufficiently appealing as "Silvio" to justify the raison d'etre for "Nedda's" preference.

At this writing there are joyful anticipations of Scotti's "Scarpia" (his most famous role) of Chamlee's "Mario," of the appearances of Peralta and Fernanda, the two clever San Francisco girls.

It is earnestly hoped that Mr. Scotti will either prolong his season or return in the near future. The deevlopment of musical San Francisco needs visits from such organizations. The Auditorium, though far from being an ideal place to present opera, has proven adequate. The Tivoli Opera House would be preferable of course were it not

ALCAZAR

This Week—The Happy Comedy
"A CURE FOR CURABLES"
Week Com. Next Sun. Mat., Nov. 10
The Tremendous Emotional Drama by Henry Arthur Jones

"The Hypocrites"

As Produced with Wonderful Success by Charles Frohman in New York and London.
NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Dudley Ayres—Inez Ragan
Sun. Mat. Oct. 17—First Time Here—The Boiling, Bubbling Farcical Comedy
"TOO MANY HUSBANDS"
By W. Somerset Maugham
Every Evening—Mats. Sun., Thursday., Sat.

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

First Sunday Symphony Concert
CURRAN THEATRE
Next Sunday, Oct. 10, 2:45 P. M.
PROGRAM—Symphony No. 3, "Eroica," Beethoven; "Don Juan," Richard Strauss; "Italia," Alfredo Casella (first time in San Francisco).
Prices: 50c to $1.00. Seats on sale at Sherman Clay & Co.; at Curran on Sunday only.
Sunday, Oct. 17, First "Pop" Concert.

Single Tickets Now at Sherman, Clay & Co.

Scotti Grand Opera Co.

EXPOSITION AUDITORIUM
October 8—Trovatore.
October 9—Afternoon, Mme. Butterfly; Night, L'Oracolo and Cavalleria Rusticana.
October 10—La Boheme.
Single, $5.00, $3.00, $2.00, $1.50.
War Tax 10% Extra

usurped by movie lessees. It is a sign of the times, however, that grand opera has to stand aside for the movies. When our children are grown up we shall behold and deplore the results, when perhaps there wil be a musical renaisance.—Helen M. Bonnet.

Strenuous Comedy at the Alcazar

With the reputation of "Seven Keys to Baldpate" not many years behind him, Earl Derr Biggers found himself in a curious situation when he wrote "A Cure for Curables," now running at the Alcazar. The public demands only the best from him who has created a masterpiece. Therefore Biggers set out to make the public laugh. He does this in a new pretty way. There are twenty-one members of the cast in this comedy, and the onslaught upon the laughing muscles, facial and abdominal, never lets up. Dudley Ayres takes charge of Home for Curables, whose inmates are everything from gouty to deaf and dumb. These characters are so manipulated by the playwright that they make mass attacks upon so-called sense of humor. When they are sick; when irritable, gay, hateful, rebellious, industrious, etc., they are all such and such, as the case may be. When it is time to fall asleep and miss a train, they all do it; and when it is time to convalesce, they convalesce in a heap. It is readily seen that this is no ordinary attempt at the risibles of an Alcazar audience. It is what in baseball would be called team-work. Thus the individual efforts of the big cast were slightly offset by the general effect. Emily Pinter, Al Cunningham (gouty colonel) and Dudley Ayres emerge in a fairly conspicuous way from the melee, where the others sacrifice their personal appeal for the general welfare. The playwright did not prepare for Inez Ragan the most brilliant role imaginable. She has been given one of those goody-goody parts which some dramatists consider essential for the heroine. Playing opposite her, Dudley Ayres gives a fine version of the ripe-voiced physician, whose therapeutic wisdom is mingled with loving concern for one of his patients. Alcazar audiences could stand a little more pep in their idol's love-making. Ayres might have done better, had Earl Biggers afforded him the opportunity. Playwrights should have learned ere this that audiences expect most of the action from the leading pair. It is not the best thing (according to modern critics) that the efforts of the stars be sunk into virtuous nonentity, while the strong parts are distributed among the minor characters. When the character parts overwhelm the straight parts, we feel more or less dissatisfaction. However, in the case of such a comedy as "A Cure for Curables," there is not meant to be a leading man or women, in the technical sense. He, she and the two villians are mere athrophied survivors of the old melodramatic school. Judging from his "Seven Keys to Baldpate," Biggers should have known better. He can be clever and fantastic, original and elusive, when he wants to be. Of course, anything from his pen is bound to have an interesting dash, vim and all that sort of thing. In this way, this week's comedy is all that could be desired.—L. J.

A Clever Play

"Merchants of Venus" by Alan Brooks is an exceedingly clever play just produced in New York. It is called an uncompromising comedy, and is pronounced "too bright" to score with the general public. Its theme is matrimonial. Brooks acts in the play and Carroll McComas is the bright particular star.

Arnold Daly is making a big hit in "The Tavern," a very original play superbly staged.

A New Belasco Production

"One," a new Belasco production by Edward Knobloch, stars Frances Starr as a twin sister who shares her soul with her deceased sister. It is very well done, but the general verdict is that it is an impossible psychic play which no one could take seriously.

Florence Ried in "The Mirage" has a strong new play somewhat reminiscent of "The Easiest Way."

Many of the N. Y. leading attractions are now tried out in Long Branch before venturing into the metropolis, the fashionable and wealthy residents of the environment making the experiments paying ventures.

"The Bat," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, is scoring a success in N. Y. It is a mystery play with a murder motif. The audience is kept in suspense until a second before the final curtain. It is playing to capacity houses.

Alcazar

Next Sunday the tense and gripping emotionalism of "The Hypocrites" will hold the Alcazar boards. It is by Henry Arthur Jones, and achieved sensational success when produced in London and New York by the late Charles Fromman. Its emotional sweep is big; its scorching satire burns and blisters. In adroitness of construction, in faultless technique, in superb literary quality, as well as in forceful acting opportunities, this simple story of a girl's betrayal, and her rehabilitation, stands recognized as one of the great masterpieces of the modern stage. Its scenes are laid in England, depicting the terrific struggle of of a fearless young clergyman, with the full force of noble convictions, and the smug Pharisees who vainly seek to dominate him. But it might just as well be a portrayal of present American conditions, more vital and timely now than when it gave the playwright world-wide recognition and enduring fame. There is a picked cast, with Dudley Ayres, Inez Ragan, Brady Kline, Rafael Brunetto, Emily Pinter, Henry Shume Cr,harles Murphy, May Nannery, Gladys Emmons, Walter Belasco and Dorothy Bartley.

Boiling, bubbling farcical comedy, new to this city, "Too Many Husbands," follows Sunday, November 17th. It is by W. Somerset Maugham and was a hilarious laughing success in New York when produced last season by A. H. Woods.

Origin of Dancing

"For what are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds,
But dancing of the ayre in sundry kinds."

This quotation, from Sir John Davies' poem, "The Orchestra," illustrating the origin and importance of dancing, traces in it all the motions of nature. The Spartans practised dancing as a gymnastic exercise, and made it compulsory for all children of the age of five and upwards. Cicero says "that while at first we declined to dance, except in connection with religious ceremonies, we later showed our appreciation by encouraging the performance of professional dancers, like the Ulmeh of modern Egypt" and the nautch girls of India. Originally the fandango was hotly condemned by the clergy, but when danced before the Sacred College, who were to pass upon it before its final prohibition, it so charmed the grave judges that they gave it their unanimous approval. Many of the medieval dances were solemn and stately in character, like the danses basses, which were danced to psalm tunes at the court of Charles IX of France. Today we find the modern dance with all its adept measure throughout the civilized world. In San Francisco, at Techau Tavern, we have the combination of the modern scientific dance floor, a perfect orchestra with its aggregation of soloists, and when the guests rest in the interim, the beautiful revue of dancing artists in colorful gowns, to the tunes of the latest songs, tread the stage measures of today. The classical and interpretive dances are gracefully offered in modern form by a soloist dancer of renown, who finds great favor in the hearts of the many music lovers who daily frequent Techau Tavern.

The Sirloin

Lexicographers tell us that the word derives from the French sur (upon) and longne (loin), meaning the joint of the animal either upon or above the loin. This leaves the imagination cold. The British Magazine of 1745 gives this derivation:

ARISE, SIR LOIN DE BOEUF!

As one returning from the chase,
The second Charles, the merry King—
The glories of whose sacred race—
The muse shall ever love to sing.

Now wearied with the sport he loved,
And faint with toil, and faint with heat,
Dejected looked, and slowly moved,
And longed to rest, and longed to eat.

Sudden before his wandering eyes,
A banquet unexpected stood;
The monarch gazed with glad surprise,
And gan to taste the welcome food.

Proud of his loved, his royal guest,
The noble host, a gallant lord,
With various dainties graced his feast,
And gay profusion crowned the board.

But high above the rest appeared
The hung'ring Britons' old relief;
Its mighty bulk exalting reared,
The yet unhonored loin of beef.

With ravished eye the King beheld,
Eat as he ne'er had eat before;
Too soon the rage of hunger quelled,
And grieved that he could eat no more.

But soon, with mighty spirits gay
Such as from beef alone could spring,
The mighty pleasure to repay,
Aloud proclaimed the enraptured King.

"Be thou for ever loved and great!
As my delight be thy just fame;
Thy praises every tongue repeat,
And Sir, eternal grace thy name."

He said, and drew the royal sword,
The applauding crowd uprose around;
"Sir Loin!" with acclamations roared,
And distant echoes caught the sound.

"Yes, sir," said the big Irishman, reminiscently, "I should say I was personally acquainted with General Pershing. I was lyin' back of the breastworks pumpin' lead into the Jerries one day when I heard a chuggin' of a big car. Then came a voice sayin', 'Hi you there, with the deadly aim, what's your name?'

"'Hogan, sir,' says I, recognizing Pershing.

"'What's you first name?'

"'Pat, sir.'

"'Well, Pat, you better go home; you're killin' too many men. It's slaughter.'

"'Very good, General,' says I.

"'And, by the way, Pat, don't call me General; call me John.'"—The American Legion Weekly.

Sentiments of Some Profound Thinkers

Repentance is a second innocence.

★ ★ ★

The life of poets—love and tears.

★ ★ ★

It is useless to have youth without beauty, or beauty without youth.

★ ★ ★

In love, the only way to resist temptation is sometimes to succumb to it.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There were several sinking spells in the market the past week, due to the wave of price- cutting that seems to be general in all lines—and, from time to time, the bears attacked the industrial list with the idea of bringing about liquidation, but their success was only temporary, as the tone of the rail market was so strong that holders of industrials could not be stampeded—and, when shorts tried to cover, they had difficulty in getting their stocks back.

Toward the close of the week, the stock market gave some indication of returning to sanity, being less disposed to stampede at the least stir in the brush. The steadier front was possibly accounted for by the prior elimination of the weak longs, and it looked as if the market had returned to the basis of its old deadlock.

The old shorts are still in the market and every step toward readjustment brings them nearer to atonement. The elimination of the weak longs brought some relief to the shorts, but the relief from that source actually rendered the short position more hazardous. As long as the bulls keep their heads, they will hold the advantage, and it it is not too much to say that the market may yet see a big advance.

The decline in the commodity market, if it does not become too drastic, is the best thing that could happen to the stock market. It will release a lot of capital and put general business on a more sound basis, where it will require less money with which to do business, and commodity prices will be on a basis where buyers will not hesitate to go into the market for their needs.

The drastic decline in commodity prices has, no doubt, hurt a good many corporations that have been carrying large inventories—but, on the whole, the benefits derived from the cut will be far-reaching and ultimately prove to be a bull card.

The railroad list continues to absorb the attention of the trader, and prices are still on the upgrade with only minor reactions. This class of securitise are now in a position to enjoy a very prosperous year. Rail rates have been advanced and the country is full of all kinds of cereals that must go to market and it will keep them busy for a long time to come, which will be reflected in their next statements.

The equipment stocks is another class of securities that are in good demand—and, with the rails in a prosperous condition, it means more new equipment, and every railroad is now in the market for rolling stock.

The oils have been lagging and acting heavy, due to rumors of a surplus of oil and a possible cut in oil price. As yet, there has been no cut in price, although stocks of oil cast are showing a slight accumulation. The price of oil is high and the oil companies could stand a cut and still show very handsome profits.

Money is expected to show some easiness and this is being reflected in the bonds—especially the Liberties. Investors look upon the present readjustment movement as a bona fide turn and are anxious to take advantage of the low-priced fixed income securities. There is no question but what the bonds are low and are a bargain and the upward movement in these issues appears to be sound and healthy.

Cotton—The cotton market fluctuated in a range of about 200 points the past week—being up one day and down the next—influenced principally by the news from day to day.

The tremendous liquidation going on in other commodities offset any adverse crop news that was received from day to day from the growing belt Prices, while breaking into new low ground, recovered sharply and the market acted as if it was on debatable ground around the 21 cent level.

Liverpool and the continent were reported as being heavy buyers early in the week, but threatened labor troubls in Lancashire and Manchester caused considerable selling later in the week.

Weather conditons were more favorable, although reports of light frost in the northern section of the belt and another storm in the Gulf district were factors that had a temporary effect and brought about rallies from an oversold market.

The government report, showing a condition of 59.1, which indicates a crop of a little more than 12 million bales, while showing more than the normal deterioration for the month, was construed as being bearish, as the trade were looking for a condition below 59. This caused a wave of selling to appear that carried prices into new low ground—but, before the session was over, a short covering move set in that carried prices back to above what they were before the report was issued.

The weather has been favorable on the whole for picking and cotton is opening in the northern section of the belt—with picking and ginning making satisfactory progress, although there is some talk of labor shortage.

The wave of price cutting has hit the cotton goods market, especially in dry goods—but, as prices have been abnormally high, this line of goods can stand the cut. The wave of recent extravagance, which helped to bring about recent record values, has been replaced by enforced economy in many channels. On the other hand, trade inquiry is broadening steadily and some small increase in the volume of sales is noted.

With so many conflicting factors still in evidence, we expect continuously irregular markets, but would not care to press the short side around the 20 cents level.

"What do you understand by 'class legislation?'".

"I haven't quite made up my mind," said Farmer Corntossel, "except as far as to decide that some of the legislation up to our State-house sounds like it might have come from the infant class."—Washington Star.

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June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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WAITERS AND CAFES

By Bart Kennedy

Of course it is delightful to be abroad. It is delightful to feel yourself in a new and strange place where you can't be dunned for your debts, and where neither writs nor summonses await.

But there is a rift in every lute. There is a crumpled roseleaf in the downiest bed. And the crumpled roseleaf in the downy bed of luxuriation in foreign travel is that the wily and polite waiter, and the other persons who do you the pleasure of handling your money, will in moments of forgetfulness give you bad money for your good money—or at least will give you money that is out of currency. To give a waiter, or other person, a hundred franc note and to receive in the change you get twenty francs that are no good ,is to pass through an experience that whilst it is interesting is at the same time saddening.

In certain parts of the delightful Continong giving the unfortunate strangers bad or impossible money is looked upon as a neat and artistic joke. Spain is perhaps the most humorous country of all in this respect. There are people there who would palm off unworthy coins upon the mint authorities themselves.

When I was there I always took the precaution of taking the numbers of the bank notes in my possession, so that the waiter could not play the trick of substituting the note I gave him for a false one. This is sometimes done. The waiter takes your note, goes to the cashier to get the change, and comes back in a moment saying that the note is bad. Of course, if you don't know the number of your note, you are done. Some waiters are in the habit of keeping notes of various denominations to substitute for good ones when the chance arrives.

When you receive a coin that is wrong you would be more than human did you not try to pass it along.

In Ostend I got a five franc piece that was out of date. It was perfectly good silver, but the waiters and the shopkeepers gave it the hard and jaundiced eye whenever I tried to pass it. And I was beginning to think that I would have to turn it into a watch charm when a waiter in the Casino obligingly took it. It was in the bar where Americans and Englishmen go to get refreshments. The place where they charge you large prices for small drinks.

I gave it to him, and I looked in his eye. He was one who dealt in better waiter's English than usual, and he informed me that he could pass it all right. There was a slight consideration to be sure in the matter of the tip I gave him. But let that pass.

I don't think the waiters in the restaurants along the Digue in Ostend speak quite the perfect English they think they speak. And I fear that they sometimes indulge in statements of the misleading order. There was a waiter who told me that he was a naturalized subject, and that he had lived in dear old England for twenty years. He was a German—a Prussian—and his English bore the broken, three-months' stamp. He told me how fond he was of good old English. And he added that if war broke out between his native land and the land he had done the honor of adopting as his own, he would naturally be compelled to fight against Germany —that is, should England insist upon it.

"But how would you do if the Germans captured you?" I asked. "Wouldn't it go hard with you when they found out that you were a German?"

He asked me how they would find out.

"Why, by your accent," I answered. "By the way, you speak English?"

The Prussian of the English of the broken, three-months' stamp looked very pained indeed. And he gazed at me as one would gaze upon a foe, or a dun.

And then he let me into the secret of how he would be guarded from the danger of the Germans finding out his true nationality. He said that his English was so perfect, through his long residence in England, that he would be taken for an Englishman. His English was broken and most guttural and German-sounding. And still he told me this. He was a very intelligent-looking man. But he was like the rest of us. He had his own particular bee in his bonnet.

But perhaps he was a humorist.

The cafés in Ostend are most delightful places. They are delightful, open-air clubs where you can go and idle the hours away without going through the bothersome formality of being proposed and elected. And in them is an air of friendliness absolutely unknown in English restaurants. The people don't scowl at one another. If a joke is passed at a table, people at the tables near by laugh at it or glance merrily at the jokist. There is no such thing as a funereal air in the café. The people in it are there to make the best they can out of the hour they are living. Such a thing is impossible in England. Why, I don't know. Perhaps it is because of the climate. The English climate has, to say the least, a chastening effect upon the spirit. It is sound enough, but its best friend could hardly call it pleasant. And we English are exactly like our climate.

In many of the Ostend cafés the proprietors adopt a human and sympathetic attitude towards those who might be styled the under dogs of art. I remember one night a poor threadbare artist coming into a place where I was dining. He brought his easel with him and began to make a quick crayon sketch of a rural scene. The poor chap was old, and his face was worn and haggard. There had doubtless been the time when he had dreamed of being world-famous—as all artists dream. And now he was a worn and broken man.

When he had finished the sketch he came to me and said something, the meaning of which I could not catch. And seeing that I did not understand, he passed on to another table. Each person at the table gave him a coin. I called the waiter over, and he explained to me that the artist was raffling the sketch he had made, and that he was getting as many as he could in the café to take a chance. The chances were five centimes each, and I put down fifty centimes, and so got ten chances.

The old artist shook the numbers up in his hat, and I am pleased to say that I won the sketch.

The cafés, too, were the best places for studying the people who were holidaying in Ostend. They were the best places for noting the differences of national character. Here you would see a French family, father and mother and children, and the inevitable baby of two or three— the darling of the family—who toddled around the café, the admired of everybody. And here was the German group that sat around a table looking at nobody, but attending strictly to business —I mean wiring whole-heartedly into food. I must pay the Germans the compliment of admitting that they are the finest putters-away of food I have ever seen. And you would see the English coming in with the air of lords of everything in sight. You would see them throwing their coats and things down as though they were alone in some wide desert. And here were the Americans—with their voices!

The Cafés of Ostend! One could learn a lot from them.

The late William Dean Howells, while living in Boston, entertained Mark Twain, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Bret Hart and other literary celebrities of the past at a sumptuous dinner in his Beacon street residence. While Mr. Howells was carving a duck his knife slipped and the succulent bird rolled out of the platter and fell to the floor.

"Look out! Here comes the cat!" said Mark Twain.

"It's all right," said Mr. Howells. I've got my foot on the duck."—The Yonkers Statesman.

"Well," cried Mrs. Henpeck, "our son is engaged to be married. We will write to the dear lad and congratulate him."

Mr. Henpeck agreed (he dare not do otherwise), and his wife picked up her pen.

"My darling boy," read the son, "what glorious news! Your father and I rejoice in your happiness. It has long been our greatest wish that you should marry some good woman. A good woman is Heaven's most precious gift to man. She brings out all the best in him and helps him to suppress all that is evil."

Then there was a postscript in a different handwriting:

"Your mother has gone for a stamp. Keep single, you young noodle."—London Tit-Bits.

"A standing account
Is a queer thing," said Duns;
'The longer it stands,
The longer it runs."
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
No. 29830—Dept. No. 9.

Estate of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executrix, of the last will of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the office of her attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, rooms 501-504, Phelan Bldg., in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased.

GERTRUDE RICHTER,
Executrix of the will of
INA LUCIE VENN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 24th, 1920.
Charles F. Hanlon,
Attorney for Executrix. 10-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
No. 27663—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
In the Matter of the Estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the will annexed of the estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator with the will annexed, at the office of its attorney, Henry Eickhoff, room 604, Mills building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undesigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased.

MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of
ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, September 28th, 1920. 10-2-4

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXVII. San Francisco-Oakland, October 16, 1920 No. 1479

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Helen M. Bonnet.....Editor

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Whiskey Divides the Custom House

Whatever may have been the baneful effects of whiskey in the home, the booze laws have certainly brought confusion to the federal coteries that fill the Custom House and Appraisers Building. Now that the war is over, the old proverb must be paraphrased to —Prohibition is hell. It appears that every man connected with the United States government in San Francisco feels himself somehow responsible for the safety of liquor in the bonded warehouses. This liquor is being released a hundred barrels at a time. It appears that there never was, on the part of the medical fraternity, such a turn to prescriptions of booze for medical purposes. There is a vague fear that some of the booze is being consumed as a beverage. Recent permits have come from Prohibition Director Mrs. Glad K. Warburton, now removed from that office, as a step toward getting order out of chaos. Not long ago, Justus S. Wardell, collector of internal revenue, had almost complete charge of the alcholic situation here; and he still retains an active interest in the barrels of good stuff lying in bonded warehouses. Mrs. Warburton avers that his interest is beyond the scope of his office. Even among government officials, sworn to uphold the Constitution of the United States, there are two sides to some questions. At present it is the booze question. The two sides are becoming more acutely aligned; their repartee is becoming sharper and wittier day by day, and the bonded warehouse conducted by Uncle Sam is a house divided. Citizens that have had occasion to visit the federal buildings on Washington street will say that an argument of this nature was needed to wake them all up, for there has always been a sentiment that federal officials are diplomatic descendants of those of whom Hawthorne wrote in "The Scarlet Letter." He describes the Salem Custom House officers as a clique of venerable figures oftentimes asleep but who occasionally might be heard in voices between sleep and a snore. "They sat," said Hawthorne, "like Matthew at the receipt of custom, but were not likely to be summoned thence for apostolic errand." Representing Uncle Sam is a more strenuous job than in the days of sleepy old Salem; yet even at the present day it is difficult to arouse, in a federal employe, that amount of alacrity which is found, say, in the county clerk's office. One phase of the whiskey plot has caused the government to move quickly, this time. Some one whispered the possibility of warehouse barrels containing water instead of the fluid which is usually bottled in bond. The gauging of these barrels would be a sad blow to the country if the suspicion of watery contents be well founded. The United States of America is morally responsible for the safety of this liquor; the substitution of water would be a flagrant violation of the Eighteenth Amendment.

* * *

The Government Takes Action

Enforcement of the liquor laws is a duty of the executive branch of our government. It has no alternative beyond carrying out the statutes as they stand. It must keep the records straight, and must straighten out any entanglement that arises among the minor representatives of the administration. As a first move, the Acting Prohibition Director was relieved of her office. Mrs. Glad K. Warburton is now on her way to Washington to tell the treasury department a tale of woe. If all she says is true, her brother officers in the federal buildings have acted ungallantly. She has left in her trail a number of peppery interviews that show, at least, that the lady is a master of up-to-date slang if not a match for the modern boot-legger. She issued the permits for removal of the whiskey. She claims to know exactly why she did it, and will no doubt have a forceful appeal at the capital, seeing that she was so full of her subject that she took the first train out of San Francisco. Francis J. Mannix, a man who stood high in the estimation of local officials, and considered so efficient that he was made supervisor of the census here, was arrested at his desk in the Post Office Building. It is alleged that he handled money for which there was no statutory requirement in the routine of obtaining whiskey from bonded warehouses. Warrants for whiskey ring-leaders have been many; and from the present aspect of things, arrests will follow right along for some time to come. Indeed, we have no human guarantee that the situation will ever be cleared of mystery and loose management. The odor of whiskey will always cling to a part of the government that is directly conected with the liquor warehouses. The Eighteenth Amendment will be the cause of scandal as long as it is in the Constitution, and more than a few high officials will lose their official insignia because of it.

* * *

Is the Country Wet or Dry?

This squabble among prohibition officers gives the ordinary citizen a notion that if he is not getting his usual quota of alcoholic beverage, he is getting the worst of it. In order to obtain a quart or a barrel or a hundred barrels of whiskey, all you have to do is request a permit and sign your name forty-two times to the effect that you are selling or imbibing for medicinal and not beverage purposes. In other words, you declare that formerly you drank for fun, now for serious improvement of your physical system. The many explanations of the fifty-one barrels of booze that cheered our Democratic convention, all seem bibulously happy on the point that everybody understood it at the time, and why talk about it now. We have a Democratic administration with a Republican Congress. For about four years the Republicans have made the law, while Democrats executed it. This in itself is a cheerful state of affairs that must appeal to every intelligent voter. The G. O. P. gave us prohibition, and the Bourbons are enforcing it. The Chicago convention was wet; the San Francisco meet was wetter; and neither of the two political parties holds a grudge against the other on that score. Perhaps the evidence in this case accounts for the failure of both parties to insert a wet plank. Neither thought there was any need for it. The delegates were so well supplied that, for the moment, they could not see the use of tampering with laws that can be enforced only once in a while—usually to deprive the poor of a little happiness; which is about the extent that most prohibitive measures operate. In a general tense, though, the country is drinking considerable liquor. And so we can see new meaning in the statement of Governor Cox, to-wit: that "prohibition is dead as slavery." Liquor is not dead; the issue of personal liberty is not dead; but prohibition is dead as Uncle Tom and Little Eva. Wine grapes are bringing higher prices than ever, hops are more plentiful; distilleries are opening for business faster than the prohibition cops can close them; and while you can't buy it as easily as of yore, you can get it if you have the price. It costs more. That is the main distinction. Seriously speaking, alcoholic production and sale will always be as hard to prevent as gambling. When federal officials begin to banter and quarrel over the law, and make facetious excuses to the public, it looks as if the law itself must have been made in an

evil hour of Congress; and the 66th Congress had many such ill-starred moments.

* * *

Republicans Keep Us at War

The popular jest to the effect that the war is over, is not, of course, technically true. Congressionally speaking, the country is still at war with Germany. In the rush of business at their closing hours, the Senate did not have time to settle that little piece of official routine known as the Treaty of Versailles. Besides that, it was a current opinion that Congress wished to prolong technically the state of war, so that the people could not prevent war-time prohibition from merging into the operation of the Eighteenth Amendment. Subsequently, the double trick was evident. The Republicans hailed the advent of an election campaign that left the Democratic administration all the war issues and diplomatic features unsettled. It is putting a low estimate on popular intelligence to imagine that the majority of voters will be deceived by such a piece of chicanery. By this time every one must realize that the Wilson administration did not conclude peace, and could not, for no other reason than that a Republican Senate, backed by leaders of the House, and premeditating one of their Senators as presidential nominee, failed, neglected and refused to ratify the treaty. The United States entered the war with no selfish moteive. We proclaimed to the world that we desired no indemnity; that we wished to gain nothing from the enemy; that our sole motive was to preserve the integrity of this nation on land and sea. That much was accomplished on the very day that the enemy laid down his arms. The other nations had suffered through invasion, air-bombing and huge financial outlay. They required indemnities, concessions and territory. After a lengthy debate, they formulated their terms, put the agreement in writing and signed it. The United States, with nothing of that nature in view—nothing to cause an argument, nothing that Germany would not have conceded almost offhand, lingered over the treaty and disdained becoming a party to peace, merely to vex, harrass, and politically puzzle the President of our country. Because Wilson had become the most popular statesman that ever toured Europe, because Europe looked upon Wilson as a redeemer of earthly tribulations, the Republicans wished the people of Europe to imagine that our country was not behind its President. It may be said (and remembered) that the country took an almost unanimous pride in the tributes paid to Wilson abroad, and in the statements he made to earn such applause. If that pride is not, at the present moment, as conspicuous as once it was, the explanation is perhaps in the fact that the President's illness has prevented him from such public appearances as would conduce to popular demonstrations. What Wilson achieved and what principles he enunciated, have been politically inherited by Governor Cox. The people have been calmly and unostentatiously comparing him with Senator Harding; and, as the days go by, little by little Harding is being viewed as the weaker man. It is not unlikely that the end of the month will see him as decidedly the weaker candidate. eH is a member of that Senate which attempted to confuse and entangle the head of the Democratic party, and the country will not be inclined to regard his utterances as made in good faith.

* * *

Washington and Columbus

An American-born patriot witnessing an Italian celebration of Columbus Day is likely to be astonished. If not that, he looks with a certain curiosity or amusement upon what he considers Latin enthusiasm, fervor, furore. The joke is not on the Latin race. More than amusement, more than astonishment—a valuable and gorgeous lesson might have been learned, the other day, from the pageantry at the foot of Van Ness avenue. The Italians take their heroes seriously. When an Italian is called upon to partake in such exercises, he participates with his whole soul. The American mind almost apologizes for being pressed into the ceremonial. The Italian studies his speech as would an actor; and he knows that his friends will criticize him with all the intensity they would devote to a tragedian on the stage. We, on our part, usually think there is something just a bit funny in the idea that Christopher Columbus discovered America in 1492. School children have the custody of that memorable situation. Oddly enough, most of us take no pains to search that discovery for facts beyond the scope of the school child. George Washington was the first President of the United States. How childish that sounds! Then comes the notion that Washington and Columbus are ideals for the childish mind. So we give each a day in the year, for the benefit of the young intellect and the foreign citizenry. But we don't get hilarious on Washington's birthday. George has been in American history for more than a hundred years, and the novelty of what he did in war and peace has cooled in our admiration. In more than four centuries, the glory of Columbus has not ceased to warm the hearts of his Italian admirers. Of Washington we have a vast fund of historical material that could be turned to advantage any time that we choose to let our admirations loose. There is biographical material that the child is neither required nor desired to know. It is not merely gratitude because he put the model of a magnificent nation into our hands that we should honor Washington. If we honor him by taking the trouble to read his complete life, his letters, we might find that the increased knowledge would arouse us to something of more honor in ourselves. The life of Washington is as interesting as the better class of fiction. The Italians actually know Christopher Columbus. That is why they rush to the celebration of the day when he hove in sight of San Salvador. Those of us who take Washington rather lightly, do so because knowing him slightly. Washington was not merely the school-boy's hero nor the steel engraving that he seems to many of our native-born. He is well worth study, and we can say of his life as the book reviewers formerly said of a novel, that it is interesting from cover to cover. To those who become involved in the reading of our great President's life, there will come such enthusiasm as the Italians demonstrate for one whose task on this hemisphere was, when compared with Washington's, not quite so arduous nor as unselfish, yet thoroughly great—Columbus.

* * *

Ferry Fares Causing a Rumpus

The 18-cent fare between San Francisco and Oakland has not proved the most popular event around the bay cities. Commuters are not the loudest objectors. They pay $4.80, and forget the pang for a month. It is the man (and the woman) who has to jingle out three nickels and three pennies, to whom the mischief comes as beyond endurance. Travelers having protested, the city of Oakland is behind them, and will attempt to dissolve the award of the state railroad commission. If the fare ever gets back to the normal 15 cents, unmitigated joy will radiate from the bosom of certain men now made the scapegoat of public wrath—the conductors. Some passengers pay their fare out of Oakland as savagely as if it were all the conductor's fault. A small but determined class of pro-bono-publicos are bent on destroying harmony of the railroads by handing the conductor a $5 bill. On many a train out of Oakland, you will hear the poor fellow ask, in a weak voice, "Is that the smallest you have?" And then he will add sorrowfully, "I got two of them to change already." Leaving San Francisco, if you have the exact fare, you may drop it in the box. If not, you buy a ticket at the window. Sometimes there is a line at the window just as the gateman's hand is getting ready to slide the gate; and you have to wait twenty minutes. This takes away all the sympathy you ever had for the ferry company. Perhaps you never had any; yet you think that you must have had, in comparison with the way you feel now.

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TOWN TALK - 88 FIRST STREET

The Strenuous Boyhood of An American Judge

By Helen M. Bonnet

When I met Judge Henry M. Owens recently, I meant to get his view-point about the "single standard for men and women" which he advocates, and also absorb some knowledge of medical jurisprudence, upon which he is an authority, having specialized upon that branch of the law for ten years. But at the outset of our conversation I happened to say that I couldn't understand the psychology of official candidates who seem to think it vitally important and unfailingly effective to impress upon the public mind the fact of their having labored for their support in early youth. Hereupon the amiable judge informed me that he began at the age of six to earn his daily bread. "Dear me!" said I, "that was very young, wasn't it, even for a candidate? Whatever could you have done at that age that would bring you in more than three grains of corn?" Here the judge chuckled, and related the manner of his earning, which was through the agency of corn. It was on his father's 40-acre farm in Kentucky. Owens senior walked along a furrow, planting two or three grains of corn at each step. A few feet following him young Henry, aged six, sat astride a horse which he slowly guided in his father's footsteps, the object being to drag a stone (two and a half feet across) geared to the horse, the stone performing the function of turning over the earth where the corn had been planted. The horse all day long was guided by the child who was sometimes rudely awakened by pa when he fell asleep as he rode. When the boy was older he helped to plant wheat, oats, tobacco, potatoes and cane and aided in the harvesting. He milked cows, fed the stock and did general chores around the farm. He rode eight miles to school three months every year until he was thirteen, when his schooling ceased.

Henry sought his uncle, who engaged him for farm work at fifty dollars a year, out of which he bought his books and clothes. Here the boy rose at five, fed the hogs and the cattle and milked five cows. Then in the fall he was permitted to walk three miles to school, often arriving with wet feet when the unbridged creeks were high. At five P. M. he was home again, repeating his morning program. In addition he brought in wood to the kitchen, cleaned out the stove, filled the kettles and got everything in readiness for his aunt who was supposed, in those parts, to be the best cook in the world, being the proud possessor of many premiums won at county fairs for cakes and delectable dishes.

The old Kentucky home main chamber was a huge living room with a big fire-place. The boy's cot was pulled out at night near the big fireplace where he dreamed of future adventure to the ticking of a big grandfather's clock, which also served as a repository for the family guns. This old clock is now in Judge Owens' house. When it gets our of condition clock-makers abandon it in despair; then the judge tinkers it up as he did in old Kentucky and it runs as well as it did in its infancy two hundred years ago. It has not lost a jewel and it registers the days, months, phases of the moon, its second hand ticks, and its silvery bell strikes the hour.

At fourteen, young Henry ran away from home because his father brought home a stepmother to his eleven children. Henry emigrated to Tennessee where his wage was twenty-five cents a day for planting corn and setting out tobacco by the process of stooping and making holes in the ground with his finger every few degrees, in rows, for the distance of two blocks He hewed out logs to build a log house and split rails. He shod horses and made their shoes out of old ones picked up on the road. He learned to forge and shoe by watching the village blacksmith. He broke horses and cattle and acted as the neighborhood butcher, slaughtering and cutting the stock for meat on all the farms round about. He promised to make me some sausage some day and would present me with some smoked bacon, only he wouldn't offer any inferior to that on his father's farm where the hickory hooks have done service since 1791, being impervious to decay on account of the creosote which they have absorbed from smoking the bacon of so many generations of Owenses. I didn't have the heart to tell Judge Owens that I never eat bacon or sausage, because I could perceive that the recollection of such delicacies remains with him, together with other precious memories of his strenuous boyhood.

Shortly after reading "Secrets of a Great City," young Owens set out for St. Louis, having been commissioned by a group of farmers to purchase a "self-binder." So imbued was he with detective lore that he sewed his personal fortune, forty dollars, on the inside of his undershirt. In his coat pocket he had a big plug of "Star" tobacco. Pickpockets thought it was his "wallet" so they cut it out, leaving the boy to congratulate himself that he had demonstrated how to "beware pickpockets." Returning home, he set up the machine and worked it harvesting the neighborhood crops. In 1884 he took a carload of the first blooded horses which ever entered Florida. Because it was not his, he refused an offer en route to exchange a likely grey mare for a lot in Birmingham, Ala. Two years ago Judge Owens passed that way again and learned that that very lot is now appraised at a million and a half.

Having been brought up according to the Squeers' theory that "when a boy knows hoss, he goes and does it," he became an expert electrician through having to fathom the mysteries of short circuits, which knowledge he assimilated with the past few years after he bought an auto and learned to drive it.

After a three years' service in the U. S. army and participation in Indian warfare, he wrote home that he was about to set forth for the Alaska gold fields. Instead, he got a job "pulling a grip on the Polk and Larkin street line" for three years while he studied law. During this time he wrote an imaginary story of life in Alaska, which one day he mailed to his sisters in Kentucky as his own experiences, adding that he had just returned to San Francisco.

Judge Owens is a crack rifle shot and treasures the trophies he won as a sharp-shooter. A photo he showed me wearing his medals looks like that of the King of Bulgaria saluting Cardinal Mercier. His adventures in Indian warfare would be the delight of the small boy in search of wild conquest.

I had listened to Judge Owens' clear-cut drawl, to his quaint philosophy and humorous descriptions of his youthful environment. I had studied his open countenance and enjoyed his merry laugh, wondering that the strenous youthful labors had left no trace of hardship, only seeming to imbue him with ambition to climb up on life's pathway. So I asked him if he thought he would want his sons to go through his hardships. "Greatest thing in the world," was the answer. "Yes, I believe in boys going through fire to bring out the gold in their natures. If there isn't anything there, the sooner they find it out, the better. Hardships, and having to learn different crafts as a means of self-preservation, teach a boy to build his own character, to peg away at whatever he undertakes. It puts an undestanding in his brain, a sympathy for others in his heart and sends him courageously on his way through life."

I had been so absorbed listening to the narrative of a typical American boy's life in a faraway primintive district that I lost interest in the successful lawyer's views of medical jurisprudence. I forgot he is a candidate, but I wish him success in his campaign because of his human understanding and broad outlook. His self-acquired education is the best kind. A youth who by his own perseverance found himself admitted to practice in the U. S. Supreme Court, remaining unselfish and contented through his battle for education, may be depended upon to give just decisions to his fellow men.

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The Haunted Cellar

By THOMAS CROFTON CROKER

There are few people who have not heard of the Mac Carthies, one of the real old Irish families, with the true Milesian blood running in their veins as thick as buttermilk. Many were the clans of this family in the south; as the Mac Carthy-more, and the Mac Carthy-reah, and the Mac Carthy of Muskerry; and all of them were noted for their hospitality to strangers, gentle and simple.

But not one of that name, or of any other, exceeded Justice Mac Carthy, of Ballinacarthy, at putting plenty to eat and drink upon his table; and there was a right hearty welcome for everyone who should share it with him. Many a wine-cellar would not be ashamed of the name if that at Ballincarthy was the proper pattern for one. Large as that cellar was, it was crowded with bins of wine, and long rows of pipes, and hogsheads and casks, that it would take more time to count than any sober man could spare in such a place, with plenty to drink about him, and a hearty welcome to do so.

There are many, no doubt, who will think that the butler would have little to complain of in such a house; and the whole country round would have agreed with them, if a man could be found to remain as Mr. Mac Carthy's butler for any length of time worth speaking of; yet not one who had been in his service gave him a bad word.

"We have no fault," they would say, "to find with the master, and if he could but get any one of us to fetch his wine from the cellar, we might every one of us have grown gray in the house, and lived quiet and contented enough in his service until the end of our days."

"'Tis a queer thing that, surely," thought young Jack Leary, a lad who had been brought up from a mere child in the stables of Ballinacarthy to assist in taking care of the horses, and had occasionally lent a hand in the butler's pantry. "'Tis a mighty queer thing, surely, that one man after another cannot content himself with the best place in the house of a good master, but that every one of them must quit, all through the means, as they say, of the wine-cellar. If the master, long life to him, would but make me his butler, I warrant never the word more would be heard of grumbling at his bidding to go to the wine-cellar."

Young Leary accordingly watched for what he conceived to be a favorable opportunity of presenting himself to the notice of his master.

A few mornings after, Mr. Mac Carthy went into his stableyard rather earlier than usual, as he intended going out with the hounds. But there was no groom present to answer, and young Jack Leary led Rainbow out of the stable.

"Where is William?" inquired Mr. Mac Carthy.

"Sir?" said Jack; and Mr. Mac Carthy repeated the question.

"Is it William, please your honor?" returned Jack; "why, then, to tell the truth, he had just one drop too much last night."

"Where did he get it?" said Mr. Mac Carthy; "for since Thomas went away the key of the wine-cellar has been in my pocket, and I have been obliged to fetch what was drunk myself."

"Sorry a know I know, " said Leary, "unless the cook might have given him the laste taste in a life of whiskey. But," continued he, performing a low bow by seizing with his right hand a lock of hair and pulling down his head by it, whilst his left leg, which had been put forward, was scraped back against the ground, "may I make so bold as just to ask your honor one question?"

"Speak out, Jack," said Mr. Mac Carthy.

"Why, then, does your honor want a butler?"

"Can you recommend me one," returned his master, with the smile of good-humor upon his countenance, "and one who will not be afraid of going to my wine-cellar?"

"Is the wine-cellar all the matter?" said young Leary; "devil a doubt I have of myself then for that."

"So you mean to offer me your services in the capacity of butler?" said Mr. Mac Carthy, with some surprise.

"Exactly so," answered Leary, now for the first time looking up from the ground.

"Well, I believe you to be a good lad, and have no objection to give you a trial"

"Long may your honor reign over us, and the Lord spare you to us!" ejaculated Leary with another national bow, as his master rode off; and he continued for some time to gaze after him with a vacant stare, which slowly and gradually assumed a look of importance.

"Jack Leary," said he, at length, "Jack—is it Jack?" in a tone of wonder; "faith, 'tis not Jack now, but Mr. Jack, the butler;" and with an air of becoming consequence he strode out of the stable towards the kitchen.

It is of little purport to my story, although it may afford an instructive lesson to the reader, to depict the sudden transition of nobody into somebody. Jack's former stable companion, a poor superannuated hound named Bran, who had been accustomed to receive many an affectionate pat on the head, was spurned from him with a kick and an "Out of the way, sirrah." Indeed, poor Jack's memory seemed sadly affected by this sudden change of situation. What established the point beyond all doubt was his almost forgetting the pretty face of Peggy, the kitchen wench, whose heart he had assailed but the preceding week by the offer of purchasing a gold ring for the fourth finger of her right hand, and a lusty imprint of good-will upon her lips.

When Mr. Mac Carthy returned from hunting, he sent for Jack Leary—so he still continued to call his new butler. "Jack," said he, "I believe you are a trustworthy lad, and here are the keys to my cellar. I have asked the gentlemen with whom I hunted today to dine with me, and I hope they may be satisfied at the way in which you will wait on them at table; but, above all, let there be no want of wine after dinner."

Mr. John, having a tolerably quick eye for such things, and being naturally a handy lad, spread his cloth accordingly, laid his plates and knives and forks in the same manner he had seen his predecessors in office perform these mysteries, and really, for the first time, got through attendance on dinner very well.

It must not be forgotten, however, that it was at the house of an Irish country squire, who was entertaining a company of booted and spurred fox-hunters, not very particular about what are considered matters of infinite importance under other circumstances and in other societies.

For instance, few of Mr. Mac Carthy's guests (though all excellent and worthy men in their way) cared much whether the punch produced after soup was made of Jamaica or Antigua rum; some even would not have been inclined to question the correctness of good old Irish whisky; and, with the exception of their liberal host himself, every one in company preferred the port which Mr. Mac Carthy put on his table to the less ardent flavor of claret, a choice rather at variance with modern sentiment.

It was waxing rather near midnight when Mr. Mac Carthy rung the bell three times. This was a signal for more wine; and Jack proceeded to the cellar to procure a fresh supply, but it must be confessed not without some little hesitation.

The luxury of ice was then unknown in the south of Ireland; but the superiority of cool wine had been acknowledged by all men of sound judgment and true taste.

The grandfather of Mr. Mac Carthy, who had built the mansion of Ballinacarthy upon the site of an old castle which had belonged to his ancestors, was fully aware of this important fact; and in the construction of his magnificent wine-cellar had availed himself of a deep vault, excavated out of the solid rock in former times as a place of retreat and security. The descent to this vault was by a flight of steep stone stairs, and here and there in the wall were narrow passages—I ought rather to call them crevices; and also certain projections, which cast deep shadows, and looked very frightful when any one went down the cellar-stairs with a single light; indeed, two lights did not much improve the matter, for though the breadth of the shadow became less, the narrow crevices remained as dark and darker than ever.

Summoning up all his resolution, down went the new butler, bearing in his right hand a lantern and the key of the cellar, and in his left a basket, which he considered sufficiently capacious to contain an adequate stock for the remainder of the evening: he arrived at the door without any interruption whatever; but when he put the key, which was of an ancient and clumsy kind, for it was before the days of Bramahs patent,—and turned it in the lock, he thought he heard a strange kind of laughing within the cellar, to which some empty bottles that stood upon the floor outside vibrated so violently that they struck against each other: in this he could not be mistaken, although he may have been deceived in the laugh, for the bottles were just at his feet, and he saw them in motion.

Leary paused for a moment, and looked about him with becoming caution. He then boldly seized the handle of the key, and turned it with all his strength in the lock, as if he doubted his own power of doing so; and the door flew open with a most tremendous crash, that if the house had not been built upon the solid rock would have shook it from the foundation.

To recount what the poor fellow saw would be impossible, for he seems not to have known very clearly himself; but what he told the cook next morning was, that he heard a roaring and bellowing like a mad bull, and that all the pipes and hogsheads and casks in the cellar went rocking backwards and forwards with so much force that he should have been drowned or smothered in wine.

When Leary recovered he made his way back as well as he could to the dining-room, where he found his master and the company very impatient for his return.

"What kept you?" said Mr. Mac Carthy in an angry voice; "and where is the wine? I rung for it half an hour since."

"The wine is in the cellar, I hope, sir," said Jack, trembling violently; "I hope 'tis not all lost."

"What do you mean, fool?" exclaimed Mr. Mac Carthy in a still more angry tone; "why did you not fetch some with you?"

Jack looked wildly about him, and only uttered a deep groan.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Mac Carthy to his guests, "this is too much. When I next see you to dinner I hope it will be in another house, for it is impossible I can remain longer in this, where a man had no command over his own wine-cellar, and cannot get a butler to do his duty. I have long thought of moving from Ballinacarthy; and I am now determined, with the blessing of God, to leave it tomorrow. But wine you shall have were I to go myself to the cellar for it." So saying, he rose from table, took the key and lantern from his half-stupefied servant, who regarded him with a look of vacancy, and descended the narrow stairs, already described, which led to his cellar.

When he arrived at the door, which he found open, he thought he heard a noise, as if of rats and mice scrambling over the casks, and on advancing perceived a little figure, about six inches in height, seated astride upon a pipe of the oldest port in the place, and bearing a spigot upon his shoulder. Raising the lantern, Mr. Mac Carthy contemplated the little fellow with wonder; he wore a red night cap on his head; before him was a short leather apron, which now, from his attitude, fell rather on one side; and he nad stockings of a light blue color, so long as nearly to cover the entire of his leg; with shoes, having huge silver buckles in them, and with high heels (perhaps out of vanity to make him appear taller). His face was like a withered winter apple; and his nose, which was of a bright crimson color, about the tip wore a delicate purple bloom, like that of a plum; yet his eyes twinkled.

——"like those mites
Of candied dew in moony nights—"

and his mouth twitched up at one side with an arch grin.

"Ha, scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Mac Carthy, "have I found you at last, disturber of my cellar —what are you doing there?"

"Sure, and master," returned the little fellow, looking up at him with one eye, and with the other throwing a sly glance towards the spigot on his shoulder, "ain't we going to move tomorrow? and sure you would not leave your own little Cluricaune Naggeneen behind you?"

"Oh!" thought Mr. Mac Carthy, "if you are to follow me, Mister Naggeneen, I don't see much use in quitting Ballinacarthy." So filling with wine the basket which young Leary in his fright had left behind him, and locking the cellar door, he rejoined his guests.

For some years after Mr. Mac Carthy had always to fetch the wine for his table himself, as the little Cluricaune Naggeneen seemed to feel a personal respect towards him. Notwithstanding the labor of these journeys, the worthy lord of Ballinacarthy lived in his paternal mansion to a good round age, and was famous to the last for the excellence of his wine and the conviviality of his company; but at the time of his death that same conviviality had nearly emptied his wine-cellar; and as it was never so well filled again, nor so often visited, the revels of Master Naggeneen became less celebrated, and are now only spoken of amongst the legendary lore of the country. It is even said that the poor little fellow took the declension of the cellar so to heart that he became negligent and careless of himself, and that he had been sometimes seen going about with hardly a skreed (rag) to cover him.

The Spectator

A Newspaper Man to Be President

When Horace Greeley failed in his ambition to become President, it was generally said that the people did not desire a newspaperman in the White House. Since that day, William Randolph Hearst has made violent attempts to prove the contrary. He tried his hand with the two great political parties, and, unable to secure their unbounded admiration, fostered parties and leagues of his own. He bought magazine and newspaper plants all over the country to increase his prestige, but was never able to equal even Greeley's record of having his name placed seriously before the nation's vote. Hearst's friends repeated the old statement, that the country does not desire an editor-president. However, the next election will disprove this; or, rather, the nominating conventions have already done so. Cox is proprietor of the Dayton News and the Springfield News. Harding owns the Marion Star. Both consider themselves newspaper men. Each has complimented the other as a brilliant editorial writer. They stand before the public as exponents of printer's ink. Governor Cox recently said of his rival: "As a fellow Ohio editor, I have, naturally known Senator Harding for a good many years, though not intimately!" While it is usually said that lawyers have predominated in the White House, quite a few of them were, like Wilson, teachers in earlier life. Five of them have thus been recorded, and several others were occupied more or less with matters of instruction. Bryan and Roosevelt drowned in journalism the sorrows of defeat; but this is the first time that a man takes the Presidential chair with a printer's rule for a sceptre. The principles of government will be measured in pica and nonpariel.

The Harris Brand of Prohibition

However bad a thing may be, there are always persons who are willing to have it a little worse. This is a simple construction of the Harris Prohibition Enforcement Act, which is now up for referendum. The Harris idea is that the people of California are not sufficiently curbed in their liquor habits; that there has not been enough death and disaster from jackass brandy and wood alcohol; that the enmity between law-abiding citizens and these new enforcers of a strange law has not yet been worked up to its highest possible pitch. An unbiased reading of the Harris bill finds that it contains some of the very sentiments against which the revolutionary heroes and signers of the Declaration staked their lives. The spirit of the United States Constitution (and one might say the letter thereof) is against such methods as are offered to us in this referendum emasure. It is not only that California would be drier than it has been, but the system of drying is what would cause more trouble than we have thus far experienced. There is no doubt that under this law, officious prohibition cops would claim the right of search and seizure without warrant. Californians, to whom many a tribute has been paid for their virile independence, would never endure the insults caused by this infringements of their citizenship. The result of tightening the lines, already stretched to the breaking point of patience, is a matter that no newspaper would care to predict. It can safely be said, though, that the Harris Act would not last long with Californians. It is not apt to receive more than a few votes.

The National Divorce Law

Unremittent attempts are being made to bring all the divorces of the country into a tribunal where all parties will have to submit to the same causes that will justify a severance of the bonds. We may suppose that the perpetrators of the law would make it stringent as well as uniform. But the question for the present is—why uniform at all? The people are not all alike: why should their divorces be? It is a matter of temperament. In Vermont, we have a fancy of inhabitants cold and mountainous in their character, austere in conduct and full of that fortitude which accepts fifty years of married life as a mere detail of mundane existence. But it is another story in Louisiana. The populace there, warmed with semi-tropical conditions, rich with romance and the glitter of carnival, should not be asked to view any subject in the same light that falls with cooler glow upon another and distant part of the realm. If there is to be divorce at all, it ought to suit the divorcees rather than those who have no interest in the matter. A man who loves his wife, or is so henpecked that he will endure anything she does (or says), is not a fit person to make divorce laws for one who feels that a great mistake was made when he married. Nor does a woman who esteems her spouse as lord of creation know the needs of a wife whose lord is in another part of creation most of the time, and spends most of his money when she doesn't happen to be present. It is a well-known principle that various climes have various temperaments. When we speak of art in California, and all that, do we not say "it's the climate?" If climate has

JUDGE HENRY M.
OWENS
— FOR —
Superior Judge
(INDIAN WAR VETERAN)
Endorsed by War Veterans

an effect upon art, enthusiasm, hospitality, etc., it surely must operate to some extent on marriage. Wedded bliss is a matter of sunshine, which is climate. If there be too much warmth in the air, we fell a semi-tropical unrest. Without a really and truly winter to offset this luxury in the blood, there is apt to be a perennial turn to the meditations, whence the soul seeks freedom. In Vermont or Kansas, the good folk know little of this; for, just about the time their souls get to looking around for freedom, a snowstorm comes along and keeps the couple indoors. Before the end of winter, all their romantic ideas are frozen. Such people should not try to restrict the divorce laws for those in whose veins are the fragrance of eternal spring and the romance of lavender skies and who occasionally have to dodge a rolling-pin or retort to opprobrious epithets with a butter grenade. In the annals of the divorce court, you will find that many a family meal has been spoiled by the conversion of the dishes—plus the food—into artillery; and the acompanying language must be whispered to the judge. Even the peace negotiations could not be printed in a respectable newspaper. Such details are not evidence that marriages are made in Heaven. A man whose marriage was made in Heaven would not be continually requesting his wife to go to the other place. Such exclamatory sentences are temperamental, climatic, and could not be understood by those who dwell afar and lack the energy to break the furniture when peeved by the one who always seems to get the better half of connubial bliss. No, a uniform divorce law should not be ours until our souls are cast in a uniform mold.

Clockwinder on the Census

"The taking of the census is a disappointing feature of our national life," remarked the Clockwinder.

"I always thought it a cause for rejoicing," said I.

"Yes, 'tis true; in some places. For instance, we all feel proud that California has passed Missouri, New Jersey, Indiana and Georgia in the race toward population beyond the dreams of avarice. But now that we are in eighth place, it seems just as natural as it used to be in the twelfth; though, telling the truth, I had forgotten we were in the twelfth rank until I read we became eighth on the list. We are now very close to Michigan's poulation. So I guess that during the next ten years Michigan and California won't be on the friendliest terms."

The Clockwinder filled his pipe. "Then think of those states that were passed in the march of progress. How must they feel? I suppose the people that are left in the state will say it doesn't make any difference, and that they are just as good as ever; but just the same they will feel a little sore at the government for having deprived them of their rank. On that point, I note with some satisfaction that the relative positions of Arizona, Delaware, Wyoming and Nevada have remained unchanged. No jealousies there. Right at the end of the list, and nothing to do but wait for population internaly and externally. The last state of all is Nevada. It's a distinguished position, I'll say. New York at one end and Nevada at the other. There are now more than 105,000,000 people in the country. This includes a large and intelligent class known as voters. Just how intelligent they are—I mean the proportion of intelligence among them—we won't know until next month. When the election returns are published, I'll tell you whether this census means anything real to me or not. I know very well that some men will vote for Harding. He's got to get some votes. You can't help it. But then the more votes Harding gets the less proud we'll all feel over that 105,000,000. And I say that any man that believes Harding's speeches, word for word, and votes for him with good intent or malice aforethought, will help reduce my enthusiasm for the 77,000 persons in the state of Nevada and elsewhere in the Union. Yes, the census is just quantity. It's at election we expect quality to show.

A La Carte in New York Not Exorbitant

It is the usual thing to return from New York with a wild tale of the prices charged by unconscionable cafe proprietors. War-time dinners at the swell lobster palaces were said to be only for millionaires; and, according to recent advices, the temperamental profiteering has not yet subsided. However, documentary evidence has reached us, in the shape of about a dozen menus from the best hotels and cafes in New York. These were sent by the local attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, who is a noted bon vivant on both hemispheres. Blue points at the Biltmore are 45 cents, indicating that the matter of a nickel is being duly considered. Spring turkey with cranberry sauce is $1.50. At the Plaza, brook trout au courbuillon, Mousseline sauce, is $1; squab-chicken, Polonaise, $2.50; biscuit Tortoni, 60 cents. Roast pigeon to order at the Ritz-Carlton is $2.75; fancy desserts range from 50 cents to $1. At the Astor, mayonnaise of chicken is $1.60; imported Scotch grouse to order, $5; tutti fruitti, 50 cents. At the Netherlands, whole roast milk-fed chicken is $3 25; peach Melba, 60 cents. The Moulin Rouge has a chicken salad for $1.50, and a filet mignon, jardiniere for $1.50. At the Century Promenade, lobster saute, Newberg, is $2.25. The Century has a peach Melba for $1.50, and serves fruit punches at $1; prohibition champagnes from $3 to $6 a quart. English pheasant is $6 at the Waldorf-Astoria; royal squab, $2.25; Nesselrode pudding, 60 cents; French pastry, 20 cents, and old-fashioned peach shortcake, 70 cents. Most of the vegetables at all these resorts are between 40 and 80 cents. The couvert charge is 15 cents; in some places, 10, and, for the most part includes bread and butter. These prices are practically the same as obtained in New York years before the war, and can hardly be said to run ahead of the San Francisco valuations at the present time. Nearly all of the New York menus are plentifully supplied with entrées at $1 or less, and there is evidently no reason why an economical couple could not dine comfortably at a cost not far from $7.50.

The Police Amendment

Vote "Yes" on Amendment No. 23 for increase in salary of one dollar a day for police officers. At present their wage is $4.66 per day. Out of this amount they support their families, they purchase uniforms and equipment, which they must duplicate if destroyed or lost in the performance of duty. Hospital and doctors' bills incurred in the performance of duty are also the officers' personal expense. The Police Pension Fund is supported by a two-dollar a month contribution from each officer, but the pension age is fixed at sixty-five years.

Oakland, Portland, Seattle and Los Angeles pay their police more than we do. Some large cities pay monthly ten to forty dollars more than S. F., and also furnish equipment and medical attendance.

Every time a police officer reports on duty he takes his life in his hands,—he is at the mercy of desperate crooks and irresponsible cranks,—he stands between the public and danger. The police of S. F. are a brave, cheerful and dutiful body of men. Daily they perform heroic deeds. Many have sacrificed their health and their lives in protecting our city.

The Spectator a few years ago witnessed the shooting by a policeman of an auto bandit out near the Presidio. This bandit had, in his effort to escape arrest, just shot a police captain who was pursuing him. Did the captain's brother officers flee and hide to protect themselves? No! They followed close on the trail of the bandit who, finding himself at bay against the Presidio wall, concealed himself in the darkness behind a tree. The noise of the racing cars and motorcycles awakened the quiet neighborhood at two o'clock in the morning. At every window

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the householders stood watching the exciting scene—the robber in the shadow of the tree, the policeman standing alone opposite in the middle of the street. Not one beholder dared to venture out to help the officer, who bravely stood there, no doubt anticipating the same fate as his captain. Perceiving the efforts of the bandit to skirt around the tree and unodubtedly shoot his pursuer before venturing to escape over the wall, the officer, for self-protection, fired. There was dead silence for a minute. An ambulance rushed madly up the street, the limp body of the desperate robber was discovered. "Take him away, boys!" tragically and sadly ordered the policeman. Then, a swarm of neighbors in bath robes and slippers gathered round the officer who had stood there between them and danger, and for days the scene of the tragedy drew hundreds of visitors.

On another occasion the Spectator saw a spoilt urchin of five throw himself on the ground, kicking his little feet and shouting, "I won't go in the car! I want to go into Townsend's candy store!" The embarrassed parents seemed helpless, when the father, perceiving an approaching policeman, said: "Here comes a policeman—now you're in trouble." The young officer leaned over the child and said, "What's the matter, sonny? Don't be afraid of me—policemen are the children's friends.' And then he remonstrated with the child's father, who had endeavored to pass discipline up to the police department, saying: "I have children of my own, and I want other people's children to trust me as they do. It is very unfair to the police and misleading to children to teach them that we are walking our beats to catch them at naughtiness. All we aim to do for them is to protect them from harm and the consequences of their own heedlessness." The child's father appeared crestfallen, the crowd now gathered round looked approval at the impulsive officer, and temperamental little Tommie triumphantly led by his repentant parents into the candy store.

If San Francisco must economize, let us eliminate such extravagance as our flock of high priced municipal autos, a few unnecessary judges and several other glaring superfluities; but let us show appreciation of our efficient policemen by paying them $5.66 per day.

Hoodwinking the Voter

For audacity of an attempt to fool the public, Amendment No. 37 is equalled only by No. 33—the one which, is passed, would put Andrew Gallagher in a soft berth for life. To snare the wary voter into placing his little X in favor of it, this proposition is smeared thick with the following honeyed promise:

"The following charter positions are hereby abolished: The Chief Deputy and the Cashier of the Assessor, the Chief Deputy and the Cashier of the Tax Collector, three Deputies of the Sheriff, the Chief Deputy of the Auditor, and the Chief Deputy of the Recorder!"

These deceptive phrases convey the intimation that persons occupying these jobs will be separated from city service, but this is not to be. What will be affected is this: These politically appointed retainers will be shorn of their present titles but not of their positions—their temporary status shall end and they will be securely placed in civil service for life!

The amendment further recites that an Assistant Superintendent of Street Cleaning, the Superintendent and Assistant Superintendent of Building Repairs, the Superintendent and Assistant of Street Repairs and the Inspector of Boilers and his Secretary shall be made permanent occupants of these coveted positions!

Merit system advocates have for years been endeavoring to compel the Civil Service Commission to hold examinations for these lucrative berths as the law required, but the political favorites holding them have all this time, through influence, been able to escape the law. Lately the pressure has become too heavy to procrastinate further, so the Supervisors placed on the ballot mendment No. 33, the object of which is to allow these job holders to escape the mandatory civil service tests and make safe for them the positions they are illegally holding

Did citizens fully realize to what extent is abused their confidence in elected officials who would deliberately place for the voters' consideration such misleading propositions as Amendments Nos. 33 and 37, they would surely have the recall working double shift and overtime; but, even at that, we somehow are a patient flock that only world wars and flu pestilences slightly ruffle; so why get fussed over political tricks we instinctively expect to occur.

Public Auction or John McCormack's Rare Art Works and Furnishings

Some choice and rare furnihisngs and works of art, property of John McCormack, famous tenor, were disposed of at public auction at May's Auction Galleries on the afternoons of September 2 and 30 and October 1 and 2 in New York.

Description catalogue that have come to San Francisco, list many valuable pieces. These are Flemish, Gobelin and Aubusson tapestry hangings and suites of statuary by celebrated artists, Persian and Chinese rugs and carpets, cabinet specimens of extreme rareness, salon and temple vases in Sevres, Dresden, Berlin, Vienna and other procelains; also furniture for all parts of the home, as well as choice oil paintings.

These goods, removed from Mr. McCormick's city home, 270 Park avenue, and country residence at Noroton, Ct., were sold at unrestricted sale to the highest bidder. The sale was conducted by M. Van Brink, auctioneer, who claimed this collection to be without question the finest ever sold by him, to have been appraised at more than a quarter of a million dolars.

It is inexplicable why artists so often dispose of their art treasures, the collection of which seems to give them unbounded pleasure.

When Geraldine Farrar auctioned her household goods she offered even autographed photographs of celebrities which had been personally presented to her—indeed, as one paper commented, "Everything was offered for sale except Lou Tellegen."

John McCormack is regarded highly as a connoisseur. One of his fads is collecting old violins. The sale of his household goods probably indicates his intention to spend the rest of his life in travel.

Just Boy!

Boys have souls! Of course no one ever saw a boy's soul, and for that reason there are doubting Thomases, who vehemently declare, "There ain't no sich animal."

But the past week that was dedicated to the multitude of boys is proof that humanity is awakening to the fact that boys have souls.

A boy does not know he has a soul, because from the age of seven or eight years to that of seventeen or eighteen, he is enshrouded with the shadowy mists of adolesence. Like the chysalis wound in its gauzy covering and hidden in hardness, so is the growing boy.

Only, boys do not have the protection which wise nature provides for the chrysalis. When a catipillar proceeds to wrap itself round and round with its diaphonous covering, it has been endowed with enough intelligence to make itself fast into whatever niche or corner it has crawled; if it did not fasten itself and was left to be blown and tumbled around by the winter's winds, eventually it would be crushed by something, and in time we would have no pretty butterflies.

When a boy emerges from the chrysalis state, he not only knows how to tip his hat or draw a chair at the dining table for his mother, and other special courtesies, but enjoys doing so; and, oh, yes, he voluntarily keeps his neck and ears clean. Then it can be said of him that he has come out and is fluttering his wings, and admiring friends exclaim, "What a lovely butterfly, or rather, young man!"

Some day learned science will put on its horn-rimmed spectacles and dig deep into the subconscious mind of the boy chrysalis, and elucidate for patient humanity the mystery of the violent antipathy the average boy has for water which might touch his neck and ears, unless it is the water of the time-honored swimming pond. By that time, the millenium dawn will have come. But until then, it will remain a deep, dark, soiled mystery.

There is one exceptional type of boy chrysalis, that is ideal. He always does just what he is told to do, is very neat and clean and is a "perfect little gentleman." This type, though, always becomes a "pal" of the angels, and that is the end of his history.

Now, the boy chrysalis is not fastened safely and snugly in a little corner like the butterfly chrysalis, unless sometimes he is held by a silken thread (that is stronger than a steel cable) of love. Then he is like a ship riding at anchor that only a terrific storm can force away.

But what about the boy chrysalis that is not fastened, that rolls and bumps around and is finally crushed by something? Oh, there are places to put those unsightly broken things, and sometimes they become healed, just as a broken limb or crushed hand heals, only there is always a scar,—a scar that mars the beauty of the texture of their lives.—Lucille Ellis.

Xavier Martinez Meets Piedmont Police

The police department of Piedmont has ambitions of becoming the most efficient in the world To be a householder on those palmy slopes is to be a thoroughly safe, sane and regularly inspected member of society. One sunny, well-conducted afternoon of last week, the pride of Piedmont detectives was strolling along Oakland avenue in plain clothes, when he was confronted by an unfamiliar figure. This grieved him, as he boasted of knowing everybody on his beat. Who, what, whence and whither this mystic unknown? The intruder was Xavier Martinez by name, artist by trade, and a resident of Piedmont for fourteen years. He wore corduroys big and loose; he was topped with a billycock hat turned down, beneath which his long blue-black hair was fastened to the brows with a leather band; his shirt was a dazzling green, the royal hue of the Mayans, and a purple tie kept the collar from rolling too widely. Marty carried a paint box and a book. The cop stared. "The book under his arm," said the cop to himself, "is obviously a disguise—a ruse; he can't fool me merely by carrying a bood. If this man be not Villa, then he is Trotsky or Lenine. Here's where I make the most famous capture

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in the annals of Piedmont or anywhere." "One moment, stranger; where are you going?" Simultaneously he pointed to the star of Piedmont on his vest. Martinez read the inscription, and made answer: "I am going to the house of Dr. Reynolds, to paint a picture." "Have you a permit to paint pictures in Piedmont?" This interrogatory led to an argument, in the course of which Martinez negligently confessed that he had been painting may years without a permit. Martinez having raised the highly technical point that no permit was necessary, the debate was continued to and into the home of Dr. Reynolds, who, without regard for the feelings of the honest and industrious detective, identified the captive as none other than the leader of the California Remaissance, which is non-political. "Had it been 2 o'clock in the morning," commented Martinez, "and if I had been returning from some party—very well—ask me what I am doing. But here it was 2 o'clock of a beautiful afternoon. The streets were as peaceful as the Gardens of the Hesperides; and so was I, when a man I never saw before stopped me and asked me where I was going." Martinez made a special trip that same afternoon to the sergeant of police at headquarters. "You see," explained the sarge, "we are trying to get ahead of Berkeley in the way of perfect supervision of Piedmont. Every suspicious character is stopped and questioned."

Hold-Up Insignia

Taxi drivers with large revolvers strapped to their hips are a new addition to the queer sights seen in the Paris streets. When the prefect of police was appealed to for the privilege of carrying weapons of defense, he found the regulations prohibited only the concealed pistols, so, with these formidable affairs in plain sight, the law is unviolated. Although it is a grave matter, it made a smile come when this protection was asked. The public has been under the impression that it, and not the chauffeurs, needed to be guarded, not from assault, but from extortion.

Respectful attention is being paid these days to the food (and the drink) of France, and the wise ones affirm there is no such thing as poor "eats," although there are grades. When the tourist gives a sigh of contentment at reaching this side of the Channel and says "no place in London can serve good, reasonable meals," he does not know London. Every big city has its "Soho." Paris boasts of Boulevards Raspail, Clichy, Montparnasse and Saint Michel (called for short "Boul' Mich"), but old New York has its innings, too, in Greenwich Village. In old Compton street, in the British capital, one can find the Italian makers of spaghetti cheek by jowl with the French or Spanish "marchands des vins." This is the location for small prices, small portions, but excellent cuisine. "Le Diner Francais" is perhaps the most celebrated restaurant, for its proprietor, Monsieur Beguanot, was for years the chef of the Duc de Morny. When his service was over he took on this small place, where both peer and peri meet. In Lisle street the "Restaurant des Gourmets" shares prosperity with "The Rendezvous," close by in Dean street. When some one tells that there's nothing worth while in the eating line in London, it is easy to mention these oases. In Greek street "The Bienvenue" has just taken down its shutters, closed since the war, and the edible snail served therein is the true one from Bourgogne.—Telegraph.

No Baldness in Paris

Who is the most popular man of the day in Paris?" you ask. The quick answer is Dr. Raymond Passot, who has added to his fine reputation as a surgeon by scientific scalping. When this gentleman noticed there were some parts of the head which always were well covered, hirsutely, he argued these sections must be especially fertile. He conceived the idea of transferring strips of the half-covered skin to the denuded areas. An operation was tried first as an experiment, but now it has passed into regular practice. The sterile scalp is prepared for the transplantation by being opened up, much as a gardener arranges a flower bed for seed. The strips of skin with hair attached are fixed into place and bandaged closely. All the patient has to do is to stay in seclusion until the hair cultures have taken root. In a short time the growth hides entirely the bare spaces underneath. In response to an inserted advertisement for men with thick black or brown hair, no less than twenty-six applicants appeared the first day. If only there was some method by which the bushy beards of "the native" could be grafted higher up, it would be a blessing to the sight at least. With the approach of cold weather and the anticipation of a coalless winter, these young monsieurs are bringing forth a luxurious barricade of hiding identity awful to contemplate. It had been ardently hoped the American fashion of smooth faces would remain, but the hairful vogue will be the winter one.

Dr. Serge Voronoff, head of the physiological laboratory of the College de France, succeeded in his experiments to prolong mans' vitality, and more than one person rejoiced to be teamed up with monkey, goat or any old gland, so long as youth was renewed. Since Dr. Voronoff returned from his tour in the United States his clientele has so increased he has been obliged to double his force of assistants.

It is no longer the style to have one's appendix extracted. In the language of the poet, "It's the fashion to wear 'em" in Europe, so the abdominal surgeons are turning their attention to other lines of surgery. One of these latest is an operation for a familiar disease of the kidneys, and its pronounced hit seems destined to remove Vichy, Aix-les-Bains and like resorts off the curative map. Sure, the world do more!—Telegraph.

One Reason for Electing Shortridge

Mr Rudolph Spreckles, in a special article in one of Tuesday's evening papers, gave voice to the hope that "the people would not send Samuel Shortridge to the Senate as he is a reactionary and would use his influence so that the dear people will not have anything to say about the country." Of course, Mr. Spreckles could not have meant "anything." To be concise, he ought to have said "as much as they want to have to say."

If Mr. Shortridge can bring about such a reform as to reform the reformers, the ignorant meddlers who, if allowed full sway, would succeed in destroying this republic, as the people by the same methods destroyed the Spartan Republic, then Mr. Spreckles has advanced the very best argument for, instead of against, the election of Mr. Shortridge. We need representatives to save us from such interference with American liberty,—such unlearned, short-sighted, selfish individuals who, by referendum, recall and petty, foolish amendments would degrade our glorious country to the pitiable condition of a village in Cromwell's time. The "Progressives" whom Rudolph Spreckles holds up for our admiration are really "Retrogressives" whose ideals would reduce the United States to parochialism. It would not be long until we had dictatorship with a "Progressive" doing the dictating. The trouble would be so many "Progressives" would want the job. Men like Samuel Shortridge with brains, education, wide vision and the courage of their convictions are the type we need at the psychological moment when our own state is the victim of restless disorder,—we need such Senators to keep us up to our cherished American ideals.

The Topeka (Kan.) Pink Ray says you don't need to look for the wedding ring nowadays.

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Social

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Edward Corbet has been here from Salt Lake for several weeks visiting her mother, Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, who is again at her Vallejo street home after a four months' stay in her Shasta country place. Mrs. Hale and the other ladies who were patronesses of last year's American Legion ball, have been asked to act in the same capacity at the coming ball.

Mrs. Richard Derby's tea in honor of Miss Anita Virgas, who is to marry Lieut.-Col. Derby this month, was a brilliant affair at Fort Mason Tuesday. Mrs. Hunter Liggett and Mrs. Thomas Stoddard poured tea and the bride-elect's mother assisted the hostess in receiving. Miss Virgas is a handsome girl, tall, stunning and charming. Mrs. Virgas, her mother, is so youthful and attractive looking that several of the guests were under the impression that she was the bride-to-be. During the afternoon, the Presidio band played on the lawn. The house was beautifully decorated with quantities of flowers in pastel shades.

Miss Marian Huntington, who remains as devoted to the wounded soldiers as she was during the war, has invited thirty boys from Letterman to a luncheon at Taits-on-the-Beach Saturday. Afterwards she will take them to her home for tea and a musicale.

Mrs. Archibald Reed Dennis has sent out cards for a tea at the home of her mother, Mrs. Weaver, Jackson street, in honor of Mrs. Richard Mogan and Miss Dorothy Stone.

Mrs. A. N. Buchanan gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Francesca Club.

Mrs. J. R. Lane was hostess this week at a luncheon at the Francesca in honor of Mrs. Clara Darling, who is in town for a few days from her Los Altos home.

Mrs. Thomas Williams is happy over the arrival of her sistre, Mrs. Gallagher of Shanghai. Mrs. Gallagher is looking wonderfully well and will remain with her sister during the winter.

Miss Jean Wirtner leaves next week for China where she will be married in November to Herbert Jenson.

St. Anselm's Concert

The brilliant autumn concert that will be held in St. Anselm's Auditorium in Ross on Sunday afternoon, October 17, promises to be a great success. This will mark the sixth concert for this year, and each one has been very well attended by Ross Valley society folk who take season tickets.

Those who have subscribed are the following: Messrs. and Mmes. James Kendall Armsby, Milton Esberg, Henry Bothin, George Brooks, Truxton Beale, Joseph Raas, George Young, S. McNear, and many other prominet families.

The concert will be held at three o'clock, and will be given by the following:

Mme. Lizeta Kalore (Russian violinist), Mme. Stella Jellica (coloratura soprano), Reverend Edgar Boyle (lyric tenor), Mr. Uda Waldrup (pianist), Mr. Albert King (accompanist).

Those who desire to come from San Francisco can take the 1:45 p. m. Sausalito ferry and get off the Manor train at Bolinas avenue station.

A number of friends accompanied Mrs. A. Comte and Miss Hèléne Comte across the bay Thursday morning when they left for the East for a visit.

Mrs. E. W. Crellin has returned to her city home. During the past few months she has spent most of the time in Vichy Springs, Santa Cruz and the Crellin Ruby Hill vineyard. Mr. and Mrs. Crellin are building a cottage in Mill Valley for week ends. Mrs. Crellin is an enthusiastic collector of antiques and her home in Vallejo street contains many treasures.

Mrs. Arthur Banks is in St. Mary's Hospital on account of a sprained ankle. Her sister, Mrs. Josephine Huff, has just returned after a delightful motor trip through the New England States and Eastern Canada. She plans to sail for Europe in the spring.

Mrs. Belle Moore, who has been at the ranch of her late father, Nat Brittan, most of the season, has taken apartments at the Leesmont on California street.

Advices have been received from London of the recent death of Charles Cornwallis-Stevenson, formerly consul in Hanover, Germany, for Great Britain for over twenty-five years. He was a graduate of Cambridge University, B. A., and served with distinction in the consular service of England for many years. He was the father of Cyril H. Cornwallis-Stevenson, of San Francisco, the recipient of many messages of sympathy.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crane have departed for the Hollywood Hotel where they will spend the winter. They are to celebrate the 50th anniversary of their marriage very soon.

Alex. Robertson Honored

Alexander M. Robertson's fiftieth year of bookselling and publishing in San Francisco is to be celebrated at a dinner given in his honor by the Booksellers' Association of San Francisco Bay Counties, on the evening of October 30, at seven o'clock in the Palm Room of the Hotel Bellevue.

Living authors who may welcome this opportunity to pay tribute to the veteran publisher are George Sterling, David Starr Jorlan, Professor Ryder, Clark Ashton Smith, Robert E. Cowan, Edwin Markham and Lionel Josaphare.

Alex. Robertson's personality is interwoven with the artistic development of San Francisco. He is our dean of book-sellers. In his contact with authors and public, he has revealed many splendid traits of character. He is the most unmercenary of men. He amazes by refusing to discuss his own publications. His ideal is to publish works about California or which have been written here, with the object of permanent tribute to this state. He has a passion for California and he takes a personal pride in its artistic creations.

His book-shop is a shrine of love for California. On the walls hang paintings by California artists, or of California scenery. A place of honor is given a portrait of Ambrose Bierce by Partington (father of Francesca Peralta of the Scotti Opera Co.).

A vital painting of Mt. Whitney by H. J. Breuer seems like a benediction as you open the door. Mr. Robertson proudly tells you that it is the highest point in the U. S. and that geologists claim that the Alabama Range in the middle disance is the oldest rock formation in the world. Owens River flowing by furnishes Los Angeles its water supply. "Is the picture for sale?" you ask. "O, no,—no, indeed! None of these paintings are for sale" His latest acquisitions are some paintings of the Missions by Cornejo. As a labor of love Robertson has had all these bits of California scenery reproduced in miniature for holiday cards, and I verily believe he rejoices when a purchaser carries one away more than were he disposing of an expensive edition de luxe in fifty volumes of some world renowned author.

Someone suggested to him once that he ought to move to a larger store in a certain busy commercial street. "No, I would not dream of it," he replied. "I must have a place where I can look out,—the scene over there is an inspiration." Look out his wide window with him and behold a picture not surpassed in any American city. In the distance, across Union Square, the gray St. Francis Hotel, gay with its flags and curtained windows, the lively taxis arriving and departing constantly, the pedestrians a stream of color. In the foreground a big green tree swaying and lazily fluttering its leaves in the Pacific breeze, while the palms and green grass of the big square fascinate with their self-glory. Something of the pride of Victory which surmounts the Dewey column in the plaza is diffused in the atmosphere. The St. Francis has a fine view of the square, to be sure, but from Robertson's window the splendid tree in its friendly proximity transports one to the Place de la Concorde in spring.

Robertson's publications are valuable contributions to California collections. They include Bierce, Markham, Joaquin Miller, Charles Keeler,

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Scheffauer, Lorenzo Sosso, Ryder, Clark Ashton Smith, Peter Robertson, Charles Warren Stoddard, Dr. Taylor, Louis Robertson, Daniel O'Connell, George Sterling, Lionel Josaphare, Delmas, Inez Haynes Irwin and many others.

He once engaged in mining in the mine of which Mark Twain wrote in "Roughing It." He was one of the organizers of the Lincoln School Association and has long been a prominent member of the Bohemian Club. He takes a patriotic interest in politics and was the organizer of the Wilson Republican Club.

At the time of the earth-quake he received a receipted bill from his Eastern creditors. He promptly returned it with thanks and paid them as soon as the money returns flowed into his purse—for Aleck Robertson was a loyal San Franciscan who valiantly helped his city to stand firmly upon her feet.

If encouragement is a way to success, this bibliopole has been the means of sending many a genius on his way to fame. It is fitting that the book-sellers should honor him, for he has devotedly given a generous portion of his individuality to his calling.

The authors of his wide acquaintance love and esteem him. He has always a lenient attitude toward their eccentricities, ever a word of excuse for their weaknesses—and they are his favorites in the walks of life. May he live long among us!

THE READY-MADE MAN

To be oneself is one of the really difficult things. It is so much easier to be second-hand—to pick up a habit or an attitude, a trick of speech or a trick of manner that someone else has invented. As an instance, merely, consider the modern newspaper. One newspaper article is as like another as one pea is like another. It is not that he style of modern journalism is a noble style, or even that it is good business. Your newspaper will tell you that the event of almost any day in the week is "a matter of the very gravest consequence." Nobility of style apart, it is not good business, in a world that is supposed to be in a hurry, to be in a hurry, to say in seven words what may be said more pointedly in three. But it is a matter of the very gravest consequence that the phrases used in a modern newspaper should be of the common stock. They cost nothing to write; and they do not startle the reader, who already has them by heart. And so the thing goes on—a kind of lazy conspiracy between the common writer and the common reader.

This is an instance merely. The great mass of everydoy conduct and speech is as second-hand as is the style o fthe descriptive reporter. It is the big store that supplies machine-made clothes and boots to fit men and women of an average length and breadth. There is another and a bigger store where there is a ready-made stock of phrases, attitudes, commonplaces, prejudices, habits, and manners—all to be had at the smallest cost and at the shortest notice. Does anybody want a word or an idea or a line of conduct? Nothing is easier than to get it from the store. Of course, the article may not exactly fit the intention of the customer. But it will do well enough. To make the thing oneself—that is too painful and lengthy a business.

To be a second-hand or ready-made man it is not in the least necessary to be a deliberate imitator. There is, of course, the shop-girl who crooks her little finger in taking tea, after the marchioness in the play; and there is the young person who has misread Ibsen and sets out to live riotously in the idea that he is playing up to his personality. These are conventional types that make an especial point of living in or out of the fashion. But the general acceptance of the ready-made is a more subtle thing than that. Once the man is a ready-made man, he can never be anything else. Even in moment of stress and excitement—when there is a deep call to be individual—he will still deal in phrases from the store. Here is a true story. There were two men—or, rather, a man and a boy who was young enough to be proud of his experience. There was a difference of opinion as to what the boy should do with his life, and the difference became acute. The man, in loco parentis, told the boy with true feeling never to darken his threshold again. Now there was no mistake about the feeling. It was quite intense. But the phrase! The man was not a poet by nature; in fact poetry was one of the many forms of literature he distrusted. He was not in ordinary life given to metaphor or a picturesque way of speaking. Probably this was the firt time he had ever talked of his "threshold." Up to this it had been a plain doorstep. But threshold was the traditional word. In every play he had seen, in every novel he had read (like all ready-made men he always read the wrong ones) this was the traditional language in which young cubs were evicted. As to the boy, he knew it was the part of the fashionable hero of the day to snuffer and be silent. So, delivering a few well-chosen words, he packed his trunk and went over the doorstep for all the world as if it were a threshold.

No one nowadays looks for real life on the stage; but it is an interesting exercise to look for the stage in real life. It is to be seen everywhere—the ready-made and second-hand manner taken from this or that fashionable type in drama or fiction. The class that is most second-hand is the busy, moneymaking class that takes no thought to be individual in self-expression. The ready-made man and the ready-made woman are to be met every day in Suburbia. Whenever Mr Jackson, the pushing little cloth-manufacturer in Mr. St. John Hankin's "Return of the Prodigal," was about to be particularly unpleasant to his good-for-nothing son, he invariably began to talk about his "roof." In moments of ordinary excitement he never soared above the ceiling. In fact, whenever he felt the indignant father, he assumed the ready-made manner of the indignant father. And, of course, in no play or story that Mr. Jackson ever read does the indignant father occupy a house. He lives beneath a roof—or even a rooftree.

It would be an agreeable task for a latter-day satirist, if we had one, to classify the "manners" in common use. There is the melodramatic manner, supplied for special occasions by contemporary novelists and playwrights. For every-day use there is for "gentlemen" the hearthrug. There are several varieties of this—all well known. There is for 'ladies" the pensive manner. For people with little or nothing to say there is the reserved manner. Well-known varieties like these should be entered at the aPtent Office, and a fee charged for their use by way of royalty. To be a second-hand man should be expensive. Certainly it would be a noble enterprise to tax out of existence the cliché, the airs and manners of the second-hand man, and the second-hand furniture of his mind. But we admit that there are difficulties.—J. F. Runciman, in London Saturday Review.

Two darkies in a negro regiment were boasting about their company buglers.

"G'long wit' you, boy," said one; "you ain't got no booglers. We is got the boogler, and when 'at boy wraps his off lip around that horn and blows pay-all it sounds jes' like that um Boston simphony band playin' 'The Rosary.'

"Yeh, I hearn you," replied the other. "Talk up, boy; talk up. Yo' is wadin' deep into trouble."

"—An' when he sounds 'at tapoo the angile Gabriel hisself is lendin' a ear, boy. A ear is what I says."

"Well, if yo' likes musik they is all right, but if yo' is yearnin' fo' food yo' wants a boogler with an hypnotic note like we is got. Boy, when Ah hears Ole Custard-Mouth Jones discharge his blast, Ah looks at mah beans and Ah says, 'Strawberries, behave yo'selves! Yos' is crowdin' the whip cream out o' mah dish.'"—American Legion Weekly.

Kernel Cootie: "I just dumped out those bottles I found in your room! I told you yesterday I wouldn't have the stuff around my house!"

Brother Cootie: "Quit your kidding, Kernel!"

Kernel Cootie: "If you think I'm joking, look in the ash can."

Brother Cootie goes into the backyard and sees the chickens drinking up the last of what had formerly filled a number of bottles, now broken.

The chef, at the rear entrance of the restaurant seeing Brother Cootie bringing the motionless "stewed" chickens: "You say you want ze chick made into ze broth?"

Brother Cootie: "Yeh! An' bottle it."—Chicago (Ill.) Tribune.

Mother was without a maid, so she found it necessary to leave Edward in her mother's care quite often.

One day a neighbor of grandmother asked Edward if he was living with his grandmother now.

"Oh, no!" said the little fellow, "mother just parked me with grandma while she went to a card party."—C. S. C.

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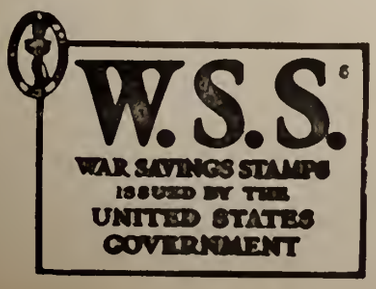

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The Stage

The Scotti Grand Opera

The phenomenal success of the Scotti Grand Opera Co. brought joy to music lovers' hearts, for the attendance was all that the cupidity of the most mercenary manager could desire, while the appreciation of the audiences was a tribute to the artistry of Scotti and his associates. It is the psychological moment for a return engagement, or for the appearance of another company. We are promised the Chicago Grand Opera Co., with Mary Garden, and there is a prospect of having Polacco and a galaxy of celebrated song-birds.

The Scotti crowning event was the Sunday night concert in which opportunity was given of hearing all the favorites. Francesca Peralta (Phyllis Partington) and Doria Fernando (Fernanda Pratt) received ovations, as their beautiful voices and charming personalities deserved. Their appearance together in opera Saturday night was the cause of a sold-out house.

Frank W. Healy, the leading impressario of the West, is receiving hearty congratulations upon the success of his venture of experimenting with opera in the Auditorium.

Alcazar

Again the versality of the New Alcazar Company finds striking illustration when it passes next Sunday from the intensely emotional drama, "The Hypocrites," to the mystery thrills and merriment of "The Dummy," a comedy melodrama of detective activities, which ran for an entire season in N. Y., at the Hudson Theatre, but is new at the Alcazar. It has been contrived with suspensive skill and much humor by Harriet Ford and Harvey O'Higgins, authors of "The Argyle Case," "On the Hiring Line" and other popular plays. Thrills, mystery and laughter are blended in depicting the adventures of a smart New York messenger boy, who is employed by a detective ageney, to find and protect the child of a divorce-seeking couple who has been kidnapped by a resourceful band of crooks. The later have fallen as low as child-stealing when their gambling resort is closed up by the police. Ben Erway will have a fine opportunity in the messenger boy role. The cast cast includes Dudley Ayres, Inez Ragan, Emily Pinter, Brady Kline, Rafael Brunetto, Henry Shumer, Al Cunningham, Charles Murphy, Frederick Green, Walter Belasco and other melodramatic experts.

To follow October 24, is the delightfully clever farcical comedy, "Too Many Husbands," which ran all last season at the Booth Treatre, New York. It has a bed-room scene, but not even a pillow case is ruffled. The witty Somerset Maugham is the author.

S. F. Symphony

The Symphony concert held Sunday afternoon, October 10th, the second concert of the first pair of concerts, was given to a crowded house.

Alfred Hertz, the conductor, received an ovation on his appearance and each number was enthusiastically applauded. The feature was the Symphony No. 3, "Eroica" of Beethoven. It was splendidly rendered.

The other numbers included the symphonic poem, "Don Juan" by Richard Strauss, and a new composition of Alfredo Casselo, introduced for the first time in San Francisco. This number was the rhapsody "Italia," Op. 11, and endeavors to picture Italian life musically.

The melodies introduced therein depict the folk songs and familiar compositions of Denza, Tosti and Tosti, all arranged very much in the style of the Hungarian Rhapsodies of Liszt. —A. Sutter.

Dining by the Clock

The newest dining hour in Paris is nine o'clock,—probably an indication that Paris wishes to make up for war-time table deprivations by consecrating the evening to dining. This means either that the smart set will arrive at the theatre for the last act or that the fashionables will absorb their theatrical fare with dinner. Again, there is the inevitable lure of the dance between courses.

Tommy Leary's Triumph

In "Mecca," a gorgeous new "spectacle supreme," New York is treated to a succession of colorful scenes and Oriental splendors which brought the first night audience to its feet shouting. The cast is superb.

There is delightful dancing, a gripping story and notable music performed fully up to demand. The New York papers all pay their respects to Ida Mulle (of the old Henderson forces) and our old friend Tommie Leary (of the Tivoli), who play an old Chinese couple who are the comedy hits of the piece. Gladys Hanson is the leading woman.

Holbrook Blinn in "The Bad Man" is a sensation in N. Y., playing to capacity houses. He really as Pancho Lopez impersonates Villa. It is a very exciting play full of unusual thrills.

Ethel Barrymore's "Declassée" is playing to capacity houses at the La Salle, Chicago, while Frank McGlynn's "Lincoln" seats are sold weeks in advance at the Blackstone. His lease at the Cort in N. Y. had expired, so, no other N. Y. theatre being available, the company moved on to the Windy City. If San Franciscans want to see any of the current successes, they must, perforce, journey eastward, for we seldom or never are given the opportunity of witnessing any theatricals except passée ones or duplicated companies by mediocre casts.

Newly Told of Debussy

Monsieur Banés, who now writes the reviews of opera house and concert hall for Le Figaro, the Parisian newspaper, told an amusing story the other day of Debussy's studies at the Conservatory. He was pupil in harmony of Emile Durand, a rigorous believer in orthodox theory and practice, accustomed to prove his faith by his works. He speedily discovered that Debussy, even in his teens, preferred harmonic ways of his own. Accordingly when Durand was correcting the exercises of his pupils, he usually left Debussy's to the last. On one day in particular, while the class was standing around the teacher's desk, he covered Debussy's sheets with corrections, frowning and muttering at every conspicuous deviation from academic procedure. Then, of a sudden, he threw down his pencil, read and re-read the exercise narrowly, and finally thrust it back into Debussy's hands with a puzzled smile. "Evidently you aren't orthodox," Durand snapped, "but you are very ingenious, my young friend—very ingenious."

Georgia O'Ramey, who, fifteen or sixteen years ago used to make us laugh at Fisher's Theatre, is now a sensational feature in a revue, "London, Paris and New York," playing with tremendous success in London. One paper there says of her: "She is that very rare thing, a woman with a sense of the comic. Since Miss Nellie Wallace withdrew from our knowledge there has been no woman seen on our stage with so much of sheer comicality in her as Miss O'Romey, and if she ever returns to the United States it will not be because the people of this city wish her to cease from amusing them."

Another Avery Hopgood and Mary Roberts Rinehart success in N. Y. is "Spanish Love," a Spanish adaptation. It is doing well, but one critic says of it: "It is too noisy, too unpleasantly exciting. People who crave exciting love scenes and the odor of Spanish onions, with a dying hero living straight through the play until the last scene, revel in it.

Atrocities and Humors in Grand Operas

"About this time (nineteenth century) also, the great mortality among operatic heroes and heroines was at its height," writes Louis C. Elson. "No matter how healthy the pair appeared in the beginning of the grand opera no sensible insurance agent would guarantee their surviving the last act.

"One could memorize a large number of operatic fatalities by rhyming them as follows:

In Il Trovatore so boasted,
The tenor and alto were roasted.
The heroine, poor Leonora,
Took poison; they couldn't restore her.
The Jewess as set by Halévy,
Was stewed in hot oil as a gravy.
Dear Linde, the sweet mountain daisy,
Along with Dinorah went crazy.
The charmingly wild Violetta
Had consumption and never got better.
Dark Carmen, for all of her swagger,
Was punctured at last with a dagger.
The heroine's life is most certain
To end with the fall of the curtain.
No matter how bright her cadenza,
The last act most certainly ends her!

Louis XIV, Monarch and Dancer

In the history of dancing we find that it was not only confined to the folk dancers on the village greens, nor the religious or war dances of the older periods, but that royalty placed the regal approbation on this modern yet old established pleasure. Louis XIV was an enthusiastic dancer and actually performed in some of the court ballets until cured by the reading of some verses about Nero in Racine's Brittanicus. A Royal Academy of Dancing was founded in 1662, at the head of which was the famous Beauchamps from whom the king took a dancing lesson every day for twenty years. In the modern art we find dancing spreading from the highest to the lowest, in every country and clime—in San Francisco at Techau Tavern, the scene of jollity and fun, where the measured rhythm of the one step, the fox trot and the waltz, played by the harmonic stars of the Techau Tavern dance orchestra, resound each evening, and where also one finds

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"TOO MANY HUSBANDS"
By Author "The Moon and Sixpense"
EVERY EVENING—MATINEES SUN., THURS., SAT.

a revue of charming girls, costumed in the latest styles and mandates of fashion, in individual novelties and song numbers. Saturday afternoon tea dances are also very popular.

Soviet Stages

By ruse, a letter from a prominent Russian in Moscow to a friend in London escaped the Soviet censorship. Two or three paragraphs in it line and color a graphic picture of the theatres in Moscow as they were last March. "Only one power station," they begin, "is working and electric current is supplied only to the Soviet institutions, to the houses of Soviet officials, and to the Kremlin, which blazes at night like a solitary beacon over the dark sea of the streets, ... All picture houses are closed; only the theatres get current, from seven to eleven. They are crowded. People spend their last roubles in buying seats for the theatre—not to see or enjoy the plays, but simply because they are the only public buildings in Moscow which are accessible to all and are warm (with the heat of hundreds of spectators) and lighted.

"But what performances! The scenery and costumes are worn to rags, and therefore each theatre has only two or three plays or operas left in its repertory. Then there is the censorship, which proscribes many plays as being 'too bourgeois,' making only a certain exception for the Art Teatre. Of course there have been no new productions at all. . . . Take the Moscow Art Theatre. For a whole year it has been giving only three old plays: A. Tolstoi's "Czar Feodor," Tchekov's "Uncle Vanya" and Gorki's "Lower Depths.' Of the original company only Stanislavski (but he is very ill as the result of a serious nervous breakdown, and seldom appears), Lilina, Moskvin and Koreneva remain. Il the others—Katchalov, Massalitinov, Bersenev—are away down south, in the Crimea, and by now, I suppose, will be on their way to Europe.

"The Moscow Art Theatre for the last eighteen months has been rehearsing Byron's 'Cain,' with Leonidov and Koreneva in the chief parts, but when the play will be produced God only knows. They have no canvas and paint for scenery, no materials for costumes. But it gives the company something to do, and distracts the actors' minds from hunger, cold and darkness, so they go on rehearsing. It really is pathetic. . . . Many famous actors and actresses are dead: old Olga Vadovskaya of the late Imperial Dramatic Theatre, died literally of exhaustion and hunger; Chora of the Korsh Theatre died of typhus; Stakhovitch, of the Art Theatre, and Newmov, of the Neslobon Treatre have committeed suicide.

"What are the audiences like? As I said, they are chiefly made up of people who go to a theatre simply to be in a warm place and out of darkness for a few hours. Then you have the nouveaux riches—a new type of profiteers, such as bands of youths who hawk cigarette in the day time and fill the first row of stalls at all the theatres. And, mind you, they will buy only first-row seats—as even a second-row stall is considered 'mauvais ton.' Then comes our new bourgeoise—the Soviet officials and their retinues of 'flapers' And of course the new aristrocracy—the Soviet commissaries and their wives. And if Madame la Commissaire So-and-So is late for the theatre, because the hairdresser has not finished her hair in time or her new dress did not arrive from Madame Liamina (the famous Moscow court dressmaker) till an hour after the time fixed for the beginning of the performance—then her maid telephones to the theatre and orders that the play be postponed till a later hour. And as at eleven all light is cut off from the theatres that means that the actors have to rush through the play, often omitting the last act and then undressing and taking off their make-ups in pitch dark dressing rooms."

Enough to Worry a Man

By RICHMOND HAIGH

There is something troubling Maleke. He is a good sort. One of the best. Never quarrels with anyone unless there is reason for it, and then, if the reason is a good one, his method of quarrelling is always worthy of it.

Just now he is uncertain whether he should have all the neighbors in to drink beer or look to the heads of his assegais. This is because his intimately personal feelings are asserting themselves. In calmer moments the business and legal aspects of the question seem to offer possibilities which make him swear.

The way of it was this.

Maleke and Patulu had loved each other for quite a long while. They made no secret of it, and Patulu's people did not worry, as they were quite content that the two should never get married. Maleke had no cattle, and, moreover, he certainly had no intention of going to work for any other man, white or black, to get any.

While he was healthy, young and strong, what a fool he would be to work! If others were fond of work they were welcome to it, and he would never hinder them, but Maleke's idea of pleasure ran on quite other lines. Hunting and love-making, with an occasional fight for relaxation, seemed to him to afford a fitter and happied way of life.

He had once been persuaded to go with some of his friends to work. The stories of wonderful things to be seen in the white men's places: houses as high as trees, strings of wagons running on iron lines drawn by big devils blowing smake; and shops, lots of shops, together with big windows, where one could see so many things—"there could not be names for them all"—quite obscured the fact that he would have to work.

His experience was not a happy one. The morning after he arrived he felt a little tired, and so instead of rising with the others when he heard a whistle blowing he turned over on the other side for another half-hour snooze. He had it, and was satisfied; but just as he sat up a white man came in and asked him, in some strange tongue, why he was not out with the other boys at work. Maleke did not understand, but, from his tone and looks, thought the man was annoyed at something. Anyhow, he opened his fine mouth in a prodigious yawn, and began to rise, when, to his surprise, the white man jumped forward and kicked him most painfully.

Such an unprovoked attack fairly astounded Maleke. It was quite outside his code of ethics. He sprang away and stared at the man; but when he saw him rush forward with his sjambok up to strike, and heard the term "pledeful"—white had become incorporated into his native tongue for application to such as one disagreed with—he took it as a challenge to fight. For this he was quite willing, although the form of it was strange to him. Dodging under the white man's arm he darted for his sticks, and, swinging round, feinted with the left at his opponent's stomach and brought down the right with a fine thwack on his head.

The thing was too simple. Maleke sprang back on guard, but was amazed to see the white man drop on his knees and then topple over on the ground. In Maleke's experience such a tap might have raised a bruise, perhaps, but as for knocking a man down, what sort of soft stuff were white men made of?

Maleke bent over the silly creature who had challenged him to fight and turned him on his back. The white man opened his eyes and then put his hand to his head, which he found a bit broken and bleeding; then he stood up, and Maleke jumped away and stood on guard again, not knowing whether the fun was to continue or not. The white man, however, went out of the room quickly, without a smile, and Maleke, still wondering at the strange ways of these white people, put his sticks down, threw a blanket over his shoulder and strolled outside.

In a minute or two he saw the white man who had kicked him coming with two blacks, who carried assegais as well as sticks. Maleke saw they were coming against him, and he thought it a pretty mean way of doing things, but as his mates were all away and he had no asegais with him he just stood and waited for them. He thought that although they might abuse him they would surely not strike an unarmed man.

Things took a most unexpected turn, however, for the white man said something to the two blacks, who were of a different tribe from Maleke, and they ranged up one on each side of him, holding their knob-kerries ready, and ordered him to hold his hands out.

Maleke commenced to explain what had happened to the blacks, but one of them dug him in the side with a stick while the other raised his kerrie. Maleke held out his hands, and one of the blacks too some iron things from his belt and snapped them on to his whists; then, digging him in the back, they marched him off to a house where he was bundled into a small room, the iron taken off his wrists, and he was locked up alone.

Poor Maleke did not know what to make of all this. Food and water were brought to him, but those who brought it would not talk; and so he was kept in the room for three days in a state of great wonderment and fear as to what was going to happen to him. Then, suddenly, his door was thrown open and he was ordered to come out. A man took hold of his arm and another walked behind, and they brought him into a room where were several white men, one of whom, he saw, was the man who had kicked him.

A white man who sat at the head of a table said something; then this other spoke, after which another told Maleke in his own language that this white man complained that when he went to see why he (Maleke) had not come to work, and, finding him in bed, had touched him with his foot to rouse him, he (Maleke) had sprung up, seized his sticks, and stunned him (the white man) with a blow on the head.

Maleke was asked what he had to say, and he told the true story of the case as it appeared to him. He had no marks to show, whereas the white man had still quite a nice bruise on his head.

The white man, who appeared to be the chief, said he believed Maleke's story to be true, but that he had done wrong to strike his "baas," and so must pay some money or go to prison for a month and work hard. Maleke had never had any money in his life, so he was marched out

(Continued on Page 15)

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—After a sensational upturn in the rails, which marked the first part of the week, the market sagged off and the week closed with a considerably lower average for both railroad and industrial stocks.

The biggest and shrewdest people in the Street and investors throughout the country generally seem to realize that we are in an uncharted financial period.

The two main factors on which we have based the hopes for a good season of fall business have not materialized. We refer to the general retail trade and the fundamental conditions of the steel industry.

People are not taking any feverish interest in politics. The indications point to a victory for Harding, with the prospect of a sound business-like administration. Nearly half a year will elapse, however, between November and the time when the control of affairs at Washington will change hands.

Reports and theories about railroad developments to be expected under the provisions of the Transportation Act were incentives for much trading in the railroad issues during past week, but few of those concerned in these operations had a clear understanding as to what roads might be included in the formation of new systems that were asserted to be under consideration.

Activity recently in the Western Pacific shares, however, and buying of Wabash issues at intervals for some time past, have been followed by assertions that Wabash stock is being steadily accumulated in connection with the formation of a proposed new system. There were rumors of a different character in regard to other stocks, dividend increases being spoken of as reasons for buying some of the higher priced issues, including Southern Pacific.

There are many sound investments in both rails and industrials, but there are many branches of trade and business in a very bad way and we do not see as yet any sign of extended speculative advance in the stock market.

Cotton—In cotton fluctuations were wide and irregular during the week, resulting in a further material net decline, although the nearby futures did not get below the 20-cent level.

The feature of the market is the marked decline in the basis in Texas, where the crop movement has increased rapidly. This easiness in the spot markets has been attained by moderate hedge selling and inducted scattered liquidation.

The weather continues favorable—with temperatures averaging well above normal in all portions of the belt. Cotton is opening rapidly and harvesting is making good progress.

Primary markets report an absence of important business or other striking developments. In cotton goods it is becoming daily more evident that, until conditions surrounding raw cotton become such as to induce manufacturers to purchase freely, it is useless to expect any stable buying or selling level in yarns or cloths.

While the whole world waits upon development of spot demand on which the immediate future of prices hinges, rumors and reports of further cuts in prices of commodities are seized upon as evidence that the decline in cotton has not yet reached its limit. These eleventh-hour cuts are nothing but the clean-up of the process which has already been completed as far as cotton is concerned.

This period in cotton has lasted for over two months and has already caused a deflation of 20 cents per pound. The only result of the latest price cutting will be to encourage further short selling of cotton, which will pave the way for a quick recovery when the inevitable demand appears, as it must before the year is out.

Sentiments of Some Profound Thinkers

There are people who observe the ruls of honor as we observe the stars, from afar off.

* * *

How much on must have suffered to be weary even of life!

* * *

There are a great many puzzles in human nature which can only be interpreted by the heart.

* * *

Poverty of the soul is worse than that of fortune.

* * *

One triumphs over calumny only by disdaining it.

* * *

Jealousy is the apprehension of superiority.

* * *

Manners, morals, customs change: the passions are always the same.

* * *

We seldom confide a secret; it escapes us.

Women love always; when earth slips from them they take refuge in heaven.

* * *

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime.

* * *

There is so great a charm in friendship, that there is even a kind of pleasure in acknowledging oneself duped by the sentiment it inspires.

* * *

All things are in fate, yet all things are not decreed by fate.

* * *

A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame, fighting, devotion, dust—perhaps a name.

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June 30th, 1920

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Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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ENOUGH TO WORRY MEN

(Continued from Page 13)

into a yard and put under guard with some other men.

The work which Maleke had to do, with the other prisoners, was breaking stones with a hammer, and for three weeks he put a good deal of muscle into this. Two ugly fellows who worked next to him told him how royally they lived by breaking into the houses of white people and taking whatever they found; they asked him to join them, but Maleke's whole idea was to get back to his own country and as far away from these strange white people as he could. He refused their offer, but wiling agreed to take part in an attempt to escape.

Returning from the work one evening the nearest guard was knocked over with a stone, and the three of them balted. Maleke's luck was out; the other two got clean away, but he was brought down with a bullet through his thigh.

In hospital he was well fed and cared for, which was a fresh surprise, and when he came out he was taken before another white chief, who seemed to think Maleke was a very bad man, and said he must work hard again for another six months and have ten lashes on his back.

Poor Maleke! Why did the white people feed him so well and doctor him so carefully if they intended thrashing him in this way?

He made no sign nor sound while he was tied up and the lashes fell across his back. He was wondering the whole time what strange world he had goe into and what he had done to bring all this upon his head.

During the six months of hard work Maleke was often strongly tempted by other prisoners to join their bands when he came out; ano the thought of having some revenge was very sweet; but the longing to get back to the wilds of his own country and away from these wretched places was rtonger than ever.

So he worked his time out, was discharged, and set his face homewards at once.

Maleke sometimes talks of that journey back to his own land, and it seems to have been a happy one. He had neither money nor food for the road, and for the first two days he kept away from every farm, traveling quickly, singing and swinging his arms with the delight of freedom and the thought of home.

. . . . . .

Maleke had been long from home, and none knew quite what had become of him, so that Patulu, in the end, had been badgered into becoming the wife of Madimbane. She had gone to his house just a week before Maleke returned.

Now Maleke was in his own country, where one could think and act as a man, so he pulled himself together when he heard the news, and started off at once for Madimbane's corn lands, where, as he expected, he found Patulu working. Patulu came at once to his call, and, explaining in a few words how things had happened, listened to what he had to suggest.

That night Patulu went to Maleke's house as his wife. Of course, there was a great to do. Maleek defied everybody, and Potulu would not be moved, so Madimbane claimed his cattle back from her people, and got them, in time.

The case was brought before the chief, and Maleke, who had only a few goats of his own, which were required for milk, had to agree that whatever cattle he received in exchange for his first daughter should be handed over to Patulu's people for his wife.

. . . . . .

Now, in two days' time it will be exactly nine months since Patulu came to Maleke's house. A daughter was born three days ago, and Maleke is troubled as to whether he is the father or whether Madimbane has the better claim.

Patulu declares the child is the image of Maleek, and swears he is the father; but already Madimbane—who was rather hurt that Patulu should leave him so unceremoniously, and appears to be a bit of a Shylock—has informed Patulu's people that the child is his, and that the cattle returned for the wife did not constitute payment for the daughter as well. He claims the child or her value in cattle.

Patulu's people have let Maleke know that he must prove that Madimbane is wrong or hand the baby over to him, and then they must have whatever cattle he receives for his next daughter.

Maleke is worried. He would dearly like to fight someone—Madimbane for preference—and perhaps he will; but at the same time he quite sees the right and reason of the whole position. There is nothing absurd or unfair or illegal in any of the claims; and, having had experience of white men's laws, he cannot help appreciating this.

For himself, unless he can fight over it, Maleke feels absolutely helpless in the matter, but —Patulu is unusually quiet: she is thinking hard, and it is all the cheif's beads to a dead chicken that she will lick Madimbane.

THE LAND OF THE FATTED CALF

A humanitarian New Yorker writes to the Tribune (of that city) protesting that on a recent hot day he saw an uncovered freight car full of spring calves sitting out in the sun. And he complains against the unnecessary cruelty in leaving these calves out in the beating sun.

We, too, saw only yesterday a streetful of thinly covered calves in the boiling sun on Petticoat Lane, and we thought of writing to the paper about it, and probably would have done so, only we feared something might be done about it.—Kansas City Star.

TAXES TAXES

Tax Payers Take Notice

1. That the taxes on all personal property secured by real property, and one-half of the taxes on all real property, will be due and payable on the third Monday in October and will be delinquent on the first Monday in December next thereafter at 6 o'clock p. m., and that unless paid prior thereto fifteen per cent will be added to the amount thereof, and that if said one-half be not paid before the last Monday in April next at 6 o'clock p. m., an additional five per cent will be added thereto. That the remaining one-half of the taxes on all real property will be payable on and after the first Monday in January next and will be delinquent on the last Monday in April next thereafter, at 6 o'clock p. m., and that unless paid prior thereto, five per cent will be added to the amount thereof.

2. That all taxes may be paid at the time the first installment, as herein provided, is due and payable.

3. Taxes are payable at the office of the Tax Collector in the City Hall between the hours of 8:30 a. m and 5 p. m. Saturdays 12 M.

For the convenience of Taxpayers, the office of the Tax Collector will remain open until 9 o'clock p. m. during the last week of each collection.

EDWARD F. BRYANT, Tax Collector,
City and County of San Francisco, City Hall.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SANFORD E. SELLER, Deceased.
No. 30319—Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of SANFORD E. SELLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at their office, 14-16 Spear street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SANFORD E. SELLER, deceased.

HENRY SELLER,
ARTHUR SELLER,
Executors of the last will and testament of SANFORD E. SELLER, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 16th, 1920.

FRANK McGOWAN and BLAINE McGOWAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California.
10-16-5

ONE CAN IMAGINE THE RECEIVING

(Lewistown, Mont., Democrat-Herald.)

Miss Woods Receiving—Miss Grace Woods is recovering nicely from the effects of severe burns sustained when she fell into a boiler of hot water last Saturday. A lid on which she was sitting slipped and let her into the water.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY EXECUTRIX AT PRIVATE SALE.

Probate No. 29882—Dept. No. 9.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM BECKMANN, sometimes known as Wilhelm Beckman, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as executrix of the last will and testament of WILLIAM BECKMANN, sometimes known as WILHELM BECKMANN, deceased, will sell on behalf of the estate of said deceased, at private sale, on or after Wednesday, the 3rd day of November, 1920, to the highest bidder for cash, in gold coin of the United States of America, as a whole, the following described real property:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Chestnut street with the easterly line of Mason street, running thence easterly and along said northerly line of Chestnut street twenty-three (23) feet, thence at a right angle northerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle westerly twenty-three (23) feet to the easterly line of Mason street, and thence at a right angle southerly along said easterly line of Mason street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement.

Written offers or bids to purchase said real property will be received at the law offices of Messrs. O'Gara & DeMartini, Rooms 549, 550 and 551, Mills Building, San Francisco, California.

Dated: San Francisco, California, October 7th, 1920.

MINNIE HEINZ,
Executrix of the last will and testament of William Beckmann, sometimes known as Wilhelm Beckman, deceased.

O'GARA & DeMARTINI,
Attorneys for Executrix,
550 Mills Building, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29830—Dept. No. 9.

Estate of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executrix, of the last will of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the office of her attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, rooms 501-504, Phelan Bldg., in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased.

GERTRUDE RICHTER,
Executrix of the will of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 24th, 1920.

Charles F. Hanlon,
Attorney for Executrix. 10-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 27663—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the will annexed of the estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator with the will annexed, at the office of its attorney, Henry Eickhoff, room 604, Mills building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undesigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased.

MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, September 28th, 1920. 10-2-4

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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About Investments
Fate of Profiteers

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Helen M. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Cox First in the News

The self-assurance of the Republicans in his campaign is based on something that one can hardly understand in the reminiscence of presidential elections. The question naturally arises—is this assurance predicated on any fundamental truth known to political experts? Beyond registration for the primaries, by Republican voters, there is little or nothing to predict a Republican victory. At that, the primary registration was not made in view of Warren Gamaliel Harding. The issue has become, as it usually does, one of personalities. Thus far, Harding has demonstrated practically none. Compare him with Republican candidates since 1884. Blaine, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Hughes. These men had the power of touching popular imagination to the quick. Blaine and Hughes did not succeed in reaching the Presidential chair. Going down the list, we find Republican enthusiasm gradually petering out, to the time of Charles E. Hughes, who waged a fierce but losing campaign against Wilson's reelection. Hughes did not have a strong personality, and Harding has considerably less. It is noticeable that even Harding journals give more space to Cox, and, while this space is devoted to criticism of the candidate, it still shows that Cox is the point of interest in the campaign. Democrats and Republicans rally around him to praise and blame. The news columns contain his speeches, his conduct of the Democratic heritage at Washington, his replies to criticism, his travels and receptions. Beside him, Harding is a vague and uncertain picture, painted with hesitating touch and obscure colors. We know little of Harding; and even they who registered as Republicans (perchance as a mere formality, since one must register with some party) must realize that the Republican candidate is a dim figure for the exalted office at the capital.

* * *

Fate of the Profiteers

It is too much to ask of prices that they keep going up everlastingly. The war-time profiteer knew that his Midas touch was given him a few years only. He used this gift of the gods with terrific zeal while the charm worked. The profiteer was not an interesting person. He was merely a scoundrel that didn't know any better. There is another chap who knows no better, and is scoundrelescent in his ambitions, and seems to attract our interest wierdly. He beheld the doubling and quadrupling of millions, and thought anybody could do it. He imagined that prices would keep going up and up, affording him every opportunity to participate on the winning side. He figured that this season's stock would sell for considerably more than the same commodity last year. He so calculated, despite the schoolboy's philosophy that what goes up must come down. When sugar was 22 cents a pound, there was a rush of investors who perhaps dreamed that it would go to 33. At 22 cents, the stuff was said to be out of the market. Nobody took the statement seriously. One Eastern refinery held its customers to their contracts at that price and a few weeks later quoted 11 cents and a fraction. The drop was a matter of $11,000,000 on the total number of contracts. Wheat, cotton and other products have caused the same consternation among men who gazed on the market and thought they could beat it while the beating was good. This is a remarkable psychology. In the stock market, it is always noticeable that when prices are low, few wish to buy; when prices are up, there is a scramble for shares; and as the figures mount to that mark whence it must seem to a sane man that the only logical movement must be downward, the buying orders come in most excitedly. The idea is that each buyer feels he cannot be so unlucky as to meet the topmost price. The belated profiteer feels the same way about it. One more year of high prices, he demands of the fates. And then Atropos cuts the thread. It seems to be a cotton thread at that. If the valuation of the cotton crop be cut in half, then the pleasure will have to be with that grand old scapegoat, the ultimate consumer. Since he pays for everything, there is always a mad desire on the part of the manipulator to get the last possible penny. Without any threats on the part of the public, prices came down. The cause was that the ultimate consumer couldn't consume everything. He had to economize somewhere. The wartime profiteer still has his profits, minus federal taxes; and the post-bellum adventurer in high prices will have to eat at cafeterias.

Liquor Baffles Control

For more than a week the front pages of the dailies have been spread with the intrigues of the liquor ring. Across the top of the eight columns the big story of the day is the story of booze. This is a distinction that few pieces of news enjoy for so long a time. The murder mysteries do not hold the front page that long; nor have the bomb explosions been awarded the same display day after day. The sensation will subside shortly, unless higher and still higher government officials become involved. At any rate, the scandal reaches its climax, and then ceases to interest. Yet who can say that that is the last booze imbroglio which is destined to disturb the official calm of the federal buildings? Probabilities are that these miscarriages of a wanton law will become more numerous. And there is every indication that the facts will show a more violent tendency of the whiskey ring to regard the law as an impertinent reel of red tape wound around the personal rights of the people. "Whiskey ring" is not an elegant term for champions of public spirit; and yet the fight may as well be fought around one principle as another. Citizens will submit, temporarily, to graft, high taxes, mismanagement of public affairs, all sorts of oppressive laws (and many there are nowadays), yet these very same meek men will go to great lengths when they desire a drop of the craytur. If they be unwilling to make a fuss about it themselves, they nevertheless are ready to pay a high price for the article; and this does the work. The history of moonshine in the South is adequate proof of this. The mere evasion of an internal revenue tax was sufficient to cause pitched battles between moonshiners and federal agents. When the point at issue becomes no longer a matter of tax, but the possession of the whiskey itself, the ill feeling is likely to prove one that we have not yet experienced. The attitude of the prohibitionists is cognizant of this. Having put their amendment in the Constitution, and passed oppressive laws in accordance therewith, they might, one would think, rest content. Yet they are now the restless party. They know that the country regards the new law as a trick, an imposition. The drys are already expressing fears that the next Congress will be wet. In fact, they are almost hysterical over the issue. It is a strange pass in the history of legislation: that as soon as a statute goes on the books, a desperate effort is made to keep it there. This of itself is enough to damn the honor of any legislative enactment. There is no doubt that the officials enforcing this law

find their task an uncongenial one. Practically all of them are appointees. Not one of them could now hope for an elective office. The prohibition laws, if not soon abrogated, will expand into the most vexatious problem that federal officialdom has ever known.

* * *

The Business of Conducting a City

On November 8, the California League of Municipalities will convene at Chico. The purpose of the league is to give to cities free advice upon request. At first sight, this seems to be a totally unnecessary boon, as free advice is the most prevalent thing to be found in cities great and small. At least, the supervisors will tell you so. However, most of such destructive criticism comes from newspaper, clubs, fanatics and publicists who are in an irate frame of mind when they speak, while the League of Municipalities imparts its knowledge in a calm, prudent way; and said knowledge is based upon the actual experience of other cities. There are now two big ideas which are being tried out in the science of municipal affairs: one is the zoning system; the other pertains to that redoubtable potentate, the city manager. In the later case, much will be learned from San Jose, which has just ousted W. C. Bailey from that office and appointed Ben Goodwin, formerly city engineer. The Garden City had a whirl-wind session, and innumerable weeds of ill nature were blown about the council rooms. As an example of the afoiresaid free advice, we can quote the words of one councilman: "Our fellow officials, our newspapers, our pastors and many citizens have crucified us even as they crucified the Nazarene." Apparently the wisdom of the Garden City is mixed with vituperation when passed around. Another councilman declared that he wouldn't take anybody's dirt and that a part of the police force would be required to eject him from the room. One can imagine that the city manager must have had a continual shindy with this group of enthusiasts. The League of Municipalities, in conducting its bureau of information, will not phrase its statements in anything like the aforesaid quotations. The zoning system is not yet a complete joy to those cities where it has been adopted; and yet it has given more satisfaction than was expected in some quarters. Berkeley is considered a model in that regard, and has had many requests for a copy of its law. Chicago paid the Cottage City the compliment of using this ordinance as a guide in the revision of its own. The larger cities, in restricting the various commercial and industrial districts to certain zones, have found numerous puzzles that were not foreseen; yet New York, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Los Angeles and other places report that, on the whole, the system is working well, protects the home, stabilizes property values, preserves the beauty of the streets and is quite acceptable to new industries. The latest to study the situation and draught plans are Philadelphia, Omaha, Detroit, Akron, Spokane and San Francisco. Washington, D. C., set its plan in operation last May. All these problems will be discussed in Chico next month. Everything is on a scientific basis nowadays, and Chico will hear in a day sufficient municipal science to run New York City for a decade.

* * *

Eugenics Once More

The one science that was not given impetus for the war is eugenics. In Europe, with a yearning surplusage of women, any kind of man would probably do for some of them. Since polygamy is being seriously discussed over there, the only way they could work in eugenics would be to carry a perfect man to several perfect women. It was only this month that we read of Camille Flammarion and Anatole France taking wives unto themselves, both men being seventy-six years of age. Both are of the highest mental type, and, although neither of them might care to commit polygamy at the present time, there may be, in Europe, a widespread demand for well-preserved celebrities over three score and ten. Polygamy itself would eliminate the defectives and bring the finest specimens of manhood to the service of the depleted populations. In America there has not been the same loss of males, and so we find that the mating of human beings on the plan of the thoroughbred animal is still talked about. There is nothing to prevent anybody from making a eugenic marriage at the present time. He has merely to ascertain if he is physically perfect, advertise himself as a thoroughbred (or blooded) male and request negotiatnons with women of similar advantages. Another plan was suggested by a recent convention of physicians in Atlantic City. They advocated the registration of perfect males and females, from which list the registrants could meet and marry. This would be a high-class marriage bureau. The difficulty is that marriage bureaus are not the resort of men and women who are in the pink of condition from top to toe. Such champions of their class are not likely to be popular in their set. Their physical beauty attracts, in the opposite sex, something which we call love. Love is chairman of that unconventional assemblage known as society, and has the deciding vote. The thoroughbreds do not have to register anywhere. Well, then, why not compel them? You could marry a man by force but you couldn't make him act right on his honeymoon. You can lead a thoroughbred to the sea of matrimony, but you can't make him—well, you can't make him do anything that is not his whim. Match-makers usually take considerable pleasure in their work. Other people despise officiousness of that nature. Love in most parts of the world is a spontaneous condition; in some countries, marriage is neatly arranged by members of the family. In the latter places, a great deal of extraneous romance occurs subsequently; in the former places, too. It would not be a bad idea to let posterity work out some of its own problems. Why should the perfect people be turned into a breeding farm and the others permitted to choose their mates according to the dictates of their hearts? It wouldn't be fair to the perfect ones,—it would, on the contrary, be placing a premium on imperfection.

VOTE "NO" ON PROPOSITION NO. 2

IF YOU FAVOR

LIGHT WINES AND BEER

How To Mark Your Ballot So As To Vote Against Proposition No. 2

2 PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT ACT.—Submitted to electors by referendum. Defines intoxicating liquor as that containing over one-half of one per cent of alcohol; with certain exceptions relating to religious, medicinal and home use, prohibits the manufacture, possession, receiving, serving, gift and transportation thereof, and also the advertising and soloiciting the sale thereof, for beverage purposes; declares nothing therein shall authorize anything prohibited by any Act of Congress, nor limit the power of any city or county to prohibit the manufacture and sale of such liquor; regulates the dealing in intoxicating liquor for non-beverage purposes; and prescribes penalties.

Yes		Mark X Here
No	X	

Vote "NO" On Proposition No. 2

In the Portola Valley

(From a Letter to a Little Ten-Year-Old New York Girl.)

Our host called his ranch "LAURISTON." That is because his name was originally spelled **Lau**, which means **law**. **Riston** means **The Land of the Laws**. In very, very old days, his ancestors were born in Scotland, and that is the name of the place where they all lived. In those days men were very bold, and they had all of the land and cattle and servants they could control, and as the Laus were fighters, they controlled quite a lot of them, and in all of the section in which they were, they called it "The Land of the Laus," or "LAURISTON."

"Lauriston House" is right at the end of the valley called the Portola, and at the end of this valley begin the lower mountains, gradually ascending until one reaches the ridge of the Santa Cruz Range. There the water falls to the east and to the west,—visibly, "East is West." To the east are a thousand canyons, widening into the valley of the Santa Clara, and on the far side is the Diablo Range, ending about fifty miles north in Mt. Diablo itself.

On the west, the slope descends more precipitiously, but in a series of amphitheatred ranches, from out of which here and there are little canyons with their babbling streams and their pockets of green foliage, growing denser as they approach the ocean, and ending finally in the waves of the Pacific, with its intense distance, its marvelous green.

Here are the most wonderful sunsets man has ever seen. Now this is to be a secret, between just you and me,—Here is where the Golden Rainbow ends and touches the earth! We must keep this secret, because if the world ever learns of this great golden circle ending here, they will come and chop pieces off and spend it for New York theatres, taxi-cabs, expensive hotels and everything. Then the setting for the lureful stories of Robert Louis Stevenson, the South Seas, with all its romance and poetry, and the little sun-wrapped lands of the Japanese, and the beautiful Hawaiian Islands, will be things of the past.

When I see Hawaii I recall the beautiful song composed by Queen Liliuokalani, "ALOHA," with its melodious rythm, sung on the occasion of the lowering of the flag, when that beautiful little group of islands, with their soft-eyed, soft-voiced, trustful, nature-loving people, passed out of existence and became a dependency of this Republic. Now I see where there is to be a conclave held at Hawaii shortly, to study further the demonstrations and evidences there that at one time "Atlantis" really did exist, and that this continent Chili-way was connected by land populated by a race of castle builders, whose rugged highways made centuries ago, now end abruptly in the Pacific Ocean, and the wonderful workmanship perpetuates them in a fair state of repair, while here and there are traces and ruins of castles,—whose neighbor members are now said to populate the bottom of the ocean,—still in existence, down South American-way.

We had a houseful Saturday night. The evening before, a neighbor who lives on top of the ridge, a dear old lady with a great heart and a love for nature,—a woman who was born within ten miles of where she still lives, who has been able to tame wild quail (and they are wild here in these mountains), 'phoned, reminding us that she had promised to invite us to the next cattle drive, which she feared were now going to be a thing of the past. But in lieu thereof—would we join her in a barn dance and bring along all guests? We rounded up all of the neighbors' saddle horses,—twenty-four hours to add to the party,—we were not numerous at that, but about as complete looking cowboys as you ever saw. I think the girls made the best looking cowboys, and I had visions of a stampede of the native mountain boys when they got on the scene of action. But here is where I was wrong. There were so many good-looking girls right among their own class that we only just made a spot, but a happy one at that.

We started at 7 o'clock, hoping to make the summit in the light of dusk, but one of the saddles went wrong, and we waited for a German hostler, who had recently come to the ranch to wrestle with the intricacies of a Mexican saddle. He worked for half an hour and mixed it all up. The party had wandered ahead and waited at one of the gates, and when the lone rider came up, one stirrup was short, and one was long, and to save his soul he could not get it straight. Our host knew how to disentangle the twisted combination so he had to stop and unravel this harness, and finally got it adjusted. By that time it was dark. He could not see the lacings and had to feel in the dark,—the horses were nervously champing their bits, seeming to sense some new experience, a wonderful ride and an eagerness to be off. We ascended our neghbor's trail, a fairly good road with a series of overhanging, densely wooded turns and twists and angles, hard enough to get through in daylight, and at night—some experience. Our host led on a high-bred mare, that, though not any too well accustomed to the mountains, behaved like the princess she is, and with never a feeling of hesitancy she plunged into the darkest spots, and wound around curves lining deep canyons, beating the brush aside with her head and never halting for a moment. The swish of the dew-wet branches in our faces and the insinuating odor of the wild foliage lingers with me yet. The interesting and curious part of it all was, whenever uncertain of the road, you plunge into the darkest spot you could find, and that proved to be the tunnel-like enclosure which led upward. Here and there streaks of moonlight, so intense as to be almost blinding, out of the darkness, lighting up a vista of deep canyons with wooded hillsides beyond, twisting, ever turning and inviting, on and upward, till we finally, when near the top, turning—saw below us, almost as a mirage, the villages of the valley with their electric lights, looking like the little fire-flies lighting up the way for the fairies in fairyland.

A few paces ahead the fog became dense, and out of the vast unknown we heard the occasional lowing of cattle. The little maid whose horse closely followed mine, I learned later, had been saying the Rosary all the way up, and as the first lowing of a cow came out of the darkness she screamed, "My Goodness, what was that?" I suppose she had visions of tigers, mountain lions and everything likely to fit the phantoms of her fears. It was nothing but a kindly voiced cow calling across the canyons for company.

The next turn brought us up to the little house, where the sound of a drum and strains of music told us we had arrived.

All the owner's stock was turned out to corral, and the arriving guests' horses were tethered in the big stables. We landed on the second floor, a hay-loft sort of place, lined with boughs of Christmas trees, studded with bright lights, bright faces and a happy lot of folks from children ten years, to an old chap who went for the doctor when the hostess was born, and he told me that it was a dark and stormy night,—that they picked the worst night in the year. Our hostess was 68 years old,—can you figure out his age? The rest of these people too, came when the country was young, when there were Indians and wild animals roaming through the big forests. They made their homes here, raised their children and learned to love and know the hills. Along these roads traveled the old padres who first reached Palo Alto and were the early invaders of California. Palo Alto is now the home of the Stanford University. The redwoods and the bay trees have a wonderful odor, which is particularly strong at high range, and the mountain lilacs are numerous too. At the very top of the mountains one gets out of the wooded growth all together,—there are just zones of these wonderful trees. Close beyond us is the great Redwood Forest of California, where the "Sequoia Gigantia" still remain and tell of a life more than four thousand years old. Some of these trees are so large that roads have been made through them, through which automobiles and wagons can pass.

While the dance was at its height, mindful of our long ride to come, we left the partakers of apple-jack and home-made cake and cookies, and wended our way back down the mountain to the ranch, down a road clear of overgrowth, in the bright moonlight, to the crossing of the Corte Madera. After a canter of a mile or two along a level stretch of road, we came to the home gates, and Jyreco, the major-domo from the land of Fujiyama, with a big roaring log fire, gave us a third supper, and then a tired but contented troupe to bed, a great long sleep, and a swim before breakfast. There was only one word and way to express it—a long, loving sigh, and "G-e-e-e!" I wish you could be here, then you would know just how wonderful it all is.

Opie Read, the story writer, said of Caney Ford, "He who drinks of the waters of Caney Ford, surely will return." And he hadn't traveled "Lauriston" a horseback on a moonlit night!

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The Soul of the Irish

The better you know a people, the less you will generalize about them. That is quite true; it is the first rule of travel and international relations. No single member of any country ever seems in the least like the accepted caricature that represents his race. But still we are driven to form some sort of general idea of other nations. We have not time to particularize or analyze very deeply. We want a symbol, a shorthand note, something that will call up the characteristics fairly well for the moment before we pass on. And so, when we hear of Frenchmen, Germans, Italians and the rest, we rapidly form a composite picture, made up of all manner of dim memories and reports, to be used as a counter for the moment. It is true, the picture is not the same for all minds. The word "German," for instance, calls up one figure for a gentle philosopher, another for a shy musician, and quite a different one for the statesmen and editors who dread nought. But even statesmen and editors are obliged to generalize, like the rest of us, for otherwise they could never get through the amount of thinking they have to do.

And no that we are all brought up sharp against Ireland again, as we have been at intervals during eight centuries, we shall be driven to decide what general picture the words "Irish" and "Irishman" suggest. The answer is more than usually difficult; it depends so much on the knowledge, and still more on the temperament of each. Our Irish guides to knowledge also contradict each other so eloquently. One imaginary portrait we have, happily, obliterated forever. The comic Irishman, with battered hat, breeches, swallow-tail coat, and knobstick, has gone. Silly, warmhearted, honest, funny, just the man to rescue the innocent heroine in extremes—even Drury Lane knows him no more. If he ever existed, the famine killed him many, many years ago, and all the galleries of melodrama are left lamenting. Till the beginning of this century one was kept by the hotel-keepers near Killarney, just as a chamois is kept in the Schweizerhof; and it was a fine thing he made of it, firing appropriate remarks at the British tourists. But now he enjoys the old age pension, and regards the English visitor much as a retired brigand regards the passing caravan. That generalization is wiped out, thank Heaven! and with it has gone the shrewish, slatternly, draggle-tailed, shrill-tongued female who did duty for Ireland next, though that was the only duty she ever did. She flourished in her pigsty about the time when English self-righteousness flourished in its shop, factory and chapel—about the time when statesmen and historians beslavered the Anglo-Saxon with wonder, and we could only account for our super-eminence on earth by tracing our descent from the Last Ten Tribes of the Chosen People.

Matthew Arnold killed our self-righteousness. His "Wragg is in custody" settled it. And then he went on to clear away that dirty libel against the Irish race. To him more than to anyone England owes her next imaginary portrait of that eternal "Sister Isle." For us he created the Celt, and admiration, still mingled with a satisfactory sense of our practical superiority, grew from year to year. Let us recall the familiar words in which he sketched the Celtic temperament:—

> "Sentiment," he said, "is the word which marks where the Celtic races touch and are one; sentimental, if the Celtic nature is to be characterized by a single term, is the best term to take. An organization quick to feel impressions, and feeling them very strongly; a lively personality, therefore, keenly sensitive, eager to joy and to sorrow; this is the main point. . . . The expansive, eager Celtic nature; the head in the air, snuffing and snorting; a proud look and a high stomach, as the Psalmist says, but without any such settled savage temper as the Psalmist seems to impute by these words. For good and for bad, the Celtic genius is more airy and unsubstantial, goes less near the ground than the German. The Celt is often called sensual; but it is not so much the vulgar satisfactions of sense that attract him as emotion and excitement; he is truly, as I began by saying, sentimental. Sentimental—'always ready to react against the despotism of fact;' that is the description a great friend of the Celt (M. Henri Martin) gives of him; and it is not a mad description of the sentimental temperament; it lets us into the secret of its dangers and of its habitual want of success."

The history of that word "sentimental" is of great interest, so closely does it reflect the changes in our national thought and politics Since Matthew Arnold's time it has degenerated. For fifteen years past, Imperialists and Mr. Kipling's disciples (the truest sentimentalists) have used it in scorn for any emotion or sense of justice, honor, pity, mercy and common humanity that would not add to British possessions or catch sixpence for the private pocket. It has become their constant epithet for unlucrative justice, and when we hear it now we may be certain that the man who uses it is about to recommend or perpetrate some peculiarly dastardly act of mingled violence, cowardice and greed. But if we return to Matthew Arnold's meaning of the word, we may find in his application the origin of the almost passionate admiration with which the Irish nature, and especially the Irish are, were regarded among us after his death. A week or two ago, we noticed how, under this new conception of Ireland, her spiritual attraction became irrestible to such natures as Lionel Johnson's, himself no more a Celt than the rest of us Englishmen; though, happily, that is much. We said that, in his eyes, the very name of Ireland was surrounded with a glimmering beauty. "The Mother of the Bleeding Heart," "The Mother with the crown of stars around her head," the "Rose of all roses, Rose of all the World," stirred a passion of devotion such as has been given to the Virgin-Mother herself in the times of her persecution. She stood transfigured with the glory of suffering, consecrated by the halo of stupidity's hatred, encompassed by perils from the dullness that would reform her into a serviceable matron, and illuminated by gleams of ancient sracifice and fresh self-sacrificing worship. The foul treachery of political intrigues, which time after time had dashed her hopes when victory was within reach, only intensified the magic of her charm. There was shed around her the mystic splendor that attends a spiritual and bodily beauty entangled in unhappiness. To the appeal of that beauty, we said, Lionel Johnson surrendered so completely as boldly to declare himself an Irishman; and many people of far lesser powers were tempted to follow him. If others adopt children, why should not they adopt a mother? But, indeed, their passion was rather that of a lover than of a son. To them, all that was implied in the name of Ireland became the one hope in a sullen and materialized world —the guiding ray of imagination, spirit and vital thought. A sudden outburst of Irish lyric, drama, criticism and scholarship appeared to them, as indeed it was, the most remarkable and almost the only living movement of the day. They caught from an elder poet something of the Irishman's devotion to a Dark Rosaleen, half country, half beloved spirit:—

> "Over dews, over sands,
> Will I fly for your weal:
> Your holy, delicate white hands
> Shall girdle me with steel.'

Then, suddenly, just as the Celtic glamor of which they talked so much was leading them into obscure and enchanted regions, and they were beginning to learn the right pronunciation of "Sidhe," the clear-eyed satirist came with the abhored shears and slit their beautiful imaginings. He began by calling the Irishman "fact-facing"—a sharp blow after Matthew Arnold's "reacting against the despotism of fact:"—

> "Blackguard, bully, drunkard, liar," he went on, "foul-mouthed, flatterer, beggar, backbiter, venal functionary, corrupt judge, envious friend, vindictive opponent, unparalleled political traitor; all these your Irishman may easily be, just as he may be a gentleman (a species extinct in England, and nobody a penny the worse); but he is never quite the hysterical, nonsense-crammed, fact-proof, truth-terrified, unballasted sport of all the bogey panics and all the silly enthusiasms that now calls itself 'God's Englishman.'"

And again, in the same "Preface for Politicians," Mr. Shaw wrote:—

> "There is no Irish race any more than there is an English race, or a Yankee race. There is an Irish climate, which will stamp an immigrant more deeply and durably in two years, apparently, than the English climate will in two hundred. . . . . How can I sketch the broad lines of the contrast as they strike me? Roughly, I should say that the Englishman is wholly at the mercy of his imagination, having no sense of reality to check it. The Irishman, with a far subtler and more fastidious imagination, has one eye always on things as they are."

There followed the famous contrast between the matter-of-fact Irish Wellington and the sentimental English Nelson. Blow fell on blow. The Irish poets themselves turned upon their English worshippers with a laugh of derision. The chief of them tried hard to lead the way out of his own sweet "Celtic twilight" into the common day. Synge took to rolling us all in the mud together, giving us dramas and lyrics about a harsh and business-like people, not only "fact-facing" and keeping one eye on things as they are, but absorbed in rather sordid facts, and keeping both eyes steadily fixed on a competency. It has gone so far that the excellent Irish writer who, perhaps for this very reason, chooses to call himself George Birmingham, cannot publish his "Lighter Side of Irish Life" (Fouis) without assuring that "nothing is more characteristic of the Irishman today than his freedom from illusion and his power of facing facts." "Far-seeing" and "il-

(Continued on Page 15)

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TOWN TALK - 88 FIRST STREET

Supervisor McLeran's Booze Tale

The supplying of Democratic delegates with whiskey was nothing more than an act of San Francisco hospitality. Prior to the convention, everybody suspected that it would be done; and afterwards, said Acting Mayor Ralph McLeran, everybody knew that done it had been. This means that anybody with an objection had plenty of time in which to set it forth. It was a simple case of—if you have objections, prepare to shed them now; and that might mean anything The big men of the country were congregated in San Francisco; but they were apparently not here in their official capacity. Their business was to nominate a Presidential candidate and have a little good cheer. Attorney General Mitchell Palmer was also in town. He is now quite concerned over the intimation that he, too, knew about the whiskey. He has asked McLeran to explain. McLeran did the most forceful and direct intimating of any local official. He is a vigorous man, and brooked on subtleties or technicalities in stating that the withdrawal of whiskey from the bonded warehouse for convention purposes was an open secret. Some say that the town has been given a bad name, and others gleefully assert that we are all the better for it. An Eastern visitor told the Spectator that there is a hotbed of criminality somewhere in San Francisco. He alluded to representatives of the government, who are presumed to keep us boozeless. Investigation goes merrily on. Not so merrily for some. There is an evident lull. Also a wide-spread suspicion that the further the investigation goes the more startling will be the find; that the investigators will soon be probing themselves and making all sorts of discoveries. This would be impracticable; also nonsensical. In order that true research be made, you must have both guilty and innocent parties. If all be more or less guilty, even by so much as a wink in the right direction, then the inquiry should be called off. Why stage a fizzle? At present, Mrs. Glad K. Warburton is in the searchlight. She threatens to tell all she knows. The light will doubtless be switched off, to prevent such a calamity. Nevertheless it would be interesting to hear all that Mrs. Warburton knows.

The City Organist

Ordinance No. 22, submitted by six members of the Board of Supervisors is for the purpose of making the organ recitals at the Exposition Auditorium a permanent and self-sustaining attraction.

The original salary of Mr. Lemare, our official organist, was $10,000, later reduced to $8,750. Since the first recital in April, 1917, the receipts have been $23,105. The expenses $44,077.35, of which $9.807.35 went for advertising, $5,100 for caretaker's salary and $29,170 for Mr. Lemare's salary. Net loss to the city, $20,972.35, not counting the rent of the auditorium, light, heat, etc.

It would seem a good business proposition to abide by Amendment No. 22. which provides for an organist fee of $100 for each recital where an admission fee is charged, thus saving $3.600 per year, as against $8,750 as at present. The city could find wise use for the $5,000 yearly difference and the taxpayers be better pleased by the advantage of encouraging local talent and an opoprtunity to hear visiting celebrities. We have had a long course of Mr. Lemare and we pine for a change. The mayor acknowledges he is not musical—probably never goes to the recitals.—but he pleaded with the Supervisors to withdraw the amendment from the ballot. Only recently in Salt Lake one Dr. McClellan, organist of the Mormon Temple, showed Mayor Rolph heaps, or rather rows, of Lemare compositions with explanations of how to play them. Although Lemare often plays his own compositions, yet after all only a few of us know them, as Mr. Lemare plays so often to poor houses. Maybe Mayor Rolph is determined that Lemare shall remain until we and our children are familiar with the entire Lemare repertoire. It looks that way.

When the Exposition officials presented S. F. with the organ, it was a graceful acknowledgement of our generosity in contributing five million dollars—one-third, was it not, of the entire expense? But little did we dream that Lemare was a permanent fixture that must be accepted with the instrument. It was not so nominated in the bond. We might have bought a magnificent organ on the installment plan with the $20,972.35 we have had to pay for the recitals' loss. We would then be in a position "to hire or fire" an organist without hurting anyone's feelings.

Vote "Yes" on Amendment No. 22 in the interest of the taxpayers.

Andy's Immunity

Mr. Andrew Gallagher must have a rabbit's foot strung on his scalp belt together with his other battle trophies. Another night and the forest primeval over against Larkspur was rudely waked from its pastoral serenity by the disorderly escapade of San Francisco's sealer of weights, and he escaped dungeon vile; anon, and he was caught bootlegging more forest disturber over into the aforesaid hamlet when Uncle Sam's minion seized him redhanded with the mirth-provoking goods. San Francisco heaved an official sigh of relief when its automobile was released but never expected to get back Andy unscathed; but it did, for the miracle man is with us and all primed for his regular three or four days' week-end.

So men are wondering whence comes the immunity that envelopes Gallagher as water does a fish! In his stormy official career he had regularly beaten the supervisors and had come away with flying colors. He beat all contestants for the coveted and purloined position of sealer; the Civil Service Commission was his next victim, followed by the sheriff of Larkspur, and now it is our old Uncle Sammy himself! That is some record; but how is it achieved?

The secret reposes within Andy's ample breast and the world is permitted to wonder. However, as that person is out for all there is to get, would it not bespeak wisdom in him to establish, say—"The Gallagher School of Achievement," wherein the aviating generation could be tutored in law-breaking and how to get away with it? Possibly the curriculum would bring to light the mysterious thing that can force a board of supervisors to break their necks getting rid of one of their fellows, and, in a twinkling, strain the same section of anatomy placing him in a better position. It might illustrate what awed a very Civil Service Commission into conveniently forgetting to make Andy and his chief deputy submit to an examination as the law demands. In fine, it might let us in on the secret workings that estopped even the United States authorities from measuring out to pompous Andrew the punishment that it so unerringly dealt out to less notable bootlegers! For, verily, we are puzzled and curious over the spectacles of Andy's immunity!

Vote for No. 3—Justices

The people are called upon, among other things, to vote at the coming election upon a constitutional amendment, No. 3 on the ballot, increasing the salaries of the justices of the Supreme Court from $8,000 to $10,000, and of the justices of the District Courts of Appeal from $7,000 to $9,000 per annum.

The present salaries of these jusitces were fixed in 1906, fourteen years ago, when living conditions were entirely different from what they are today, as everybody knows. Today these salaries have depreciated over fifty per cent in purchasing power, and it is this depreciation that this amendment is intended to, in a measure, offset.

The increase amounts to 25 per cent upon the salaries of 1906 and the aggregate additional cost to the state for the twenty-two justices affected is $44,000 per annum. This increase does not fall upon the taxpayers directly and

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will not increase the tax rate in any county in the state, as these salaries are paid from the revenues derived by the State for corporation and inheritance taxes.

It is a trite saying that an independent and efficient judiciary is the greatest need of the people at all times. Upon the judiciary rests the determination of all of the rights of the people. This being true, it is incumbent upon the people to see to it that the judiciary is adequately compensated.

The people of California have no right to expect men of the attainments necessary to discharge properly the duties of a justice of the Supreme Court or District Court of Appeals to serve them for salaries that have depreciated fifty per cent from that which was considered a moderate compensation when originally fixed.

No business man would expect any high class employe to serve him today for the compensation prevailing in 1906; the people therefore have no right to expect these justices to perform service of a highly technical character for them under 1920 conditions for a 1906 salary.

This amendment, which is No. 3 on the ballot, should be supported by every voter in order that the Appellate bench may be continued in its present state of independence and efficiency and the judges relieved of the burden of attmpting to make the ends of 1906 salaries meet the demands and conditions of 1920.

Is Our School System All Wrong?

This week's convention of the San Francisco Teachers' Innstitute was the most critical in its history. Such it was from the standpoint of personal and impersonal criticism, innuendo, censure, retort and all that sort of thing; and, in another sense of the word, it was a critical stage in the conduct of public schools; which subject includes the psychology of the school teacher herself. Former assemplages of instructors were devoted to discipline and acquirement of learning. Today the school teacher is concerned mainly about herself. She has become a politician. We used to have a slogan, "keep the fire department out of politics." The school department entered politics before anybody was aware. Affiliations with unions, demands for higher wages, the circulating of petitions, conflicts with parent organizations, challenges and counter-challenges to and from the department of education—these are the matters that exercise the mind of the up-to-date school teacher. She is not altogether to blame, for organization has permeated every branch of society, and there is no telling what would happen to any class of workers if they should sit quietly by and let others amalgamate for selfish interests. No doubt the unorganized would suffer many an encroachment and, worst of all, neglect. It is the business of the State to know that the pupils themselves receive no dearth of attention. The children may not care one way or another. School is school to them. They cannot understand the difference between old and new courses of study. Truth to tell, there are many among their elders who lack the same understanding. Education is far from what it was a quarter century ago. There is a tendency toward inculcating the child with beautiful ideals rather than arithmetic and grammar. Ideals are just what a child needs; yet no one ever took to an ideal through systematic inculcation. Ideals are picked up here and there, like wild flowers. Men with hobbies and influence upon the board of education have made the school a receptacle for matters that take the child's mind away from hard work. Without a certain amount of drudgery, the mind receives little value from its studies. The old-fashioned child was taught diligence; the modern is amused into learning, and then, for true amusement, he is found at the movies, and is notable chiefly for a varied repertory of slang.

About Investments

(A Wall Street financier expresses the following views in a recent article which are of interest to Californians.)

I have always recommended F. W. Woolworth common stock as a high-class investment. I continue to think that it is an investment which everyone should have in his strong box. There are one or two things to remember about this Woolworth Company in addition to other things which I have brought to your attention.

The F. W. Woolworth Co. is not a manufacturing company. It does not own a single manufactory. There are companies,—for example, Sears, Roebuck—who manufacture a great many of the articles which they sell. In times like these, manufacturing companies are suffering heavy losses because of the stock of goods they have on hand manufactured at very high costs, and which they have been unable to market at these high prices, and which in their inventories will have to be charged down along with the general mark down of prices. The Woolworth Company has fifty millions of common stock, and originally had fifteen millions of preferred stock. The preferred stock is redeemable at $125 and it is the policy of the company to pay off this stock or buy it in the open market just as fast as they have surplus funds available for this purpose.

I have recently learned that a large block of preferred stock which belonged to an estate which was being settled up has recently been acquired by the F. W. Woolworth Company at 105. This is a saving of twenty points to the stockholders of the company, and means a very large saving of money. The very low price of foreign exchange has worked decidedly to the advantage of this company. They buy some of their articles in very large quantities abroad. And the very depreciated value of foreign exchange has worked positively to their advantage. The earnings of the company continue large, and are showing steady increases right through these hard times. I consider F. W. Woolworth common stock one of the best investment stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

Company on a Cash Basis

This company does a cash business so it loses nothing from bad accounts. Most of the articles sold are taken away by the purchasers, and the Woolworth stores are not put to the heavy expense of delivering things sold. They are also relieved of the expense of book-keepers as they have no running accounts at their stores. Since they buy in very large quantities, and pay cash for what they buy, they reap the benefit of cash discounts. Their business is so well systematized that they are kept in the closest touch with every one of their stores which number now, I understand, something like 1,100. It is well to remember that the gross receipts of these stores have shown a steady increase during the past ten or twelve years and the statement for this current year will show a very heavy increase over every previous year.

The F. W. Woolworth Company has no ownership in the Woolworth building. That is owned and managed by a separate corporation. The F. W. Woolworth Company simply rent their executive offices in this building, the same as other tenants.

I believe this stock to be a safe and conservative investment, and one which has more than an even chance of increasing in value.

Possibilities of Southern Pacific

While I do not feel especially enthusiastic over railroad stocks and would not care to recommend them at the moment to investors, I am willing to make an exception in the case of Southern Pacific. It is not generally known that the Southern Pacific Railroad uses oil as a motive power rather than coal. This company owns a large acreage of the most valuable oil land in the United States, and if there

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were no railroad, and the Southern Pacific was simply the owner of its present acreage of oil territory, the stock would be worth more than it is selling for today. I do not know if the company has any plans for increasing its dividends or for making some readjustment of the capitalization, but I feel that its ownership of oil territory is a most valuable asset, and that some benefit to the stockholders cannot be long deferred.

Standard Oil of California

While speaking of investments, I beg to say that I continue to think very highly of Standard Oil of California. I have carefully watched this stock for the past nine years, and have recommended its purchase to investors, because I believed in the company, and believe in the management. As years have gone by I have been strengthened in my conviction that this company is one of the most progressive, wide-awake, up-to-date companies in the oil business. Their growth has been phenomenal. I think the stock today is a better purchase than it has been at any time during the past nine years. While the income return from this stock at its present selling price is only about 12 1-2 per cent, the chances are that a purchaser of the stock at around present prices (317-320) will not have to wait long before he will be receiving a larger return on the money invested.

There are many other good investments which I might mention but I believe this is a time when the greatest possible care should be exercised in the investment of money. The situation all over the world is abnormal, and no one can tell what may happen in this period of readjustment. All of the old bad factors are still with us. We have innumerable labor troubles; high taxation; and living costs most oppressive. We read in the papers of heavy cuts which are being made in the cost of a large number of articles. But these reduced prices do not seem as yet to have affected the retail dealers very much. However, the tendency is toward lower living costs, and if people could see any hope for reduced rents and reduced taxation it would give them a little hope, and would drive away some of the gloom which seems to be oppressing everyone at the present time.

The Railroad Situation

The railroad situation, while very much improved by the present railroad law, is not in a position for permanent and lasting improvement. The scale of wages of railroad employes is entirely too high and out of proportion to the wages received by labor engaged in similar activities. It goes without saying that the present cost of labor is too ridiculously high to continue permanent. The labor unions have forced the prices of wages up to its present level on the argument of high living costs. Now that there is a positive assurance that these living costs are coming down, labor must expect to come down proportionately because business cannot be done with labor at its present level. That has been thoroughly demonstrated by the business depression of the past four or five months Some of our largest industries, notably the automobile industry, have been "flat on their backs" for several months past. Thousands of employes in the motor factories have been thrown out of employment. A lot of other industries that I might name have been going through the same process. Labor has been very largely unemployed, and when they get their positions back again, if they ever get them back, they will either have to accept a reasonable wage, or else forfeit their positions. Many of the railroads have commenced discharging superfluous men, and it is safe to say that every railroad in the United States will lay off every unnecessary man in its employ. Those laborers who keep their jobs will have to do a full days work and just about twice as much work as they have been doing during the past five or six years. The spirit of the times demands a better day's work from labor. And the only hope which labor has of keeping their wages anywhere near their present level is by doing more work; doing more work means reducing the number of employes. Labor has recently had some pretty strong lessons. Practically all recent strikes have proven to be the worst kind of failures. Labor is beginning to see that he public will not tolerate strikes any longer, and I believe the time is nearby when the entire public will step in to do the work when labor goes on a strike. So these laboring men, when the question of a strike comes up will be confronted with the absolute certainty of a failure. I would like to see a law passed by Congress (but of course I know that no such law could ever be passed by a political body), to this effect, that when a laborer goes on a strike it will be illegal for the corporation to re-employ that man. In this case, going on a strike would mean transferring the laborer to some other job."

Divorce and Polygamy

In another part of this issue, the legalizing of polygamy is mentioned as a strictly European idea. This is not the theological viewpoint, as the church is inclined to look upon divorce as a legal evasion of the religious law known as the Seventh Commandment. Europe is sadly in need of polygamy, we are told; and, judging from the estimates of female surplusage, the condition must be sad indeed for a great many damsels of considerable beauty. Beauty and sorrow are quite becoming to each other, for artistic purposes, says Poe; and this makes the loveless maids all the more attractive at this part of the world. It is enough to start emigration in the opposite direction. You could hardly expect Puritanical Americans to agree that Europe become polygamous; and certainly this country would have something to say on the subject; particularly our well-known club women would express themselves, and perhaps spoil the whole scheme. It is a matter of offspring over there; and that is a patriotic issue. The surplus females are therefore dreaming just as much of children as what Carrie Chapman Catt calls the biological factor for their production. The American way would be to relieve the tension by numerous divorces, thus giving every girl a chance. We deem it far more moral to take one wife at a time than a quartet of them. The big excuse for divorce is that it prevents polygamy, adultery and neurasthenia. Twenty-five applications for severance of the bonds were made a part of San Francisco's Columbus Day celebration. Last month, in Kansas City, the Circuit Court granted a decree every ten minutes for three days. Europe might well take a tip from this method of keeping within the law, and with an added good reason. Polygamy, after all, is only for the rich. The common people would object to such favoritism at the hands of the law-making powers. Besides, the rich are not notably big producers of children, and we would have no guarantee that a millionaire who is now childless with one wife would consider himself in honor bound to be prolific with several. Then again, the women would have something to say. That usually goes without saying. A poor Italian with half a dozen children and one wife would be in an awful mess if three more proletarian ladies should produce at the same rate. The government would have to call a halt. The children would be poorly fed; and the wives, likewise. Our own state of Utah never became conspicuous for population, even though it polygged uninterruptedly for a considerable period. So the best explanation seems to be divorce, and let the government pay the alimony.

Boredom Pervading All Classes

Who has not heard the remark, "What's the matter with everybody?" It is muttered at the theatre, in hotel lobbies, on the streets, in cafés, and wherever the public, high and low, congregate for amusement. There is no longer anything like "rousing applause" at the stage play. There is little or no excitement in those cafés where once were glitter and hilarity. Is it the depression after the war? Is it the reaction after a frivolous decade? Or has prohibition something to do with it? They tell us it is a jazz age. The vaudeville folk tell us so. The cabarets so inform us, and the dancers keep on dancing. And yet, they whose memories are old enough will recall that more merriment arose from the old waltz and two-step than we now behold on the jazziest dancing floor. The dancers are silent and painstaking in their steps. Perhaps, their silence is sensuality—a dream of modern voluptuosity. Perhaps it is a tired feeling, and jazz operates somewhat in the nature of a musical cocaine that is needed to speed the lagging spirit. One often wonders if man, without something to stimulate, would sink into a South Sea calm, and gaze wearily at his magnificent possessions. If modern civilization hangs on a Martini cocktail—or did hang—then the psychologists and pathologists have another chapter to write. Of course, the prohibitionists are united on that very point. They tell us that it is not necessary for man to be gay; in fact, it is quite sinful. So, in mourning

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Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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for our lost gaity, we are mourning for a sin. Not all of us will believe this. Yet we do frankly deplore the loss of the Martini. The olive or the cherry in the glass was supposedly a fine differentiation of society. And then there were cocktails that led the imagination into various degrees of subtlety, and some to which only a few were initiate. In vaudeville and musical comedy, booze has become a brilliant theme. Nothing nowadays attracts applause more than a good booze ditty or jest. It is a novel situation on the boards, and comedians make the most of it. From Booze to Boredom would be a sad title in human history. Yet booze was, and boredom is. That is one explanation. The other is that we have had too much of everything, and are spoiled children of an opulent age. Figure it out for yourself.

Peter Kyne's Incorrigible

Something in the way of a League of Nations is necessary to settle the status of the war orphan which Peter Kyne, author, soldier, clubman and worried foster parent, brought from France. Marcel Duprey is evidently one of those impressionables and irrepressible youngsters that have long been plentiful on the streets of Paris. They have proven attractive subjects for novelists, and some of the best French fiction is enlivened by the moving of an untrollable street gamin through its pages. Occasionally we have doubts of the gamin's mentality; yet that offers no hindrance in fiction. Kyne, being a writer, naturally thought that the lad would prove just as popular in real life as in the reading. From the very beginning of his life in this country, the fifteen-year-old Marcel became imbued with the idea that America is a playground, and that our system of household economics is not to be taken seriously. He took French leave whenever the whim seized him, and it is alleged that he took articles of American manufacture without even saying please or thank you. It was plain that he felt himself protected by international law. But this son of internationalism is not legally recognized by the police of Oakland and San Diego. After one of his jaunts, Marcel was taken to the Detention Home in Oakland, where he was rescued by a kind lady, who thought kind words would do the trick of soul-transformation. Unfortunately, she went to a hospital for an operation; whereupon the lad, feeling himself equipped with all the kindness he could stand, lit out for Los Angeles movie camps, from which place he wrote letters to Kyne, letters that actually showed an improvement in soul but not in wanderlust. He had wandered back to Kyne's Del Mar home, where, says Kyne, the only evidences of his visit were vacant spaces previously occupied by food and other home comforts. So the former stowaway of 143d regiment was nabbed by the police, and may have to undergo a systematic course of discipline provided by the State of California. It is not probable that he French government will interfere. It is not even likely that Marcel will object to detention here, unless he be detained for more than a month. Beyond that period, he becomes restless. At any rate, he is one of those characters destined from birth to achieve an international reputation, and always able to keep in the public eye on charges of unmalicious mischief.

There are some natures that become warped in close environment, or when they have to conform to conventional regulations. Allowed free rein to rove and choose their own environment, they develop amazing and constructive ability. The U. S. Army is an ideal training school for adventurous youths who require some restraining hand while developing their individualities. Marcel, after all, may turn out to be an ideal citizen. In the meantime, Mr. Peter Kyne has our deep sympathy.

Bombing the "Indiana"

When Turner exhibited his picture, "The Fighting Téméraire," he touched a sentimental spot in the bosom of Great Britain. In the year 1838, hauled by a little steam tug, the huge three-masted battleship went to her last berth, the scrap-heap. When our own superannuated battleship made her last trip, a few days ago, in Lynnhaven Bay, the guading power was a wireless apparatus aboard the U. S. S. Ohio, five miles in her wake. Not a amn was aboard the doomed ship. Bombing planes were using her for a target. The "Indiana" went down in a year that might be called a year of miracles compared with the era in which the ship was launched. Steered by radio and bombed from the clouds, the vessel took its watery end in a way that her builders could hardly have foreseen. A few days before, the French flier, De Romanet, set the world's air record at 181 miles an hour. Flights of this nature must cause uneasiness in the minds of men who have fostered battleship construction during the last ten years or more. It is freely predicted that the battleship will eventually go the way of the horse. Heads of nations, though, are not yet convinced of this, and are still maintaining programs of building the big vessels. Last June, the super-dreadnaught "Tennessee" was launched at the New York Navy Yard. She is 625 feet long, cost $20,000,000, and slid into the waves with the reputation of being the most formidable fighting ship afloat. A month before that, plans were made for laying the keel of the "Lexington," a still greater piece of naval mechanism. The "Lexington's" length was calculated at 874 feet; the displacement to be 43,000 tons, against the "Tennessee's" 32,500. The "Indiana" went down in miraculous billows. A month before, a radio corporation had purchased land for a $10,000,000 plant, the largest in the world, at Rocky Point, Long Island. Late in August, a radio station at Bordeaux sent the first round-the-world wireless. The Eiffel Tower station has a contract to supply the world with sending the time of day mechanically to all parts of the world. It is a stupendous period, and the "Indiana," with all the sentiment that attaches to a worn-out battleship, ended its career in a glorious fashion, not unacompanied, one may assume, by a few trickling drops from grizzled brows.

Novelists's Two Islands—Compton Mackenzie Leases Herm

Md. Compton Mackenzie, the popular young novelist, whose passionate liking for the sea and for lonely islands is now taking him on a long voyage in the Pacific, has leased the two little Channel islands, Herm and Jethou, for sixty years at a rental of 90 and 100 pounds respectively.

Before the war Herm was leased to a German company for 5s 6 d a week. They sublet it to Prince Blucher of Wahlstatt, great-grand son of the famous marshal.

Mr. Mackenzie's career abounds in the picturesque. After leaving Oxford he wrote potted plays for the "Follies" of Pelissier, before his sudden leap into fame with his brilliant novel, "The Passionate Elopement." He is a son of the late Edward Compton, the actor, whose family name is Mackenzie, and brother of Miss Fay Compton, the actress.

During the war Mr. Mackenzie was military control officer at Athens and a captain in the Royal Marines. Later he was made chief intelligence officer in the Aegean, and much of the color in "Sylvia and Michael" is the result of experiences gained in that capacity.

For a time he lived in beautiful Capri, the island in the Bay of Naples. But the island is too much frequented for him at the moment.

"This tour," he says of this autumn trip in the South Seas, "is to get right away from things."

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By TANTALUS

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler entertained a number of friends at a supper dance in their handsome residence on Washington street in honor of their daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Henry White.

Mr. Maurice Hall has returned from Europe after an extended trip. He made a lengthy stay in Paris where his early childhood was passed. His father was an American dentist who practiced his profession in the French capital.

Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, who is visiting California, looks handsome and happy, as she doubtless is, being the proud mother of five handsome sons. Having lived in New York almost entirely except when traveling, Mrs. Hearst's circle of personal friends in this city is not wide, but she very gracefully assembled twenty-six of those of her late mother-in-law, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, to whom she was devoted, and presided at a luncheon in their honor. They were: Mmes. Eleanor Martin, John F. Swift, Benjamin I. Wheeler, J. F. Merrill, Ray L. Wilbur, W. W. Morrow, Gailliard Stoney, Hiram Johnson, Fremont Older, J. I. Neylan, John G. Howard, Charles McKenna, R. Clark, Florence Pfingst, W. Magee, W. Sesnon, Jasper Macdonald, A. L. Bancroft, Agnes L. Leonard, Adele Brooks, Fred. Sanborn, Charles Chapman and Nathan Moran.

The Hearst domestic life is said to be exceedingly serene, William Randolph Hearst holding the sensible theory that husbands and wives should be partners and companions.

Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Coffey will return from New York before election day, as the doctor is an enthusiast about good government. If more professional and business men would take a vital interest in politics, there would be fewer ridiculous laws enacted, and far less danger of demogogues grasping political power from the people. Like all scientific men, Dr. Coffey is deeply concerned about the dangerous anti-vivisection and anti-vaccination laws.

Miss Ora Polk, of Carson, was guest of honor at tea one day this week at the S. F. Golf Club. She is a dashing beauty of the Titian type and keen on all outdoor sports.

Mr. and Mrs Vincent R Ennis, of Baltimore, came up by motor from Santa Barbara on Monday. They have been touring California for two months and leave shortly for their home. They gave an elaborately appointed dinner Wednesday at a down-town hotel to thirty guests prominent in San Francisco and Oakland society. Mrs. Ennis is an intimate friend of Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, the two having lived in Oakland as children.

Miss M. Katherine Livingstone, the talented reader who arrived recently in this city to give readings and to teach pure speech, gave a delightful programme at the Fairmont recently which was rendered to a delighted audience of society people. Mrs. Marcus Koshland and Mrs. Gailliard Stoney were the patronesses.

Miss Livingstone, at the request of several people interested in the speech arts, will take up the cultivation of pure English of children. This is a crying need in most American cities as the art of distinct utterance is painfully neglected in nearly all Amrican schools, public and private. In this cosmopolitan country, our enunciation is degenerating, and taking on all the burrs, blears and colloquialism of the various districts of our great territory.

The Symphony

The event of the fall season in this city is the symphony season. The Friday concerts are as usual patronized by the women of society, while on Sunday the men who love music give up other pleasures for the sake of attending. Indeed, the alacrity with which they respond to the lure of the orchestra indicates that they are more enthusiastic about the orchestra than the women are.

Fine Arts

Another cause for congratulation is the splendid exhibition of paintings now at the Fine Arts. Here, too, the men outnumber the women, their critiques being usually far more discriminating than those of their feminine companions. This exhibition is one of such educational value that no one can afford to miss it.

Hotel Cecil Notes

Gen. and Mrs. Charles Woodward are being greeted by a coterie of old friends. The General and his charming wife will make an indefinite stay at the Cecil.

Other prominent guests are Mr. and Mrs. Snyder, of N. Y., and Judge and Mrs William Hunt, who have closed their home in San Rafael and will remain for over the winter.

Prior to his departure for the East, Lieut. Milton Hatch gave a dinner to friends Monday.

Miss Cecelia O'Connor, who has been visiting friends on the Peninsula, has returned to her apartment at the Cecil.

Mrs. Louis Long came up the first part of the week and is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. M. Burns. Miss Olivia Long is planning to come to San Francisco before the Xmas holidays.

Mrs. J. H. Jewett Jr., one of the leading society matrons of Yokohama, arrived on the last steamer and will be at the hotel for several months.

Philip Kingston, of Cairo, Egypt, is at the hotel enjoying his first visit to San Francisco.

Perfect Ladies Behind the Throne

Max O'Rell once remarked that the trouble with the United States was that the First Lady in the Land has always been a perfect lady. He went on to say that something in the nature of a Sporting Duchess in or about the White House was necessary to arouse public interest. General opinion in America is to the contrary. Our people demand respectability first of all in the President's family life; and, although there have been some gay parties in the history of White House entertainment, the dominant note is Puritanical. A Pompadour or a du Barry are strictly European in scope and ideal, and even over there could hardly be flaunted before the populace as in those days when a king was readily accepted as a squire of dames. So there was a touch of antique story-telling in the recent bit of news that Lady Astor is able to twist Premier Lloyd George around her little finger. No doubt, as fingers go, Lady Astor's is a very beautiful one, and any man of merit would feel proud to be twisted around them. Somehow, though, judging from portraits of Lloyd George, he has, with his tight, pudgy figure and stolid head, seemed untwistable phyically and mentally. At that, he may belie his looks, for, while in Paris, he praised the shimmy—a rather audacious proceeding for a man so high in public life. One cannot imagine an American secretary of state going that far. However, this particular piece of news came from Biarritz, where everybody makes a practice of saying naughty things. The tale included Lord Curzon, Winston Churchill and Bonar Law in Lady Astor's list of devotees. Besides that, the royal family has quite a penchant for her. One cannot say, at this distance, whether her popularity at the Court of St. James is spontaneous or under orders. There is hardly a more interesting situation than being a power behind a throne—interesting to the public and to the beauteous creature so situated. It is also a dangerous situation, for some of the duchesses roundabout are likely to say things and frown at the power behind the throne as they would for a skeleton in the closet, especially when they promenade at Biarritz where, perchance the throne is seen walking with the power Neither Newport nor Atlantic City know anything like this. So even if we can't agree with Max O'Rell, we can at least sympathize with him.

Stanford Co-eds Better Students Than Men

The young women of the Stanford University have repeated their annual performance of higher scholarship rating than the male followers of the yell leader. It is not recorded that the men are grieving over the event, nor that they tried for distinction of that order. The result of the year's study might be a psychological as well as a mental test. Who knows but that the young men's minds were so occupied with admiration for the personal charms of the co-eds that concentrated study was out of the question? Women, being more tranquil sentimentally, might be able to receive the devotion

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of the college boys and yet maintain sufficient equilibrium for books of instruction. Or, perhaps the Stanford swains are not equal to the task of disturbing a maiden's mind and heart. There is a Berkeley tradition somewhat to that effect. The idea of true love entering campus affairs is taboo at most universities, formerly more so than now. The term "queener" gives an idea of what the college man thinks of the situation; and this word has been defined as "one who loves his enemies." All this does not account for the fact that the baseball and basket ball teams took higher scholarship rating than the average of the university, while the football men fell below it. Football being a more spectacular struggle, requires more attention, and might be taken as absorbing the thoughts of the student beyond measure. The track athletes also went below the average; and they do not need the football team's length of training. It is no so much the time devoted to a sport as that spent in talking about it College boys, in season and out, never cease talking about the pigskin and the co-eds, and this fact may explain why the aforesaid co-eds, in their colder attitude toward the aforesaid college boys, pigskin and themselves, have been more disposed to study.

Holt Art Exhibition

Geoffrey Holt, the English artist whose exhibition of pictures at the Fairmont was such a success last spring, will have more of his canvases on view for the next fortnight at the Taylor Studios, from 9 to 5. His desert pictures have been much admired by critics, but at the coming exhibit there will be several missions and some Tahoe views as well. The striking painting of Emerald Bay which hung for a while lately in the St. Francis reception room has been placed in the Taylor gallery.

The two decorative panels so greatly admired in the S. F. Golf Club, one a peacock on a balustrade in an Italian garden, the other a striking, colorful thing of birds and flowers, are the work of Holt.

Holt has become enraptured with California scenery, and he has caught the idiom. When in the East a few years ago, he was commissioned by the Santa Fe to paint a series of Grand Canyon scenes for their administration building. Later he journeyed to this state. He says: "Today I can't get away from the glorious eucalyptus trees, live oaks and colorful mountains. Almost every week I pack my easel and paints into my car and go off on a painting jaunt up or down the state. It is great sport to catch nature in some distinctive mood or especially lovely aspect."

Dancing, Society and the Vogue of Dancing

About 1662 the fame of dancing in France was borne aloft by three of its greatest interpreters: Pecour, Marcell and Noverre. Among dances that were paramount in society about this period were the graceful minuet, the favorite for a century; the quadrille or contre-dance, often connected erroneously with the English country dance; the ecossaise, first introduced in 1760; the gallop (the death blow to the poetry of motion), introduced from Germany; the cotillion, fashionable under Charles X; the polka, first danced at the Odeon in 1840 by a dancing master from Prague. Today at Techau Tavern, the scene of life, brightness and modern dancing, we find the latest modern steps. The guests to the harmonious tunes of the Techau Tavern dance orchestra glide over the smoothly polished floor, a pleasure hard to find in the days of old, to the gentle inspiring steps of the one-step, fox trot and waltz. Saturday afternoon we find society taking with zest to the dansants. The Artists' Revue features as one of its major stellar attractions, classical interpretations by a solo danseuse of merit. Lucky dances featuring Hilson's Orders and Melachrino cigarettes are other attractions which make dancing at Techau Tavern a pleasure.

A S. F. Ranch

Once upon a time there was a ranch—a real ranch—located on Pacific avenue and Larkin. It boasted a house with numerous outbuildings and chicken houses, a stable, well, cow, several horses, chickens, geese and ducks. Remarkable were the servants that came and went there, for truly did they mark the changing times. Here old Francisco held sway for many a year and earned his way to the Happy Hunting Grounds. He was a Mexican who had followed a band of sheep up from the southern mountains and finally established himself as the "family necessity." He took up his abode in the washhouse and attended to all the chores, drawing water, building fires, feeding the live-stock and a thousand and one things. Francisco had one weakness or vanity—his feet. When he needed to be shod he humbly followed his master to the shoe store where he always picked out the daintiest pair of patent leather boots on display. Nothing else would satisfy. In vain might the shoemaker persuade or coax or show his wares—Francisco wished patent leathers. So at last in despair the shoes of his choice would be tried on. Francisco attempted to walk. They pinched—he could not wear them. He had lost all interest in shoes. Anything the shopkeeper produced would do—and Francisco was finally outfitted comfortably in a pair of strong brogans, walking home happy once more until the next time when he would again fall for the patent leathers.

Near the ranch, but up in the foothills among the scrub oak, along about Polk, in a little cabin lived Black Billy. He came over and sawed wood or helped unload hay into the loft and made himself generally useful for a small remuneration. Black Billy owned a pig and thereby hangs a tale, even attached to the pig. Black Billy was old and rheumatic and in time became bedridden. The lady of the manor worried greatly lest Black Billy be gathered to his fathers, and before official notice be taken of his demise the pig might grow cannibalistic. So day after day she trudged over the sand hills and brought food and comforts to the old man. At last Black Billy passed away, but before the end he sent for a notary and made a will bequeathing the pig to the Black Republicans who lived on the adjoining ranch—and never even thought thought of the Democratic little lady who had saved him from an awful fate.

Next in importance was the Chinaman who had been converted to Catholicism but refused to go to church, thereby causing pain to his truly religious mistress. Wong Sing was faithful and an excellent and most economical cook, who for many years presided over the destinies of the kitchen. In time Wong Sing retired to open up a junk store on lower Pacific. However, he always kept in touch with his Lady Boss and saw that she was well supplied with green boys trained by his master hand. Alas for human frailty! Wong Sing succumbed to the Chinese devil, opium. One fatal day the Lady Boss received the following tragic letter:

Mrs. Lady Boss,

Dear Madam:—

I have the honor to inform you that I have been found with the illegal stuff. Please come and take me out of jail.

Your obedient servant,

Wong Sing.

It was not possible to take Wong out of jail, but a few words to the kindly sheriff and the old fellow was taken from his cell and made chief cook and battle-washer to the superintendent's wife. In time he was back in his junk shop, but drugs and whiskey claimed their victim, and one day poor Wong Sing was found in the midst of his junk. Many prayers did the "Lady Boss" offer for the repose of his soul. May it rest in peace.

Then along came Catherine, the cook and general housekeeper in the fullest sense of the word. She always wore stiffly starched percale dresses and big gingham aprons with a white one handy when the doorbell rang. She did the washing, the ironing and the baking. Remember, there were no such things as kitchenettes in those days. Every house of any pretension had a full kitchen and back-kitchen to boot, and scrubbed by such an artist it was "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Then there was the old-style cook stove that was polished to the queen's taste and the zinc bath tubs and sinks with the brass faucets that absolutely mirrored after the copious applications of bath brick and kerosene. Every window in the house—and there were quite some and all French—shone like crystal at least once a month, and certain days were set aside for cleaning the silver with whiting and a little ammonia.

Those old-time housekeepers and emigrant girls did their work in the hardest way without the aid of college courses in domestic science. Sometimes in looking backward it seems as if Catherine must have been a fairy tale. She was too good to be true. Yet after years of saving and scrimping to bring her brothers and sisters and cousins out to the Land of the Free, Catherine finally decided to marry and settle down in a home of her own. Alack-a-day! She married a scalawag who drank her savings, broke her heart, and eventually she ended her days in the insane asylum.

The years rolled on and by now the ranch had been cut up into fashionable city lots. The children of the manor had married and gone their separate ways. The master had been dead for many a long year, but the brave little "Lady Boss" and two daughters still kept the old home, although it now stood on a twenty-five foot

(Continued on page 15.)

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The Stage

Why S. F. Is Neglected Theatrically

A San Francisco society woman writing to "Town Talk" said that she had remained over a few days in Chicago en route to New York to see Frank McGlynn in "Lincoln" and Ethel Barrymore in "Delcassée," which attractions booked there indefinitely are "turning them away" by hundreds. "How deplorable is the fact that in our beautiful San Francisco we so rarely have a good theatrical performance!" she wrote. "The stage situation here is the only one superior to anything in our lovely city. We have delightful climate, marvelous hills, picturesque scenery and so on, but our people suffer themselves to be deprived of intellectual amusements. No wonder our residents save their show money to spend on Eastern theatres!" Now, why should this condition prevail? Where one person can afford to pour out money to visit the Eastern theatres, hundreds of drama enthusiasts must remain here and be satisfied with what the theatres offer or stay away. Our local managers often complain that when they sometimes do have a good attraction at their houses, it is not patronized. They search for the psychology of the cause, but can't find it. One reason is the daily papers, whose critics write, usually, like press agents, evidently under instructions from their chiefs to boost everything, good, bad and indifferent. Consequently, the public soon learns not to trust the critics' viewpoint, for "you can't fool all the people all the time"—even theatrical audiences. Besides, very often the papers accept the statement of the press agents that they "are presenting the original N. Y. casts" which is a bare faced falsehood in many instances, as often can be demonstrated by comparison with the N. Y. programs, which a great many S. F. people keep as mementoes of their N. Y. visits. Besides, a large proportion of our population read N. Y. papers. When people are disappointed in misrepresentation by critics, naturally they feel they have been unfairly delt with and stay away from theatres until they hear an opinion from someone whom they know to be an authority. Of course, this condition hurts us as a theatrical place, because the players go East and "knock" us as a show town, thus discouraging managers and players from visiting us.

MISS M. KATHERINE LIVINGSTONE

Take, for instance, at the Curran, "Mama's Affair," an entertaining and excellent play in which were assembled a cast of finished artists. The business was poor, the players disgruntled, and justly. The newspapers were copious in praise, as usual, but the public having been recently fooled by equal praise of miserable performances, stayed away.

The managers become very indignant at uncomplimentary comment and complain to the editors, who, possibly with a view to advertising business, advise the critics to deal gently with poor or shabby shows.

"Town Talk" is as eager as any newspaper for advertisements, but has steadfastly refused to write along lines with a view to please managers for the sake of advertising. It has always had critics well-known in the theatrical world who write with the objective, not only to lighten the public, but to turn out criticisms which win the respect of the artists who appear. The consequence is that "Town Talk's" critiques are coveted by the leading actors and singers who visit the city. We feel that we owe it to the public to tell the truth, even if it is not complimentary to the managers. Therefore some of our local managers deem it money in their pockets not to advertise in this paper. Maybe their philosophy is sound, because we have no ambition to be press agents, and the only appeal an actor, actress, singer or producer can make to us for a favorable notice is artistic merit. Our stage department has a reputation to sustain and we are a bit jealous of it. It may be childish, but we esteem more than a manager's check for monthly ads, letters and calls of appreciation from players. We enjoy being shown our criticisms in their cherished scrap books. It has a sulphidic effect upon our spirit to receive letters from theatrical people who keep us in mind long after leaving the city, and when sometimes those whom we interview order 100 copies to distribute, well, that offsets the managers' economy. Neither is it allowed in this office to write destructive criticism, hurting an artist's feelings, discouraging him for the sake of a smart sentence or an epigram. Indeed, it is not unknown with us to receive letters from artists whose inefficiencies we have indicated, to thank us for opening their eyes to faults of which they were unscious, thus helping them to arrtistic endeavor.

Egotism at the Orpheum

Since the heyday of Eva Tanguay, vaudeville artistes have found intense enjoyment in telling about their own inabilty to act. The big difference is, though, that Eva was a wild woman worth looking at, while the present-day stars make a feature of tameness. They declare that they don't know how they ever got on the stage; and this may be quite amusing once or

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SECOND SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT
CURRAN THEATRE
TOMORROW, 2:45 P. M.
PROGRAMME
1. Symphony D Minor.....Cesar Franck
1. Suite, "Mozartiana".....Tschaikowsky
3. Overture to a Drama.....Erich Korngold
(First time in San Francisco.)
Seats on sale Sherman Clay & Co., hours 9 to 5, and at Curran Theatre after 10 A. M. on day of Concert.
Next Sunday, October 31, Second "Pop" Concert

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This Week—Laughter and Thrills
DETECTIVE COMEDY DRAMA
"THE DUMMY"
WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MATINEE, OCT. 24
A. H. Woods' New York Laughing Hit, the Boiling, Bubbling Farcical Comedy
"Too Many Husbands"
By Somerset Maugham, author of the famous story, "The Moon and Sixpence."
NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Introducing Miss Elwyn Harvey as Victoria, with Dudley Ayres and a Great Cast.
SSUN. MAT. OCT. 31—Thrilling Drama of Murder and Counterfeiting Mysteries,
"THE ARGYLE CASE"
In which Detective Wm. J. Burns Collaborated Returns Read Election Night, Thursday, Nov. 3.
EVERY EVENING—MATINEES SUN., THURS., SAT.

twice or even twenty times; but in the course of twenty years it seems to lack attraction. Harry Fox, on this week's bill at the Orpheum, has a very pleasant way of saying that it requires energy to swing his cane and that later on he intends to be at his funniest. That's about all there is to him. His partner, Beatrice Curtis, is "conceded by Harrison Fisher to be the most beautiful miss on the American stage." This was quite a concession. I was willing to concede that she has the worst singing voice in vaudeville until I heard the jazz dancer in Anatol Friedland's Revue. Be it said of the latter that she sustains her weaker notes more consistently. Friendland's number is another case of a man splendorizing his own personality. From his piano stool, he informs you that he is a famous composer. Behind him is a black and white curtain embroidered with flying notes, most unpleasantly arranged, to let you know that music is the theme. Part of the act is to thank the audience for applause (which it has not given).

Tuck & Clare appear in "Tunes and Twists." Clare, if that be the one, is a contortionist. He can sit on his own head and kiss his own feet, and ought to prove of high educational value. Elsie Clark, of Story and Clark, has a good bootlegging song that rescues her from general apathy. This brings us to the "Four Harmony Kings" The manners of the jungle, transmitted to primitive man colored a la Timbuctoo, are a perpetual delight, and would be something more than that if the artistic gents would not appear in even clothes heightened to grand-opera effect. The basso takes off "Old Black Joe" in deep, syrupy estheticism, and the quartet singing, with jazzo-jungle-town undulations is as good as one hears anywhere. Maude Powers and Vernon Wallace offer us a half-pleasing variety of nothing at all entitled "Georgia on Broadway;" Lee Rose and Katheryn Moon have a "Story in Song and Dance." Dainty, for the most part. The hit of the bill this week is Lucille Ballantine, dancing with Anatol Friendland's show. In her short time on the stage, she evidences something quite beyond the ordinary in wild, bobbed-hair grace.

For some reason, audiences at the Orpheum are not what they used to be. Neither are the artistes. The calcium man has a nightly curtain plea for the sale of balcony seats. He make an almost heart-rending appeal that the public patronize the family circle for twenty-five cents plus war tax. But the calcium man without the assistance of a good booking agent cannot fill the Orpheum. It is well known that the other circuits are paying big money for their acts, and this fact will eventually lead to higher bidding for the services of the performers. At present, the Orpheum management does not see fit to go beyond pre-war salaries, and is therefore falling below the up-to-date standard.

Threatrical Riots

The demonstration which broke up Laurette Taylor's performance in London recalls an earlier riot, which Edmund Gosse describes in his essay on Henry James:

"Henry James," he says, "was positively storm-ridden with emotion before the fatal night, and full of fantastic plans. I recall that one of them was that he should hide in the bar of a little public house down an alley close to the theatre, whither I should slip forth at the end of the second act and report 'how it was going.' This was not carried out and unfortunately Henry James resisted the temptation of being present in the theatre during the performance. All seemed to be going fairly well until the close when Henry James appeared and was called before the curtain only to be subjected—to our unspeakable horror and shame—to a storm of hoots and jeers and catcalls from the gallery, answered by loud and sustained applause from the stalls, the whole producing an effect of hell broke loose, in the midst of which the author, white as chalk, bowed and spread forth deprecating hands and finally vanished. It was said at the time, and confirmed later, that this horrible performance was not intended to humiliate Henry James, but was the result of a cabal against George Alexander."

Alcazar

"Too Many Husbands," to have its first San Francisco disclosure at the Alcazar next Sunday, was acclaimed "a riot to wise audiences" when A. H. Woods produced it last season in N. Y. where it scored tremendously as a laughing novelty. One reviewer was of the opinion that "had all the comedy and farce writers in America collaborated they could not have turned out as skillful a piece of stage literature without having something in it that would offend." This, too, despite the fact that he first two acts are in the bedroom of a capricious, temperamental young matron, who married two majors, close pals, believing that the first had been killed at the front. But when he bounced in, having escaped from a German prison, there follow screamingly funny complications which the fascinating lady solves in her own inimitable way. Somerset Maugham, whose "The Moon and Sixpence," has been read so widely, wrote this comedy with brilliant wit and delicious satire. The fascinating Victoria is a comedy role that affords splendid opportunity for the introduction of Miss Elwyn Harvey, the new leading woman. Dudley Ayres and Ben Erway are the two husbands, delightful comedy parts, with Brady Kline as a prospective third; Emelie Melville as the garrulous mother; Emily Pinter, a professional co-respondent; Al Cunningham, the solicitor; Dorothy Bartley, the manicurist; Latilie Ward Davis, the maid, and Edna Close, the nurse.

"The Argyle Case," to follow Sunday, October 31, is a big cast melodrama of twin mysteries, murder and countergeiting, by Harriet Ford and Harvey O'Higgins, in co-operation with detective Wm. J. Burns, each development being worked out according to his methods. The use of the dictograph and devices of bogus money-makers are disclosed.

On election night the latest returns will be read from the stage.

Healy Attractions

Frank W. Healy announces that he has booked the celebrated artists, Charles Hackett, tenor, Metropolitan opera house, Raoul Vidas, Roumanian-French violinist; Louis Graveure, Belgian baritone, and Mme. Frances Alda, Metropolitan opera house soprano, for concerts in San Francisco, Stanford University, Oakland and Fresno.

Charles Hackett is an American tenor who came to the Metropolitan opera house last year direct from the world-famous La Scala opera house of Milan, where for several years Hackett demonstrated to the satisfaction of all concerned that an American-made product could rival anything the old world could produce. In Italy the critics termed Hackett a new "Mario," proclaiming him "a true master of bel carlo." It is claimed that no other operatic tenor at present before the public can sing the music of Mozart; Gluck, Franz or Caccini with the high standard of Hackett, and his appearance in San Francisco will be a positive event.

Raoul Vidas is the name that has attracted the attention of music lovers of two continents by the rare brilliancy and purity of its lustre. Born in Roumania, Vidas is however a product of France. As a type of her training and culture, as an exponent of her exalted ideals, he brings to America a vital, inspiring message from the sister republic now linked to us with such intimate ties of affection. Under the management of Chas. L. Wagner, Vidas made his American debut in N. Y. in 1918, and fourteen N. Y. newspapers proclaimed his debut a triumph. Nineteen eight being a Heifitz year, Manager Wagner had Vidas return to Europe where he gave more than one hundred concerts. This year will be a Vidas year as regards violinists.

Louis Graveure, the Belgian baritone, is a master vocalist, the possessor of a voice of exceptionally velvety and lovable quality, which he uses with art remarkable as it is rare.

Like a tree that grows and blossoms is the career of Frances Alda, soprano. Her art unfolds as the years pass. Her fame increases and her example becomes a greater inspiration. Each season eclipses the one that went before. No singer that ever appeared upon the concert platform is a harder worker than Frances Alda. Her career in opera is a record of brilliant successes, her popularity with the great Metropolitan audiences gorws steadily. Her remarkable popularity in concert makes it necessary for to make many engagements each year in concert, and it is a fact wherever Mme. Alda has appeared, her manager never fails to receive requests for return engagements. The very capable Maurice Sisner will be at the piano for Raoul Vidas, and Senaca Pierce for Charles Hackett.

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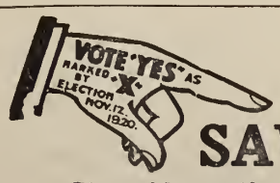

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		NO	

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Sentiment was more bullish than for some time, and the professional element was all ready to give the market a boost in anticipation of a Republican victory at the coming election. The public, however, was not disposed to take hold, notwithstanding the number of favorable factors that made their appearance.

The principal factor last week was the huge financing turnover, involving maturity of the $500,000,000 Anglo-French loan and the offering of upward of $100,000,000 in new treasury certificates. Probaly never before in the history of the financial community has there been anything like this—either in character or in scope, and with all attended with relative ease in preparation when all the circumstances are taken into consideration.

It was expected that the vast preparations required should cause hesitation and caution in security market circles, since there was no adequate precedent to foreshadow the outcome with respect to the strain on the banks. Call money rates were advanced to 10 per cent, but broke to 6 per cent afterwards. This had a favorable effect on the market list, but the advance did not hold and, when reports from London, indicating that the British coal strike had taken a turn for the worse, stocks were again offered freely and the market lost most of its advance. There was no important selling, however, but the decline in sterling to the lowest point since last March was a factor that the trade did not ignore.

Judging from the somewhat hysterical phase into which the decline of commodity prices and the current discussion of it have passed, the panicky part of the episode ought to be nearing its end. Commodities do not, like stocks, move in unison. There will be downward readjustment of prices in some commodities, while others are regaining their losses. Apparently, steel and iron, for instance, will be losing ground, when the decline in other staple products have had their turn at readjustments, has been checked.

Even with cotton, the fall in price could not possibly have progressed so far and so rapidly last week had it not been for the unpardonable recklessness with which Southern markets and Southern banks staked their resources on 40-cent cotton weeks after the changed conditions of supply and demand had become visible to everybody.

Railroad stocks continue firm, although the market is stationary at present. By the first of the month, railroad earnings for September will begin to make their appearance. These cover the first month under the increased rates and will definitely indicate the improvements resulting therefrom. Weekly reports for that month already in hand indicate a continued heavy movement of traffic and net in some cases above the government revenue of previous periods.

Copper stocks have been liquidated quite generally throughout the week, due to the poor demand for the metal and gradually diving way in price to a point where there is no profit in producing it, and it is generally believed that unless that is an improvement in the demand for the metal at higher prices most of the copper companies will either cut their dividends or pass them.

The news is so mixed and the market so irregular that a forecast of the market is out of the question. When one group of stocks goes down, while another group is advancing, it keeps the trader guessing, but the best opinion seems to be that we will have the usual election rise before any setback of consequence.

Cotton—The market showed strong resistance to bear pressure around the 20-cent level for the December option and from this price rallies took place from time to time, and it looked as if the turning point had been reached.

However, the English coal miners decided to strike, and as this will have a far-reaching effect—not only in England but in France and Italy as well—it had a bad effect upon the cotton market. The market was in no position to withstand this news, as shorts had evened up their contracts and this left the market without the usual support.

The news otherwise was of the same bearish tenor, although it was felt that the decline had discounted the general run of bearish news. The trade, who were bearish at heart and were only playing the market for a rally, turned sellers again when the news of further closing of domestic mills, coupled with the indifferent demand from abroad, began to have its effect.

So far the holding movement has been attended with much talk and few results. Many of the leaders in the South are making every effort to keep the planters lined up, but receipts at primary markets do not reflect this as yet. Wires from very reliable sources report farmers hauling their cotton back from the gins every day, and this should show in the returns in the near future.

Much of the cotton which has come on the market so far is, of course, distress cotton which had to be marketed for immediate returns, even though a loss was entailed. But with cotton selling in the open market for less than the cost of production, well versed cotton men expect to see the South dole out its cotton only as absolute needs require the sale, and the spirit of the South seems to be an average between the holding movement, which is backed by the conservative elements, and the night-riding indulged in by the wilder elements.

The weather the past few weeks has been of the made-to-order variety and if it continues for any length of time without frost it will, no doubt, increase the number of bales grown, as well as make for a better quality of cotton.

There is nothing bullish in the situation—except the price, and in normal years this would now be considered high, but with everything else on a higher level, we feel that the decline in cotton has gone far enough and now advocate purchase of the far-off options at this level.

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S. F. Symphony

The second concert of the Sunday Symphony series will be given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Alfred Hertz in the Curran Theatre this Sunday p. m., Friday's programme being reepated. The symphony will be Cesar Franck's D Minor. This will be followed by the "Mozartiana" Suite of Tschaikowsky and Erich Korngold's "Overture to a Drama." The latter number was first produced when Korngold was only fourteen years old. but the skillfulness of its orchestration is most remarkable.

On the following Sunday, October 31, the second popular concert will be given in the Curran Theatre. Most of the numbers are familiar to music-lovers, although a new work will be presented in the "Vasantasena" Suite of Halvorsen. Other numbers to be offered are the "La Dame Blanche" Overture of Boildieu, Tschaikowsky's Italian Caprice, the famous intermezzo and barcarolle from "The Tales of Hoffman" and Debussy's charming collection of little pieces entitled "The Children's Corner." The programme will close with the ever-popular "William Tell" overture of Rossini.

"Have you heard my last joke?" asked the Pest, as he stopped the Grouch on the street.

"I hope so," replied the Grouch, as he kept on traveling.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A S. F. RANCH

(Continued on Page 11)

lot—all that had been left them after years of litigation. Ikawa, the Japanese school boy, now came to make the home homey during the hours he was engaged in improving his mind with the mysteries of higher education. Ikawa like all school boys was a descendant of a noble family and spent all his odd moments delving into the Encyclopedia Brittanica; but he served the breakfast and dinner adequately, cooking with grace the simple meals, washing the front porch and sweeping the house once a week in a most artistic, if possibly superficial style. One day, however, Ikawa felt he must enlarge his bank account, so, with tears in his eyes and words of sorrow on his lips, in a most melodramatic setting he departed to join the berry pickers in Sonoma county where he had been given to understand that fortunes were waiting to be culled with the friut. He was gone a whole week when a letter came begging to be taken back. The work was uncongenial and degrading, and he wished to return to the "honorable home, the sooner is the better, for I have ascertained that I better don't have left you."

The servant problem came to make its home in our broken but quickly mending city, and has been with us ever since—a most unwelcome visitor. The only solution seems to be an apartment where you do your own very light and unsatisfactory housekeeping, or the boarding-house or hotel where home becomes an antique institution too expensive to be indulged in.

At least it is something to have had the memories of other days and faithful service—something like a heritage or a fairy tale for the children of today that they may listen with open ears and eyes to the stories of the times when there were no apartments or flats, no steam heat or elevators, electric cars or automobiles, telephones or wireless, phonographs or movies, and every family had a whole house to live in and a back-yard to play in, with a garden for flowers and a front gate to hang on.

Here's to happy days of the long ago!

Certainly the days are gone forever when one capable, versatile servant sufficed for the conduct of a comfortable, well-to-do home. The high-priced Jap chef of today can't approach his five-dollar-a-week Chinese predecessor of thirty years ago in efficiency who scorned to confine his department to the cuisine. The West End in London fifteen years ago discovered the marvelous versatility of the San Francisco Chinese house-servant, so perhaps their appropriation explains the disappearance of the cult from our fashionable homes.

The Soul of the Irish

(Continued from Page 5)

lusion-proof" are the epithets he selects for those who were so lately described as expansive and eager, with head in the air, snuffing and snorting, of an airy and unsubstantial genius, truly sentimental. Reviewing the English misconceptions of the Irish peasant, George Birmingham thus turns his mockery on humble but misguided admiration:—

> "The man who was once a murderer by inclination is now a kind of half Pagan, half Christian saint, the one witness left in a materialized world to the undying truth of age-worn mysticisms. . . .
> He is supposed to believe in a thousand gods of earth, air, wind, water, and Mary is the mother of them all."

So another British illusion fades, and the Englishman in his perplexity has to cast about for yet one more generalization that he may accept for the Irish nature. In this fine collection of Irish manners, customs and stories, George Birmingham, no doubt, thinks he has drawn an exact portrait of the real Irish type—hard, unemotional, untouched by sentiment, "fact-facing" and "illusion-proof." But is that the kind of impression we get from his excellent narratives? Not in the very least. Where, then, shall we look for our new ideal of the Irish type? Perhaps, the next few days or weeks may show us where; but we are rather inclined to think that the real Irishman must be like Cerberus—three men at once.—London Saturday Review.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 30336 —(New Series)—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of E. B. READ, deceased:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the last will annexed of the estate of E. B. READ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator with the will annexed at the office of his attorneys, A. F. LEMBERGER & V. G. SKINNER, Room 807, Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of E. B. READ, deceased.

H. R. HEALY,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of E. B. READ, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 23, 1920.

A. F. Lemberger and V. G. Skinner,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., Room 807.
10-23-5

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SANFORD E. SELLER, Deceased.

No. 30319—Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of SANFORD E. SELLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at their office, 14-16 Spear street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SANFORD E. SELLER, deceased.

HENRY SELLER,
ARTHUR SELLER,
Executors of the last will and testament of SANFORD E. SELLER, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 16th, 1920.

FRANK McGOWAN and BLAINE McGOWAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California.
10-16-5

My niece accompanied me on a visit to a friend. Refreshments were served, and Lois was offered bread and butter.

Looking longingly at a plate of cake, she said: "No, thank you; I can get bread at home."—D. H.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY EXECUTRIX AT PRIVATE SALE.

Probate No. 29882—Dept. No. 9.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM BECKMANN, sometimes known as Wilhelm Beckman, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as executrix o. the last will and testament of WILLIAM BECKMANN, sometimes known as WILHELM BECKMANN, deceased, will sell on behalf of the estate of said deceased, at private sale, on or after Wednesday, the 3rd day of November, 1920, to the highest bidder for cash, in gold coin of the United States of America, as a whole, the following described real property:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Chestnut street with the easterly line of Mason street, running thence easterly and along said northerly line of Chestnut street twenty-three (23) feet, thence at a right angle northerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle westerly twenty-three (23) feet to the easterly line of Mason street, and thence at a right angle southerly along said easterly line of Mason street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement.

Written offers or bids to purchase said real property will be received at the law offices of Messrs. O'Gara & DeMartini, Rooms 549, 550 and 551, Mills Building, San Francisco, California.

Dated: San Francisco, California, October 7th, 1920.

MINNIE HEINZ,
Executrix of the last will and testament of William Beckmann, sometimes known as Wilhelm Beckman, deceased.

O'GARA & DeMARTINI,
Attorneys for Executrix,
550 Mills Building, San Francisco, California.
10-16-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29830—Dept. No. 9.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Estate of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executrix, of the last will of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the office of her attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, rooms 501-504, Phelan Bldg., in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased.

GERTRUDE RICHTER,
Executrix of the will of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 24th, 1920.

Charles F. Hanlon,
Attorney for Executrix. 10-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 27663—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the will annexed of the estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator with the will annexed, at the office of its attorney, Henry Eickhoff, room 604, Mills building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undesigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased.

MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, September 28th, 1920. 10-2-4

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Helen M. Bonnet.....Editor

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Next Tuesday

No one will ever know what effect a political campaign has on the casting of ballots. The very fact that the word "campaign" is used indicates that there is a general delusion as to what happens in the public mind. The electorate is a battlefield upon which Republicans and Democrats train their guns (mouths and pamphlets) and, accordingly as one side or the other combines the cleverest speeches with the noblest candidate, the battle is won. Nothing of the sort. The metaphor of battle excites the campaign director to assume that the public is won or lost by these furious onslaughts of platitude. There certainly is a No Man's Land of uncertain voters; yet these are not sufficiently numerous to sway the election one way or another. It would be interesting to know just how many persons have changed their minds politically since that day when the Democratic Convention announced Cox as Harding's rival. A canvass of this subject would prove one of the greatest psychological tests of modern times. Imagine a demon that, three months ago, could have scrutinized the brains of the voting masses. On November 2, the demon takes another look, and finds the result practically the same. This is an inherent possibility. Brass band and brazen falsehood, red fire, sulphur and brimstone have been waged in many an election, and all to no material change upon the fortunes of the winner. If, in the present contest, there has been a flux of opinion, the evident direction has been toward the Democratic party. And this would be nothing more than a reaction to that state of mind which accepted President Wilson's program when it was fresh from the fields of victory. Then the Republicans posed as critics of the war, of war policies and of peace. The Republican Party, having rescued the Philippine Islands from Spain, was averse to seeing the Democrats engage in diplomacy beyond the mainland of America. So the G. O. P. now stands for a provincial policy. Wilson and Cox both know that the future of the United States lies on every ocean; that our destiny is the supreme one among nations, and that the one way we can show ourselves worthy of such future is to accept it boldly. This is a bigger appeal than the porch-poser Harding has made to his well behaved audiences. When the cannon were heard in Argonne, there was a sound above the guns—make the world safe for democracy. According to the G. O. P., we didn't mean it, or shouldn't have meant it; or the G. O. P. thought it good policy to shout with the crowd when the enthusiasm was high, and retract later on. From the great conflict of nations, the G. O. P. emerges with an unsettled mind. It has nothing new to offer the people. During the last few months this fact has been gradually recognized: and if huge blocks of votes could ever slide from one candidate to another, present conditions appear just right for a slide from Harding to Cox.

* * *

The Little Nations

Little nations, like little children, get into mischief now and then. Both apparently have latent and patent stores of energy that are well nigh marvelous to the big ones. The very moment that we fancy the youngsters impressed, pacified and docile, do they get on a rampage, with all their company manners tossed to the four points of the compass. Poland, Armenia, Ireland, Mexico, have been thus; and in the southeastern part of Europe, conflict is the daily bread. One little nation, Switzerland, has long been a model child. Either there are no violent Swiss disputes or they are not interesting to the press correspondents; for we know little of what goes on in that country. Last May, when the republic balloted on the question of joining the League of Nations, the cantonal vote stood 11½ to 10½ in its favor. About 400,000 were for the league; and 300,000 against. This indicates that unanimity is as scarce on that side of the Alps as elsewhere. Unfortunately other little nations do not make a practice of settling their differences by means of the ballot box. Poland has just voted to become a republic; yet no one believes that serenity will redound from every Pole to Pole as soon as the new constitution goes into effect. Among the neighboring countries there is a saying that "All's quiet in Warsaw today;" somewhat like our reference to the Potomac at night. There is a distinction, though. The quiet in Warsaw has been, and still is, when occurring, quite a relief to other parts of Europe. Remembering that the World War began with the invasion of Servia and Belgium, we cannot but feel there is a deep philosophy writ into the League of Nations, whereby these tiny realms are protected. On the peace of these terrains rests the peace of the world. The moral suasion of the league could not operate other than a wholesome force upon the little nations themselves and their surrounding enemies. It is the nations and not the people in them that are as children; for in our own country, the Poles, Armenians, Irish, Mexicans and other wanderers from distraught governments get along very well, not only with one another but with themselves. Unto them, the United States of America is a league of united nationalities, and the mother of e pluribus unum is quickly understood and respected. It is not too much to predict that something of the same spirit could emanate from the League of Nations, if the league be proclaimed to the world under the conditions and with the congenial enterprise first uttered by President Wilson.

* * *

The Strange Case of Patagonia

Speaking of the vicissitudes that make the smaller nations weak adventurers on the highway of national life, think of Patagonia. It was a favorite land in the big geography book. In school days one was not concerned so much for the wealth and commercial success of a country as its romantic effect on the imagination. A wondrous race of barbarians, picturesque giants, dwelt along the lower expanse of South America. There is no more Patagonia. This has been long deplored by some; to others it will come as a distinct shock. While the inhabitants may still inhabit, they are rendered more or less unlike their former selves, by the encroachment of well known civilizing powers. Patagonia is no more, and has not been herself since more than a quarter century ago, when she was absorbed by the Argentine Republic. Then there is Bolivia. Bolivia is a landlocked country. She once had control of a few ports on the Pacific Ocean. Subsequently there came to pass one of the most remarkable and mysterious disappearances in history. A conflict arose between Chili and Peru, the result of which was that Bolivia lost her seaports. When the League of Nations was put into documentary form, there was no clause devoted to the restoration of rights formerly possessed by Bolivia and Patagonia. There are men who have not the slightest desire that such ancient history be given another chance. Nevertheless, it is not taking a too sentimental view in the enjoyment that such depredations upon national honor could not occur under the league. That safeguard is no more sentimental nor less practical than the Monroe Doctrine. The

United States is not making a business of preserving to school geographies such charming boundary lines as Patagonia's and Armenia's —not for the sake of a mere ideal. We do, however, desire to become a great maritime power, and our prestige in that regard may be supreme at the present day. From a mere business outlook, it would be poor policy to sell things to Armenia or the Philippines and then let some other country capture the treasuries of our customers. Beyond that, the world today is a big and, in a certain sense, an integral institution. Ideas and ideals are rapidly transmitted from one region to another. The unity is commercial, political and progressive. There is a world conscience. That much involves world privileges and duties with or without the league. There is a compact of principles from which no nation can afford to be delinquent. The war proved it; and there is no reason why a sensible nation like ours should not engage itself to that moral extent, in writing.

* * *

The Community Property Act

The basic idea of the feminist movement is that everything which proceeds from woman must be good. The male has gradually accepted this theory; although here and there it is apparently a case of forcible feeding. The propelling force of woman's progress is her conscientious belief that she is always in the right. And thus it was that she came blithely to Amendment No. 13 on the ballot, which is designed to award her the right of willing her share of the community property. Most of the women's clubs have advanced this law as being almost axiomatically for the good of mankind. If it be called "community," then why should not the wife have an equal right in disposing of it by will? If she possess not that right, then words and legal phraseology are a farce. Ordinarily the husband it is who creates this class of property out of chaos and nothing. The law has given him control of it. It consists of such possessions as come to husband or wife by transactions other than gift or inheritance. If the wife should acquire community property by her own labors or by aiding in the husband's affairs, she still has no greater authority over it than if the husband had accomplished everything by the magic of his own intellect. Of course, the business laws might make the wife practically a partner; but the laws of testamentary disposition would still be the same. If a wife be given the right to bequeath her half of the community property, she would thus be able to disrupt the business affairs upon which the husband has been devoting all his time. He might be working eight hours a day; she might be bridge-whisting and tea-dancing during the same period. Nevertheless, the new law would award her the right to swing half of the community property from under his very nose. This would be the faux pas of modern business, declare some of our local attorneys. On the other hand, the women say that marriage is a partnership. When a man marries he pledges his heart, his hand and one-half (½) of his purse; woman pledges more than that. All authorities—scientific, sociologic, poetic and melodramatic—are agreed on that point. Read any philosophic volume or book of toasts, and you will find that man is much the gainer by the marital compact. His wife probably was the inspiration for his success. Therefore, should she die, he ought not deplore the fact that she has willed away half of the common property, broken him up in business and perhaps ruined a big financial deal which he was putting over for the benefit of a second wife.

* * *

The Law and the Woman

It has been frequently said that women hardly understand the extent of their zeal in attempting thus to change the community property law of California. For one thing, business negotiations would face an uncertain factor. Financial responsibilities of the husband might be thrown into confusion by the death of his wife. It has been remarked that a wife, on making her will, could even demand a guarantee to that end. This she might not wish to give, and so the husband would be perplexed in his ventures. He could not, it is said, obtain the same amount of credit nor deal as freely in any way with his associates as he can under the present law, for there would always be imminent the danger of his wife's demise vesting a new interest in the concern and causing a liquidation of the assets. And yet, the death of either of two partners would bring about the same result. The only difference is that with both partners married, there would be four possible deaths, instead of two, to throw the partnership into liquidation. In the matter of corporation stock, there would also be twice the number of ownership changes (assuming all stockholders to be married). Apparently the women would be starting quite a little flurry in the business world. Still, they customarily start flurries everywhere; and why should business be immune? All innovations are revolutionary, especially in predictions. The new law is only one of a hundred that have been laden when prophecy of chaos. One man states that the proposed law would violate the confidential relations of marriage. Now any man with a wife in his home knows that no legislative, initiative nor referendum measure could disturb his domestic relations. Two pretty lips have more power than a civil code. A man with $10,000,000 may look with disrelish on the likelihood of losing half of it when his wife dies; but, since he must lose his wife at the same time, he is hardly to be pitied in his mourning for the lost dollars. Moreover, likely as not, she will bequeath him a few millions of her share, and the social contract will continue as before. However, no one knows what the law will be until the courts get a half of it. It is now too early to cry chaos.

Armour's Lamb

The federal indictment against Armour & Company for profiteering will not cause a burst of indignation throughout the country. Many of us will admit being tickled to death on sight of a Chicago meat packer appearing at the bar of justice. One hates to prognosticate evil, even for a meat packer; and yet what would be so thrilling as J. Ogden Armour undergoing a hunger strike to bring his case before the attention of the world? "On the twentieth day of his fast, Armour takes one capsule of oxo-bullerino in a little water." This would make an interesting feature of the day's news. Oddly enough, the indictment is for the sale of lamb. Armour makes no profit on lamb. This is one of the mysteries of the meat business whether the sales are conducted continually or intermittently at a loss, we have not yet been informed. A director of the corporation merely stated that his lamb business as a whole has been showing a deficit, while the government finds a gross profit from six to eight cents a pound. At any rate, it is nothing new with Armour officials to claim that they are operating below cost once in a while. In the present case, the lamb was brought all the way from New Zealand. One would think the company surely entitled to a half cent a pound profit. But no; they did not desire it. Perhaps they feared this very prosecution, and sold the product at a loss, to be on the safe side. The government, also with a safety-first motive, inserted 127 counts in the indictment. It looks as if one of these counts would stick. Uncle Sam has been watching Armour for a long time. His lamb-chops are becoming bonier and stringier. The New Zealand chop is a tough article, and hard to carve, as a section of bone permeats it diagonally, making it a problem whichever way you turn it. We would be glad to see somebody indicted at any time for this, which perhaps is no fault of the sheep or the shepherd; and yet somebody should be made to feel the responsibility. Why not Armour, since he brings it into the country? If he imports these chops at a loss, it must be done for spite; and the punishment should be severe; if he actually made an excessive profit on them, the government will naturally stand by the people and adopt every legal means to bring justice upon the heads of the guilty.

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The Nymph and the Stag

By BEATRICE TINA

Her anxiety was lest she might wound the creature. It challenged her out of the dim, wet thicket. Now in this place and now thither she beheld it, and, hurling forward, attempted to seize its horns with her hands. This, a hundred times repeated, at the hundredth found her still at fault The dazzling antlers eluded her fingers.

"Intelligent one," she cried, and did not refrain from clapping her empty palms.

Yet, in rage, often she grasped a dart. Always the shame of defeat appeased her before the throw; since to have maimed the wonder had come short of her desire to take it alive. Maimed, it were dead to her.

So all the day they crashed through woods whose brambles defied their cunning. The nymph left crimson points upon the thorns; also, the adorable animal displayed its trail where white locks floated like winter flakes among the thicket.

Out they came upon a stretch of lawn. And now had she only to choose the moment of victory, for he was ever more swift than she is in the open.

The stag fluttered when it saw her skim to its front. With her right hand, then, she took its horn, and, with her left, she encircled the charming head, and she led her captive towards the temple where she dwelt.

But here, the animal began to pine. Not snow-white bowl or the renewed oblation contented it. At the length of its leash it pointed its head towards the forest, and forth from the fores pointed another head.

She wearied of the weary brute. "Go! I will sport with thee again," she said to it, and loosed the tether. But, free to be gone, it lingered; and now towards the nymph, and now towards the scenting head in the forest it went bewildered.

"Hist!" she explaimed. "Off with thee!"

It looked at her with grieved eyes, and slowly footed across the grass. The one in the wood came out a step, and lo! the lurking head was set upon the body of a hag. Yet the face was a dog's face.

"Return, thou unfortunate!" cried the nymph to him she had cast out. But the witch beset him, and drew him in, and shut the teeth of the thicket.

How deeply, then, the nymph lamented her indulgence of beauty in the brute! Among those she had hunted, him only had she set free; he, most, was auspicious to have held. And believing that body of a stag to be not his true form, she resolved to re-capture him. By magic, magic is met. She burned an image of the creature and ate the ash.

Thrice strengthened by the potion, she sprang into the wet forest, and soon upon the trail of the quarry she counted the prints of six feet. Four proved the feet of the stag, and two were like those of a woman running. Not together went the six feet; but the four lagged behind the others, yet always following. At the river, swollen by the tears of piteous Cyane, the foot-prints failed along the slippery bank. The eyelids of night shut down, and the nymph, afraid of the rising water, went to a distant bush and slumbered, in her dreams still pursuing.

She wakened at the sound of a voice, and drew up one knee and poised her body ready to attack or to fly in a sheltering direction.

Weeping and cries of sorrow pierced the forest. Yet so attuned and melodious was the voice which uttered them that, listening, she thought she heard only the river moaning, or the leaves sighing from the weight of rain-drops; and the bending of a branch in the gloom sobbed, so that she wondered whether it were that thing which had wakened her and not some tone of lamentation. When the white light broke through the east she beheld who had grieved. A maiden lay close by the water. She did not hear the approach of the nymph, but, sunken in sadness, told of a never-ending search for one she had lost. The nymph lifted the long hair dabbled by the stream. Still the maid stirred not nor looked round, but said: "Cast me not by a blow among the shades. In misery I live, yet with hope. Send me not to sigh among those who sigh without hope."

The nymph consoled her. "O, wretched with love and lack of love, poor triumph would that be to me to afflict one so poor through affliction. I hunt not thee, but a stag with horns of silver."

"Then shalt thou indeed afflict me, for in such a form degraded runs he whom I seek. Yet may Diana stay thy hand and keep thee still unwilling to load up my misery."

Thus saying, the maid arose and stood like one condemned who, asking for life, expects not life, but to be rejected.

"Got-gotten am I, O maid, and disposed to pity. Who art thou?"

"Near by this river I was born of my mother Haira to Gyras, a mariner of this coast. No claim of birth have I. I was loved by Strato, a shepherd beloved by the daughter of his master. She cast him into the body of a stag, and I have sought him now five summers and winters."

The nymph looked not longer at the eyes of the maid, curtained beneath tears as the grey sky behind rain, but turned, bidding her follow. They went from vale to vale and across the misty plains, and upon every hill they climbed to seek the white hide and the shinning horns.

Where the river Anapis turns its length towards the sea there is a ring of trees. Hither arriving, ahead of her companion, the nymph beheld the stag tied fast and guarded by the sorceress, who, swiftly leaping, received the swifter arrow within her heart and loosed the evil flood from her veins. Upon the trembling stag the huntress laid the steaming shaft, and where it touched the skin split, and, peeling all apart, disclosed him restored to his own shape. Himself but lately a four-footed beast, he runs upright now to support the maiden stumbling upon her knees. He carries her towards the nymph, who is returning her arrow to the quiver.

Reflections

Francis Grierson

Man is composed of matter, spirit, and soul. The body is served by the spirit, and when we speak the spirit shows itself as its servant and its slave. The spirit puts into words all that is corporal—hasty opinions and worldly judgments. The soul speaks only by silent expression. Words are always more or less dangerous, considering their connection with the spirit and the body. Spoken sentiments are seldom just what the soul would say. The more one gesticulates, explains, expostulates, the more the soul retires and hides itself. In a conversation we do not see the real man, but his double, which represents him more in masquerade than in truth, for in a conversation there are too many smiles, too much affability, flattery, bad humour, or vehemence. To judge a face from the grimaces of a conversation is to deceive one's self as to the true nature of the man. The spirit and soul are two; how, then, can we understand by his language alone the man who thinks and feels profoundly? The body, with its vanities and its passions, is continually in evidence—impossible to hide it or deny it. And the body has so many needs, while the soul has so few; and the double is always there, ever ready to mystify, to disconcert, to distract, that the world may not divine the mysteries of the soul.

A person seated alone somewhere, meditating, carries in his face a psychic expression. This expression is the man himself. The moment another person comes upon the scene the expression changes and the double appears. The soul retires, and the spirit, restless, loquacious, and vain, holds its court, evoking the artifice of words, the egotistic subterfuges of the day, of circumstances, of exterior existence. Likewise, when one has received a disagreeable imprssion from a wise and good man, it is the double that one has seen and heard, not the man himself. From this source spring half the contradictions, the apparent paradoxes, and the personal misunderstandings of life.

Innumerable false conceptions arise from the fact that we ignore the part played by the double. The soul is the quintessential character of the man, but the double is volatile and delusive, therefore we are continually deceived by appearances. The soul never asserts nor manifests itself; it is neither vague nor vehement; it never gropes about, but encounters and takes possession, acting through intuition and attraction, and not through will and artifice.

Most of the puerile systems in the world arise from the fact that the manifestations of the double have been taken for those of the soul. Systems, generally, have proved vain and futile since they are commonly derived from the sentiments and sensations engendered by the double Each soul is personal in itself, stands alone, invincible.

All is mystery. Whatever we do we cannot escape that fact. This is the fundamental law which causes the illusion of progress and a constant desire to acquire more knowledge, to seek the unseen, the unheard, the unknown. Mystery engenders illusion—the most wonderful and subtle of all the primordail elements. Everything revolves or reposes on illusion; it is the action exercised on the mind by some person or some thing, and we are always under its influence, whether it be good or bad or indifferent.

Indefinable though they be, illusions are, nevertheless, realities. The secret and mysterious re-

lations of things, psychological and magnetic influences, are, in truth, solidly based on facts, and are of the greatest profundity. But this seems never to have occupied the attention of philosophers. They know nothing of it, though they live in this element, though they daily feel the effects of its influences and from time to time are even exalted by its ecstatic manifestations. Take, for example, the illusion of colour, of light, of shade. In itself it is of little import—an effect produced on the mind; this effect is illusion, in the general sense of the word; we see the effects, of we feel them, in the same way as we feel pleasure or aversion in listening to certain music.

Love, as a passion, also depends on this psychological influence. It is an all-powerful element, and, while only an illusion, it is one of the great mysteries, never quite explainable, for in its essence it is both mystical and absolute.

In great events, like love and war, surprises are fatal. An army that sleeps, and is surprised by the enemy, is lost; but in love there are a hundred-fold more opportunities for the unexpected to play a fatal part. The unexpected is the enemy that lies in wait for those who are susceptible to the tender passion, and that in a thousand forms and aspects night and day.

It is in the first place through the sight that surprise acts most fatally on the imagination. The eyes are struck with a new face, then the heart is attained by an unlooked-for manifestation of sympathy, then one's egotism is captured by a sudden and subtle flattery, uniting itself to all the other elements of psychological love to cajole, fascinate, and reduce the victim to a state of abject submission; after which one lives in a world of illusions, where appearance is everything, where reason is hypnotised by the imagination, and, in fact, no longer exists, where sentiment dominates will, leaving the body like a ship without a rudder.

It is especially in places that are lighted by shaded lamps—where illusion floats between the pink light and the suggestive shadows—that love triumphs through surprise. There are other dangerous places, but this one is where the victim is entrapped with the greatest facility. This is the home of the psychological spider that lies in wait for the unsuspecting fly which is naive enough to enter.

The vanity engendered by wealth produces illusions even greater than those produced by love. It is possible for a woman without beauty or extraordinary qualities of mind and heart to believe that she possesses the power to charm, and, in fact, often does charm; but the influence that she attributes to her wealth renders her susceptible to emotions and follies that love would never produce.

Perhaps there is no class so hopelessly decadent as the typical wealthy parvenu. Religion is kept up as a form of respectability, insignificant sums are given here and there, not for conscience's sake, but as peace offerings thrown to the public, much as a fleeing Russian would throw a pig from his sleigh to a pack of hungry wolves.

The purse-proud parvenu, whose wealth is synonymous with ignorance, vainly seeks distinction through ostentatious deeds of indiscriminate charity; and blind vulgarity will not let him see that money lavished on undeserving persons and questionable things serves only to attract fresh attention to the mental sterility of the giver, while the recipients, in most cases better judges of human nature than the donor, mingle compliments full of irony with feelings of contemptuous gratitude.

Riches united to egoism create in the minds of the delicate a feeling of repugnance which touches on fear; one flies from the egoists who pride themselves on their fortune as from the tyrants who seek not only the rights but the life of others.

Nothing revives our waning illusions like the promise of a life which flatters our weaknesses.

There are persons who choose their religion as they choose their garments: that one is preferred which flatters their vanity most. A belief in reincarnation is at once the most easy and the most flattering.

The difference between the modern agnostic and the modern spiritist is that the first is waiting to see and learn, the second waiting to see and feel.

The more one ignores the laws that govern interior and spiritual life, the more one is crushed by the power and the number of fatadical influences.

As long as the world lasts, physical and mental antipathies will prove a question of social and intellectual discord. That inscrutable power which we call magnetism will always play the principal role in the affairs of man. We are attracted or repelled by certain persons, often without knowing why, and the most secret, the most simple laws of nature surpass in justice and comprehension the best laws made by society. An attraction of the heart and the intellect makes us forget physical deformity, ugliness, and the discrepancies of age, but a mere corporal attachment can never atone for the lack of intellectual affinity. The raison d'etre of the different schools in art, philosophy, and literature is founded on the natural laws of attraction and repulsion. The world would be insupportable were each person left to think and act alone.

Sentiments and opinions are the only things which a man can rightly claim as his own, because these belong to his temperament. An idea, if it possesses a vital germ of truth, may be conceived spontaneously by a thousand minds at the same time, thus rendering what we call an original idea, in the imagination of any one mind, a thing beyond the possibility of proof. A real idea lies within the domain of the mathematical, and is, therefore, an eternal fixture in the essence of things. We come upon ideas in two ways—by experiment and by intuition.

Poetry is the flower of passion, music is the perfume; and poets and musicians are more intimately connected than the painter is to either. Music and poetry are two things that fall to the level of mediocrity if they do not awaken a sentiment of the Infinite. Shelley reminds me of Wagner, not only by his lyrical perfection, but also by his banality the moment he ceases to be inspired. Shelley, like Wagner, often falls into the most insipid mediocrity. Although the most uneven of all the English poets, he is the most original and the most fascinating. No one else has succeeded in combining the mystical idea and the lyrical form with such unity and harmony. Shelley soars to the empyrean; he ascends to a region where sentiment, emotion, thought, and form are one.

Certain poems of Keats owe their perfection to a union of art, sentiment, and beauty, while in Shelley there is an indefinable quality which renders one heedless of the aesthetic element; the artist is no longer considered, but the soul, the intangible element of things, and, in consequence, the reality. It is no longer a question of artistic work, but of a mystical revelation of the Infinite, which would would have thought inexpressible even in poetry.

There are many things which a young man can do better than a middle-aged or elderly man. In every kind of art which requires a free play of imagination, passion, and enthusiasm, the young man will be found more at home than the mind of maturer years. But the critical faculties come into play just at the period when enthusiam and illusion begin to wane. The critical faculties may be so developed at the age of thirty that sentiment and passion cannot hinder correct judgment, but such instances are extremely rare. Indeed, they only exist where there is some marked manifestation of philosophical and artistic insight akin to intuition.

VOTE "NO" ON PROPOSITION NO. 2
IF YOU FAVOR

LIGHT WINES AND BEER

How To Mark Your Ballot So As To Vote Against Proposition No. 2

2 PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT ACT.—Submitted to electors by referendum. Defines intoxicating liquor as that containing over one-half of one per cent of alcohol; with certain exceptions relating to religious, medicinal and home use, prohibits the manufacture, possession, receiving, serving, gift and transportation thereof, and also the advertising and soliciting the sale thereof, for beverage purposes; declares nothing therein shall authorize anything prohibited by any Act of Congress, nor limit the power of any city or county to prohibit the manufacture and sale of such liquor; regulates the dealing in intoxicating liquor for non-beverage purposes; and prescribes penalties.

Yes		Mark X Here
No	X	

Vote "NO" On Proposition No. 2

CALIFORNIA GRAPE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

The Spectator

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TOWN TALK - 88 FIRST STREET

Cox and Shortridge

Frequently this paper is asked why we champion Samuel Shortridge for U. S. senator, while we are avowedly for Cox for president. We desire to see Wilson's policies carried out, if Cox or any other succeeding president prove equal to the undertaking. To that end, it will not be necessary to have an entire Democratic Senate.

It will be history repeating itself. Some of the decisive battles of American history have been won in the halls of Congress, when "arms gave place to the robe and the laurel of the warrior yielded to the tongue of the orator." The records of these championships have helped to mold the patriotic ideals of succeeding generations.

We believe that had it not been for the Republican repugnance to acceding to the Democratic party the glory of establishing world peace, the last Senate would gladly have urged the United States to enter the League of Nations, and that by now the world would wear a different aspect. The Republicans did everything to discredit the present administration, with the idea: "We will change all that when we are in power." But they had no conception of the Wilsonian pertinacity. Alone, he stood against opposition. The wisdom of his course will some future day be acclaimed, though probably not during the next administration, whether it be Republican or Democratic. With Cox (a champion of the League) in the White House it seems to us nearer the dawn of "the coming peace"—world peace.

Shortridge in the Senate may oppose the League—indeed, he says he will. That does not trouble us greatly, for there will be other senators who will uphold the League—it would be a stupid forum where all the senators were agreed upon everything, even the most vital issues. When the Demosthenes of the west differs from his colleagues, they will know it, all the senators from all the states will know it for: "When he speaks

The air, a chartered libertine, is still."

They may not agree with him, but the fact of his having spoken, will "score one" for California. When he speaks another time on subjects of glowing interest to this glorious state, the Salons will give ear and heed. He will rivet their attention on this golden shore, which is bound by indissoluble ties to the older east. His eloquent words will convince, for instance, that we are the guardians of the western gate of America. He will dispel doubts of the wisdom of Japanese land ownership or citizenship under any condition.

Some of the S. F. newspapers have made light of the Shortridge gift of eloquence, claiming that he is a man of words, not deeds. How do they know? He has not yet had an opportunity to prove in the Senate the sincerity of his promises. But his friends who have known him since early manhood believe in his sincerity, in the honesty of his convictions. It argues well for him that all his old friends have rallied to his standard. They know him to be a red-blooded, human personality and nothing of an opportunist. They take delight in the fact that the outside world admires him for his ability, for his gift and they are proud of the fact that in his public or private life there is nothing to cavil at. James D. Phelan, his opponent, is a distinguished adversary. Indeed, it is lamentable that both Shortridge and Phelan cannot represent us contemporaneously. Phelan has builded judiciously during his incumbency. Shortridge will carry on that work, his term will be productive not of destruction, but construction.

An evening paper said last week that the support of Shortridge by "class papers" indicates his conservatism. As we support him, we are doubtless included in the catagory of "class papers," Thanks, we are.

Samuel Shortridge is an old friend of this paper. We know him to be brilliant, honest and sincere and striving for the best interests of his state, his country. We esteem and like him well enough to be glad that his personal ambitions are about to be realized In that realization we earnestly believe that he will serve the nation faithfully.

James Phelan has gracefully worn the toga for six years. When our old friend Samuel dons it, we believe that it will be a just reward for his fitness for the position for which all the years of his manhood seem to have molded and directed him.

Amendment No. 3—Justices

Of the three constitutional branches of our government, the most important is the judicial branch, because it passes upon or interprets the acts of the other two branches. Not only does the judiciary pass upon and interpret the acts of the executive and legislative branches of the government, but it is the arbiter of all of the personal and property rights of the people whenever they are brought into controversy

It is therefore essential that the men who are selected to sit upon the bench in the courts of the country, and particularly upon the various appellate courts, shall be men of the highest caliber as to integrity and learning in the law.

The emoluments of the lawyer of high character and ability are large; private interests see to it that the men who represent them before the courts are the most eminent lawyers, whose services they can command and that they are well paid.

It follows that the men who represent all of the people—who occupy the bench and pass upon the controversies that these eminent counsel present—shall be their equal in learning nad ability; but in order to attract men of high character to this most important service of the state, despite the honor that attaches to such positions the compensation must be such as to make the positions attractive.

It is notorious that the state does not pay to the judiciary anything like the salaries that men qualified to sit upon the appellate bench can earn in private practice. In fact, within the year, two of the most eminent of our judges—Mr. Justice Sloss, of the Supreme Court, and Mr. Justice Haven, of the District Court of Appeal—have resigned to return to private practice because of the inadequacy of the salary paid by the state; and a number of Superior judges have either resigned or declined to be candidates again in order to undertake more remunerative and less onerous private practice or employment.

In order to correct, in a measure, this condition, the people are called upon to adopt a Constitutional Amendment (No. 3 on the ballot), increasing the salaries of the justices of the Supreme Court and District Courts of Appeal, which were fixed in 1906, about 25 per cent, in order that the purchasing power of the salaries may be, in a measure, restored to what they possessed fourteen years ago.

This increase is very moderate, in view of the depreciation of over 50 per cent, created by the high cost of living. It will not increase the burden of taxation upon the individual taxpayer, as these salaries are paid by the state out of funds derived from corporation and inheritance taxes.

Capital and labor and civic and commercial organizations throughout the state have recognized the justice of this increase and have endorsed this measure. The press of the state is practically a unit in its favor. Who knows better than the editors the necessities of the situation? The people, recognizing in the courts the guardians of their rights, should vote unanimously for Constitutional Amendment No. 3, and thereby do justice to the justices.

Amendment 30—Public Utilities

The primary purpose of charter amendment number 30 is to provide a simple method by which the city officials can submit future propositions to acquire the property of public utilities to the people themselves, to pass on. It is not a proposition to buy the United Railroads or any other railroad. When the time comes for the people of San Francisco to enlarge their municipal railroad holdings they will make their own decision.

This amendment exacts into legislation a way for them to express their approval or disapproval.

JUDGE HENRY M.
OWENS
— FOR —
Superior Judge
(INDIAN WAR VETERAN)
Endorsed by War Veterans

As a matter of fact the city of San Francisco has been very successful in the conduct of its transportation system. The municipal lines have never cost the taxpayers a penny. They have not only paid operating costs since their inception, but have increased their original length by 60 per cent, paid interest on the original bonds in addition to redeeming almost 20 per cent of these bonds and have created a surplus of nearly a million dollars. This has been done without increase of fares and in the face of conditions which have not been at all normal. San Francisco is one of the few large cities to maintain 5-cent fares even with the present large increase in operating expense.

Amendment 30 provides a way for the city to duplicate this success if at any future time the voter shall desire to do so.

It also provides an excellent method for paying for property acquired—that of making the property pay for itself out of earnings. The city at present has no way of purchasing even a lead pencil without the cash. The money is raised either by taxation or bond issue. Amendment 30 provides a method of paying for property acquired in the future out of the profits of the property itself. San Francisco will be in a position to increase its transportation facilities and provide for the comfort of passengers, something under present conditions, sadly lacking. This amendment must be passed if the expressed desire of the people is to be carried out in the future.

The Absurd and Hilarious Harris Bill

The Volstead Act is un-American and un-Christian. It paralyzes the will of human beings. It deliberately says: "Here is wine—a little won't hurt you; too much will. You are not to judge how much you may have. The United States won't let you experiment—you shall have none of it. This is a Christian country; but never mind if wine is used in the ceremonies of the Christian church—we say that if you want to follow the Christian custom of drinking wine, you will have to go to some other country." The Harris bill would go further and foist upon this state a bone dry prohibition law from which the people of California could get no relief, even if Congress later on decided to modify the Volstead Act—we would be under hard and fast prohibition while other states could enjoy the juice of the grape crop, 90 per cent of which grown in the United States, is produced in California.

The Harris bill would lead still further to amateur and unsanitary manufacture of home brews and vintages; more excesses would ensue and disease and death destroy large numbers of people who would never have thought of consuming excessive quantities of intoxicating beverages had their personal rights not been interfered with. Vote "NO!" on Amendment 2.

Protest from an American Legionaire

"Your article in last week's Town Talk about proposed Amendment 33 was timely. You certainly hit the nail on the head. This proposed amendment is not only in violation of the law of civil service under our charter, but also are unjust to natives of this city who served our country in the late 'War Over There.'

"On returning, we find that the occupants of these positions, backed up by the 'higher up's' at the City Hall, are now attempting, by the votes of the people, to 'blanket in' themselves under civil service, thereby preventing us an opportunity (a square deal is all we ask) of competing in an examination of merit for them. In the name of justice, is this right? Irrespective of our war records, as citizens of this city, are we not entitled to enter a competitive examination for these positions?

"The law of civil service, under our charter, is either good or bad. If good, adhere to it strictly. Don't sidestep it, as is being attempted by these proposed amendments. If bad, the sooner we wipe the law of civil service off our charter, the better.

"Dear Editor: In consideration of the manifest injustice of these proposed amendments, may we not request your continued removal of the cloak of deception which now overhangs these proposed Amendments 33 and 34. The greatest of publicity should be given by all papers, such as you have done.

"Let all applicants, including the present incumbents, step out in the open and compete fairly in examination. So let us all pull together to kill, once and for all, 'The Blanket System'."

Hamburg and Berlin Today

Capt. John A. Whiteside, a young San Francisco mariner, was asked the other day to give us his impressions of the German attitude as he sensed it during a three weeks' stay in Berlin and Hamburg, from which he has just returned to visit his parents in this city. He found living in those cities comfortable, and, owing to the depreciation in the value of marks, very agreeable for the possessor of the American dollar. For instance, a suite of rooms with private bath for two persons cost only $3 for three days at the Victoria Hotel in Unter den Linden, Berlin, which hotel is superior to the Biltmore, N. Y. A dinner for six in an elegantly appointed cabaret was only $12, including a cocktail and champagne. The bubbly water is but $1 a bottle and flows freely in all the elaborately appointed hotels and cafes, where the entertainment is of admirable artistry. A man can buy a fine suit of clothes for $16, and the women look stylishly arrayed. Crowds attend the theatres, dancing in public is prevalent and the people seem cheerful. On the other hand, their money has little purchasing power, trade seems dull and the great harbor of Hamburg is practically dead. When an American destroyer sailed up the Elbe River for about sixty miles, the pilotage was 25 cents, whereas in America, for an equivalent distance, the rate would be $75. Sugar is still scarce, and the inhabitants are dependent mainly upon Scandinavian food imports.

Government officials are poorly paid, the astronomer general's present salary being the equivalent of $20 a month. At the burgomeister's handsome residence, the dinner was of the plainest fare, consisting of cauliflower soup and other humble edibles; but champagne was served in quantity. It seems to be the foreigners who consume the food, as the Germans lack the coin to purchase it. Fine cognac sells for 60 cents a quart. Some of the people say they drink to forget that they are hungry.

There is very little building going on and a dearth of shipping. Wages are low, the best paid laborers being the stevedores, who receive $1 a day.

In Hamburg, the only signs of devastation were the results of the revolution last summer; the copper roof of the city hall is riddled with bullets and covered with verdigris; barbed wire entanglements obstruct the approach to the government store houses, in case of mob raid.

Capt. Whiteside thought the women and children whom he saw were visibly still affected by the deprivations they had endured during the war and the mal-nutritive food they have been living upon since.

Until a few weeks ago, soup kitchens were maintained, where the little ones were served turnip soup and other food deficient in nourishment. Many became so weak that they died in their school rooms. The women do not look strong or well nourished.

The attitude of the people is very optimistic. They claim that the Salvation Army's slogan, "A man may be down, but he's never out," refers to them. They long for the restoration of monarchy, but during Capt. Whiteside's visit, he says he never heard the Kaiser's name mentioned. The men talk freely about their hopes. They claim that they could place ten million men in the field in a week, and actually believe that America would arm them. Their ambition is to

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conquer France. They are obsessed with the idea that the United States, on one side, and Great Britain allied with Japan on the other, will, within a few years, be involved in war and that then, with the world's attention directed away from Germany, their time will come to assail France. They believe that Great Britain, jealous of their maritime power, struck at them through France, and they are busily spreading anti-British propaganda in the United States with the warning that Great Britain, as our merchant marine grows, to compete seriously with theirs, means to strike at us through Japan.

The Germans are very resentful because so much of the French army of occupation are French colonial negroes, who are billeted in the clean German homes. They realize that their country is being paid back in the small coin of what they boasted they would have paid to France in case of victory.

The Germans claim to like the Americans, whom, they believe, were forced into the war.

"We can be very thankful," said the young seaman, "that Germany did not win the war, for they still cherish ambitions of world domination, and believe that theirs will yet be the leading race on earth." Capt. Whiteside said that these ideas are a confused jumble of impressions obtained by talking to all classes of Germans whom he met while with the International Mercantile Co., comprising six lines, British and American.

"By the way," he said, "harness and running races are the vogue in Germany, but San Francisco is the only city I've been in where horses are still used for traffic extensively. It is a surprise to see so many horses drawing heavy loads through busy streets. However, it is borne in upon the mind that the horse, at least is not yet extinct."

He told us also that he saw on the Embarcadero an advertisement for recruits for the American army of occupation in Germany, which bore the legend, "It's wet over there," which, he said, is certainly a true statement.

Tinkering with the Cosmos

It is late in the day to be quoting Omar Khayyam; but then he said something about remoulding this scheme of things nearer to the heart's desire. Wiry and wireless electricians have done this with our good world, which was once considered substantially correct for all practical purposes. It was good for amusement and for work. Our ancestors toiled in the field and danced on the green, setting us a good example, which we can't follow, because science tempts our path with too many wonders. Most of those wonders run by electricity. You turn a switch and help conduct the world for that part of the day. An Italian, we hear, has perfected a contraption for getting electricity out of the air. Perhaps that's where most of it comes now. The earth, air and water are about all that we have to keep us agoing. Now that it is possible to extract the static electricity from the air and make it work an incandescent, everybody will be trying to do it. We object. We think that the static electricity should remain right where it is. We have always thought so. How do we know that one shock in the wrong direction will not explode all those marvelous works of Nature, which we hear praised so much, especially in California. This static electricity is a good thing in the right place. Quite likely, it is needed in the economy of Nature. Why disturb it to run a sawmill? This monkeying with the universe for commercial purposes is getting to a point where we are not sure how much of the universe is left for its own mechanical purposes Some day somebody will invent a machine that will send out a spark big enough to electrocute the whole world or burn up all the oxygen. Anyway, there will be a detonation not provided for in any handbook of electricity. Likely as not, the fluid will shoot through him so fast that it will leave him unscathed, the sole survivor. He will gaze on the smouldering world and say he didn't do it on purpose. Without pretending to be great scientists, or even practical electricians, we say: Leave the static electricity where it is. Keep it in statu quo. It may be needed for something we wot not of.

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Curiosities of the Pulpit

The imitators of Billy Sunday are many, although their proselytes are not so many as his. The success of slang in the pulpit has had a wide influence upon young clergymen. The Genesis up-to-date and Revelation with jazz is now a well-known form of bringing the doctrine down to the masses. Big audiences are assured. In the language of the musical comedy press agent, the sermon makes a hit. During the vital periods of its existence, religion has always been sensational; so one can hardly quarrel with a pastor who sees in the empty pews a critical stage of divine worship, and attempts to put a little pep into his utterances. Yet the question bobs up—is this not promoting the creed from a box office point of view? And is not commercialized religion as weak a form of it as the commercialized theater? If one consider the Bible as the word of God, then it follows that the Supreme Being intended the superb language for all future ages. There would be no necessity for translating those grand visions into slang. Rather, let come there those who will pack the house with those who would just as soon attend vaudeville. To many persons there is close association between an idea and the language with which it is uttered. There are sublime ideas and sublime words In the English Bible the phrases are the greatest which the mind of man could invent for the divine tale. There is an exaltation in this, and millions of readers have recognized it. Some excuse there may be for use of the vernacular, say, in the slums, where naught else would be understood. But when addressing men and women to whom the slang is a mere divertisement of their everyday tongue, it appears that the intent is to amuse rather than glorify. Who comes to religion for amusement will depart in the same spirit. If he cannot endure a dignified presentation of Heaven, he is not likely to have a solemn respect for it; and there is every doubt in the world that the jazzy pulpiteer is accomplishing nothing for his church

Amendment No. 27—The Mayor's Inspiration

One of the best acts of Mayor Rolph is his suggestion contained in Amendment 27, for the establishment of a retirement system and to provide for death benefits of public officials, such system being conducted upon the compulsory contributary plan, the city also paying its quota.

This is an excellent arrangement and only simple justice to the men who take up the clerical duties of our municipal administration. The amendment is "good business." It encourages men to strive for proficiency in their technical duties and makes them zealous for the welfare of the branch of the service in which they are engaged. It gives them a sense of security regarding the future provision for their families and for their own old age.

The employes contribute 5 per cent of their salaries. Every large corporation provides pensions for faithful service long continued. A municipal government is a large corporation. The tax payers do not bear any extra burden by voting for Amendment 27.

Land Profiteering

One of the meanest of these profiteering classes is that of land speculators. They take advantage of the natural cravings of man for a piece of land and a home. In the satisfaction of this land hunger few men are able to pay for the land—all of which is held for speculative purposes. If a man buys it, giving a mortgage, he is still at a great advantage, but under such circumstances he at least has the use of the land for a home if he can by any means erect one.

Under the mortgage plan, if he fails to keep up payments, naturally there is a foreclosure and sale and he loses. It is also a troublesome procedure for the land seller, so in recent years he has devised a clever scheme by which to dispense with such legal proceedings, meantime holding the land in his own name. He is not put to the trouble of retaking it, because he has never sold it. He merely enters into a contract with the buyer, under the terms of which he agrees to hold the buyer's money until such buyer has paid him enough to cover the cost of the lot, plus "interest on deferred payments," plus taxes—general and special.

Let us take a concrete example to show what this really means: "Subdivider" gets an option on or purchases a tract of land. This he plats into lots, placing such values on them as he thinks he can get. Of course, the problem of cost never enters into the matter at all. The price is arbitrarily fixed on a portion of the lots. If they sell readily at the price fixed it is a hint that the price may be advanced until it takes a greater effort to sell. In that way the price of the lots is established. But that is aside from the real question. Take a lot whose price has been established at $3000. A buyer "contracts" to buy this lot. The custom is to secure a nominal payment down to bind the bargain, and then annually to collect an amount equal to 1 per cent of the sale price on the principal—which in this case would be $30 a month—and interest on deferred payments.

Under such arrangements the buyer pays $360 a year on the purchase price of the lots, together

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with interest on the "deferred payments," and all taxes that may be levied upon the lot that he has not yet bought—that is, of which he has no possession. Under these arrangements it will take him about eight years to pay for the lot, and during that time, if the interest at 6 per cent is computed anually, he will have paid, in round numbers, about $850 interest in addition to his payments on the principal as well as all government charges against the lot. That will have made his lot cost him about $3850 in addition to all taxes so paid on property of which he has no possession.

Surely the money the buyer has paid over to the seller for land which the said buyer does not secure could have earned a just interest had it been placed in some savings institution. If he is paying 6 per cent on "deferred payments," is it not equally just that we estimate his own money as worth the same? Then, during the eight years, during which time he owns nothing at all—not even the use of his own money—he will have paid over to the seller an amount of money the interest upon which would amount to nearly $800, but upon which he receives nothing. But let us be conservative, and show by these figures that the buyer has actually paid about $4500 for a lot priced at $3000, but which in every instance is an inflated value. That is, it is an anticipated value—one based actually upon the honest value of what the lot might be when the payments shall have been completed—or at the end of eight years. Even then the buyer is the one that takes all the risks, for however the value of the land may fall, he is bound still to pay the sum for which he has contracted or forfeit what payments he has made. The seller takes no risks at all.

In addition to above, there is another item worth considering. It might be difficult, because there is no public record of the transaction, to discover how many of these buyers never go through with the contract, in which case they forfeit all they have paid in. All of that is clear velvet to the "subdivider"—a somewhat ominous term, by the way.

It is because so few people "figure it up" that so many profiteers sail serenely on with their unconscionable gift.

Broken Hills

The shipment of 35 tons of ore, recently made by the Broken Hills Silver Corporation to Hazen, had an average value of $206.43 a ton, according to the sampler sheet of the Western Ore Purchasing Co. The mineral content of the ore was 188.8 ounces silver and 19 per cent lead. The ore was mined in the Belmont Incline shaft, where a cross-vein of sensationally high grade ore has been followed from surface to an incline depth of 90 feet, or to a vertical depth of approximately 60 feet. On the 90-foot level, drifts have been run east and west along the course of the cross-vein, and for a total distance of 75 feet east and west of the station a lens of high grade ore has been followed, having a value as high as $800 a ton. The average grade of the ore, as sacked for shipment from the Belmont workings, as determined by sack sampling, is $240 a ton. Some lower grade ore from the main workings of the Broken Hills vein contributed to reduce the average of the initial shipment to $206.43 a ton.

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The people of the camp are on the qui vive and are watching with great interest the development of the high grade lenses in the Belmont Incline shaft. The belief is general there that, with a further deepening of the new Belmont shaft and the proving up of the ore body, a mine may be developed equal to the famous Mohawk of Goldfield.

Forty miners are at work on the property, of which the Belmont workings are only a small part, the biggest showing continuing to be the nine-foot-wide silver-sulphide ore body developed to a depth of 250 feet in the main Broken Hills workings, 500 feet west of the Belmont Incline.

Edison As a Spirit Medium

The modern scientist, unlike Alexander the Great when sighing for new worlds to invade, need not sigh in vain. The lure of spirit land has been a potent one to many philosophers, who have not scorned to turn scientific instruments upon the invisible and unknown. The latest is Thomas Alva Edison. As he has made good on all his earthly inventions, he will surely have a large following of believers to say, "Now, at last, we have an expert on the trail of the ghost." Edison's plan is to set before the departed soul a recording instrument so sensitive that the unbodied mind will meet a minimum of resistance in communicating with the experimenter. On the disc of this apparatus, mind and matter will meet face to face, if the phenomenon be at all possible in the nature of things. If he obtain any results at all, the next step would, no doubt, be the installation of a phonograph to connect with these phantom voices; and then we should have singers from the great unknown entertaining us with melodies from the outer cosmos; and the bereaved of the world could possess these records from the souls that have gone before. Terrific is the hold upon the imagination, and appalling the prospect of utter nothingness in the infinite. After all, what are the amazing splendors of the modern world when compared with one authentic whisper from beneath the headstone? Howsoever cynical man may become in the aggregate, there will always be multitudes wonder-stricken with the tale that this earth is a haunted house, wherein wander the phantoms that once stood visibly before us. Edison does not confess himself thus credulous; yet he has faith enough to make the experiment. His attempt is in effect a challenge to the spiritualists, and he would lose no prestige by inviting their co-operation. They themselves only know if they would lose by offering it.

Renew Your Red Cross Membership

Having designated November 14-22 "Fourth Annual Roll Call Week," the American Red Cross expects all its members to renew their affiliation for the ensuing year by subscribing one dollar apiece. The money is needed to complete war-time obligations and carry on peace-time relief of human distress caused by famine, pestilence, earthquake, fire, flood or other great public calamity.

Mr. John A. Britton, directing the canvass for San Francisco Chapter, announces that it will be confined to three consecutive days, so as to make the actual work as brief as possible. Volunteers for this service can enroll by mailing name and address to San Francisco Chapter headquarters, Civic Center, or by telephoning Park 8600.

Home-Builders in Paris

During a recent meeting, the Municipal Council of the City of Paris undertook the solution of the housing problem which is at present facing Paris and its suburbs.

Some interesting facts were brought out by a sub-committee's report to the Council.

The population of Paris in 1191 numbered 4,154,042. It has risen since then to 4,755,000. It has risen since then to 4,755,000. It was hoped at the time of the Armistice that the refugees who had made their homes in Paris during the war would shortly return to the regions which they had been forced to leave. In a great measure this expectation was realized. On the other hand, a large foreign element has again taken up permanent resident in Paris. This element is increasing rapidly and one result is a great scarcity of city dwellings of the type which most Frenchmen use. The City Council proposes the following building program:

The city will erect eleven groups of model dwellings comprising 1476 houses; four additional groups of semi-apartment houses, comprising 1800 dwellings, and six other groups comprising 1700 dwellings.

The sum that is necessary to carry out of this work will be obtained by a special housing loan which the city of Paris will offer to the public. For the starting of the work at once the city has voted forty million francs from funds in hand. Dwellings will be completed within three years.

The city proposes to place the rental of these houses at a figure which will permit the payment of interest on the loans made to provide for their construction, and to pay for upkeep and operatidg costs. At such a rental the houses will rent cheaper than the average house of the same kind privately owned, if present rents maintain their high level.

In spite of the advanced prices the barber was blue, and the razor he was wielding seemed to share his discouragement. "I've just about decided to open a butcher-shop," he said, reaching to for the powdered astringent.

"And will you close this one?" his victim gasped feebly.—Detroit Free Press.

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Geoffrey Holt's Exhibition

Forty pictures from the brush of Geoffrey Holt are now on exhibition at the Taylor studios. Holt has dedicated his pigments to the picturesque west, and the one word, "adequate," readily comes to the mind of the spectator. It was a stroke of inspiration that gave the title "California" to a canvas that must challenge comment for its very name. It is a picture that commands attention at the outset and then meets every demand of the analyst. From the undulating sod rise a group of misty blue trees that sway and silhouette in the prismatic atmosphere. It is truly California for Californians to cherish. Another of the larger canvases is "Purple Mountains." Rosy-tipped, against a green sky, the purple peaks rear magnificently, and, although less of an expanse, from a compositional standpoint, are as magnificently Californian as the first named. In many of the smaller pictures, Holt rises to poetic heights. "Near San Diego" is a charming effect of that well-known blue which gathers in some of our valleys with an intensity found in few other places. It is to be seen at a glance that Holt works with the fervor of an artist who loves his work, and who, for that reason, will attract the admiration of other artists and the general picture-lover as well. The infusion of this love for his subject is what all painters attempt, if they possess it it all; and yet few have succeeded in presenting on canvas the play of fancy which all recognize when they gaze upon the actual landscape. When we find within the gilded frame the sensation that we had in the open air, the painter is then said to have done all that can be asked of him as a man, a colorist and a technician. Holt has achieved all that, and is welcomed as a painter of California.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Sesnon have sent out cards for a dinner dance at the airmont on the 6th. The affair is anticipated with keen interest by those invited, as the Sesnons are famous and original hosts.

Mrs Frank Pickney Helm has been confined to her home on Broadway for several days. Her friends have deluged her with flowers during her illness. This handsome and charming little lady from Kentucky seems to make a business of bringing sunshine into the lives of her friends. Though she is a gay butterfly of society, her days are occupied with good deeds, not only among the poor and friendless, but among her own associates wherever there is a burden she can lighten, a care she can dispel.

Colonel and Mrs. Barrington, formerly of the Philippines, have been in town at the Stewart. They leave in a few days for the east again.

Major and Mrs. Rupert, U. S. A., are expected to arirve here very shortly. The major is on leave and is taking a world tour. Mrs. Rupert's son, Philip O'Hare, has a magnificent yacht, which will await them in the Mediterranean, after their oriental tour.

Mrs. Lillian Donnelley gave a luncheon on Monday at he residence of her brother, Dr. Maurice O'Connell. There were twenty guests. The decorations were Spanish, and a pragram of softly played Spanish music was rendered by a concealed group of players upon stringed instruments.

Mrs. Donnelly, after the repast, gave an interesting talk against Amendment 37 and she explained the injustice of 33 and 34 and pleaded for American legionaires to be permitted to compete for civil service appointment. Mrs. Donnelley is an ardent advocate for Senator Phelan, whom she declared she had often seen in late night sessions in the Senate, where he was indefatigable in the interest of California.

Such charming intelligent women as Mrs. Donnelley can and do wield an influence in educating their women friends to study politics. Mrs. Donnelley is a very pretty woman with many accomplishments. Her past two years residence in the east have added to her charm.

Mrs. S. A. Pacheco gave a dinner dance on Wednesday evening at her home in honor of her nephew, Capt. John A. Whiteside, who has just come home from Europe.

Mrs. Cyrus Walker will remain in town for the winter at the Fairmont.

Mrs. C. P. Overton is in London with her sister, Mrs. Edgar Jones of Piedmont.

Society is anticipating with keen interest the Charity ball for the Little Children's Aid, which affair inaugurates our social season. Mmes. Garret McEnerney, Georges de Latour, D. C. Jackling, Joseph Donohoe, John Franklin Brooks, C. Mohun, John R. Hanifry, William Smith O'Brien, J. J. McDade, E. E. Eyre, Eleanor Martin, Bertha Welch, Eugene Lent, Mr. C. Frederick Kohl and M. H. de Young are box holders to date. A large attendance is expected

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Senator and Mrs. Pittman will give a large dinner party at the Palace Tuesday evening. The election returns will be received during the progress of the dinner.

Miss Blanche Murray is having a delightful visit in London with her aunt, Mrs. Charlton Wull. They spent the summer in Surrey and made several trips to Scotland. They will soon leave for the continent, where they will travel during the winter. Since going abroad Miss Murray has become a golf enthusiast. Returning San Francisco friends, who met her in London society, say that the American girl is much admired there. She has a quiet, reposeful manner, a brilliant mind and an unusual Quaker-like beauty, not often found in our ebullient people.

Mrs. A. Hammersmith has returned to this city. She went east to place her very beautiful daughter in school in New York.

Dr. and Mrs Coffey are expected to arrive home Monday from New York. Dr. Coffey and four other San Francisco physicians became fellows of the American College of Surgeons at the Montreal Conference.

Mrs. A. J. Marcus of Menlo left for New York last week to spend the winter.

Miss Muriel Boxton recently sailed on the Aquitania for Europe. Sig. Campanini will locate her in Italy with a famous teacher, who will coach her for grand opera. He is most enthusiastic about her voice and future, Miss Boxton is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Boxton of San Francisco.

Mrs. Arthur Banks plans to give a large dinner dance at he Palace on the arrival home of her brother, CharlesF. Hanlon, from New York, where he has been for the past three months attending to some legal cases.

One of the prettiest brides of the season was Miss Marion T. Maroney, who married Warner Bliss last week at an evening ceremony performed by Father George Lacombe at St. Brigid's church. The bride has sparkling brunette beauty, resembling to a striking degree her mother, who as Miss Hunt, was a noted beauty. Harry Hunt, the bride's uncle gave her into the keeping of the youthful good-looking groom and a flock of pretty bridesmaids in diaphanous flame colored tulle formed as pretty a picture as has been seen at any wedding here for a long time. There was a reception at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. E. L. Hunt, on Laurel street. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. E. N. Short and the late Frank Maroney. Her aunt is Mrs. Harry Bostwick.

The Effect of Hats Upon the Heart

It has always been a matter of dispute whether a woman is most attractive with her hat on or off. The ladies of long ago heaped up their hair to stupendous heights, affixing all sorts of gaities roundabout. As the complexity of this diminished in the course of years, the size and decoration of the hat increased proportionately. A few months ago it was predicted that this would be a gala winter for hats; and now word comes from New York that nothing like it was ever seen on land or sea by home or foreign shore. The feminine top pieces are beautiful, bedazzling, bizarre, bedamned and—well, the verdict is that

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the climax has been reached and that nothing more overwhelming or outrageous can go on the summit. To be sure, a woman considers the hat her crowning glory, because it represents her temperament exactly, and can change with her many moods. It is not to be denied that the more hats a woman possesses the more she is loved. By the ever-changing forms and colors of her skyline, she is invested with a capricious mystery that baffles and fascinates. The most beautiful woman in the world with only one hat would be a failure. She were better with none. The remarkable part about the present craze for queer hats is that it should come at a time when skirts are shortest. This divides the interest and is wasted effort. It may also be noted that to whatever extent woman overembellishes her head, she always encases her legs and feet in the severest lines possible. Her head glows and flourishes with the seasons; her ankles are always the same. Thus, in her simple path through the years, she moves in a fancied multitude of personalities upon her brow and likewise in the reflected heart of man.

Peppy College Boys

San Francisco has oft explained its easy virtue on the basis of being a seaport town. Berkeley has something of the same explanation to make because it is a college city. It is hard to tell who are the most obstreperous—sailors or college boys. The sailor goes quietly about his wickedness. When the freshman goes in for a little indecency, he needs a yell leader. The Skull and Keys Society of the University of California has apoligized for the "indecent and vulgar" initiatory running which caused co-eds to skedaddle from the campus and which brought "unfortunate" notoriety upon the university. Too little skull and too many keys to licentiousness are the avowed possessions of the college boy at his worst. At his best, he seldom gets into the newspapers; yet there is enough of the rowdy element to keep up the salacious interest right along. The Delta Kappa Epsilon's little game of strip poker with a few co-eds is still fresh in the memory. Strip poker, being a gradual disrobing act, also brought "unfortunate notoriety" to the whole town of Berkeley, if one can believe the moral potentates of the town. Of course, I do not fancy that Chicago, Boston or New York were much perturbed about that game; they may think none the worse of Berkeley. San Francisco feels the same way about it, maybe. The notoriety has been rather superficial and transitory; which is sad, for some of the students work tremendously hard to keep themselves in the center of Satan's red searchlight. The running of last week has been termed a smut carnival, and impersonations of well known young women were freely turned into public knowledge. The co-eds boycotted this carnival last year, and so the boys thought that this time they would give the girls something truly important to think about. Then they ran amuck. Perhaps a few of them require nothing more than a good, old-fashioned spanking. They may even have old-fashioned fathers who would perform the job,: were they on the scene. In lieu thereof, Mayor Louis Bartlett made a neat speech of a mildly critical nature. Hence, the official apology by the Skull and Keys; and we trust that the offended co-eds will feel that a great wrong has been magnificently righted.

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Elinor Glyn's Superman

The author of "Three Weeks," seated on the deck of the Mauretania, bound for this country, suddenly felt herself in dire need of a superman—for fictional purposes. The impulse was so strong that, unable to contain herself until arrival in America, Mrs Glyn wirelessed her requirement; and by this time everyone in the country has heard about it. All western supermen will have the oportunity of presenting their claims when Elinor enters San Francisco, of which city she is quite fond. If the prize winner shows up "as chivalrous as Bayard, as strong as Samson and as ambitious as Napoleon," he will be put into a book. His Napoleonic ambitions may never bring him to a throne: yet with Samson's strength and Bayard's valor, he ought to have a fairly good time in this world; and perhaps is enjoying himself at the present moment, although we ought to deport him it he be seeking a throne in the "vital west." Elinor also says she wants to have another look at the wonderful feet and ankles of American women. Mayhap, while thus sight-seeing, she will meet the superman engaged in the same pleasant occupation. Napoleon was a good judge of ankles; so was Bayard, who, if I remember aright, was the first to be called Le Bon Chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche. Samson didn't understand much about women. Being so strong, he didn't have to. At any rate, these three men all in one ought to make a good enough hero for any feminine reader; and if the heroine be very, very wicked, the book should prove very, very interesting.

Golf at Del Monte

Sports manager, Fred A. Purner, has announced golf features that will be held on the Del Monte and Pebble Beach courses during the next three months and is now at work on an extensive golfing program for the 1921 season. The next tournament of importance will be the annual Thanksgiving day celebration. The qualifying round of 18 holes is to be contested November 25th, and the match play rounds will follow the next three days. There are to be flights of 16 at handicap for both men and women. Trophies will be given for the best gross and net scores and to the winners and runners up in every flight.

For Christmas there is to be a blind bogey competition on Saturday and Sunday.

The annual New Year's day tournament, which is one of the big sport features at Del Monte, will last only three days. The qualifying round of 18 holes takes place on December 31st, and match play rounds will be contested on Saturday and Sunday. There will be flights of 16 for men with the first flight at scratch, and there will be flights of eight for women. A full array of trophies will be set up.

The Del Monte golf calendar for 1921 will see competition on practically every week-end, starting in January and lasting throughout April. Out-standing features will be the second annual Pebble Peach Gold Vase tournament on Washington's birthday.

There will be a number of crack golfers from the east, northwest, Canada and other points at Del Monte after the first of the year and local players will have a chance to come into competition with the visitors.

The prospects are that 1921 will go down in history as the biggest golfing year on record. Del Monte and Pebble Beach courses have already been named as the scene of fhe next California State Amateur Championship in September and a Junior title event is also scheduled for July. Both these events have been sanctioned by the California Golf Association.

Application has been made to James A. MacKenzie for the holding of a California open championship at the Pebble Beach course in January.

The dates have been set for February 3rd and 4th. The idea of outlining these three big open events is to attract the leading professionals of the East to come to California and get into competition with the crack professionals and the leading amateurs out here.

Techau Tavern Danseuse

Mr. A. C. Morrison, manager of the Techau Tavern, has engaged Miss Olive Ann Alcorn, the charming dancer, for a series of appearances at the Tavern. Miss Alcorn, besides her proficiency as a dancer, enjoys the reputation of being the possessor of physical proportions as nearly perfect as those of any beauties who have claimed to be replicas of a Venus of Praxiteles. She has been the inspiration of several sculptors.

Saturday afternoon dancing teas find great favor with those who like to vary the shopping hours by an interim with tea and entertainment.

The moment we cross another's threshold we leave our personality at the door, like the Mussulman who takes off his sandals before entering the mosque. For every man is a god in his own house, and on entering the house of a stranger we put ourselves under the domination of another god. Friend or enemy, we render him homage as long as we remain. This why we say: "You did me the honor of paying me a visit;" for the most stupid feel that no honour could equal the loss of one's personality, even for an hour. If you doubt the truth of this, call on your acquaintances a day or two after having received them as guests, and you will be surprised at the confident and authoritative air of these same people, who, the other day, at your house, showed you so much deference. You feel that, whether you like it or not, you, in your turn, have left your aplomb at the door, and that this time it is for you to bend before a host with an eye full of confidence, of easy mien, and free from all constraint.

The greatest proof of our admiration is to pass voluntarily some time under the domination of another, particularly if that person be gifted. In this case, the word "master" takes a double sense—master in the intellectual world, and our master as long as we are in his house.

"Why don't you kiss me?" soft she pled,
And he replied—to-wit:
"I was in doubt"—and then she said:
"Give me the benefit."
—Princeton University Tiger.

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The Stage

John Drinkwater Honored

Last May, citizens of Birmingham, in England—the mayor at their head—arranged a dinner in honor of John Drinkwater, the playwright of "Abraham Lincoln." In the customary speeches they praised him, first, as writer for the stage who had come at last to just recognition, and, second, as the director of the repertory theatre in their own city. So, after his stay of five months in the United States, they welcomed him back to his "home-town," there to continue his practice of both callings. In his own speech, Mr. Drinkwater could hardly discuss himself as playwright; but he did discourse at some length about his faith and his works in the repertory theatre. According to British custom, the Manchester Guardian reports his in the third persons.

"Mr. Drinkwater said it seemed to him a matter of real public importance that a great commercial city should honor one whose function and work had been wholly connected with the arts, because in the times that were coming it was more than ever necessary that the things the arts stood for should be recognized at their true worth. The government had never tried to understand the real significance of art, which was no more than the putting into form of all the chaotic experience of life through the images created by minds whose special work in the world it was to find such images.

"Referring to the work done by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, Mr. Drinkwater said it was a great satisfaction to find, after seven years, that it was a really established thing, and in his opinion there was no fear that it would come to grief for the next twenty years. In Birmingham, at all events, they had made it a matter of national importance, without any help from outside and against remarkable indifference. The achievements of the Repertory Theatre had coincided with great developments in the arts generally, and now there really was in 'Brummagem,' which was a by-word for cheap commercialism, artistic activities which were without equal in any town in the country. It was literally the life of the city which had produced these results, of which Birmingham should be proud and should cherish and nurture.

"Discussing the repertory ideal, Mr. Drinkwater said there was on the one hand an enormously powerful commercial theatre doing its own work successfully and entrenched against all possible assaults. What they asked was that the work they had been fighting for in the repertory movement should have its full chance. He believed there was scope for more imaginative and really fine drama, and his object was to try to capitalize it and to capitalize the experience they had gained in Birmingham. He wanted to see the repertory system, such as Birmingham had, with one or two theatres attached to it, so easing the work of the actors and providing a greater variety of plays for the public and in association with it a big theatre in which plays which made a wide popular appeal could be produced. If they had two or three repertory theatres working in an entente, though there was no business connection, the repertory standard could be spread through a very large portion of the English theatre.

Until they got the best artists of all kinds working in the theatre it would languish. There was any amount of artistic vitality in the country to make a great theatre, and he thought the time had come when repertory work must be as expert in its own kind as the ordinary theatre was in its sphere. We were apt to overlook, in the remaissance of the theatre, that its foundation rested upon the drama of the spoken word."

A Suggestive Name

Patti Harrold is the name of the prima donna of "Irene," the musical comedy which is still holding New York's attention at the Vanderbilt Theatre. Some of the songs are "Hobbies," "Alice Blue Gown," "Castle of Dreams," "Talk of the Town" and "To Be Worthy of You."

Mme. Alda

Mme. Frances Alda, who will give concerts here and in Stanford, under the local direction of Frank W. Healy, has been selected by Toscanini, now director of the great La Scala Opera House in Milan, Italy, to sing there next year at the reopening of that great opera house. Alda sang at the La Scala when it was under the direction of her husband, Gatti-Cassazza, as the heroine in Charpentier's "Louise." Always a satisfactory soprano, Alda in the last two years has developed remarkable popularity. "No soprano since the days of Semhrich, Melba and Nordica can so stir an audience as can Mme. Alda," declared the critic of the Bangor Daily News, when Alda appeared as the star of that great Maine festival. San Franciscans will make a big event of Alda's appearance here, for her glorious voice, charming personality and regal bearing are well known in this city.

S. F. Symphony

Sunday afternoon the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will give the second popular concert of the season in the Curran Theater, for which Alfred Hertz has selected a most attractive and satisfying program.

The principal numbers will be Halvorsen's "Vasantasena" suite, Debussy's "Children's Corner" and the "William Tell" overture of Rossini. Other items to be included are the overture to Boieldieu's "La Dame Blanche," the intermezzo and barcarolle from Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman" and Tschaikowski's brilliant "Italian Caprice."

For the next pair of regular symphony concerts on Friday and Sunday afternoons, November 5 and 7, Horace Britt will be the soloist. He will play Ernest Bloch's "Schelmo," a Hebrew rhapsody for 'cello and orchestra, which made such a deep impression when first presented here two seasons ago. The symphony will be Tschaikowsky's beautiful Fifth,, considered by many to be his best work. The program will open with Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture, one of his most characteristic pieces of descriptive writing.

Poetry is passion illuminated by imagination and regulated by art.

Poetry affects the heart and the mind; music affects the heart and the nerves. The former has more hold on man, and its raison d'etre rests on a more solid foundation.

Music awakens in us a sentiment of the Infinite; but mingled with this sentiment is an ineffable sadness, for music is still another mode of the illusory. The soul, first awakened, then rendered clairvoyant by harmonic rhythm, recognizes during a few moments the unutterable imponderability of the things that are. While rejoicing, it confesses its powerlessness. This explains the short duration of impressions produced by muic, which are, however, for the moment more penetrating than those produced by poetry.

Carried to its utmost limits, music produces one of two impressions—resignation, which calms (Beethoven), or dramatic action, which excites (Wagner).

Music is a metaphysical illusion, whose secrets are often felt but never uttered.

The greatest poets have been those who studied least but who possessed a certain faculty of divining the mysterious. Application, which fortifies the intellect, kills imagination, for in rendering the mind positive it clips the wings of fantasy. Hence, the more a poet studies his style, the more he limits his creative power.

Imagination is the moonlight of the soul, where reason wanders unbridled 'twixt illusion and reality.

Alcazar

The Alcazar is en route to the solution of the puzzle: "Where is the leading lady?" A few more more moves and she will be found. Miss Elywn Harvey, a dainty, refined, soft featured young lady is the present factor. The audiences have been pleased with her in the brilliant Maughan farce. Her role is an active proof one, but she scores in the entertaining situations.

Dudley Ayres looks handsome as the hero and Ben Erway is artistically funny as an inarticle officer. Mr. Erway is a versatile, invaluable member of this excelent company. The two Emilies—Melville and Pinter—shed luster as they always do upon the excellent performance.

Beginning Sunday evening, "The Argyle Case' will hold the boards in a big melodrama. Election returns will be announced from the stage

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"Now, then, my hearties," said the gallant captain, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder is gone; then run. I'm a little lame, and I'll start now."—The Stars and Stripes.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I am glad to see you are taking as much interest in politics as you formerly took in racing."

"It is the duty of every man and woman to take an interest in politics."

"Do you wish me to vote for the same candidate that you do?"

"Why shouldn't you?"

"I thought it might be a god idea for me to vote for the other one. It would be a satisfaction to feel that one or the other of us has at last succeeded in picking a winner."—Washington Star.

ALCAZAR

This Week—The Bubbling Comedy
"TOO MANY HUSBANDS"
WEEK COMMENCING NEXT SUNDAY MAT., OCT. 31
(Election Returns Tuesday Night)
The Thrilling Melodrama of Twin Mysteries
By the authors of "The Dummy"

"The Argyle Case"

In which Detective Wm. J. Burns Collaborated
NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
DUDLEY AYRES ELWYN HARVEY
SUN. MAT., OCT. 17—First Time in the West
The Laugh-a-Minute Comedy Romance
"THE CAVE GIRL"
By the authors of "Polly with a Past"
Every Evening. Matinees Sunday, Thursday, Saturday

On Stage Fights

By CLEMENT SCOTT

ON STAGE FIGHTS

I have been making inquiries from experienced actors, notably from my dear old friend John S. Clarke, who knows the stage of America and England during the last fifty odd years by heart, concerning the practice of actors in using unblunted and dangerous weapons in the exercise of their art. From all that I can learn, it is a miracle that here are not more accidents to be recorded. It is certain that the actors of the old school were not so foolhardy as those of the present day, for Edmund Kean, and doubtless Macready, partly protected themselves with basket-handled swords with which to fight the furious combats in Richard the Third and Macbeth. They would scarcely have risked their lives with the tempered weapons that modern realism insists upon. With Macready it would have been positively dangerous to risk an encounter with unblunted swords, for he roused himself to the passion of the scene by actually working himself into a fury behind the scenes. He would shake a ladder, stamp, swear, rave and do anything to simulate ungovernable frenzy, stopping short of the realism of Gustavus Brooke, who crammed his mouth full of chalk to make believe that he was foaming with rage, and tumbled off a chair on to the stage to simulate the position of a man who had just been thrown from his horse as Richard

A good story is told of Macready and Phelps in the Macebth and Macduff fight. Macready, as Macbeth, commenced the old game of groaning, cursing and swearing at Macduff sotto voce. But he positively frightened Phelps, who, when he came off, expresed his disgust and horror, saying he was not accustomed to be abused in such an intemperate fashion. "Oh, never mind that," said a bystander, "it's only Mac's way. Pay him back in his own coin, and give him a taste of your special Billingsgate." Whereupon the very next night, directly Macbeth began swearing, Macduff swore more awful words still; when Macbeth cursed enough to make the blood boil and curdle, Macduff did the same, and the combined oaths were sufficient to take the poor prompter's hair off. But it is recorded that the fight never went better.

There is not so much danger in stage fights with foils, as they are always buttoned; but there is always the danger of the button falling off, when a clumsy thrust would kill a man as dead as a door nail. The peril is with dagger fights, unless what are called "trick daggers" are used, that is to say, daggers mechanically made, whose blades sink into the shaft or handle when the blow is struck, and serious danger, also in ordinary combats, when actors refuse to use blunted weapons. Conceive, for instance, the danger of the celebrated sword fight in the "Dead Heart," at the Lyceum, between Henry Irving and S. B. Bancroft! Both actors were short-sighted, and seeing with difficulty without glasses, but here they were pounding away at one another night after night, saving their precious lives alone by careful practice and accurate timing. It is idle to say that experienced actors cannot go wrong in such matters. The facts of the stage prove the contrary. Allowance must always be made for excitability, and the dangerous eventuality of "losing one's head." All actors cannot be "calm self-contained and passionless" according to the mistaken Talma and Coquelin theory. The true artist does lose himself in the passion of the scene, and on the whole plays far better than the cool, calculating actor. I would not give a fig for an actor who can laugh, talk and chaff two seconds before he goes on the stage for a serious scene, and allows his dressing-room to be full all the evening with silly chatterers. Much more do I admire the artist who is brooding, talking to himself, and getting into the skin of the part behind the scenes, and who, if he were addressed before going on the stage on some irrelevant topic, would turn round like a fiend, as an old friend of mine once did, and said to the interrupter, "D——n you, sir! How dare you address me? Don't you see I a mgoing on the stage?" It is very much the same with me when I am watching a play, and compelled to get every detail of it into my head between the hours of eight and eleven thirty. During the progress of a play I hate to be interrupted or disturbed. If I am spoken to, I am like a bear with a sore head, and the empty chatter of the stalls between the acts drives me into a perfect frenzy. On these important occasions the inside of a box is a haven of rest and delight. At any rate, you can think there, undisturbed, and there is not much time, I can assure you, for thinking on the first night of a new play.

I am happy to say that I have only witnessed one painful and serious stage accident. That was the first night of "Michael Strogoff," at the Adelphi, when Charles Warner nearly lost his life by clutching at the unblunted dagger worn by James Fernandez. It was a most painful scene. Five minutes before the curtain fell on the last act we saw that something had happened. The blood was falling from Charles Warner's hand in torrents, and the plucky actor was getting paler and paler under his "make-up," and swaying to and fro in evident agony. But, like all nervous, excitable and sensitive men, Charles Warner is a "good plucked one." When the curtain fell the actor fell also in a dead swoon, from pain and loss of blood. It was a miracle that he popular actor did not die that night. It was touch and go. But happily his life was spared, and the grim reminder of the accident is a stiff joint of the middle finger on the left hand. He has never been able to bend the knuckle since.

But now that we know that to inflict a deadly injury of the kind on your companion means homicide, what an awful complication occurs when the combatants are not friends in real life, but avowed enemies. nuppose they could be proved to be having a row, and wrangling and swearing at one another before they went on to the stage, it would in that event go very hard with the unfortunate actor who stabbed his companion, though i tmight have ben pure accident all the same.

I remember Tom Robertson telling me a story of the kind that actually happened at Cremorne, or some public gardens of that pattern. Two acrobats who were sworn friends were accustomed to make a slight ascent from the ground outside the car of a balloon. When some hundreds of yards from the ground, the one swinging by the other's hands, they used to scramble back into the car. One night, just before the ascent, the acrobat who held the other by the hands discovered in a dark corner of the ground his friend kissing the elder acrobat's wife. Boiling with indignation, he did not say one word, but slunk silently away. The ascent was made as usual, and when a hundred yards from the ground the elder acrobat, who had the life of the younger one literally in his hands, taunted him with his perfidy. "You kissed my wife, did you? Then down you go!" "For God's sake, Tim, have mercy." "No! no! down you go!" eH released his hands, and down went the younger acrobat with a dull thud, stone dead amongst the appalled dancers. Verdict: Accidental Death! No one but the guilty woman knew the true secret of that awful tragedy in real life.

A stalwart Swede stepped into a corner drug store. 'I bane sick," said he to the clerk. "And I want some vhisky."

"Nothing doin," answered the clerk. "Don't you know the country's dry? But," he added, "you might be able to get some squirrel whiskey over there at that saloon."

Across the street the big Swede made known his wants.

"Squirrel whiskey," yelled the astonished proprietor, "we don't have such a thing, but," in a whisper, "I can fix you up with a little 'Old Crow.'"

The Swede shook his head. "I no want to fly," he answered, "I yoost want to jump around a vhile."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The general run of news was against the market, but prices held firm and some stocks showed an advancing tendency, but trade was limited and mostly by the professional element. Money rates continued high—with time loans around 8 and 10 per cent.

An irregular foreign exchange market, generally tending lower, and the big English coal strike that threatened to extend to the railroad employees were the principal adverse factors with which the market had to contend. However, the market has persistently shown strength, in the face of all sorts of unfavorable developments, and the bulls are justified, for the time being, in feeling that a turn has been reached; but there is little reason to believe that the turn for the better will last long, unless some of these factors take a change for the better. It must be remembered that the market is almost wholly professional, and this element changes their views very quickly—whenever the market does not meet their expectations.

Liquidation in the commodity markets continues, and the slowing up industry is calculated to increase the money supply and incidently increase the demand for investments, but provision to take care of this demand is pretty certain to be made in the bond markets, and it is doubtful if much of the money finds its way into stocks—though, of course, it may do that very thing. Stocks are reasonably cheap and present conditions cannot last forever and the man who wants to play for the long pull can hardly do better than pick up the better class of stocks at prevailing prices.

The Steel Stocks were in better demand than for some time past, and this was due to the favorable quarterly reports issued by several of the leading steel corporations. That the advance did not go further was probably due to several reports, emanating from steel circles, that prices for the finished goods would have to be reduced, and the trade were more inclined to accept this view, inasmuch as the general trend in all kinds of raw material and finished articles seems to be on the down grade.

Copper Stocks continued to sag, and this is accounted for in the decline of the metal to 15 cents—a price said to be below the cost of production.

The Railroad Stocks held firm, and sentiment seems to favor this class of securities more than any other group, and their next statement, which will show their earnings under private ownership, is eagerly awaited. The general feeling seems to be that the roads have done well and, while no miracles are expected, sentiment seems to be that the rails are now in a position to show a decided improvement—not only in gross earnings but also a reduction in operating expenses

On the whole, the market seems to be marking time, and, while it does not respond to favorable news as readily as some would have it, yet—on the other hand—it has withstood about all the bearish news and, with any encouragement in the way of easier money rates, the market is in a position to discount a Republican victory by a sharp advance throughout the list.

Cotton—After a quick break in the market early in the week on the announcement that the coal miners had gone out on a strike and the threatened strike of the railroad employes, the market turned and traders, who had sold expecting further declines in the Cotton futures market to around the 15-cent level, were competing with one another to get back their contracts at the extremely advance of 5 cents per pound.

The action of the market would indicate that, below the 20 cent level, the market had discounted about everything bearish that could happen, and the South were not the urgent sellers that they have been heretofore.

The big decline in the finished article that took place last week has brought in a better demand from consumers generally, and the attitude of labor in some of the larger mills in accepting a reduction in wages rather than see the mills shut down had a more favorable effect on sentiment, and the feeling now prevails that Cotton prices have seen their lowest for some time to come. Then too, Spot Cotton was more firmly held in the South, and it looks as if about all the distressed Cotton has been sold or will be well taken care of at this level.

Weather conditions that have been so perfect for the gathering of the crop for the past thirty days has again changed to cloudy, cold and rainy throughout the entire belt, which will mean considerable low grade Cotton that will never be gathered, as the demand for this grade is so limited and the price so low that it does not pay to pick. This is one factor that the trade does not seem to take into consideration and, when the Government final crop returns are compiled, they will show that the crop has been very largely over-estimated, due to the elimination of a large amount of low grade Cotton that was never gathered.

Liverpool, as well as Japanese interests, were said to be very large buyers—not only of Spots but futures as well—and, judging from the action of the far off futures, there was considerable buying by the investment trade.

We do not look for the present advance to hold, as it has been too rapid and mostly at the expense of the short interest, but we do believe Cotton around the 20-cent level for the distant futures is attractive from an investment point of view.

The barber on a homeward-bound transport was trying to impress his soldier-assistant that it was no cinch to shave a man whenever the five-inch gun, mounted directly overhead, went into action. But the doughboy refused to be impressed.

"Buddy," he said, calmly scraping the face of a squirming victim, "shavin' a guy where them things start from ain't nothin', but it takes nerve when you gotta shave 'em where they finish."—The American Legion Weekly.

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June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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LOVE'S LABOR LOST

[Respectfully dedicated to the London manager who complains that it is becoming "bad form to be emotional on the British stake" and cites the case of "an English actress of distinction" who insisted that her stage lover "should not be too ardent, giving as her reason that she knew so many people in society who would not like to see her in a compromising position on the stage."]

The hero with dishevelled hair
Declares his passion to his fair;
While she (it is a love illicit)
Would obviously prefer to miss it.

"Shall mere convention, then, control
The love that thrills my very soul?
Reflect, my dear" (so runs his patter),
"One husband, more or less, don't matter."

He casts himself before her feet:
"Fly with me now, my own, my sweet!"
Appalled by passion so volcanic
She glances round in genuine panic.

"Get up, get up!" in fear she squalls,
"There's Lady Straightlace in the stalls!
Her views are known to be the sternest—
She'll think I've played this game in earnest!"

MORAL

Perhaps the stage was at its best
Before it passed the social test,
And never titled dame or duchess
Had got it in their moral clutches.

When actors by the art they crammed
Were automatically damned,
Each dealt in passions elemental
And didn't give a continental.

—Lucio in the Manchester Guardian.

REFLECTIONS

Men are judged more by the quality than by the quantity of their thoughts and acts; and this rule applies with as much force to the deeds of statesmen and conquerors as it does to the productions of the thinker and the artist. Look where we may we find that when quality is distilled from quantity there remains a surprising amount of superfluous work, vain attempts at additional glory, false calculations of permanent worth, and foolish demands for the applause of posterity. We say a man has lived too long when he has done too much. Success in the sphere of intellectuality is analogous to success in commerce—first results create an ambitious appetite for another fruitful effort. The successful writer, whose first impressions have come unsought, after causing flattering comment from the public, is soon enveloped in the meshes of imaginary conditions which only exist in the individual. It is a phase of intellectual reaction which we can understand but cannot easily explain.

"Zeke," inquired Cap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark., of the proprietor of the crossroads store, "hain't you got some sort of rat pizon that is guaranteed not to make 'em die in the house?"

"Eh-yah!" was the reply. "Reckon I've got a box or two of it setting around yur some're. Say, Cap, your mother-in-law is still visiting you, ain't her?"

Prisoner—It is difficult to see how I can be a forger. Why, I can't sign my own name.

Judge—You are not charged with signing your own name.—London Opinion.

Willie swallowed some carpet tacks
And headed a line of rented hacks.
His mother called his father silly
To say the income tacks killed Willie.
—H. M. S.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

Probate No. 28747—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estate of MARGARET A. BURNS, an Insane Person.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the verified petition of KATHERINE T. LYNCH, the Guardian of the estate of Margaret A. Burns, an insane person, on file herein, that it is necessary to sell the real estate of said insane person which is for the advantage, benefit and best interest of said estate and all persons interested therein that said real estate be sold,

IT IS ORDERED by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of said Margaret A. Burns, an insane person, appear before the Superior Court of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10, at the court room thereof in the City Hall, on the 29th day of November, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order as prayed for in the petition should not be granted to the said guardian to sell the real estate of said insane person at either public or private sale, for the purpose mentioned in said petition, as she shall judge to be for the best interests of said estate and of the parties interested therein.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the Town Talk in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated this 27th day of October, 1920.

(Signed) THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Court.

M. J. Clark, Livermore, Cal., attorney for Guardian. 10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 30336 —(New Series)—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of E. B. READ, deceased:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the last will annexed of the estate of E. B. READ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator with the will annexed at the office of his attorneys, A. F. LEMBERGER & V. G. SKINNER, Room 807, Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of E. B. READ, deceased.

H. R. HEALY,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of E. B. READ, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 23, 1920.

A. F. Lemberger and V. G. Skinner,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., Room 807. 10-23-5

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SANFORD E. SELLER, Deceased.
No. 30319—Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of SANFORD E. SELLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at their office, 14-16 Spear street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SANFORD E. SELLER, deceased.

HENRY SELLER,
ARTHUR SELLER,
Executors of the last will and testament of SANFORD E. SELLER, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 16th, 1920.

FRANK McGOWAN and BLAINE McGOWAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California. 10-16-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

No. 110589

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

LAURA M. STONE, Plaintiff, vs. HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

Dated: Oct. 16, 1920.

WELLES WHITMORE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
714 Easton Bldg., 428 13th St.,
Oakland, Cal. 10-30-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY EXECUTRIX AT PRIVATE SALE.

Probate No. 29882—Dept. No. 9.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM BECKMANN, sometimes known as Wilhelm Beckman, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as executrix of the last will and testament of WILLIAM BECKMANN, sometimes known as WILHELM BECKMANN, deceased, will sell on behalf of the estate of said deceased, at private sale, on or after Wednesday, the 3rd day of November, 1920, to the highest bidder for cash, in gold coin of the United States of America, as a whole, the following described real property:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Chestnut street with the easterly line of Mason street, running thence easterly and along said northerly line of Chestnut street twenty-three (23) feet, thence at a right angle northerly sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle westerly twenty-three (23) feet to the easterly line of Mason street, and thence at a right angle southerly along said easterly line of Mason street sixty-eight (68) feet and nine (9) inches to the point of commencement.

Written offers or bids to purchase said real property will be received at the law offices of Messrs. O'Gara & DeMartini, Rooms 549, 550 and 551, Mills Building, San Francisco, California.

Dated: San Francisco, California, October 7th, 1920.

MINNIE HEINZ,
Executrix of the last will and testament of William Beckmann, sometimes known as Wilhelm Beckman, deceased.

O'GARA & DeMARTINI,
Attorneys for Executrix,
550 Mills Building, San Francisco, California. 10-16-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 29830—Dept. No. 9.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

Estate of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executrix, of the last will of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix at the office of her attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, rooms 501-504, Phelan Bldg., in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased.

GERTRUDE RICHTER,
Executrix of the will of INA LUCIE VENN, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 24th, 1920.

Charles F. Hanlon,
Attorney for Executrix. 10-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 27663—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the will annexed of the estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator with the will annexed, at the office of its attorney, Henry Eickhoff, room 604, Mills building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undesigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased.

MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of ANTONIO DE AJURIA, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, September 28th, 1920. 10-2-4

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

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Grecian King and American President

Last week in Athens was repeated the ancient cry, "The king is dead! Long live the king!" Unto the ears of even the most democra ic American, there is, in this slogan, an appeal of something royal beyond the mere glitter of royalty; kingly beyond the robe and crown of kings. At any rate when the king of Greece crossed the River Styx, his brother ascended the throne, attended by a few royal misgivings, which are of no moment here. We also have selected a new chief executive; not a brother, no relative of the present incumbent. President Wilson is still very much alive while we hail the new chief, whose wife is wondering what furniture, if any, she will take to the White House. If the new president proves to be a fairly good one, in four years from now, his adherents will be shouting, "Four, four, four years more!" Four years after that should he have served two terms, they will not dare the slogan again, no matter how nobly fate may have followed his official acts. In the mean time, last Tuesday's winner will find that the day's between November 2 and March 4 are the busiest of his career, if we can believe Dewey's remark that there is nothing difficult about the job of the president. In America, we mass a big opportunity for public rejoicing when we elect a president months in advance of his term. We could just as well hold the election on March 3. Both candidates could take up headquarters in Washington, and the procession down Pennsylvania avenue next day would be a noisier triumph than usually occurs in our political history. Should the hasty counting of ballots prove to be material error, the ousting of the supposed victor and installation of his rival to the presidency would be all the more exciting. That is one entertaining characteristic of a monarchy: The excitement always runs higher than is posible in a nation that makes its presidents by ballot. Kings and princes have morganatic wives. These add to the general gaiety. When King Alexander of Greece lay on his deathbed the physicians thought that "Madame Alexander" might be able to cheer him up; but court etiquette was against morganatic ladies entering the palace. This one got by on a technicality, being employed as a trained nurse. She could not save his life, but she established a precedent for sick kings, and so is to be congratulated. Such incidents are unpossible in the White House, as the public understands the etiquette of that austere dwelling place. King Paul of Greece is nineteen years of age, much younger than any president we could have; yet he has seen more of European pleasure resorts than has any American statesman, and will divert the Athenians with his youthful proclivities. By March 4 he will be a king of some experience, saddened by the thought that many of his subjects may desire a republic, while our new president will, for four years, feel more secure than any monarch.

* * *

The Future of Air Traffic

Shortly after the airship had passed its climax of sensational performance, it was hailed as a coming vehicle of trade. Looping the loop having lost its power to thrill, and the tail-spin having lost many of its aviators, continued enthusiasm was seen only in the commercialized plane. The nations talked of trade supremacy in the air. As the sky has always been a metaphorical realm for the greatest ideas, it follows that supremacy of the air means victory over all. Now, does it? The nations appear to be in no hurry to assert themselves thus. All are building airplanes and dirigibles, yet the satisfaction to date has been mainly in breaking records of distance, time and height. Remembering that the telephone was once looked upon as a mere plaything, one must be careful of criticizing the airship's commercial possibilities. It will always be used for maximum speed. The question then arises—when is such speed worth the price? Surely not in everyday transportation; for cargoes even now are not sent by the fastest steamers on the ocean; nor has the sailing vessel disappeared from the deep. It has been said that in the course of time, the passenger rates between New York and London could be made approximately the same as on the ocean liners. This is hard to believe; for the cost of keeping tonnage in the air is far greater than moving it through the waters. The probable fare across the Atlantic has been variously figured betwee $500 and $750. Space is more valuable in the air; one person, as far as his weight is concerned, is as costly as another to transport; and so the income from steerage passengers would hardly be taken into consideration, unless something develops beyond anything we now know of aviation. Such ultra-probable things usually do develop; yet no dependence can be set upon the moment of their arrival. At the present day, aviation is an expensive method of travel. It is fascinating alike to the veteran and the novice, and has played entrancingly on the imagination of all beholders. Editorial writers in particular have become poetic with all their migh. in description of that day when the sky will be filled with tourists and merchandise. We have been promised as series of titanic struggles in craftsmanship and aerial rates. That is to say the struggle will be between plane and plane. But when any rate war arises between plane and a common ordinary ocean steamer, we cannot see how the contestant in the air could long endure the cost of conflict. There is a future for the airplane, surely. Yet nothing in its present construction indicates that commercial supremacy will, in time of peace, be controlled by air craft.

* * *

Sinking of a Concrete Ship

We can pardon the forefathers for thinking that an iron ship would not float. When the first concrete vessel went into the waters, we knew it would float, but were not so sure about it being unbreakable. The "Cape Fear," that went to the bottom of Narragansett bay last week, registered 1693 tons. She was struck amidship by the 4111-ton "City of Atlanta." The nature of any collision is so uncertain that the survivors can hardly tell what would have been the result of the same impact upon another material. Concrete may be stauncher than wood, under general conditions, and reinforced toughness may offer greater resisting power to a splitting force. In this case, the "Atlanta" struck squarely with her bow. The side of the "Cape Fear" crumbled, and she sank in three minutes. Whatever the scientists and shipbuilders may say in favor of concrete, its fragibility will always be the impression it makes on the lay mind. At any rate, this will be the view of it until the material bears up better in an emergency, proving the "Cape Fear's" rapid foundering to be the result of a freak collision. Up to the present time there is no evidence that any extraodrinary blow of the deep was inflicted upon one steamer by the other. Such a chance meeting may be expected at any time. Wooden ships have, on occasions, disappeared beneath the waves with unexpected rapidity. Yet the faith in wood is traditional; while concrete is a novelty, and some readers will always believe that, assuming sufficient force to pierce the side of a vessel, the hole in the concrete will be of a

worse nature than in the wooden. More than fifteen of the crew were lost on a clear night with a calm sea. It is a profound question for the Shipping Board, and any doubt should be solved against the concrete construction.

* * *

No Political Talk in Schools

Our Board of Education is determined that teachers shall not talk politics in and about the school rooms, the cloak rooms or any other room, or in the yard, board walk or alley connected with the school. As long as it is school property, the teachers are forbidden to utter any political sentiment among themselves or unto the children. School politics, city, state and federal politics are all in the same class. The idea seems to be—no politics. Even the children must not wear lapel buttons indicating that they or their parents have any partisan inclination, affiliation or opinion whatsoever. This is one of those weird inhibitions wherein the crime consists of being found out. The Board of Education cannot hope that its order will be universally obeyed. It can foresee only that once in a while some infraction of the rule will be caught and penalized, thus making the others more careful, and perhaps more political. There is no law more unfair than one where the percentage of possible convictions is small in proportion to the number of infringements that are bound to occur. Nor is there any law of less wisdom. He must be a witless member of the board who will assume that two friendly teachers will not draw aside and speak their mind on some great or some fake statesman or a political measure of either sort. There is no doubt in the world that this very order of the department will be ridiculed ad lib., first in small groups and gradually in large, as the culprits acquire courage and conspirators. For a while the order against this kind of talk will be the thing most talked about. Boards, commissions, bureaus and committees have the power, beyond all officials, of making themselves ridiculous. Given the slightest opportunity, and they will grasp it, with simian avidity. In order to test man for the remains of any monkeylike traits, all you need do is give him a badge of authority and observe his changed manner under the decoration. The instinct to provide proper topics of conversation for their fellows is strong in many. When a board of education attempts to do so in behalf of the public educators, it is likely that they are meddling with the mentality of their betters; in which case there is only one result. The first trial for disobedience to the injunction will be worth going miles to hear.

* * *

Three-Dollar Wheat

After many inuendoes and rumors, the farmers have been caught in the act of wishing, hoping and strenuously yearning for $3 a bushel as the basic price of wheat. This ought to make a slice of bread much more valuable. Quite exhilarating was the suspected agreement of the growers to withhold their product until the desired price gleam brilliantly on the public mart. It is hardly possible that the Wheat Growers' Association will confess of agreement, as that would be something in the nature of a conspiracy, entailing a fine and imprisonment if adjudged to be in restraint of trade. Discussion of the farmers' strike is a local one to Kansas City, where the prediction was made that wheat would go to $3 within ninety days. It must be realized that the farmers have been quite peeved recently, and a raise in the price of wheat seems to be the only logical way in wheat they could give vent to their feelings. One cause of discontent has been the shortage of labor. Social unrest has invaded those districts where society is not spelled with a capital S. Thousands of farm-hands, who can hardly spell at all, have migrated to the cities in search of modern improvements, modern amusements and anything else that might prove interesting. The state of Nebraska, we hear, could put 5000 more corn huskers to work. Husking corn is pleasant enough, even with a goodly proportion of caterpillars to jar the nerves of the huskies. Six to eight cents a bushel is evidently not sufficient to keep the hired men on the farm; but three-dollar wheat would suffice, presumptively to keep the farmers themselves there. At six cents, a jazzy farm-hand should be able to earn a decent wage plucking the ear from the husks; and then he could feel a certain patriotism in having helped Nebraska with its 252,000,000-bushel crop. Maybe such sentiments are not entertained nowadays in Nebraska or elsewhere. The situation calls for attention from our Americanization clubs. Instead of devoting all the speeches to the constitution and the flag, our immigrants might be lectured on the dignity of marketing a bumper wheat or corn crop. Our own native born child could also be subjected to orations in that regard. Then, too, a sonnet on the sale of wheat at a reasonable price could be read to assembled farmers. If that fails to work, then the attorney-general of the United States might proceed under the anti-trust laws, wherever the compact appears to be a deliberate restraint of trade for the purpose of boosting prices.

* * *

Revision of Federal Tax Systems

The bankers of America have committed themselves to a persistent, solemn and somewhat ridiculous task: simplification of federal taxes. The solemnity of the occasion, when the first attempt is made, will be appreciated by all who have had the good fortune to pay an income tax; the absurdity of the performance will be felt by the incomeless or exempt man who has looked on and watched the others pay. And yet the joke is not all on the others; for no one is exempt from high prices. Our negligent friend, the ultimate consumer, pays these taxes willy nilly. It is a complex situation, and if the American Bankers' Association can do anything to simplify it, everybody, rich and poor, will be behind the endeavor. And yet, nay; not so. There are always those who eye with suspicion whatever changes in the law are broached by banking men. Likewise there are harum-scarum editors who foster this idea and tell the people whatever a banker desires must be fundamentally wrong, and that whosoever thinks not so is fundamentally foolish. In the present instance, it should not be difficult to convince Congress and the people that prices and taxes are closely associated. Of course, we are still paying for the war, and our present government costs a tidy sum to be kept running. The pang consists not so much of paying one's share as in the lurking fear that we might be paying too much. We are not accustomed to taxes in their present superabundant form. Something about them betokens an unreality—as if a great mistake, a clerical error had been made; and no great leader of men has arisen in our midst to discover it. Another thing: The more money our government demands from us the less it gives us in return. We refer to that article known as liberty. In New York harbor the Statue of Liberty was once said to enlighten the world. We wish the lady would enlighten us on the subject of high taxes, and why these, in every age, are attended with loss of personal rights. If the bankers can elucidate the problem they are entitled to our respect, even if they charge us a high rate of interest for their service. We believe, though, that they are sincere, this time, at least. Sincerity may be a poor asset with which to begin a noble project. The public is apt to be incredulous; and this fact causes discouragement at the outset. For some time, all of us have known the country to be in an unsettled state, psychologically and financially—even socially. If the bankers can do aught to improve this condition, through revision to tax laws or otherwise, then—here's to the bankers!

Town Talk Press

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At Sir Thomas Lipton's, Ceylon

By CLEMENT SCOTT

Those who have ever enjoyed the hospitality of a planter on a tea or coffee estate are not likely to forget the cheeriest of welcomes from the best of good fellows. In Colombo itself, the port at which all the steamers—P. and O. or Orient—stop, there is much to be done and seen, temples to visit, museums to catalogue, gardens, zoological and otherwise, to admire. But, to tell the truth, the place is too hot for very much exercise, and it is only when the sun is setting—when, ten to one, there is a shower of rain, nay, a deluge, such as has never been experienced in any other part of the world—that you are apt to venture out without endangering your life by sun-stroke. The principal hotels of Colombo are the G. O. H, that is to say, the Grand Oriental Hotel, near the harbor and post office, and the hotel on the Galle Face, which is the fashionable drive of Ceylon. But with most travelers the G. O. H. is the favorite rendezvous, while idling and loafing takes place under the corridors of the famous hotel. Hour after hour the guests, sprawling on long chairs, sleeping, smoking and very often drinking, endeavor to get rid of the hottest part of the day. It is then that these lazy passengers, as they are called, are swindled in the most barefaced fashion by the Cingalese merchants, as they announce themselves, who profess to sell them wonderful bargains in sapphires, rubies, golden ornaments and coarse lace manufactured in the country. The Cingalese men wear their hair very long, which is kept off their faces by the semi-circular combs which our little children wear at home, and what with their long black hair, the combs, the jackets and long white petticoats, it is the most difficult thing to distinguish a man from a woman. Beware of these traders, ye passengers of the future. Never believe for an instant that you will get a bargain from any of them. They will ask you $100 for a sapphire under the colonnade of the G. O. H., and at the last moment when your steamer is just starting, you will be able to get the same stone from him for five dollars. Before parting with your money consult the courteous host of the G. O. H., who is an expert in precious stones, or make your purchases at one of the shops, where you will get rue value for your money.

It was at the G. O. H. that I had an adventure which is worth recording. The bedrooms at this Eastern hotel are more like cubicles than bedrooms. That is to say, they are partitioned off, of course, but they are open at the top on account of the extreme heat. The consequence is that although the guests, when they have retired for the night, cannot see one another, they can hear without much difficulty, particularly any inveterate snorer. Whilst I was staying at the G. O. H., among the visitors was a very extraordinary young man. He could not have been more than six-and-twenty, and he must have weighed as many stone. He did more than snore. He trumpted like a rogue elephant. He started with a diapason stop roar which changed into a bellow, and ended in a shriek. The champion snorer shook the thin partitions of every cubicle in our cubicle. One night, when this entertainment was going on, and we were all alternately snoring or swearing, I heard, in the next cubicle to mine, a low and sweet murmur of complaint. It was a woman's voice, evidently the voice of a young, and to my imagination, a pretty woman. Every time the elephant man snored my next door neighbor gave a plaintive moan like a sick child in pain. At last, poor thing, restless and trying to sleep, she could stand it no more, and she murmured out in piteous accent: "Oh! who will relieve me from this awful calamity? Is there no man who will slay this dragon?" The words, so close to my ear, seemed to be addressed to me personally. "I will help you, poor lady," I whispered. "Trust to me." Whereupon I leaped out of bed, and turned into the corridor. There I found outside the snorer's bedroom three men attired in pajamas sitting on the floor and roaring with laughter.

"This is no laughing matter," I said, chiding their levity. "But what do you intend to do?" asked one of these frivolous youths. "Do? why, stop it." "But how?" asked the farceur on the floor. "Follow me," I said, in a tone of authority. I tried the door, and luckily for me it was unlocked. We, the conspiractors, all entered, and found this young mountain of flesh, this juvenile Falstaff, on his back, bellowing at the top of his voice. He was on a low, square iron bed. We each of us took one corner, and at a given signal we shook the bed. Had it not been for the mass in the middle, the bed, I am certain, would have been a wreck. But our labor was not in vain. The hideous noise stopped, and welcome peace reigned once more in the corridor of the G. O. H. We started back to our various rooms, and before I had time to cover myself over and close my ears lest the elephant man should trumpet again I heard the soft silvery voice whisper, "Thank you so very much. Good night!" In five minutes she also was in the land of Nod, and in ten minutes more the snorer was at his old pranks again. Next day I was naturally wildly curious to know who was my next door neighbor of the night before. You will grant that in the circumstances the curiosity was natural. I sought her everywhere, but in vain. She was a name and nothing more. All the public rooms and the verandahs and the terraces and the gardens of the G. O. H. were drear and dark. I drove out frantically to Mount Lavinia. All in vain. She was a voice and nothing more. I never could discover the mysterious lady. I could only conclude that she had sailed away in the early morning whilst I was sleeping or engaged in feeding the impudent crows which in Ceylon come flapping at the window to steal the toast or the fruit that may be at your bedside.

About a year after I came home from my long journey, I was telling this story at the table of an old friend. When I had finished there was a pause. When the conversation went on again my partner whispered in my ear, "Can't you recognize the voice? 'Thank you very much. Good night.'" And then she laughed, "Why; I was the mysterious lady." And so she was.

When I was in Ceylon I received an invitation to visit one of Mr. Thomas Lipton's celebrated tea and coffee estates there. The one chosen for me was at Dambatene, a heavenly spot of country. It takes three or four days to accomplish the journey, but it is a delightful experience. You each have your Cingalese servant, usually a thief or a malingerer. He either robs you or feigns a shivering fever in order to be left behind or to be sent home again to Colombo. First of all, there is a long railway journey full of interest, as you pass innumerable "paddy" and rice fields and estates of every description. Your first stoppage is at Kandy or Newra-Elyia, a veritable paradise of lilies and roses, a place, by the way, where I interviewed Arabi Pasha, and made an effort for his release from his banishment to Ceylon, seeing that he was becoming blind and old and longed to be buried in Egypt, the home of his fathers Starting from Newra-Elyria, with a relay of horses sent on, the journey up country began in good earnest. We took it turn and turn about to walk and ride, the servants carrying our baggage all the way on their heads. Each night we arrived at what is called a "rest-house," a kind of semi-hotel, supported by the government, where you find a decent supper and a fairly comfortable bed. And so, without mishap or a drop of rain, except at night, we arrived safely at Dambatene, where the boys welcomed us most royally.

At this particular estate and at many others the tea is plucked on the beautiful hills, and is manufactured miles and miles down below in the valley. In the old days it was the custom, when the tea—which required the most anxious and delicate care in the plucking, three leaves and a bud—was gathered, to send it down to the manufactory by torturous mountain paths, often very dangerous, except to the natives, packed on the heads of native bearers. But modern science has invented a far better arrangemnt. A wonderfully powerful wire connects the tea garden on the mountain with the manufactory down below. The tea when gathered is packed lightly and delicately into bags something like post-bags on the railway. These bags with rings are sent whizzing down the wire at a tremendous pace, and it almost makes you dizzy to see the bags dancing down, down, over forests, rocks and rivers, until they arrive by sheer force of descent safe at the manufactory door.

In order to show how quickly tea is manufactured, I myself, when at Dambatene, picked some tea in the very early morning on the lovely mountain. I started the machinery that sent the bag whizzing into the valley. Then it was dried, curled, and made into tea, a cup of which I drank from by own picking before I went to bed that night. The tea when manufactured is despatched in large bullock wagons to the nearest railway leading to the Post of Colombo, and it does not take long to find it in the shops and stores. It was thought at one time that the coffee industry had died out of beautiful Ceylon, but at Damatene and other estates owned by Mr. Lipton the coffee is almost as successful as the tea. It was a kind of deadly insect of the phyloxera kind that ruined the coffee planter of Ceylon. But I cannot conceive a more delightful trip than to go up country from Colombo and then, on an estate, be right royally entertained by one of the hospitable and busy tea planters. I should like to retire there now, and close the worry of my days in Ceylon.

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Proverbs

Proverbs are gone out of fashion in the west. Perhaps they have been killed by the "copy-book." The child who has learned to write by copying out (its tongue extended and rolling) such dismal truths as "A Stitch in Time Saves Nine" and "Birds of a Feather Flock Together" can never afterwards feel much enthusiasm for the inherited wisdom of the race. There is, it must be admitted, little upon which to feed the imagination in most English proverbs. They are as duly wise as ethical poetry. They are like the message of middle-aged to youth—warnings rather than inspirations. They are ethics on a dead level of prose, ethics without any spiritual value. They are commonsense grown bald. No healthy child discovers a new rapture in sentences like "More Haste Less Speed" and "No Gains Without Pains." One cannot quarrel with the sense of most of these sayings. One accepts them like the multiplication table. One objects only to the way in which they have robbed wisdom of her bloom. The child warms immediately to any proverb which has been allowed the slightest grace of jingle or imagery. "A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss" brings a picture before the imagination, and, on being told that—

When the wind is in the east,
'Tis good for neither man nor beast,

we have, as well as the rhyme, a country scene put into our minds—all our favorite horses and cows sheltering them selves behind a hedge from a grey sea-wind. Probably it is because of their association with the world outside the streets that children are attracted so much more strongly by proverbs of weather than by proverbs of wisdom. How often are their heads filled with pretty fancies when, seeing a rainbow burn into loveliness over a sea of storm and foam, they are reminded that—

A rainbow at morning
Is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight!

There they have pictures of rainbows and shepherds, such as turn the stormy world into a nursery of toys. This brightens the day for them like the story that the rainbow is God's sign to the human race that He will never again permit the floods of Noah to deluge the earth. And one can think of a mass of other weather-lore that has the same nursery charm. Rain is prophesied by the braying of asses, the cries of peacocks, and the flight of swallows. Despite the threats of rain, one's imagination enjoys a day in the country as creature after creature is thus mentioned. How much truth there is in these weather proverbs few of us have any means of telling. Some of them may be merely picturesque errors of observation. Others are the results of a thousand years of careful watching. The United States Government took them seriously enough about thirty years ago to have them collected and published in a book of one hundred and forty-eight pages. Mr. Dwight Edwards Marvin, who informs us of this in a new book, Curiosities in Proverbs, quotes an official of the United States Weather Bureau to the effect that "some of them are nuggets of pure gold, for they correctly state the actual order of sequence as determined by innumerable observations, even when the cause for such an order was not in the least understood by those who discovered it." It is difficult to believe that human beings would have gone on repeating, "A mackerel sky never holds three days dry," for century after century, if so easily tested a proverb had continually deceived them. And yet the weather omens drawn for generations from the priority of the oak-leaf and the ash-leaf in spring are now said to be pure follies.

One is especially attracted by the proverbs of the east, and of primitive peoples, not because they are more useful than those of the west, but because they are more childlike and fanciful. Some of them are tiny poems or tiny fables. There is a whole fairy-tale, for instance, compressed into the Tamil proverb quoted by Mr. Marvin:

"Why, man, have you got up into the tamarind tree?"
He replied, "To pluck grass for my kitten."

The English for that is simply, "Mind your own business," or "'Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies." Very charming, again, is the Hindu proverb, 'Who has seen the peacock dance in the forest?" with ots obvious meaning, and wisdom is delightfuly stated in the Japanese saying, "The bat hanging upside down laughs at the topsy-turvy world." One gets a good idea of the rich fancifulness of proverbs if one compares the various turns given to the same thought in different countries. Take, for example, the English saying as to the pot which calls the kettle black. The Russian counterpart of this is: "A pig came up to a horse and said: 'Your feet are crooked, and your hair is worth nothing.'" In Bengal they put it: "The sieve says to the needle, 'You have a hole in your tail.'" The Spaniards say: "The raven bawls hoarsely to the crow, 'Get out, blackamoor!'" The Greeks say: "The ass said to the cock, "Big-headed!'" A German version is, "One ass nicknamed another 'Long ears.'" And the New Testament saying about the mote and the beam in the eye will jump for comparison in the mind of everybody. Here, in every case, the proverb is a brief fable, humorous and with a hint of drama. Sam Weller's proverbs, with their touch of farcical comedy, give us pleasure for much the same reasons, though they are more nearly on a level with an alleged English proverbial saying quoted by Mr. Marvin, "'Ahem!' as Dick Smith said when he swallowed the disheloth"—a proverb which the present writer confesses he does not remember having met before. There is here no real record of human experience, no comment of traditional wisdom, as there is in the pot-and kettle proverbs. Not that the wisdom of good proverbs is always equally wise. Sometimes a proverb is a golden sentence of philosophy, as in the eastern saying, "Love is the net of truth." Sometimes it is in the beautiful expression of a common-place, as in the Turkish "Death is a black camel which kneels at every man's gate." Sometimes it is a piece of hard commonsense, as when the Persian says, "A black cat will not be washed white with soap," or as in the Urdu question, "If you put a cow in a cage, will it talk like a parrot?" Sometimes it is bitter with cynicism, as when a Scotsman says, "Do a man a gude turn, and he'll never forgi'e you," or, as Horace Walpole applied the proverb (if we remember right) to Boswell, "Do him a good turn and he's your enemy for life." Sometimes, the pessimism of proverbs is of a still darker hue. The Bulgarians have a harsh saying, "One guest hates another and the host hates both of them," and they have an even more profoundly gloomy proverb, "God is not sinless, He created the world." This last proverb has about it all the melancholy of the history of an oppressed people. Proverbs, indeed, are often the summary of a nation's history, like the suspicious Irish saying, "Beware of the horns of a bull, the heels of a horse, and the smile of an Englishman."

That proverbs cannot be relied on to be true at all times and in all circumstances is shown by the fact that many of them contradict each other. The proverbs of Solomon adjure us almost in the same breath to answer a fool according to his follow and not to answer a fool according to his folly, and the wisdom of the saying in each case lies in its application. Similarly, "A rolling stone gathers no moss" has its contradiction and complement in "A tethered sheep soon starves"; and "Honesty is praised and starves" rises up in conflict with "Honesty is the best policy." It looks as if the human race had amused itself making epigrams to express almost every point of view of which it is capable Man is a changeable and reproachful animal. He reproaches one person for being rich and another person for being poor, one person for being beautiful and another person for being ugly, one person for leaving home and another person for not leaving it, till we begin to wonder whether he has any consistent standards of conduct at all. But it may be that he is not so unreasonable as he appears. He instinctively knows that truth is not to be imprisoned in a phrase. There is a left and right, an east and a west, and truth lies both at the extremes and between the two. Truths quarrel with one another, and truth is the name we give to their reconciliation. There are, on the other hand, numerous proverbs which are true without any vein of paradox. It is difficult to imagine circumstances which would falsify the Italian proverb: "It is easy to threaten a bull from the window," or the Greek proverb: "The frog flew into a passion and the pond knew nothing of it," or the Creole proverb: "The cockroach is never in the right where the fowl is concerned." These are almost scientific expressions of fact. But the proverbs which are artistic expressions of fact are not in any way inferior to the others. The Chinese proverb, "There are two good men: one dead, the other unborn," pleases us, not because it is in every sense true, but because it transfixes, as it were on a pin-point, one of those dark-winged philosophies which in moments of disillusion appeal to us. Similarly, when the Persian says, "The titmouse holds up its feet that the sky may not fall on it," it is the man of imagination in us that is delighted. Other proverbs are humorous essays in the telling of every-day truths. We have an example of this in the Danish "Had it not been for an 'if,' the old woman would

(Continued on Page 15)

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Psychology of Election Day

The queer thing about every election day is the atmosphere of doubt that settles over the populace at sundown. On election morn, both of the two big parties have statistics to account for the necessary 226 votes of the electoral college. The cocksureness of the campaign managers and their newspapers is enough to make the ordinary citizen deplore the waste of time in counting the ballots, if he has kept his eye on one paper. Strolling about the various concourses where the count was bulletined at night, the Spectator took note chiefly of that sentiment which votes and shouts for the seeming winner. In same intangible way, months ago, the idea had been transfused from mind to mind that this was to be a Republican year. The Democratic administration had overworked itself with the war, its president was sick and tired. Therefore, why not let the Republicans have a chance? It's plausible. But how about the League of Nations? Well, there was a time when the league would have won handily. Then it dragged in intent. The people no longer cared about it, one way or another. Republics are ungrateful, only because they are forgetful; and we all know how easy it is to forget a thing when looking at it too long. The League of Nations had been too long on the boards, and all the eloquence of Governor Cox could not retain public zeal in that direction. Among some of the people there has been a distinct aversion to the League. This was noticeable here and there in the election night crowds, when some jest against it was flashed on the screen. Americans are not instinctively cosmopolitan. They have a certain distrust for foreign nations, a notion that what takes place in alien lands is not entirely up to the standard of pure government, but contains something outlandish, comic, ridiculous from population to high office, and is, as many would term it in their slang, not strictly on the level. The average Americans judge foreigners by the immigrant; that is to say, the stay-at-home American does so. He remains at home not only in the routine of his footsteps but of his mind. He does not care to mix. When this man says "America for Americans," he has a vague double meaning that it would be just as well if the foreigner would keep away from this country and that we refrain from travel in his. It is a provincial outlook. Perhaps the election of Harding was more or less on that principle. In 1912, Wilson received 435 electoral votes against 88 for Roosevelt and 8 for Taft. In 1916, Wilson's share was 277 against 254 for the comparatively little known Charles E. Hughes. One can hardly account for such changes, except on the theory that a change at all hazards is the ever-lasting popular demand. The President and Congress are now comfortably Republican. They can talk things over in a friendly way. How long will their countrymen applaud?

Proclaiming the New President

Just as all Americans dutifully sing "The Star Spangled Banner" upon occasions which seem to demand an explanation of patriotic approval, so the day after election all good Americans receive Warren G. Harding as President of the United States.

Some of us preferred Cox and hoped for a perpetuation of the Wilson policies, but because "a President is a main part of this nation's fate, a mover of this nation's life," therefore we accept the choice of the majority for the Presidency which has been called "the most difficult, the most perilous, the most honorable, the most laborious, the least rewarded, and yet altogether the greatest chieftaincy in the world."

The only regret that Democratic supporters cannot refrain from voicing is that Harding and the Republican party assume control without any pledge to seat the United States firmly in the council of the League of Nations. "It is a cause," says President Wilson, "which some day will triumph." How the Republicans will eventually change their attitude toward the League no one can now predict; but they will, and before very long, swerve round to acceptance of the League, because Republicans as well as Democrats have the honor of their country at heart, the best interests of the war-torn world to consider. We concede the Republicans the present victory and congratulate them, but theirs will not rightfully be the crown of achievement when the United States proudly demands its place in the League.

Victory for Shortridge

With the Republican procession, goes into power California's choice for senator, Samuel M. Shortridge, and therefore we rejoice. Notwithstanding that "Town Talk" upheld Cox with one hand, we supported Shortridge with the other. Hence, while we dry regretful tears from our eyes with the Cox hand, we wave the flag of victory with the Shortridge hand. The triumph of Shortridge is made doubly gratifying by similar incidents all through the state. His election was won not by any efforts of his adherents to cast opprobrium upon his opponent, whom Californians are in duly bound to acknowledge a gentleman and a faithful representative, in his endeavors to replace whom Shortridge has nothing to reproach himself with. In our exuberance the day after election, in our enthusiasm for the Shortridge brilliancy and earnestness, we wish upon our newest senator the Presidency. There is no reason why California should not at last have an occupant of the White House. At this writing, no more likely candidate has appeared upon the western horizon than Samuel M. Shortridge. If he endears himself to the nation when it has an opportunity to learn in Washington, of his qualities of statesmanship as well as praiseworthy personal traits,—if in the Senate the country knows him as California knows him, then it is written that the White House shall be the home of a senator from California.

Letting the People Rule

The insidious movement to pass up to popular judgment serious questions of government has been crystalizing for a long time. The fallacy of it has been illustrated in this election, when everybody was allowed to have a free hand in framing the constitution. "Amendment 1, 2, 3," etc.; the bill boards were aflame with the number favored by individuals or groups of committees, more or less official; printing presses were kept humming to explain the meaning of the various ordinances; advocates spoke in the streets, in movie houses, at public meals—any place where groups could be assembled; the energies of those whom the proposed amendments effected were expended to explain them —yet the people at large were hazy regarding the effect upon life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Some gave deep thought to each amendment, yet when election day arrived, voted with grave misgivings as to the wisdom of their choice. Others "took a chance" and voted haphazard, while more "let the whole bunch slide." And there we are!

Government and corporation employees have worked hard to boost their remuneration within the scale of the unionized workmen, who in turn haughtily retaliate by turning down amendments calculated to make paths more pleasant for the government payee. "If they are not satisfied with the government salary let them go to work," has often been the response of the union mechanic. While the humble departmental clerk has sullenly frowned upon the movement to raise the pay of officials in "soft jobs" and judicial exclusiveness. Working men with ambitions for higher education of their own children have actually been adamant to pleas for University funds.

As for the water front city ownership—"Goodness! Maybe Los Angeles will appropriate what is really ours if the state of California remains in control." All this business of government is entirely too much for the mind of the every-day citizen with problems of his own to solve. Like municipal opera and vivisection and a few other internal problems, leave it to experts, or be contented with chaotic results.

A light is shed upon these matters in a little

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book by a former San Franciscan, Leigh H. Irvine. It is:

"What Is Americanism?"

"As the result of the Republican theory of individual rights, America soon became, and has remained, a country where the bootblack and the errand boy are not barred from becoming the president of a railroad company, of a bank, or of the United States—where the humblest toiler may become a Henry Ford or an Abraham Lincoln, and where no class is denied the largest opportunity in either politics or business.

"Vanderbilt and Astor, Wanamaker and Edison, Westinghouse and Schwab, Greeley and Pulitzer, Huntington and Harriman, Pullman and Hill, McCormick and Mackay—all these, and thousands of others throughout the United States, began their careers as humble toilers, in a fair field, under the protection of the flag of the free.

"Republican institutions gave us also our Websters and our Clays, our Lincolns and our Roosevelts, for they open the doors of opportunity to every boy in the land.

"All our material progress, our freedom—in short all those advantages which have enabled Americans to become what they are today—are due to the fact that this government has encouraged individual initiative, protected human rights and assured men the undisturbed possession of their lawful earnings. This is why the kindergarten roll of poverty flat in 1870 becomes the "Who's Who" roll of honor in 1920.

"We have avoided paternalism and every form of such hatred and enmity as made the French Revolution and the bolshevism of Russia possible. Truly, the founders did well to establish the republican form of government as a bulwark of safety against direct control by the populace.

"Washington was wise to tell us, in his farewell address, to stand by representative government, "to control the usual current of the passions." What would have become of America if Rousseau's "pure democracy, unchecked, unlimited, and undefiled by political leadership or political organization," had become our principle of government, as it became Robespierre's bible and inspiration in a reign of terror where mobs ruled like frenzied cannibals?"

How Some Women Lost Their Vote

That was a cruel ruling of the Kansas City (Kansas) election commissioner, who barred from the booths women who married between registration and election days. They had changed their names. Evidently the commissioner imagined that change of name is a change of personality, and that the applicant for a ballot was not the same person who had registered for the right to use it. Peradventure some of the disfranchised brushed the rice from their hats, suppressed their honeymoon blushes and voted under their maiden names. Sudden and unexpected technicalities are the greatest ordeal of the new woman, rampant or serene. The very worst has been the loss of citizenship to a woman who marries a non-citizen. One of the most ardent of suffragette leaders, now dead, Inez Milholland, had to endure this deprivation when she became Mrs. Boissevain. Laws pertaining to women have long been the civil side of the ecclesiastical dictum, "love, cherish, honor and obey." While the word "obey" may readily be omitted from the wedding ceremony, it will not be eradicated from the statutes for a long time to come. The silliest part of the situation is that a married woman, with family responsibilities, matured experiences and improved judgment, may, by a quirk of the law, be possessed of fewer political rights than a careless girl. It would seem that the dispossession of these rights should be the first object of remedy in any nation that recognizes female constituency. But such reforms come slowly. That is the main difficulty with American jurisprudence. Its efforts are scattered, uncertain and to a limited extent helpless amid a chaos of old and new statutes and their interpretations. This is particularly true in California, where alien, feminist and property laws are revised from time to time, little by little, in the hands of various commissions, legislatures, iniatives and referendums; whereas one good lawyer with a fund of common sense could rewrite the whole mess and make it adequate to the ordinary requirements of the people.

The Exchange Situation

The European exchange situation at present is dominated almost entirely by the British labor cris's and through its various fluctuations can be observed the existence of more or less favorable prospects of stability. Italy is having its separate troubles which are reflected in a more serious decline in the value of the lire than has occurred in other European currencies. Business in the Orient has fallen upon evil days, due to overbuying at high prices and the sudden stoppage of distribution of merchandise because of public impression that prices will be lower similar to the opinion now prevailing in this country. Rates of exchange on China and India, particularly the latter, have suffered violent declines in sympathy with the fall in silver and because of the lack of interest in the world's markets in the commodities which they have been accustomed to export. For several years past they have forwarded these commodities for consumption in great volume and at high prices, thus providing the basis for financing extensive imports. Unfortunately these imports have been taken largely by inexperienced firms and the profits of war-time prosperity have been distributed or squandered in extravagances. Reserves are therefore inadequate to meet the present heavy losses. Reports from the Philippines, Australia, Dutch East Indies, in addition to China, Japan and India, are all discouraging and American merchants are warned to scrutinize credit risks carefully or otherwise exact bankers' credits before entering into commitments. It is the opinion in well-informed circles that the present state of affairs will not long continue and that ultimately there will emerge only those substantial firms with whom dealings can be conducted with confidence. Restoration of confidence must be the foundation of the entire international commercial structure which we should now commence to rebuild.

* * *

Gold and Silver

The United States continues to take the surplus gold product of the world and in some cases is drawing it from state banks of European countries which cannot afford to spare it. Japan in turn is drawing from us certain sums, but her capacity to acquire further large amounts is questionable in the present state of trade. Silver exhibits extremely erratic movements, which is quite natural in view of the fact that our government buys the American production at $1 and the second great producer of the world, Mexico, is retaining for home consumption a large proportion of its new mined supplies, therefore market offerings are limited and prices bound rapidly upward on moderate inquiry whereas an immediate depression is noticeable when buyers are satisfied. Should business in India and China improve it would stimulate the demand for silver to such an extent that its price would easily reach the $1 limit, at which price the American mint buys American mined silver under the Pittman Bil.

Sing Ho for Jamaica Ginger!

Being without a wine cellar, in these degenerate days, is a test of ingenuity. In the first months following prohibition, the public was uneducated to the needs of the moment. Some were stocked up for a week or two, for which purpose they had broken into the rent money and the gas bill. After that the struggle began. First experiments were with wood alcohol. The scientific wanderers of the waterfront were the

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pioneers of this movement, which led suddenly to the sidewalk. Wood alcohol proved to be uncertain. One could never tell whether the outcome would be blindness, madness or death. This path of inquiry was given up in disgust. Then followed various perfumes, flavoring extracts, hair tonic—anything from which to evolve the necessary kick. There were even raspberry and peach concoctions with the appellation of kick-init and other variations of the Sanskrit root, "kick," which signifies the basic element of intoxication. A few months afterwards came more serious attempts, and we found ourselves in the era or home brew, grappa, jackass brandy and divers vintages of the kitchen. Many valuable citizens have been successful with home brew; yet the consensus is that it occasionally affects the drinker with a sort of pessimism, low spirits, gloom, malice towards all and sundry sentiments that are of no use for song or any amusement whatsoever. Home brew is getting better, as the days go by, and there is every indication that the government was serious in allowing the down-trodden masses to make a certain number of gallons of real wine annually. While the proper study of mankind continued to be the grape, there still existed many optimists who opined that somewhere there must be purchasable something with a content of ready-made alcohol. Vanilla and raspberry flavoring extracts have been found containing 40 per cent alcohol; but these were not dry enough. Then came the dawn of a new idea. Some patient investigator canvassed the groceries and druggists, was heard to cry "Eureka!" and the craze for Jamaica ginger began. It is not to be taken pure. Even in the old days, many a careless person has quaffed a pony of the stuff, and several strong men were required to rescue him from a medley of chairs, tables and rugs. Pure Jamaica is dynamic—one might almost say galvanic. It acts like a whirlwind. In moderation, diluted to the taste, it is quite soothing, far superior to the general run of pain-killers used by our grandfathers. The prohibition cops are apparantly powerless to stop the sale of Jamaica ginger and the kick thereof. A book of recipes beneath a bough, a jug of ginger, a gingersnap and thou full of ginger in the wilderness—oh, wilderness, were, etc., etc.

Just before the war a commander of a mine planter in San Francisco bay was greatly perturbed by having his stock of whisky depleted by surreptitious raids of thirsty enlisted men. He frustrated their dry designs by substituting a bottle of Jamaica ginger compound for whisky, after which he was left in undisturbed possession of all wet goods aboard the vessel.

English Women Betting on Horses

Nearly 10,000,000 of the United Kingdom stake money on race track events, is the word from London town. While this figure may be a wild guess, there is no fault, judging from the correspondents' patent enthusiasm that the wild guessing of women and their wilder encouragement of the runing horses, make the English race courses places of spectacular beauty. Considerable wagering is done in what we call pool rooms, and the workaday part of the public spends part of its afternoons in betting, race by race, on telegraph news. The sport of kings is now a queenly amusement. As long as the Prince of Wales performs his royal duty of patronizing the turf, all of his female admirers, from duchess to stenographer, may join the betting craze. The correspondent also says that 75 per cent of the circulation of the evening papers is due to their columns of racing news, form charts and tips. This was the case in San Francisco when the horses alternated between the Tanforan and Emeryville tracks. Racing extras sold by the thousands in the office buildings and along the streets. On some busy corners two or three boys would be besieged by customers demanding papers faster than the boys could make change. Women frequented both tracks and were among the loudest rooters. Out here, though, racing was never the fashionable event that it is in European and Australian cities. Women wore anything at Tanforan and Emeryville, where the styles were usually the relics of the season before, while the English and especially the French tracks are gay with the first outburst of the season about to begin. Even Ireland, occupied with riots, soldiery and hunger strikes, finds time to watch the thoroughbreds come under the wire. The recent Irish Derby was for $20,000. Next year $5000 will be added. Although Ireland considers itself a subject nation, its people are still at liberty to bet on horse races. In our own country we need not follow any fashion merely because the Prince of Wales honors it with his presence. The lamentable fact is that we are not allowed to do so, should we desire. If a member of the police force finds any of us placing money on a horse he will escort us to a jail duly provided by a government supposedly of, for and by the people. We can't tell the judge that the Prince of Wales does it, so it must be all right. However, they still let us read about it as it is done in London and Dublin.

Judge Mogan Blames the Mothers

Judge Mogan recently had occasion to annul the marriage of a seventeen-year-old girl from a café entertainer. The girl wanted to be a dancer, and the chap told her she had talents to make the world stampede with applause. One evening the pair drank a little too much claret, and became so excited that they skipped to Redwood City and were married. There is naught startling in this. Under the influence of certain beverages, some people sing, some throw bric-a-brac, make funny faces, caper about, and all that This girl felt so hilarious that she married. After the ceremony, and while marching away with her husband, she sobered up. Apparently marriage had a sobering effect upon her; her first act was to abandon hubby and return home. In dissolved the bonds, Judge Mogan was impelled to offer gratis a few platitudinous bits of philosophy. He thought mothers would do better by preparing their daughters for substantial work rather than talk to them of careers. Of course, not every mother meditates upon "substantial work" as a future for daughter; and, since stage dancing is as honorable employment as any, under the law, and if a girl have ability in that direction, the mother may be pardoned for connivance in the heart-breaking career. (To dance well is to break hearts, 'tis well known; still theres no law against it, and judges are supposed to lay down the law.) Anyway, the vogue at present is to blame some one other than the prisoner at bar. Courts have decided that mischief is the offshoot of environment. In this case the environment was the mother, and so she was advised upon her parental duties. The potent factor in philosophy from the bench is that no one dare reply to it in court. This is the supreme charm of being a judge. Your philosophy is omnipotent in the courtroom. Repartee, retort or quizzical rejoinder can be punished immediately by a fine for contempt of court. The great psychologists never enjoyed this advantage when promulgating their theories to the world. A mother's reply may be made to them with impunity; but not so to a judge on the bench, however circumscribed his knowledge of mothers and daughters may be.

Unsportsmanlike Possession of Stanford Axe

Ever and anon comes to print some story of the Stanford University axe which was captured by the Berkeley boys about twenty-one years ago. The latest tale is from Judge Everett Brown of Alameda county, who relates that, during that memorable series of fisticuffs after a baseball game, the prize axe was finally brought to Berkeley by a co-ed, who concealed it beneath her clothing. On that day, any strategy was considered fair, so far as getting possession of the axe was concerned. Since then, however, there has been some criticism over the methods that the Blue and Gold men have employed to prevent the Cardinals from recapturing it. The implement is said to repose in a safe deposit vault, whereas the Stanford men were originally led to believe it was buried somewhere near the Berkeley campus. It is the stowing of the axe in a safe deposit box that has led to the charge of unsportsmanlike conduct. The Stanford men must be held right in their contention that the trophy should be kept in a place where its possession and change of possession would be a perennial battle of wit and brawn. Seemingly the U. C. boys are not eager for such contingency. It has been intimated that the axe is concealed about the university grounds and the

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safety vault is only a ruse. This amounts almost to the same thing. Interest in the axe is dead as long as it is maintained or said to be maintained beyond the reach of the invader. An annual event, such as an intercollegiate rush, baseball or football game, where its possession is subject to change, would be much more in the nature of true sport and general interest.

Broken Hills Mine

Mining experts from everywhere, who have recently visited the camp and expressed themselves, are agreed with Consulting Engineer A. P. Thompson that the mine will probably be able with ease to strike a ten-ton per-day gait of $240 ore within the next sixty days, or earlier.

No young mine in the state probably ever before was so vigorously developed as that of the Broken Hills Silver Corporation, and the outlook for big quick results is surely most promising. Early production of high grade shipping ore, as forecast by Consulting Engineer Thompson, at the rate of approximately $72,000 per month, or $864,000 a year, would mean net profits from a single ore occurrence at a rate in excess of $600,00 per year. This rate of earnings would be equal to 200 per cent per annum on the par value of the company's entire capitalization of $300,000 divided into 3,000,000 shares of the par value of 10 cents each.

Dot—"You make me think of the Venus de Milo."

Dick—"Why? I have arms"

Dot—"Oh, have you?"

—Hamilton L.

The Fate of a Practical Joker

In the early '70s there lived in a little Connecticut village a family by the name of Eddy. They were well-to-do people and Mrs. Eddy was very popular with everyone, and her house was quite the center of the social activities of the town.

Mrs. Eddy had a sister-in-law, Mrs. Ebenezer Cobb, who lived about half a mile down the road. They were naturally very intimate and quite congenial—except at such times as Mrs. Cobb indulged in her proclivity fo playing practical jokes.

The village of Punkville was infested at the time of our story with peddlers of every kind and description. Lightning-rod men would stop at the house and talk for hours trying to persuade you to put lightning rods on your house, barn and chicken coop. Door plates were fashionable in those days and peddlers would call and insist on selling you an engraved door plate for the front door. Peddlers of tin-ware and kitchen utensils would knock at the kitchen door and spread their wares over the floor, and it was almost impossible to get rid of them without making a purchase. Dress goods, laces and carpets were also offered with equal persistency.

Mrs. Cobb was an adept in getting rid of these peddlers without making any purchases herself. She would say, "I am well supplied with these things now and at the moment do not need any for myself, but my sister-in-law, Mrs. Eddy, who lives down the road is very much in need of the article you are offering and I am sure you can sell her some goods if you are only sufficiently insistent."

The result was that Mrs. Eddy's house was infested with peddlers from morning until night.

In course of time, Mrs. Eddy learned to whom she was indebted for these frequent visits of the peddler fraternity and for the persistency with which they urged the sale of their wares, and she determined to get even with Mrs. Cobb at the first opportunity.

One bright spring morning a very neatly dressed, middle-aged man, carrying a small black valise and wearing an immaculate pair of tan colored kid gloves, called at the front door of Mrs. Eddy's house and sent in his card, on which was engraved the name of Dr. Samuel Toothplugger. Peddlers were in the habit of calling at the kitchen door, so Mrs. Eddy was thrown of her guard by the gentlemanly appearance of this front-door caller, so he was ushered into the parlor. The doctor made known the object of his call in short order. He stated that he was a traveling dentist— that many people found it inconvenient to take the time to go to the village or city to have their teeth attended to, so he had conceived the idea of repairing people's teeth in their homes He carried all the necessary instruments with him in his valise and was prepared either to pull teeth or fill them in an expeditious and workmanlike manner.

Mrs. Eddy listened attentively while the dentist recited his speech—a brilliant idea occurred to her which she proceeded to put into effect. She said, "I have just been to the city and had my teeth put in perfect condition and none of the family at present need any dental work; but I think your idea is an excellent one, and I happen to know that my sister-in-law, Mrs. Ebenezer Cobb, is very much in need of having some dental work done immediately. She was here just a short time ago and suffering with a toothache. Mrs. Cobb is a very bashful woman and timid with strangers. She will insist that she does not need any work done, but you must pay no attention to this diffidence on her part. The tooth which is causing her trouble is badly decayed, and is a lower molar on the left hand side. I happen to know that Mrs. Cobb is in straightened circumstances and I will be glad to pay for any work you do in her mouth. When she demurs and appears to be indignant at your persistence step right up to her and put your finger in her mouth, have your tweezers handy in your pocket and make quick work of the job. Of course she will scream and make a fuss, but you must not mind anything she says. Just be pleasant and bid her good day and call here for your money."

The program was carried out as outlined. Dr. Toothplugger called at the Cobb residence. Mrs. Cobb was at home and in a particularly bad humor, as household matters had gone wrong that morning. The doctor stated his business (of course— not mentioning that Mrs. Eddy had sent him). Mrs. Cobb said, "Well, you have come to the wrong house, but you might call and see my sister-in-law, Mrs. Eddy, who"—Dr. Toothplugger interrupting—"Yes, I will be glad to call on Mrs Eddy after I have attended to the work in your mouth, which I can see is greatly needed. "It is none of your business," said Mrs. Cobb, "whether I need work done in my mouth or not, you get out of my house." Dr. Toothplugger meanwhile had stepped up close to Mrs. Cobb, who was almost foaming with rage. He quickly put his finger in her mouth forcing it open and said, "Yes, that molar tooth needs attention badly—now just keep quiet for a moment—don't be afraid, I will not hurt you much" Mrs. Cobb by this time was purple with rage but couldn't talk, as the doctor's left hand was half way in her mouth. With a quick movement he inserted the tweezers, gave the tooth a quick twist and pull and out it came. While Mrs. Cobb was recovering her senses the doctor made good his escape.

The sisters-in-law did not speak to each other for several years afterward.

The dentist made his escape from the town without being arrested, and Mrs. Eddy enjoyed a much needed vacation from the incessant calls of peddlers sent to her house by Mrs. Cobb.

OBLIVION

By Thomas Ashe

You beside me, love—your hand in mine—
Holy face in haloed waves of gold—
Pleading eyes that, filled, unsated crave—
More for me no paradise could hold.

And yet, into what utter depths would be
Transformed the ecstasy within this place—
An' I were gone—to see you here, to know
Your eyes looked thus into another's face!

So, my span of earthly stay to end,
Fain would I that you, my love, with me
Depart, and, hand in hand together go
Whence none returns to tell what is to be.

But if decreed I take my way alone,
I would the Fates who have ordained it so
Might bear me far that I may not behold
You; this were mercy to me: not to know.

Bobbie R. had always been very much afraid of dogs.

One day, after a struggle to get him to pass a large dog which stood on the corner, his mother scolded him for his unnecessary fear.

"Well," was his reply, "you'd be afraid of dogs if you were so low down as I am."

First Girl: "I like a man with a past; he is so interesting."

Second Girl: "That's true, but he's not so interesting as a man with a future."

Third Girl: "I like a man with a present. and the more expensive the present is the more interest I take in him.—Boston (Mass.) Transcript.

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Social

By TANTALUS

New York Prices Falling

San Franciscans visiting New York report a big fall in prices of garments, hats, furs, etc. Our correspondent writes: "I just love New York. It seems like a great big San Francisco. We go along Broadway and Fifth avenue just as if we had lived here all our lives. It is wonderful, it gets into your veins so. And the people are so efficient, agreeable and smart looking. Everywhere we find courteous and kindly consideration. We were surprised to find so many San Franciscans shopping—both men and women—who were up to their eyes planning their winter wardrobes and making purchases for their friends at home at the smart shops. Deny it as you will, men and women "turned out" by the New York tailors and modistes look about twice as smart as when they expend an equal amount of time and money along those lines in our own city. I presume the reason is that the purchasers of our San Francisco shops place orders months ahead before it is really known what the leaders of styles will accept. We cannot be blind to the fact that there are leaders of styles who are copied to the exclusion of originality.

The weather is perfect Indian summer so far. Hotel and restaurant prices here are not quite so steep as at home. Everything here is on an elaborate scale. We dined and danced one evening at the Palais Royal from 8 to 2 a. m. and another night at the Biltimore from 8 to 1. Everybody is dancing and taking dancing lessons. Central Park is very lively mornings, as so many of the "smart set" have returned to town, bringing their riding horses with them. As for the riding togs, they beggar my descriptive powers. Men and women look like dream pictures. Our Golden Gate Park, the eternally beautiful, is comparatively deserted by equestians, for some inexcusable reason. The riding master in New York must be making a fortune, as part of each society day is spent under his instruction. With so much time given to the dancing teacher as well, it is a mystery where the men find time to attend to business.

League of Nations and Passports

When I heard that the League of Nations was about to "consider" passports, I thought I would like to appear as a witness before their committee.

For, after a short continental holiday—in France and Switzerland—I fancy I know all there is to be known about passports.

I know that they have ruined much of the pleasure of travel.

You have to print everything to do with passports in large letters, and put down who your grandfather was and how old you are, at every place you stop—as if you could have grown materially older between one town and the next!

There has been a bad summer season in Switzerland, and there will be another, unless something is done by Swiss and French governments to mitigate the visa nuisance.

On leaving England, our passports, fortified by visas from the Swiss and French Consulates in London, appeared complete, but these visas availed us little. Everywhere we were bothered to get others.

After a short stay in France, we endeavored to get into Switzerland.

A fair-haired young man in the town hall informed us that in order to leave we must have an identity card and a permission to remain.

"But we do not wish to remain; we wish to leave."

"It is not to be argued. Morever, your photographs are not in order. Get six others taken without hats and showing both ears. Then we can begin to talk about visas."

He sent us to Lyons and to Chambery, from which places we were sent back ignominiously, as our appearance there was premature. During the brief sojourn at Chambery I was given someone's else passport by mistake for my dignified British one.

Instead of a photograph of a feminine countenance under a be-flowered toque, I saw a heavily-bearded man squinting like Trotsky. On remonstrating, the official merely said that for hideousness and ferocity there was nothing to choose between any passport photographs.

We at last went up into the mountains, hoping it might be easier to get the visa to leave France from nearer the frontier.

When at last Switzerland was reached we had to go to Lausanne to find a French consul in order to get yet another visa for returning home through France. There we paid 30s and waited for hours in a corridor penned in with all nationalities, who were in like case.

At Vallorbe, on the Swiss frontier, we were turned out at night, not only to have hand luggage examined by both Swiss and French, but to have the passports copied and pay 50 centimes each to the Swiss.

We were all crammed into one room for over an hour, and a boatload of American sailors played baseball with soda-water bottles.

It had to be gone through again in half an hour's time to please the French.

A perplexed American, whose mind ran on visas, said there wasn't a spot on his passport where you could put a pin-prick, much less another visas, and what was he to do so far from home? No one heeded him. Victims of an insensate officialdom are apt to become callous to any woes but their own.

People traveling near Adelboden told us that their luggage and boots had been sprayed with disinfectant "because of foot and mouth disease."

I think everyone in all countries feels that there is far too much official fuss and interference in this unhappy post-war world of ours! Will the League of Nations help us?—M. C. Leigh.

London Today

A San Francisco subscriber, now in London, writes us as follows:

"In my mail of yesterday I received three issues of Town Talk, and it did seem good to hear from home.

"London is more wonderful than ever. I can't see any difference than when we were last here in the early fall of 1914. One hears yet such exaggerated reports at home. We heard much of the shortage of food. Well, that is all bosh. The food is splendid and plenty of it; the prices are not too high. Everything at the best hotels is about half what they are in New York. This hotel, the Piccadilly, is splendid—perfect service and cooking—and it costs less than half what it does at the Fairmont. The people are charming, and I have failed to find any spirit of unfriendliness toward Americans that we hear so much of at home. We have all the sugar, butter and cream we want, and everyone has two kinds of meat besides fish for dinner, and even for luncheon. As everyone knows, the English are big eaters, and they certainly do not seem to stint themselves now.

"We visited some dear friends of mine on our arrival who have a lovely estate in the Thames valley, and they too had an abundance of food.

"Last night we returned from a week's motor trip down through Devon, Cornwall and all that lovely country. The only change to be seen in the hundreds of little villages we motored through were the new monuments in memory of those who had made the supreme sacrifice "for God and country." It was very pathetic to see the mounds of fresh flowers, each with a card attached with the name of the soldier, who has "passed over." One monument (they all had the names of the killed) had a list of at least thirty, all from 20 to 23 years old with two exceptions—one 29 and the other 32. These English are a wonderful people. They never refer to the war, and we never hear any expressions of hatred or bitterness toward the Germans. They simply don't discuss the war.

"I have never seen England so lovely. They have had a very rainy summer, but October has been delightful. Our entire week in motoring was soft, balmy weather. Everybody seems to be painting their houses. It seems that every other house in Park Lane and Mayfair is being painted and decorated. The same in the villages—all house cleaning and repairing. There

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seems to be much building.

"I placed my little daughter in a boarding school, and it is the most beautiful spot I have ever seen. It is called Bentley Priory, Stammore. It is in Essex county and partly in Middlesex. It is an old place, built for Queen Adelaide. It is only thirty minutes by motor from London. They have 400 acres, and you never saw such a park. They have their own golf course, nine tennis courts and all kinds of outdoor games, and riding three times a week. They have their own milk, cream, butter and eggs, and even raise all their own meat and vegetables. Part of the curriculum includes gardening. There are any number of little girls around 7 and 8 years old; they have the loveliest nursery for the little ones, and all the younger girls are in bed at 6:30. They have steam heat and hot and cold water, yet the old palace has never been spoiled by improvements. It was very hard for me to part from the child, as it is the first time I have been separated from her except when we were in Europe in 1914. But I realize that it will be much better for her to be more with children her own age. She will have five weeks at Christmas and then I shall take her with me to the south of France.

"Sister is fine and very happy She is enjoying the shops—they are fascinating. All wool things are so cheap, especially all sports clothes. I don't think anyone ever loved London as she does. We are leaving tomorrow for a motor trip through the Stratford country. On our return we will go to Paris for some clothes. You must see sister when she returns. She can tell you so much better than I can write of them."

Jottings From the Divorce Court

Half a dozen well-known persons appeared in the divorce news of last month. Gone are the days when divorce itself made the participant a celebrity, and now it is considered a casual part of the social news. Sensational indeed must be the facts to arouse public intesest. Mere desertion was charged by Mrs. Marie Louise Elkins de Guigne against Christian de Guigne. This is always disappointing, since desertion must last for a year before it becomes a cause of action, and the public feels piqued for not being let into the marital storms that preceded the calm separation. More to the point was the complaint of Constance against Charles Rollo Peters, the artist famous for his scenes by moonlight. Divorce was granted on the testimony that Peters was continually sullen and morose, also intemparate, and accustomed to give dinner parties without inviting his wife, although other women were welcome. This looks outrageous on the face of it; but on second thought, marriage always brings the morose part of the soul into the limelight; and so we must compliment another artist, Mlle. Germaine de Boissiere, who, in far away Paris, is decorating her apartment in black for the coming honeymoon; her explanation is that marriage is a tragedy for which the mind must be prepared. Another temperamental complaint has as defendant James Henry MacLafferty, the poet, and author of "The Damnedest Finest Ruins." He is alleged to have spoken loudly and rudely to his wife, in the presence of casual and intent observers; also to have threatened her with an insane asylum. She was formerly Mrs. Mary Beaton, curator of the Ebell Club, Oakland. Rube Marquard, the Brooklyn baseball pitcher, renowned for being more temperamental than any artist or poet, was charged with simple desertion by Blossom Seeley, the actress, much admired locally. She claimed that he sold out her New York apartment and didn't even send her a pass to the baseball chamship games. Mrs. Marquard won her divorce with ease, as was expected by all who knew the couple. This is usually the case, although the reporters customarily describe it as a "distinct shock." Across the bay, a quiet and uneventful divorce was granted against Berkeley's chief of police. Mrs. Lydia Sturtevant Vollner said to the court: "We had no trouble. It was just the chief's eccentric way of looking at things." Vollmer is a deep student of criminology, and is said to have the best educated police force in the country. For several years he has been living at the Elks' Club, which seemingly is a kind of desertion. After all this cruelty and humiliation, it is pleasant to read that Mrs. Kate I. Nixon, widow of the senator, and now Mrs. Armand D'Aleria, has withdrawn her suit against the young count, left Los Angeles with him, and says, "We are very happy." This being a good chance for a happy ending to the whole story, nothing more need be said.

* * * * *

The newspapers published various accounts of the separations and reconciliations of the D'Alerias from time to time. At one period the youthful groom's relatives threatened suit for damages for delinquency of a minor. The next phase was Mrs. Nixon's marriage to the husband of tender years. Presently, they had parted again, the bride's son being supposed to have influenced his impressionable parent. Anon, his mother appealed to him to coax back to her her young bridegroom, nothwithstanding that with her own eyes she had read letters he had written to another inamorata, wherein he referred to his wife's age in uncomplimentary terms. The recreant spouse had but an easy task to convince his wife that he had written the letters with a certain diplomatic object in view. So lamentable was Mrs. D'Aleria's grief that her son's pity was aroused and he is said even to have aided in a reconciliation. It is to be hoped that the lady will now accept whatever or matrimonical bliss or woe awaits her without taking the public further into her confidence.

Del Monte Notes

Mrs. George B. Carpenter of Medford, Oregon, who has been making her residence at the Hotel del Monte for the past two years, was hostess at an interesting luncheon at the club-house. She had as her guests Mrs. Harald S. Cook of San Mateo, Mrs R B. McLaughlin of Utica, N. Y.; Mrs. David Kerr of Portland and Mrs. Carl S. Stanley of Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis J. Walker have started work on their log cabin lodge at Pebble Beach. The Walkers will have for their neighbors Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Foreman and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fertig of Pasadena.

Islam Temple of the Mystic Shriners had an interesting outing at Del Monte over the week end and with a golf tournament being the outstanding feature. Mrs. J. S. Osborne, mother of "Togo" Osborne, junior state champion, was the winner of the putting contest for the ladies. Mrs. N. J. Savage and Mrs. A. Bernhard tied Mrs. Osborne for the honors, but lost out in the play-off. B. W. Cameron was congratulated on his success in carrying off the net trophy.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse with their infant daughter are at Del Monte to make a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Boisot and their daughter, Miss Marion Boisot, prominent in society of Chicago, have taken the Karmany house at Pebble Beach for the winter. The Boisots have been making a visit of a year in California and have been extensively entertained.

The annual Thanksgiving Day golf tournament for men and women is attracting interest. The qualifying round is to be played on Thanksgiving Day, November 25. The following three days will be devoted to the match play rounds. The usual Thanksgiving Day celebration is anticipated with keen interest.

Miss Olive Polk of Coronado is the house guest of Miss Mary Dennis at Sea Cliff. Miss Polk leaves soon for Miss Fitch's school in New York, where her cousins, Misses Marion Polk and June Halliday, are students.

Although many of our "smart set" members send their daughters to eastern schools our California academies often have enrolled members of prominent eastern families, who believe in our climate for growing girls. "St. Mary's of the Woods," the famous convent in Indiana, has long enjoyed a vogue among eastern fashionables, on acount of its reputation for having the finest system of physical culture and outdoor sports of any girls' school in America, but a few California schools have for some time encroached upon St. Mary's preserves for the same reasons.

Mrs. Frank Waterman of Cleveland and her two handsome sons are visiting Mrs. Inman-Barton, Mrs. Waterman's sister, at her home on Lake street. The Watermans plan a world tour soon, leaving this city for the orient in the near future. The boys will be accompanied by their tutor, a former professor of Princeton University. His wife will also be of the party, whose itinerary will keep them abroad for three years.

Miss Cordelia Smith was hostess at a tea in honor of the Misses Dunne, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Dunne; the two attractive Dunne sisters are leaving for the east soon for a visit.

Mrs. H. T. Lally had a bridge tea on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale presided over a family dinner at their charming Vallejo

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street home on Tuesday evening, complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hale, who have just returned from a six months' eastern visit. Twelve members of the Hale family were present.

Mrs. James Levensallar has sent out cards to a tea for November 16.

Mrs. Frank Somers was a tea hostess on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran are in Paris. They will remain abroad for a year.

Polo Season

Society, which always finds interest in polo, the exciting and aristocratic sport on horseback, is going to be especially well entertained this coming winter. One of the biggest seasons of polo ever on record in California has been scheduled and players with their ponies are coming from many remote parts of the globe.

The season will be ushered in at Del Monte on January 29 and the sport will then flourish at the different clubs until well towards the close of April. Of interest to society followers on the coast will be the arrival of the international players who will represent America and England next year in an endeavor to bring back the cup that was lost in 1914 These players will bring their families to California this winter and will be enxtensively entertained.

The famous Honolulu team, headed by Walter Dillingham, is coming to Del Monte in January, and those who recall the visit of these island players several years ago can anticipate a great deal of pleasure in meeting them again. In return for the visit, Del Monte will send a team to Honolulu in August.

G. Maurice Hecksher wil again make another visit from New York with a team of noted poloists. Senor De Parada of Mexico City, who was a prominent figure at Del Monte a year ago, has written that he will also bring up a polo four from Mexico.

Besides the two tournaments at Del Monte the San Mateo, Santa Barbara and Midwick clubs have tournaments arranged.

Tilden on Success in Lawn Tennis

Mr. W. T. Tilden, whose sensational victories at Wimbledon this summer in winning the world's lawn tennis championship for America created such a stir in the world of tennis, has blossomed forth as an author.

His book, "The Art of Lawn Tennis" (Methuen, 6s net), is practically a text book of lawn tennis.

Its early chapters are full of instructions and technicalities absorbingly interesting, as showing the thoroughness of the American in training for any competitive sport or pastime. And it would not be fair to the author to give away his tips and instructions.

To me, however, his chapter on psychology is the most interesting.

I have studied the American temperament in Olympic Games and most other sports in which he has come into open competition with our men, and the difference in the national temperament is amazing. He in some measure tells you the reason.

"The physical appearance of a man is usually a pretty clear index of his state of mind," says Mr. Tilden. "The stolid, easy-going man who usually advocated the baseline game does so because he hates to stir up his torpid mind to think of a safe way of reaching the net.

"There is the other type of base-line player, who prefers to remain on the back of the court while directing an attack intended to break up your game. He is a very dangerous player and a deep, keen-thinking opponent.

"The first type of player merely hits the ball with little idea of what he is doing, while the latter always has a definite plan and adheres to it"

Mr Tilden in his analysis of players says that the hard-hitting, erratic, rushing player is a creature of impulse. He will make brilliant coups on the spur of the moment, largely by instinct; but there is no mental power of consistent thinking.

Yet it is an interesting, fascinating type!

The Davis cup matches bring out the gamest struggles in the history of tennis, says Mr. Tilden. It was in these contests that the fame of such players as A. F. Wilding, N. E. Brookes, J. C. Parke, B. C. Wright and M. E. McLoughlin was made. It was the unselfish giving of one's best for the honor of the country that called out the finest tennis in each man.

Stimulate a quick mind, says Mr. Tilden, by "a desire for personal glory, or team success, or by a love of competition in matching your wits against the other man's, but do it some way."

And he finishes up his chapter on psychology by saying that tennis is "a mutual cocktail of a very high kick." And that's American, not easily understandable in England.

Of Mlle. Lenglen Mr. Tilden says: "Her speed of foot is marvelous. She delights in acrobatic jumps, many of them unnecessary, at all times during her play. Her very mannerisms fool people into considering her far greater than she really is, even though she is a wonderful player."

Women's tennis in England is on a slightly higher plane at this time than in America, but the standard of play in America is rapidly coming up, says the author, who advocates an international competition for women.—P. J. Moss.

The Stage

"The Argyle Case"

The Alcazar, which never deserts the San Francisco devotee of the spoken drama, has added to its potency for praiseworthy productions by introducing a new leading lady, whose charm is already winning the patrons of our local home of drama.

Miss Elwyn Harvey, whose dramatic worth was known for a season to the local patrons of the Maitland Players, comes to a broader field at the Alcazar. She is sure to win her way, for she has many graces. She is pretty and pleasing with the sort of personality around which so many of the later dramatic plays are constructed.

This week in the "Argyle Case" she has an appealing ingénue role. Dudley Ayres gives a virile performance as an up-to-date detective—a decided departure from the dignified heroes he has been presenting. Ben Erway adds to his life-like creations as a wide-awake aide-de-camp to the clever "chief."

Emily Pinter amazes with her reading of a middle-aged woman of sorrow, the victim of an unfortunate affair. This handsome girl of twenty obliterates her own joyous tones, the outlines of her youthful physique, the grace of her buoyant movements and appears the woman of middle life with weary eyes unobservant of the changing world tenses.

Henry Shumer, as a detective of the old school, draws, as usual, the sympathy of an admiring audience; then there is nonchalant Brady Kline, whose ultimate dramatic destiny is perhaps to be chosen by a producer who searches for types. Dear Alcarzan, can't you see Brady's star part? A deep-dyed villain of sarcastic habit, one who talks through his teeth and bluffs his way until he finds himself "trapped"? In the "Argyle Case" Brady has to act "right out." There is no escape, and so he acts "right out" surprisingly well. This is the best thing for Mr. Kline's histrionic development that could happen to him, and for his own sake I wish him further opportunities along the same lines.

The play has been received enthusiastically, for it seems that melodrama has an unfailing power to arouse the curiosity of the most blasé play goer. H. M. B.

Healy's Atractions

Frank W. Healy, local representative of John McCormack, Galli-Curci, Fritz Kreisler, Geraldine Farrar, The Scotti Grand Opera Company and other high-class atractions, intends to have a series of what he terms "quality concerts" in every city in California. Seevral years ago Mr. Healy had a plan for the organizating of music lovers into organizations to be known as the "friends of music," each city in California to have a branch. However, the eastern managers, not deeming it good busines to have Mr. Healy's name submerged, the "friends of music" plan was dropped. This season Mr. Healy will have a series of "quality concerts" in six towns in California. Next season he will have them in at least twenty towns.

Commencing on December 5 he will present concerts by five eminent artists selling season tickets for all concerts at $4, $6 and $8.

First on the list comes a double concert with Charles Hackett, tenor, of the Metropolitan, and Raoul Vidas, Roumanian-French violinist. In addition to these two great artists there will be Senaca Pierce, the composer-pianist, "at the piano" Hackett and Vidas make a rather expensive attraction for a small hall such as the Scottish Rite Auditorium; however, booking complications brought about by the fact that Mr. Healy was too busy with the Scotti Opera Company to give his concert attractions notice, made it necessary for him either to cancel Hackett or Vidas, or to give a double concert. He decided upon the latter, greatly to the advantage of the music loving public.

Second on the list comes Louis Graveure, king of concert baritones, and with Georgette LaMotte, the child pianist of Rawhuska, Okla., who has been invited to play a group at the Greveure concerts, and with Mr. Eduard Gendron accompanist, this undoubtedly will be a wonderful program.

Tuesday night, March 1, arrives the third on the list, Leo Ornstein, the sensationally successful pianist, one of the most sought after of the younger artists, who is booked for appearances as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Cincinatti Symphony Orchestra and also for seventy recitals. Mr. Ornstein comes to us Tuesday night, March 1.

On Sunday afternoon, April 3, San Francisco will enjoy the glorious voice and capable art of Frances Alda, leading soprano of the Metropolitan. It is possible that Senaca Pierce, after

completing his tour with Hackett and Vidas, will return to California to accompany Alda.

S. F. Symphony

The next concert by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be given this Sunday afternoon at the Curran Theater, when Friday's program will be repeated. The soloist will be Horace Britt, who will play Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo" for 'cello solo and orchestra. The symphony will be the beautiful fifth in E minor of Tschaikowsky, while the program will open with Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture.

The next popular concert will be given next Sunday, November 14. For this occasion Alfred Hertz has selected a program admirably balanced between the classical and modern schools, and, in keeping with his policy of including at least one movement from a symphony on each popular program, the beautiful Andante con moto from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony will be played. The entire program follows:

Overture, "Don Juan".....Mozart
Andante con moto from Fifth Symphony..... Beethoven
Peer Gynt Suite No. 1.....Grieg
Bacchanale from "Tannhauser".....Wagner
Music Box, "Valse Badinage".....Liadow
Spring Song .....Mendelssohn
Spinning Song .....Mendelssohn
Rhapsody, "Italia".....Alfredo Casella

The announcement of the engagement of the great Russian pianist, Josef Lhevinne, to appear with the Symphony Orchestra has aroused a great deal of interest among music lovers. He will play Beethoven's "Emperor" conterto at the fourth pair of concerts, November 19 and 21.

Among the new plays in New York is "The Guard of Honor," a comedy romance of New York life. William Hodge, the leading man, wrote and staged the piece, which is a success at the Broadway.

Alice Gentle and Giuseppe Agostini won laurels with the San Carlos Opera Company at the Manhattan, New York, this fall.

"Three Live Ghosts," from the Isham novel of the name, is a new success at the Nora Bayes Theater, New York. Charles McNaughton has scored as the leading man.

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"THE ARGYLE CASE"
WEEK COMMENCING NEXT SUNDAY MAT., NOV. 7
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"Then you don't want her advertised as a diva?" "Make it a coloratura soprano, and let it go at that. The last time I advertised a diva I had to refund considerable money to people who were expecting an aquatic exhibition."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Theodore Bendix at the Alcazar

Theodore Bendix, a composer and conductor of international reputation, assumes musical direction at he Alcazar next Sunday. He is a native of Detroit, comes from a musical family and is a lineal descendant of Felix Mendelssohn. His brother, Max Bendix, will be remembered as conductor at the San Francisco Exposition. While still in his teens Theo Bendix conducted for Booth, Barrett, Irving, Mansfield, Lotta, Mme. Janauschek and other famous stars. At the age of 23 he conducted the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, when originally produced in this country, at Boston's famous Globe Theater. Later he conducted the mammoth orchestra at historic Drury Lane Theater, when "Ben Hur,' had its first production. Mr. Bendix has been musical director at the Hudson, Harris, Cort and other leading New York theaters. He was the first to give interpretation of good music in vaudeville. For three seasons the Bendix String Quartette was headlined on the Orpheum and Keith circuits. His only apearance in San Francisco have been with the organization of his own selection. As a composer of light characteristic music Mr. Bendix enjoys international popularity. He will play one of his numbers at the Alcazar every week and his orchestral programs will no doubt find wide public appeal.

Alcazar

The policy of the Alcazar is progressive. The latest New York releases of worth while plays are alertly sought; the infusion of new blood when necessary is first consideration. "The Cave Girl," next week's close-to-nature comedy, by George Middleton and Guy Bolton, authors of "Polly With a Past," is their newest work. It was produced two months ago, at the Longacre, New York, by Comstock & Gest, and heartily praised for sentiment, brilliant wit and novel theme. It breathes the invigorating pine-perfumed air of the northern Maine woods. A millionaire's party live luxuriously at Caribou Lodge. The cave girl is detected pilfering from the storehouse to prevent the disillusionment of her forster father, whose pet theory is that nature provides every necessity for primitive life. The humor is delicious, when she smashes up the boat that is to take them back to civilization, and their quarters burn down, leaving them all a "Community" for the professor's experiment. There are melodramatic moments, a swift current of love interest and a never ceasing flow of joyous, rippling fun. Elwyn Harvey, Dudley Ayres, Charles Yule, Rafael Brunette, Emily Pinter, a dashing widow; Edna Packham, Ben Eruay are in the cast with other favorites in congenial roles. The musical direction at the Alcazar will be assumed by the eminent conductor and composer, Theo Bendix, whose programs will be selected to follow the atmosphere of the plays.

"The Eternal Magdelene," on Sunday, November 14th, will have first Alcazar staging, when it is being successfully revived in the east. Julia Arthur scored triumph in Robert McLaughlin's daring and vivid exposition of a social problem as old as the world. The play is even more vital now than when this tremendously emotional play aroused a nation wide discussion.

Which country can boast of having the lightest men?—Ireland has men of Cork, but Scotland has men of Ayr, while England has still lighter men (on the Thames).

"Because of Helen," is the new title of Alan Brooks' "Merchants of Venus," which is still playing to good business in New York with the pretty Carroll McComas as the star.

Techau Tavern

Olive Ann Alcorn, star of the dance, is now appearing at Techau Tavern. Famed as one of the most perfectly formed women in the world, having been the motif for many beautiful works of sculptural art, alone without her art Miss Alcorn would prove a magnet of attraction. Her dances, most of them charming creations of her own imagination, and for which she designs her own costumes, resplendent in color and style, are becoming the cynosure of the city's eyes. There have been dancers who have come and gone, but the dancing of Olive Ann Alcorn will not be easily forgotten. In her dances are the fire of the tropics, the grace of the swaying flower, the litheness of the fleeting greyhound, the abandon of the orient, the dignity of the temples, the fatalism of the Mongol, the lightness of falling leaves, the symbolism of nations, the magnetism of flashing jewels, a unity of Terpsichorean idealism. Critics who have seen her dances are lavish in their praises of her performances, and visitors to Techau Tavern wax enthusiastic over her character dances.

Another addition to the dainty revue of headliners at Techau Tavern is Ness Mendelson, talented singer and dancer, juvenile lead quite recently in the New York company of "The Little Whopper." His vivacious personality, and his musical voice are winning the hearts of the pleasure loving public, while his dancing is so rhythmic that there is no doubt that he will rank among the leaders of this style of entertainment. In addition to these two stars, who have been headliners on the eastern circuit during the past season, the many new features in the New Revue furnish a continuous series of high class acts. Saturday afternoons Tea Dances are held at the Techau Tavern between 2:30 and 5.

"So you have no references?" said Farmer Giles to the boy who offered himself as a farm hand.

"No, sir," said the youngster. "But the reason is that I left without asking for one. You see, when I had been there a month a cow died, and we had to eat it. Some weeks afterwards a pig died, and—would you believe it?—we had to eat that. Well, two days ago the old woman died, and so I hopped it."—London "Tit-Bits."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Traders, who were bullish and were predicting a bull market, abandoned hope when evidence of the results of readjustment presented in the form of poor earnings reports and the passing of dividends, coupled with a further advance in the call money rates, were made use of by the bears to attack the market, which resulted in a setback throughout the list, although the decline was recovered again toward the close of the week. Trading was not large and was mostly between the professionals.

The recent fluctuations have all been on the surface of the market—the underlying position being more or less undisturbed. The professionals have forced prices back and forth in response to the developments in the news and have succeeded in carrying on a good volume of trading under very adverse circumstances.

The dangers in the market at present have been fairly well neutralized by the fact that most of the unfavorable factors in the general situation have been discounted—but the evidence of the progress of the readjustment program contained in the reports, showing material reductions in earnings in various trades during the last quarter, brought home the unpleasant fact that the efforts to boost prices are liable to be interrupted by some unexpected and disturbed development. However, there is some reason to regard the general situation as improved.

The sound policy of passing dividends and the successful flotations of a number of bond issues—the proceeds of which are to be used as working capital, in combination have strengthened the position of the weaker concerns considerably. The banks are also inclined to help along with necessary loans, although the desirability of support that will slow down liquidation is doubtful.

The readjustment process has, doubtless, gone gone too far in a number of commodities—in Cotton particularly, and some support in these markets is called for; but any support that will enable holders of goods to keep them off the market will only delay the readjustment movement.

The September statements of some of the Railroads made their appearance and, as a whole, were entirely satisfactory—although, as a market factor, this news had been discounted.

Money rates continue high and, as long as call rates remain around 10 per cent, we can expect no pronounced advance, but with any easing up in rates a high market will be in order, as most of the bearish news has already been discounted.

Cotton—The bearish sentiment that has been so pronounced in the Cotton market of late changed to a more optimistic one the past week and traders, who were short the market, were kept busy trying to get their contracts back.

The change in sentiment was due to a number of factors; the principal one, however, was that Cotton around the 20 cent level had about discounted everything bearish that had been used to depress prices. The market was in an oversold condition, and it took very little buying to start the shorts to cover and, as there were very few contracts on the market, the reaction did not end until prices were advanced equivalent to 5 cents per pound.

Spot Cotton was also in better demand—not only in New York, but the leading spot markets in the South reflected the advance in the futures.

The latter is taken to indicate steady success for the holding movement, which is very well advertised at the present time. The unanimity with which the officials of the southern states are rallying to help the present Cotton holders speaks well for the southern spirit, and it is more than likely that this year's move will compel respect.

Weather reports from the growing section are bad, and it is now said that many of the farmers are now leaving their low grade Cotton to rot in the fields, which would naturally help the better grades in the spot market.

The general opinion from the south seems to be that Cotton will not be pressed for sale until prices show further improvement, as holders are now in a better position financially to take care of their crop.

Developments in England seem to be progressing favorably, and it is considered more than likely that the strike will be settled amicably, although at present it looks as though the men will be more satisfied than anyone else.

Textile trade conditions are not showing any improvement as yet, although some of the mills are showing a little more activity—but, until general business conditions show more improvement, we look for only a scalping market for the time being, and would accept profits on all sharp advances with the idea of replacing contracts on recessions.

The 19th Amendment

Jack Spratt is a Democrat;
His wife is a Harding fan.
And so betwixt them both, you see,
They do the best they can.
—New York Tribune.

National elections should be held at some other time of the year besides fall—some time when the public mind is not occupied with other problems, such as what to do with those great loads of red autumn leaves they bring in from their Sunday motor rides.—Kansas City (Mo.) Star

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"Do you think Gladys was surprised when I proposed to her?" inquired the happy youth.

"About as surprised," answered Miss Cayenne, "as a candidate who has received formal notification that he has been nominated."—Washington Star.

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Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
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IO

By Robert J. Shores

Io and Jove were holding hands
  One day beside a sylvan stream
And drawing hearts upon the sands—
  Epitome of Love's young dream!
    Fair Io murmured, "On my life,
    Why took you Juno for your wife?
    The ox-eyed Juno! In good sooth
    Peroxide would be nearer truth!"

"Tut-tut!" said Jove, "you should not speak
  So slightingly of my good spouse;
She has been busy all this week
  Up on Olympus cleaning house.
    And while she sweeps, I've naught to do
    But stay here making love to you!"
    "She would do well," the maid replies,
    "To sweep the dust from out her eyes."

Alas for Io! Juno heard
  Her idle words within the hour;
Some gossip of a bee or bird
  Repeated them from flower to flower,
    Until 'twas whispered by the leaves
    At Juno's threshold—"Jove deceives!"
    "Deceived again!" she cried in rage;
    To see what happened, turn the page.

Or, if the printer can find room
  To print another line on this,
"I'll state that Juno heard a boom
  Of thunder—which is when gods kiss.
    And hurried angrily to where
    She thought to find the erring pair;
    But reaching there she saw, I vow,
    No maiden, but a heifer cow!"

For Jove, grown wise in other years
  In which he got his just deserts,
Was ever pricking up his ears
  To hear the swish of Juno's skirts.
    So when he heard her on his trail,
    He made his hat a milking pail
    And changed poor Io, trembling now,
    Into the semblance of a cow.

But Juno was not quite a fool
  And saw at once her husband's trick,
And, though appearing calm and cool,
  Resolved to make that heifer sick.
    "A lovely cow!" cried she. "Divine!
    I cannot rest 'till it is mine!"
    Jove cleared his throat and smoothed his vest
    But had to grant his wife's request.

Alas for Io! Juno sent
  A gad-fly which beset her sore,
And drove her—which was the intent—
  From sea to sea and shore to shore.
    To Egypt and the Barbadoes,
    Perhaps to Iowa—who knows?
    The gad-fly followed where she went
    And stung her to his heart's content.

And so it happens, even now,
  Although she vainly tries to grab it,
The gad-fly stings the gentle cow—
    And keeps it up from force of habit.

Little Old Scotland

A Scotch minister on one occasion tried to explain to an old lady the meaning of the Scriptural expression, "Take up thy bed and walk," by saying that the bed was simply a mat or rug easily taken up and carried away.

"Na na," she protested. "I canna believe that. The bed was a regular four-poster. There would be no miracle in walking away wit' a bit o' mat or rug on your back."—Boston (Mass) Transcript.

PROVERBS

(Continued from Page 5)

have bitten a wolf." With what excellent humor, again, a blockhead is portrayed in the Telugu proverb: "When his brother-in-law says to him, 'O, brother-in-law! Your wife has become a widow,' he cries bitterly!" And the man who is absorbed in his own interests is exquisitively caricatured in the Mahratta saying: "The camel is drowning, and the goat asks him the depth of the water." "Other humorous proverbs have no point except their humor. A Scottish proverb of this kind is: "'There's baith meat and music here,' growled the dog when he ate the piper's bag." Many proverbs express satirically the suspicions human beings seem always to have entertained with regard to doctors and lawyers. The traditional sarcasm against lawyers has seldom been more neatly put than in the German proverb: "'The suit is ended,' said the lawyer; 'neither party has anything left.'" Proverbs, as a whole, are given to belittling humanity rather than to praising it. They are full of depreciation and contempt. One finds this especially in proverbs about foreign nations. These say about foreigners exactly what the average man thinks. Proverbs of international distrust are almost universal. The Finns, as Mr. Marvin tells us, speak ironically of "German faith," as the Romans spoke of Punica fides and Greecia mendax. The Russian says that the Greeks only tell the truth once a year, and the Arabs say of the Europeans: "List to a Frank, and hear a fable." "Perfide Albion" is an old Continental nickname for England, and the Frenchman of the Middle Ages used to accuse the Englishman of treachery in the proverb: "For d'Anglais ne vaut pas un poitevin.' And the joke of it is, none of these barbs stick. Every nation has a hide like a rhinoceros for repelling accusations. The pleasure is in the flinging. And the majority—or at least a vast number—of proverbs are simply missiles meant to fling. They express our interests rather than our ideals. They are as selfish as our lives. "The fox has a hundred proverbs; ninety-nine are about poultry." If proverbs portray the truth, it is chiefly the truth about ourselves.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of SARAH L. SHANE, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of SARAH L. SHANE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Rose & Silverstein, 405-8 Easton Building, Oakland, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sarah L. Shane, deceased.

BENJAMIN SHANE,
Administrator of the estate of Sarah L. Shane, deceased.
Dated: San Francisco, November 1, 1920.

11-6-5.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SANFORD E. SELLER, Deceased.
No. 30319—Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of SANFORD E. SELLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at their office, 14-16 Spear street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SANFORD E. SELLER, deceased.

HENRY SELLER,
ARTHUR SELLER,
Executors of the last will and testament of SANFORD E SELLER, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, October 16th, 1920.
FRANK McGOWAN and BLAINE McGOWAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California.
10-16-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

Probate No. 28747—Dept. No. 10.
In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estate of MARGARET A. BURNS, an Insane Person.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the verified petition of KATHERINE T. LYNCH, the Guardian of the estate of Margaret A. Burns, an insane person, on file herein, that it is necessary to sell the real estate of said insane person which is for the advantage, benefit and best interest of said estate and all persons interested therein that said real estate be sold,

IT IS ORDERED by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of said Margaret A. Burns, an insane person, appear before the Superior Court of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10, at the court room thereof in the City Hall, on the 29th day of November, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order as prayed for in the petition should not be granted to the said guardian to sell the real estate of said insane person at either public or private sale, for the purpose mentioned in said petition, as she shall judge to be for the best interests of said estate and of the parties interested therein.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the Town Talk in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated this 27th day of October, 1920.

(Signed) THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Court.
M. J. Clark, Livermore, Cal., attorney for Guardian.
10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 30336 —(New Series)—Dept. No. 10.
In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
In the Matter of the Estate of E. B. READ, deceased:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the last will annexed of the estate of E. B. READ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator with the will annexed at the office of his attorneys, A. F. LEMBERGER & V. G. SKINNER, Room 807, Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., in the City and County of San Francisco,, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of E. B. READ, deceased.

H. R. HEALY,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of E. B. READ, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, October 23, 1920.
A. F. Lemberger and V. G. Skinner,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., Room 807.
10-23-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

No. 110589
In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
LAURA M. STONE, Plaintiff, vs. HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
Dated: Oct. 16, 1920.
WELLES WHITMORE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
714 Easton Bldg., 428 13th St.,
Oakland, Cal.
10-30-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Helen M. Bonnet.....Editor

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The Republican Program

The recent election was notable for one thing (conspicuously among others): The lost love of the people in Europe and America, for those statesmen who were glorified during the World War. It seems that the world's population wearied not only of the conflict, but also of the men who conducted it. Britain's Premier, Lloyd George, has still to test his popularity, the last of the big ones to do so. First among the duties of Republicans will be to make peace with the enemy. Meanwhile we have just had another celebration of Armistice Day, and the Republicans are still congratulating one another over what they did at the polls. From all quarters come evidences of a sentiment that will give the new administration every opportunity to carry out its peace program. Already we have the plan of former Secretary of State Knox, referred to as an "association of nations," the moral weight of whose deliberations will be so potent that "the government which refuses to submit will be practically an outlaw." The tenour of this would be much like the League of Nations and its "moral obligation," were it not that the "association" will not use armed forces to demonstrate its authority, but would substitute economic pressure, such as trade embargoes. Anyway, there is a G. O. P. dislike for the word "league," and the proposed association will necessarily change the party, as Herbert Hoover remarks, from an attitude of criticism to a realization of the hard constructive work ahead. That the Republican administration will have to tread its way slowly and carefully is apparent from the fact that the Democrats have set a date for their own reconstruction. They will immediately turn from actors to critics, from the stage to audience, and be ready to clash with political gesticulations in 1924. In that year, the Democratic leaders, with well preserved copies of the present Republican platform, will check off Harding's official words with his official acts, and if there be any discrepancy no hesitation will be had in propounding the query—"How about it?" The Republicans have a majority of 22 in the Senate and about 150 in the House. It is well known in parliamentary circles that nothing is as conductive to acrimonious debates as the peppery remarks of a small minority. So we are assured that the sessions of the next Congress, if slow in procedure, will be rapid in repartee; and the Congressional Record wil contain livelier reading than we have had since the days of Webster, Clay and Calhoun.

* * *

Bryan's Fantastic Suggestion

William Jennings Bryan, in his new devices for the machinery of government, certainly proves himself worthy of being called The Great Commoner. He also deserves the title of Great Reconciler, when attempting to bring the Republican and Democratic parties into an amicable adjustment of present difficulties. Even, should he not succeed, the attempt will live in history, if nowhere else. A historical novel would be the best place for it. He begins with the suggestion made by a few Congressmen, last month, that Wilson resign his place at the steering wheel to Vice-President Marshall in the event of Harding's election. The thought then was that Wilson would prefer the ceremony with Marshall rather than risk the nervous shock of dealing with the Republican leader. Nothing so sentimental occurs in Bryan's chapter of American history, as he would have it writ. Bryan's idea is that Marshall, upon becoming president, appoint Warren G. Harding secretary of state. Whereupon, and in which event, Marshall should resign; and thus forthwith, automatically, as in the Constitution made and provided, Harding would succeed to the Presidency without the tedious wait until March 4. This little coup d' etat would be an interesting diversion for the American people, who have stolidly expected their inaugurations to take place on the aforesaid date, although Taft has said that it's wretched weather in March at the capital and that there is some reason for the precedent against a third term, as three inaugural addresses in those wintry blasts would unfit the strongest constitution for the duties of office. Be that as it may, congressional and executive action from December to March is seldom noted for any great achievement. In November we have the Thanksgiving proclamation; after which the minds of men are bent upon the holiday season. In February comes St. Valentine's Day and George Washington's birthday. By tacit consent in official circles, there's little doing before the days when the March winds do blow. Something of the same nature exists in Europe, where the social season, grand opera and sundry efforts to appear well in furs keep the diplomats away from their desks. They still have champagne over there, and seldom get to work before noon when the winter frivolities are on. Bryan no doubt gets up early in the morn. His mind is always clear. The foregoing suggestion proves it. Anyway, he likes to see men up and doing. He is in a hurry for the new "association of nations" (ugly phrase) to be given a chance. Perhaps he has inserted a prohibition clause. Bryan would like to see the whole world sober, all at once, getting down to work punctually at 8 a. m. When that day comes, we shall have universal peace. But, oh, the morning after!

* * *

Women Elected to Office

Yoncalla is not a well-known city, but it will be. It may even prove to be the burg that makes Oregon famous. Oregon is a well-known state on the Pacific slope. It is the home state of Yoncalla, the up-to-date community that has just elected to office a full municipal ticket of women, females, fair sex, as mayor, members of the council, and all sorts of governmental jobs. It was purely a reform ticket. One of the evils decried by the feminists was that the town administration had allowed bad breaks in sidewalks to go unrepaired. The good people of the town, hither and thither in their various employments, had to walk around these breaks, which proved bad ones for masculine supremacy in Yoncalla. The world will await official news of repair work. In Roscommon (that's a good name) Michigan, a woman 65 years of age has been elected sheriff, to succeed her husband. Report sayeth not why the Roscommonites prefer the sheriff's better half to himself, after he had served six years in that capacity. Perhaps he was one of those thief-takers that have the habit of an occasional fall and bump on the sidewalk, causing those bad breaks that so disturbed the people of Yoncalla. He will, however, serve as chief deputy under his wife. The couple have three children, have been married forty years, and evidently know how to keep a county in good order. In Muskogee, which is in Oklahoma, Miss Alice Robertson has been elected to congress. The middle states and the west are foremost in giving office to women. Jeannette Rankin, the first female representative at the national capital, was a Montana selection. She did not make a spectacular hit in congress, yet maintained a high degree of popularity in her own state, and is still credited with the makings of a greater political career. In politics, Miss Rankin won respect for sincer-

ity of purpose without frills. Had she contrived otherwise she could easily have attained notoriety by the simplest methods of the press agent. As the first women in Congress, and sensational or unconventional utterance would have brought ready space and comment from the newspapers of the coun ry. She scorned such flourish of personality and desired to be nothing more than a representative of her electorate. Miss Robertson is not well known out here. She has a big opportunity, of course, in the present state of congressional make-up, and, if anything of an orator, should make both parties take notice of the feminine pressure on political office.

* * *

Commercial Opportunities in South America

Before the opening of the Panama canal we heard rousing speeches of what America would do with the South American trade. New York, New Orleans and San Francisco vied with one another in telling what would happen from the Guianas to Argentine under the rushing tactics of North American salesmen. San Francisco felt that the canal was built for her special purposes. But after the numerous rousing speeches, most of the audience went to sleep again. Perhaps the shortage of ships had something to do with it. Perhaps some of the enthusiasts lacked geographical data, especially as to the proximity of Brazil's harbors and the coast of Spain. Still, distance is not always the controlling factor. Enterprise helps a little. The population of South America have something of Spanish languor in their blood, and the enterprise to meet their demands must not be of the Smart Aleck sort. They are not won by touch-and-go tactics. They do not learn quickly from the contents of a sample trunk and a fluent demonstrator. This fact has disheartened some of the pioneers in the new commercial movement. Besides, the banking systems of our own country are not yet in condition to finance the long-term credits desired by the Latin temperament. The recent convention of bankers, however, pointed to a change in that regard, and many banks will soon be ready to assist our merchants to an extent about equaling European competition. Comparatively few people in the United States know the splendors of South American cities, nor the importance thereof in European eyes. Newspapers are still commenting on the act of Italy in sending a former prime minister as ambassador to Brazil. Ordinarily the Brazilian job would not be offered to a man who has headed the statecraft of his country. And the probabilities are that few, if any, premiers of the past would have accepted it. But this being a commercial age, the biggest men of nations are devoting time to trade exploitation; and so Signor Orlando has accepted his duty in charge of the embassy at Rio. We could not say what a titude Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby or ex-Secretary Robert Lansing would have if the American office down there were tendered to either of them. Likely enough, neither would care for the social side of the office. Society is conducted brilliantly and on a large scale south of the Amazon; yet Americans may have a prejudice against the language. We may have also a prejudice against the growing wealth of those countries, and the magnificence of their public works. Travelers tell us that in architecture, painting, drama and music, general extravagance and social pomp, South America has nothing to learn from Kansas City or New York. Paris and Madrid are the models. In the matter of up-to-date civilization, North America is no longer the Western Hemisphere. Signor Orlando may write on the subject for an Italian magazine. We hope the article will be translated for perusal hereabouts.

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* * *

The Jappiness of the Japs

Although it has been said that the occidental will never comprehend the oriental mind, Californians at least feel that they understand the mental processes of Nippon's wayfarers, or as much thereof as pertain to California. The Japanese mind may well be described by the word Jappy. The term may not mean much east of Tahoe, but it serves its purpose here. From all of their accounts, in their newspapers, their circular letters and their diplomatic utterances, it appears that the Japanese are quite comfortable, prosperous and increasing in California, and that they intend to stay. They, on their part, have learned enough of the occidental intellect to bandy with our laws, test the constitutionality of our referendum and, in short, prove to us that the will of the people, as expressed on election day, is not truly, morally nor constitutionally the people's will. They have learned that the maintenance of our laws is a procrastinating, tedious process as long as lawyers can be hired to debate the matter with us. If the Jap be ineligible to citizenship, he nevertheless has every privilege of the citizen to withstand the law, if he can pay for the delay. He has every right except the one to vote. But this does not worry him, since he can employ voters to get the others into legal squabbles and diplomatic tangles; and he is doing this methodically since California's handling of the alien land law. The attitude of the Japs, after perusal of this law seems to mean, "It can't be done." This attitude is nothing else but Jappiness. There is no other term for it. And now, what word shall we apply to our own system of laws that exposes itself to such nullification?

* * *

The Popularity of Prayer in Business

Portraits done by the old masters oft show the subject in reverential pose. Piety was a popular institution, and the donor of a saint picture was glad to have his countenance limned near the saints, his hands duly pressed in prayer. Many of our modern business men are church-goers, but they do not parade the fact. They give to ecclesiastic needs, but never have their portraits painted in religious meditation. Nor is religious theme a part of modern business affairs. If there is anything practicable in a recent Chicago convention of business men, a change is possible on this phase of modern life. The idea is to have the day's work begin with prayer, and no doubt each of the 2000 delegates will make some provision for the divine appeal on return home. It would not be difficult to take this novel procedure more lightly than it deserves. One could ask—For what would the supplicants pray? Suppose, in a factory, a labor strike or a lockout be premeditated. Each side would pray for success. On the other hand, a clergyman or chaplain might perform good service by praying for concessions, arbitration and good will. Still again, the prayer with which legislatures are convened never has an effect upon partisan strife. If the heart of the grafter has ever been turned by such worship the world has never been informed of the occurrence. This is not saying that such regeneration is beyond possibility. Prayer may have saved a worthy political measure now and then, and the world never have heard about it. The business world might be improved and its hardships ameliorated in the same way. Some concerns will say that they cannot afford the time. Others may assert that the efficiency methods and money-getting mania are not in accord with biblical poverty and thoughtlessness for the morrow. The ravens will feed them. That would be an inappropriate text. The prayer leader would have to be extremely careful in his choice of words, or he might expose an incongruity between the angels and big business.

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

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BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

Elwyn Harvey and Ben Erway

By Helen M. Bonnet

I take a deep interest in the personalities of our Alcazar players. I can't help it, when I see them so often, each time as someone else. There is a sort of analogy between wanting to know about the people who portray characters for our entertainment and the curiosity that impels the small boy to take his watch to pieces to see what makes it go. This city owes a big debt of gratitude to the Alcazar Stock Company, who keep alive for us the spoken drama and successfully keep us in touch with current productions in the far away theatrical firmament.

Ben Erway's versatility and polished technique are attracting admiration and extermely complimentary comment. I believe he is the leading juvenile, and in his twenty-one weeks' season has played a wide variety of parts.

Mr. E. D. Price, the Alcazar's discerning manager said when I suggested an interview with Mr. Erway: "He's a fine boy, and" (with a knowing smile) "imbued with a desire to characterize." That was the very reason I wanted to meet him, because real actors are rare. One has to be born with dramatic instinct; and though there are many successful actors without it who have attained highly creditable positions through long fidelity to technique, yet these are never great, always lacking the scintillation which comes from the divine spark. Mr. Erway is of the elect,—possessed of inborn dramatic sense with a highly sensitized appreciation of dramatic values and a technique which compares favorably with that of the comparatively few actors who are justly celebrated for it. Indeed, not knowing the young man's theatrical antecedents, I was prepared to find that he was famous in some theatrical sphere before the Alcazar acquired him, probably that he was a player from over seas seeking adventure or determined to wrest an American reputation on our distant shores before startling the metropolis; possibly that he was cultivating oblivion in this distinct land on account of a war bride or entanglement more or less embarassing For I regret to say that the ordinary dramatic career of, well, years and years, does not endow one with such acting ability as Mr. Erway gives evidence of possessing Judge then my surprise when I found him to be a young man from Sacramento, where he made his stage debut eight years ago, his subsequent triumphs having been achieved in San Jose, Spokane, Portland, Phoenix (Arizona) and our neighboring city, Oakland. Perhaps he included Reno, because when something necessitated my remarking flippantly that Nevada is chiefly notable for Reno, where the divorces come from, Mr. Erway regarded me with a keenly reproachful expression while he said: "I love Nevada,—I was born there, and it is a wonderful place." I excused myself and said that at least one actor destined to greatness is a native of the silver state. He thanked me for those kind words and said he felt encouraged. He doesn't look at all in need of encouragement, and I fancy wherever he has appeared people have called him a clever boy.

In Sacramento Mr. Ed Redmond asked him if he knew an actor who could play a part in "Soldiers of Fortune." Mr. Erway didn't; that is, not any regular actors, but he himself aspired to the boards, having had long experience in Sacramento amateur theatricals, and would gladly essay the role,—that of a Spanish adventurer. So Redmond gave him a chance, and liked him well enough to annex him permanently, where the young man had the opportunity to tour the interior. He has an astonishing repertoire of modern types, and I wouldn't be afraid to wager that his characterizations would make some of the New York originals pale in comparison. Erway, when he acts, seems saturated with the physical characteristics of his prototype. His gait, gestures, tricks of utterance, change of accent, all fit the part he plays, and he has never yet in his Alcazar repertoire portrayed anyone like himself.

Girls, he is awfully good looking and as unaffected as your Tom, "next to the eldest" brother. He's twenty-six, with the rather tall, agile figure that belongs to healthy Americans of that age; very bright, mild, brown eyes and dark hair that would make his fortune in pictures. Once or twice he was in movies, owns they are a bonanza, but says he wants to stay in spoken drama until he can "get in pictures right."—I suppose that means on a "spoken" reputation. With such hair and wonderful acting ability, together with a total absence of tell-tale lines, I should say that he ought to be a movie star right now; for most of the movie heroes are in the sere and yellow and don't need the long record of their careers to prove it. However, for the future of the spoken drama, I would wish him to pose for pictures only long enough to fill his purse plethorically so he could afford to decline from New York managers haughtily, all offers not decorated with electric lights and the emoluments that belong to stars.

Mr. Erway is not married,—I asked him and he said, "Oh, no!" When I asked "Would you like to be?" He answered, "Oh, yes! I hope to be some time. It is the only real thing in life." "Do you really think you could be in love?" queried Miss Elwyn Harvey, in whose dressing room this interview took place. "Yes, indeed, I think I could; you bet I could!" eagerly responded the young man who has so many and varied stage loves. He was so enthusiastic about romance that I made bold to inquire as to his taste in girls. Girls, he likes all kinds of you, with a preference for the "cuddly" sort.

When he isn't acting or rehearsing he is dashing back and forth to visit his parents in Oakland—and to play tennis in the courts of their next door neighbors.

He was pleased when I told him his personality reminds me of that prince of players, Harry Mestayer, whose versatility resembles his own. And I said that I'd love to see Ben Erway in Harry Mestayer's role, which a New York critic said was the tent pole which held up "Come Out of the Kitchen."

Then Miss Harvey became enthusiastic—said she longed for the Ruth Chatterton role. In a second we had cast the Alcazar company and in another minute the curtain was down on one of the Alcazar's most stirring revivals.

I could n't resist, when I saw their zeal, introducing my pet scheme for the Alcazarans, scenes from Shakespeare produced entirely by the company without managerial aid, on special occasions, not replacing the regular performance, but given as extras. Miss Harvey thought it would be lovely. Over in Australia she played Celia in "As You Like It," Maria in "Twelfth Night," Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice," the Prince in Richard III and several other characters. She was all smiles and would love the Shakespearean days.

"But have a heart!" quoth Erway. "Where would we find the time?"

"I never thought of the time," smiled Miss Harvey. "Yes, come to think of it, we do work a lot." Here she doffed her large floppy hat and pressed her bright chestnut hair affectionately in place while she smiled into her own cheery hazel eyes in the mirror. She looks to be a very good-natured girl and I believe she is, for she came from Australia, the land of good nature. She was surprised when I told her I knew she was an Australian when I had heard her speak one sentence. When I said the Australian woman habitually pitches her voice in a higher key than the English woman, Miss Harvey promptly illustrated in the deeper English tone. "But," she gurgled, "Ive gotten so American the folks at home wouldn't know me. Next week, in 'The Cave Girl,' I have to be a regular American—you'll see."

When she came to this country two years ago her people thought she was crazy to venture so far alone. "But I just took the bull by the horns and came, and I'm glad of it. I could have stayed in Australia forever and they wouldn't have believed I could do anything so well as foreign actresses. After I've made a success in this country I'll go back home and convince them, I hope." We spoke of Mme. Melba, whom the Australian nation adored after her European triumphs, but let go unrecognized when she sang like a bird among them as Nellie Mitchell; of Annette Kellerman, lovely mermaid, whom no one ever thought extraordinary until the clever little daughter of Alice Charbonnet Kellerman returned to Australia with bays and a large fortune won in foreign climes; of Frances Adler, whom no Australian ever dreamed would be the aspirant to Melba's crown; yet of whom, now as Frances Alda, the Australian papers and public generally, constantly and most affectionately recall recollections when she was a member of the Williamson forces; of Percy Grainger and others, who had to leave that artistic country to learn how gifted and finished they were. Australia is a great big overgrown village filled with genius and artistic accomplishment. Their esthetic constructiveness is part of their every day life and the people don't realize how high they have set their standards.

Miss Harvey played the ingénue lead with Henrietta Crossman in "Critical Moments" and also with Tyrone Power in "The Servant in the House." This was after her season with the Maitlands at the St. Francis.

"I feel," Miss Harvey said, "as if my luck is in the west. Really, when I returned from the east I felt a thrill as I looked at San Francisco. I am happy at the Alcazar and hope to succeed. I've a six mouths' contract and I mean to try awfully hard to please." I admired a pretty frock hanging on the wall, so she beamed "I love pretty clothes and while I'm here I mean

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to give the audiences lots of smart dressing." "Do," encouraged Mr. Erway, "that's half the battle." Again the lady beamed, for that to her will be a very simple and congenial half, I'm sure. She gaily asked Mr. Erway if he didn't believe that technique comes natural to one. Mr. Erway replied very seriously: "Oh, no; you must work out details, study human nature and analyze the methods of the great and experienced actors."

"Would you like to join a Henry Miller company to polish your technique?" I asked. They answered simultaneously and vehemently. Miss Harvey—"Goodness no! Mr. Miller is said to be a perfect ogre at rehearsal!" Mr. Erway—"Wouldn't I though? It would be great. Think what a chance to learn the great art of the drama!" Erway looked as if he is convinced that the code of Miller recognizes that any means to the end of bringing out genius is justifiable in art's interest, but Miss Harvey's expression plainly gave notice that she wouldn't like being bossed to attain the Miller ideal. Maybe she'd heard the story of Miller's stopping a Chauncey Olcott rehearsal, when he was trying to teach the honey sweet Irish singer to act. "Do you know, Chauncey, what you resemble when you are trying to make love?" suavely inquired Miller. "No, Henry," nonchalantly answered the long-time matinee hero. "Chauncey, you look exactly like a fish!" Yet it is stage history that there was a metamorphosis in Chauncey Olcott's acting under Miller's brutal frankness.

"I haven't fixed up my dressing room at all since I came here," Miss Harvey volunteered, "because when I've finished rehearsal and performance I like to get away. I am mad about motoring—mean to learn to drive myself, if I ever have time. I love to dance, too, and nearly every night I dance with friends somewhere—Palace, Fairmont, Techau or Tait's. So with my work and amusements and many nice friends I've made here I am very happy and hope to remain as leading woman a long time."

"Then don't decorate your dressing room," I advised. "There is a superstition that to do so is to prepare it for a successor." The little lady herself is a bright ornament in it, with her sparkle and optimism. However, there was a broad pink ribbon with a gold lettered "Success" draped above the mirror lights. "It's too warm in here for my roses, since we've gotten the central heating, but I'm here so much that I have to have the beautiful flowers to look at."

I had motored up the peninsula that morning through the perfumed air with the green trees and gay flowers beckoning me to stay. The theater was dark and still. Yet on the bare stage with the company rehearsing, responding cheerfully to Director Shumer's energetic, "Here you are, dearie" (how unMiller-like!); "take it easy and make your exit, just pausing by the shrub, which will be at 'right first'"—and later in the little blank dressing room, where two eager young Thespians talked of their creations and planned for the future, all the concrete beauties of Nature seemed insignificant in the presence of human endeavor and aspiration.

Their work is as beneficent as the marvels of nature, for, as Pope said,

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art
To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage."

The Conservation of Energy

FRANCIS GRIERSON

The secret of equanimity lies in the conservation of energy. Vain exertion and excitement weakens the body and mind, and a man can neither be sound physically nor mentally as long as he permits himself to be moved by the conflicting moods and emotions of the hour. Every troubled thought, every angry word, every excited gesture, is a weight in the balance which prevents the equipoise of intellect and reduces stamina.

It requires as much energy to hate with vigour as it does to love with passion, and more astuteness to continue in the narrow and neutral path that lies between exasperation and infatuation than is commonly manifest in the ruling of a state. Anger which is impotent enfeebles the will and diminishes vital force; so that no wise man will harbour it except at the moments when destiny puts into his hands the means at once for the execution of justice and judgment.

Passion, hate, envy, and ambition, are four things which invalidate energy. Passion limits the will to certain boundaries, hate binds the will in a vicious circle, envy nullifies and saps the secret sources of inspiration, while ambition is restless, suspicious, and apprehensive. Of all these things envy is the most pernicious, for, as a wise king has said: "A sound heart is the life of the flesh, but envy is the rottenness of the bones."

There are men of profound learning and deep insight who seem to possess every quality but one, and that one the most necessary to equanimity—the secret of avoiding that which irritates and provokes. Of the few excellent things which may be acquired by will and practice this is the most desirable. It is a sign of weakness in men of intelligence to be moved and influenced by inimical criticism. Those who are sensitive to mockery and misrepresentation should avoid reading unfriendly criticism, while the insensitive should put even this small effort to better use. The conservation of energy consists principally in knowing how to range and regulate the little things of life. The big things soon cure or kill themselves. More strength of mind and body is wasted in the daily repetitions of the avoidable than in any other thing. Thinkers and artists make little progress while they are hampered by conflicting counsel and the acrimonious sentiments of rival schools and factions. One must live far above these things, or avoid them by circumambiency. To be swayed by them means servile imitation or decadence. To live above the elements of dissension and opposition means a spirit of independence which is almost indifference—a state which borders on a cynical disregard of the feelings of the majority in every rank and calling. To live just beyond the reach of discord means a subtle management of daily affairs, a penetration that almost attains to clairvoyance. It means knowing the knowable, avoiding the avoidable, living in the world, but not of it. A man who wishes to conserve his energy should promenade around the arena of strife and passion, but never descend into it. As a hermit in his cave hears the howling of the storm, the rushing of swollen streams, and the crashing of giant pines, a wise man ought both to see and hear the rush of rivalry and the roar and movement of envy without being moved by the flux or reflux of change.

There is a double meaning attached to the conservation of energy: the greatest forces are the silent ones. The original intellects are those that achieve the most without being obstreperous. Force is a sort of energy which is often not even seen or heard. Power is attended with clamour and visible movement. For this reason it is always popular. The world is impressed by what it sees, and people mistake violent gesture for sincere acting. There is no known human power that can extinguish a page of recorded truth.

In the effort to attain equanimity the sensitive find pity the most serious stumbling-block. A man who has not learned to pity himself by abstaining from the useless pitying of others will find his days full of misery. In all great cities the daily sights and sounds of the street make perpetual demands on the sense of pity. The feeling of commiseration in the minds of the sensitive comes at last to be a source of greater pain than cold and hunger are to the people who often appear more wretched than they really are. For much of the visible misery is more apparent than real. People who are not ashamed of drinking to excess, or of begging in the streets, cannot discern the demoralizing effects of penury and hunger. To conserve our energies, then, requires something more than a mere effort of the will; it means the framing of a set of rules, to be followed in the street and in the drawing-room, in the study and the counting-house—rules never to be forgotten in the hurry and excitement of business or pleasure.

In the modern intellectual world Goethe presents the most striking example of the successful storing and maintenance of energy. In the midst of war he managed to forget it, and continue his literary work. George Eliot was a wise woman, as well as a great writer. She never read the opinion of unfriendly critics. Brain-workers owe it to themselves, first of all, to avoid undue irritation; they owe it to their friends to avoid everything that detracts from equanimity; and, lastly, they owe it to unknown readers everywhere to avoid undignified discussion and unseemly denials and contradictions. The secret of the conservation of energy lies within the grasp of each individual man.

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The Election and the League

So far as the presidency is concerned, the election is over. Under the American system, Mr. Harding will preside over the American people, not over a party merely, and every American worthy that proud distinction will recognize him as his President. But what of the treaty of peace and the League covenant?

Upon that issue, though the election is over, the people have made no approach to a solution. They have merely announced to the world that this nation is technically still at war with Germany. It is true that Mr. Harding has said that he will recommend to Congress that we declare ourselves at peace, but that declaration cannot make it a fact. He also said that he will seek to form with other nations an "association" for the promotion of amity among them. Were such a thing possible, it would still be a League of Nations, whatever its name might be, and it would accomplish exactly what the Wilson covenant sought to accomplish, or it would be but a farce enacted for the laughter of the gods and of mankind.

However, upon what theory will President Harding secure such an "association"? Is he, or is America, in a position to go before the forty-odd nations of the world that have joined the League and say, "Throw away all that you have done and come with us to form an organization among the nations for the same purpose intended by your present League"? If the other nations did not accept such a proposal as a direct insult to their intelligence and their sense of national honor, what would even we think of their standing as Nations?

Is there an American who, now that the heat of a campaign is over, would not blush with shame at such a proposal? How could he defend the attitude of America in so betraying the other nations with whom we engaged in a war upon war—a war to make such another outrage upon civilization and mankind a future impossibility?

Americans! Stop for a moment and think what this means. The world was on fire, ignited by the acts of a maniac, who conceived the idea that he was god-ordained to rule mankind. After much hesitation America rose in magnificent unity and might and cried to that insane monarch, "Stop! This infamy shall not stand in the sun to shame mankind. Not only will we put you down, but we will so plan for the future that such an outrage shall never again cast its blight upon the civilization of the world.'

★ ★ ★

America to the Rescue

The nations that were bleeding welcomed the young giant of the west, who rose in such magnificence to defend democracy and civilization. They looked upon America as the savior of the world. Our soldiers were embraced by those suffering people, and magnificently did our boys bleed and die for the ideals that America's President proclaimed to the world. After eighteen months of our co-operation with those nations who had been defending civilization, we won. Having won, the next task was to formulate the plan by which such a thing should never again occur. The plan was formulated. It received the sanction of the President, who, in conjunction with the Senate, has the power to make such terms with other nations. But a national campaign was soon to come on, and the Senate found it politically expedient to refuse its assent to that treaty of peace. Our associates all accepted it, and are doing their mightiest to compel the nations with whom we were at war to abide by the terms of that treaty. But America, in a national election, tentatively indorses the idea that now, while our recent associates are struggling to make the events of that war triumphant for the good of the race, we shall merely pass a resolution of peace, leaving our recent enemy free, so far as we are concerned, again to repeat his offenses.

In short, we abandoned our late allies in what we called a "holy war," and we have elected a man to the Presidency who proposed that plan. Oh, yes; but we shall now ask those associates whom we have betrayed and dishonored to come with us to form an "association" of nations. Does any intelligent person in America really believe that such a proposal will actually be made, or, if it is, that it will receive anything less than it deserves—the contempt of mankind? tempt of mankind?

If Postmaster Fay Resigns

Some Democratic chortles were heard upon the rumor that Postmaster Charles Fay would resign from office in order to frustrate the Republican job seekers through operation of the civil service rules. At the risk of proving to be a false prophet, the Spectator hereby asserts that Fay will not do so. He may hand in his resignation while these words are running through the press, and yet Spectator hereby and hereunto repeats the prognostication in the negative. Fay will not resign for the mere purpose of giving the office to a civil service eligible before March 4th. Such a political trick would be unworthy of a man holding the high office of postmaster in our midst. At that, the Wilsonian order of 1917 is not irrevocable. Should the Republicans, after eight years of starvation, return to the spoils system with a vengeance, Harding could rescind the order with a stroke of his pen. To the victor belong the spoils, including the San Francisco post office, whether Fay resigns or not. This would be the old-time intrepretation; and, as Harding is said to be somewhat reactionary, no surprise would be felt if he should react victoriously at Seventh and Mission streets It may be that Fay have other motives for retiring. Holiday mails are a big worry to the department head, if he be of a worrying disposition, and the distribution of letters and packages to Republicans from now to March 4th would be disconcerting. But why should San Francisco act alone in this matter? Postmasters of all the first, second and third-class cities might turn the stamps over to civil service men, and then the whole country would writhe under the spoils system, Harding choosing to wage it, and his administration would be called selfish at the very outset. This seems to be a year of rumored resignations; and yet, as we understand office holding, we feel that most of the Democrats will hold on gallantly until March 4, and then go in for law practice, if so prepared for the emergency.

California's Inspiration

Envious rivals have always looked with a skeptical eye on those persons who see nothing but California when the purling brook of conversation laps the banks of poetry, painting and all that sort of stuff. Mrs. Reggie Urdahl Smith is surely bound for a big time with her statue of Pegasus. Peg hasn't appeared in bronze or marble for some years in these parts, and everybody will want a good look at the winged equine, if only for old time's sake. A newspaper reporter asked the sculptress where she found the inspiration for her product; and the answer came —"Among the eucalyptus, the redwoods, the blue sky, etc., of California." Now, I protest. Much as I have rambled about the local hills, I never beheld any horse with wings. In point of fact, among the redwoods and eucalyptus, I have noted myriads of automobiles; few horses of any variety. I am willing to testify that never has a horse fluttered through the zephyrs, winged its way across the vale or volplaned through the azure in my presence. In all Greece there was only one of the kind, and Bellerophon had to watch and wait a long time at Helicon before nabbing the noble brute. If I remember aright, there was a news story, not long ago, to the effect that Mrs. Smith sent the clay model by freight to San Francisco. She is not a San Franciscan. When questioned as to the fount or her inspiration, she drew a deep breath, and answered, "Here," perhaps meaning that the idea came from within (which is hardly fair to Bellerophon, at that). However, the reporter felt that the word "here" referred to San Francisco and the circumjacence. "Pork barrel" is an ugly term even in politics. Why employ the same methods in poetry and sculpture?

Booze in the News

Prohibition may have taken claret from the table, but it certainly has not removed the alcoholic percentage from our mental processes. Cocktails are gone from the rosewood, but a bright, rosy, auroral magnificence still radiates on the south, where linger the memories thereof, and on the north, where dwell the hopes. That liquor still actuates a large part of our daily meditations is evident from the wide-spread pages that the newspapers devote to news of booze. Designed to make our lives more puritanical, the booze laws have had the contrary effect psychologically. Formerly a chap took his liquor in an off-hand way, and then forgot about it. Now he ponders on it all day: the injustice of the deprivation, the loss to his digestive, nervous, convivial and social systems, and the legal or other chances of acquiring more The big dailies are wise to the situation, and every jot or tittle of news that relates to booze and booze agents is magnified for public attention. The front pages are replete with stories of bootlegging, whiskey rings, warehouse scandals, transportation permits, indictments, fines, judicial interpretations, legislative enactments and every detail near to and remotely connected with the suject. The public is vitally and alcoholically interested. It might be said that the public is intoxicated with curiosity as to what will come next. The drys, on their part, are also drunk with victory; they thirst for more power to prohibition. They long for drier laws. The story is out that the Harris super-prohibition bill is to be submitted again to the California legislature, after the smashing defeat in referendum. If the Sacramento boys should give

the act their sanction once more, then back to referendum again would it come. This enforcement measure seems destined to be bandied back and forth. Legislature and people will make it a thing like Tomlinson's ghost wandering between heaven and hell. In the meantime, we cannot fail to note that when a judge on the bench wishes to utter a stinging rebuke to a gang of bootleggers, he criticizes the quality of their booze.

Booth Billings

Ho! for the follies of the election! J. H. Zemansky, registrar of voters, received his—not the returns—in good measure this time! It was mere routine to dispatch correctly to a fifth of a million citizens the seven or eight tons of the million and more odds and ends the law required him to; it was deemed a pleasure to answer the hundreds of thousands of telephone, telegraph and tete-a-tete queries about the thousand and one things connected with an election; two days and two nights, continuous, without sleep or relief receiving returns, was for him and his deputies but incidents to a general election; what irritated was the subterfuge, threats, exhortation and gentle persuasion that had to be employed to line up for officers of election the four thousand odd citizens whom the law demanded Zemansky produce—and keep produced! Ten dollars a head and civic interest were the compensation tendered for a service that might take a day and a half or half a week and a day. Well, he found them—now they are out trying to locate him.

Then, about those returns: The first person to deposit the voted ballots, etc., in the office of the registrar was a miracle man—he came in at 11:30 p. m.—the same day, November 2, the last haltingly came in the second day after, at 2:11 a. m. Now, in the interest of speed and economy of profanity, Alpha should explain to Omega how the thing was done.

Then, for the flotsam: Came an array of individuals, asking for keys to the various voting booths; these sought sundry lost articles—overcoats, pins, shawls, a woman's switch and most anything. Three presented demands for 5, 15 and 20 cents for coaloil; and, a bill for plumbing; another, a demand for plumbing done; still another stated he had spent $1.10 for repairing three chairs. The prize extortioner was an officer who seriously submitted the following: Meals for three, $2.80; coaloil, 15 cents; taxicab, $2 05; repairs to table, 80 cents; hot lemonade, 60 cents. And this is not the end. So, a great day, a night, next day and part of another night was general election day, November 2, 1920, A. D.

Paris and Oakland

The city of Oakland is peeved. It has had a tiff with Paris. Not a social conflict; purely a commercial transaction, although one in which Paris might well have shown more of the amenities and politesse for which she is famous. After all, it is not entirely a trade transaction, for some of the packages of tobacco were sent from Oakland as presents. French authorities stated that much of the tobacco was to be sold, and thereupon confiscated cigarettes and plug-cut. The sale of tobacco in France is conducted by the Republique Francaise. It is a case of government ownership. A number of Oaklanders became imbued with the notion that France's tobacco enterprise is on a par with San Francisco's operation of the Geary Street raiyway. Hence, the desire to relieve a poignant situation. It reminds one of the old anecdote, which may still be unknown to a few readers: The story was of a soldier, caught using imported matches; matches also being a government enterprise. To this charge of unpatriotism the man replied: "It is true that I have used the imported match, but only to light the French one, which I then apply to my cigarette." Government ownership is not a popular institution. We don't know the brand of cigarettes that Oakland sent to Paris, but we assume that any Oaklander wandering about La Belle Paree would be glad to pay a high price for the smokes. There is always a suspicion against officials who confiscate tobacco and liquor anyway. This would be another case for the League of Nations, had the election turned out differently. Maybe the Harding-Knox Association of Free Nations will get around to the matter.

Mrs. Asquith's Accouchment

Trust an English woman to do something unconventional. It is safe to say that the most torrid and horrid scenes of London frivolity occurred almost within sight of the frigid Queen Victoria, assuming that she was cold as they say. According to Mrs. Asquith's memoirs, the queen didn't see the best of what happened in London society. Nor did Victoria live to see the wife of an ex-prime minister write the details of two painful events, one on the failure, the other, a success at becoming a mother. Mrs. Asquith awoke from chloroform to find that her first child's life had to be sacrificed. She describes all the physical tortures and mental strains of the bed chamber, besides many little bits of local color and feminine atmosphere, that, all in all, appear for the first time on the printed page. Few women would have the courage or inclination for the narration. Her majesty, Queen Victoria, would surely have penned a note of criticism; and yet the tale is charming. Great courage is accompainted by great tenderness in true works of art as well as in other matters. Not every woman writer has it in her to give the woman's point of view. Mrs. Asquith, while not as clever as expected, has succeeded in saying things that have not been said hitherto. The Premier does not seem entirely her equal psychologically. When the unfortunate infant was born, Henry (Herbert) Asquith took a look at the newcomer, and led the physician to another room for a cup of tea. On his return, she inquired of the child, and Henry remarked that the little one breathed badly and that something interfered with the filling of her lungs. Otherwise he was quite affectionate, but does not appear to be the hero of the memoirs. An open fault of the narrative is the misleading way in which the writer jumps from correspondence to episode, from date to date and back again, leaving the reader at loss to know what she is aiming at. There is a general confusion of diary notes, comment, dates, names, events and personal pronouns, demonstrating the need of professional revision. Although an amateur, Mrs. Asquith at times reaches expert description. Yet there is no logical sequence to her paragraphs, and this defect spoils the story for the average reader of the present day, looking for casual entertainment rather than strenuous application to the pages of reminiscence.

Landlords and Heating

A jury of women in New Jersey last week brought in in eleven minutes, a verdict for a tenant, whose landlord sued her for a month's rent, she having moved out of his premises because he did not keep his agreement to fix the furnace. The house was sold before the furnace was put in order, so the tenant moved without paying the rent.

Many apartment house dwellers in San Francisco will read of this verdict with interest. To agree to supply any central heating and then neglect to do so is deliberately robbing a tenant, yet it is often done without apology. A few suits like that in New Jersey would eliminate a great deal of coldness between landlords and tenants.

Major General Wood and Red Cross

"Among the most remarkable and useful developments of the war has been the growth and broadening of the field of effort of the American Red Cross and other organizations, some of

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them expressly organized to meet war conditions and all of them directed with a view to sending our troops overseas clean and sound in mind and body, and to helping in the conduct of the war.

Generally speaking, their work has been exceedingly well done—done with an effectiveness which is best appreciated by those who have been in contact with the troops in the great training camps, ports of embarkation and debarkation, and at the large railway distributing centers.

These organizations, individually and collectively, have been a great force for building up morale, and, hence, for winning the war. The activities of these organizations have been extended, especially those of the Red Cross. Its efforts have not been limited merely to providing nurses, equipment of hospitals, preparation of surgical dressings, provision of supplies and aid for the sick and wounded. This organization has gone into the training camps, established itself at the railway stations, at hospitals, the military posts, and other points. It has distributed food, clothing, surgical equipment, supplies of various kinds. It has made good deficiencies in necessities. It has established houses and rooms for recreation. It has been an agent for the dissemination of sound propaganda in camps at home and in the battle area. It has built up the morale in the great armies. It has fed families behind the line. It has raised enormous sums of money. It has been a great force for civilization and humanity.

There are other splendid patriotic organizations, such as the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army, Y. W. C. A., Jewish Welfare Board, War Camp Community Service, Camp Activities, and others which have also done yeoman service in many fields.

The days of active field service are practically at an end, as far as our forces are concerned. The Army is home and work in its behalf will soon be reduced to comparatively insignificant proportions.

The question arises—what are going to be the peace-time activities of the Red Cross and of the other organizations? Their work must not cease. Millions need their services in this country. Great natural disasters will occur in the future as in the past. It is reasonable that certain wars will occur. The Red Cross should be organized and prepared to meet promptly and effectively the demands made upon it.

Our Red Cross must be essentially an Americaen organization if it is to be strong and have the spirit which comes from nationality It will be called upon from time to time to meet calls for help in various parts of the world. It must be prepared to respond to them in the energetic and generous manner which characterized it in the recent war. To do this it is essential that the organization be maintained upon an effective basis.

The peace-time demands for what we consider normal Red Cross work are a simple problem for the present great organization, with its millions of members; but even these cannot be met effectively unless the organization is continued upon an efficient basis and well-thought-out plans prepared in advance to meet possible emergencies.

The work of the Red Cross during the war has been a wonderful work, beneficial not only to suffering humanity, but helpful and broadening to those who have taken part in it. A wonderful machine has been developed, embodying much of the best ability of our people. Why should we not amplify the field of activity of this and the other great orzanizations, with their splendid spirit of service, with their millions of enthusiastic members and supporters? Why should we not make use of this tremendous force in solving some of our great problems at home?

If we can hold these organizations together, or the greater portion of them, and direct the energies of the splendid men and women who have done so much to help our soldiers, sailors and marines during the war and to aid suffering humanity overseas to bettering the conditions in the slums of our cities, among the poor, and among the industrial workers, results of inestimable value could be attained—results which will make for better relations between capital and labor.

United effort on the part of these organizations for real Americanization, for the establishment of better social and industrial conditions, will deprive the professional agitator of his following and will bring the people from the different walks of life into a more sympathetic understanding and tend to build up that which makes for a Brotherhood of Man. We must go into the highways and byways as have the practical missionaries and organizations of some of our churches and societies; as the Salvation Army has. Americanization and betterment work are not accomplished by the building up of idle organizations, by after-dinner speeches, but by practical work—work which carries with it the human touch. We wish our unassimilated citizens to know what our Constitution and institutions mean; what America stands for. We want them fed on American ideas and ideals and not on the dangerous teachings of a dialect press. We desire them to come under the leadership of Americans and not under that of those who neither understand nor sympathize with our institutions.

The existing spirit of unrest springs in part from conditions which need remedying, in part from vicious and false leadership and in part from the organized dissemination of unsound and dangerous doctrines under the guise of liberal ideas. These conditions can be largely, if not wholly, done away with if the organizations which have done so much during the war attack them with the energy and intelligence with which they attacked the war problems. It is no time now to let these organizations fall to pieces, but rather to redouble their efforts, so that America, strong and united at home, may stand prepared to play her part in the world as we would have her play it.

Capital and Labor

"Grover Cleveland believed in a square deal for labor, in establishing the fullest and best possible understanding and co-operation between labor and capital He believed in voluntary arbitration of their differences, and to that end he proposed, in his message of April, 1886, that steps be taken looking to the establishment of a Federal settlement of differences between employers and employed. He was also keenly interested in protecting not only the country, but labor, against the inroads of an undesirable immigration.

* * *

Theodore Roosevelt

"Roosevelt was the most inspiring character in our national life since Lincoln. His last message should be stamped upon the heart of all true Americans. He said in part:

"I cannot be with you, and so all I can do is to wish you Godspeed. There must be no sagging back in the first for Americanism now that the war is over. We should insist that if the immigrant who comes here does in good faith become an American and assimiliate himself to us he shall be treated on an exact equality with everyone else. There can be no divided allegiances at all. We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes only war against liberty and civilization. We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language."

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"Sing or Be Shot

"Sing or be shot" was the command issued by the Bolsheviks to Mme. Nina Korshetz Shubert, a Russian prima donna, acording to the story told by her when she arrived in New York aboard the steamship Pannonia of the Cunard Line a fortnight ago.

Mme. Korshetz-Shubert was a soprano in the Russian Royal Opero Company at Petrograd, and was captured by the Bolsheviks after they had succeeded in overthrowing the government. The singer said that they "nationalized her voice."

She said the Bolshevik Government forced her to travel throughout Russia and sing in public concerts, the Reds taking the receipts and giving her barely enough to live on. Mme. Korshetz-Shubert said several times she refused to sing and she was told to either sing or be shot.

Several months ago, disguised as a nurse, the singer said, she succeeded in making her escape to Kiev, South Russia, which is not in the hands of the Soviet Government. In this little town she joined her husband and little daughter, from whom she had been separated when she was captured.

After her escape she gave concerts and saved enough money to transport herself and husband and daughter to the United States. Mme. Korshetz-Shubert said that at one of her concerts given in Constantinople Rear Admiral Mark Bristol, in charge of the American affairs in the Near East, was in attendance.

When asked as to her plans the singer said that she did not know just what she was going to do yet, but that probably she would join one of the American opera companies.

T. Daniel Frawley and the Alien Land Law

We have with us once more T. Daniel Frawley, actor and producer, popular (nay beloved), in San Francisco since his arrival here nearly thirty years ago as a member of the William H. Crane Company in "The Senator." Frawley won the city, though he was then new to the stage, having been a newspaper reporter in Washington, D. C. When he played long stock seasons here with people who later became renowned (Maxine Elliott and Blanche Bates and many others) he made theatrical history for us. His entrance to our port Tuesday brought him in on a wave that launches him anew in the popular favor, even with the generation that knew him not as a Thespian. For if it be true that T. Daniel forgot the courtesy due the Japanese company upon whose ship he was a passenger the reason given was that Mr. Frawley was in his cups and that he apologized "the morning after." But as "In vino veritas," we know what was in the Frawley heart when he gave free vent to his disapproval of the Japanese. Of course, he meant as residents of America, for all good Americans think the Japanese are charming on their native heath. The Japanese Exclusion League of California, including the Native Sons and Daughters, American Legion, California Federation of Women's Clubs, Knights of Pythias and State Housewives' League will perhaps invite Mr. Frawley to affiliate himself them in their further endeavors to substantiate their position in supoprting the Alien Land Law, which won a notable victory at the election.

We hope that Mr. Frawley still has newspaper connections in Washington, where he may have the pleasure of airing his views. Only the next time, it is hoped he will do so "in sober earnest."

The Japanese have by no means accepted the result of the election as final in their case. We need every possible endeavor to be made in order to convince the whole country of the dangers of oriental invasion.

Nowhere to Go but Out

At a ball game between a South Carolina negro team and a visiting team of similar color, a negro preacher was acting as umpire.

The pitcher had gone rather wild, and had permitted all the bases to fill. Another man came to the bat, and the nervous pitcher shot one over.

"Ball one," yelled the ump.

The pitcher tried again.

"Ball two," was the decision.

Another effort by the hurler.

"Ball three," said the umpire.

The pitcher saw his prdicament, and made one master effort to save the day.

"Ball four," yelled the ump, "and the man's out."

"How come I'se out?" inquired the enraged batter.

"I'se repelled to put you out, nigger. Don't you see dar's nowhere else to put you?"—Columbia State.

How Do You Mean?

Trois jeunes etudiants americans desirent correspondre avec trois marraines parisiennes, jeunes et . . . affectueuses. Photos si possible . . . Ecrire: Ogden Heath, Swingston Dickey, Carlton Underwood, Williams College, Wiliamstown, Mass.—From La Vie Parisienne.

F. P. A. is a guy blase,
And I am a contrib blue;
And so betwixt us both, you see,
He cans the best I do.
—Baron Ireland.

He Knew

Gooseberry tart and currant pudding reposed in all their lucious temptingness on the table in front of him. Willie liked both. He was torn with conflicting emotions.

"Which will you have, Willie?" asked his mother.

"Gooseberry tart," gasped Willie, after a long and painful struggle.

"Tart what?" asked Willie's parent, wishing him to add "please."

Willie didn't understand

"Tart what?" she repeated, sharply.

Then Willie had an idea which seemed to solve his difficulties and make the world bright once more.

"Tart first," he answered.

Herman Finck, the English composer, tells the following story:

"My grandfather used to direct a small orchestra which could be hired for dances, parties and weddings. The orchestra one night made its appearance at the house of the type of parvenu we should call nowadays a war profiteer. The guests were assembled, and the fiddlers and so on were crowded up in the usual corner with the ferns and things. Suddenly the host approached.

"Whatever's this horrible noise you're making?" he asked. "Rotten piece, I call it!"

"That isn't a piece," replied my grandfather; "we're tuning up, that's all."

"Tuning up? I engaged you over two months ago, and you're tuning up now?"

But That Would Have Been Cruel!

The Leavenworth prison officials "smoked" some escaped convicts out of a tunnel by the use of ammonia the other day.

But the Columbus (Kan.) Advocate believes the same result would have been obtained sooner by a bottle of alcohol at the receiving end of the tunnel.

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Social

By TANTALUS

Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Mulcahy have gone to New York. Mrs. Mulcahy is an opera enthusiast and an accomplished musician. She plans to be present at the opening of the Metropolitan season.

Miss MaryRose McGlynn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McGlynn, the latter being the protagonist of Lincoln in the famous Drinkwater play. Miss McGlynn is a student at New Rochelle College, New York. She is a brilliant girl and revels in the opportunity of meeting the clever artists, authors and distinguished people who have entertained so extensively in honor of her gifted father. Miss McGlynn's aunt is Mrs. George J. Knox of Green street, and she has numerous other relatives prominent in San Francisco society. The McGlynns have five other children, all attending New York schools. The youngest boy shows marked talent as a sculptor. Recently he modeled a remarkable likeness of his father as Lincoln, which has won high praise from sculptors.

Mrs. Lillian Donnelley gave a Russian musicale on Wednesday. Dr. Maurice O'Connell played from Russian composers and Mrs. Donnelley and some of her friends sang Russian songs. Miss Alma Vriesky of Odessa poured tea, which was served a la Russe by waiters in ancient Cossack costumes. Miss Vriesky wore a picturesque Russian court costume. Mrs. Donnelley gave a stirring talk on Bolshevism, relating a number of authentic anecdotes of the Bolshevists and quoting from letters written to her and her friends from persons in Russia. She warned of the danger of insidious, Bolshevist propaganda in mild socialistic guise.

Armistice Day was a gala occasion at Letterman and the Marine Hospital. Six hundred boys were made happy by a visit from Red Cross workers, headed by Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, who was accompanied by a number of ladies of her Emergency Canteen. Nobody ever refuses the large-hearted Mrs. Hale any favor she asks for our soldiers and sailors, so she and her friends were happy in being able to take to the hospital 3000 wonderful flowers, the gift of the Retail Florists' Association, through the efforts of Albert Stein, president, and Mr. Rossi, secretary. Mr. Kauffman of Gruenhagen's sent Red Cross candies and candy American flags and the Red Cross provided cigarettes, gum and red apples, which Mrs. Hale's young friends polished to brilliancy on Wednesday.

Mr. Andrew McCarthy of Sherman Clay's loaned two portable organs, which were later taken to the hospitals to accompany the singers. Miss Maude Fay provided the program for the Marine and Miss Fayetta Monroe, who sang for two years as an entertainer overseas, went to Letterman. Other singers were Misses Harriet Bennett, Grace Ewing, Linda Jelleson, Elsie Volkman, Pauline Breunicke, Josephine Holuf, Joy Hollaway, Margaret Avery and Louise Brehany. Miss May Sinsheimer accompanied Miss Fay.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Derham have returned to the city after a two months' absence in the east. Their numerous friends here are hoping that they will elect to remain here permanently, making shorter visits to Manila, where Mr. Derham has extensive interests.

Miss Maria Cabrera Rankin is visiting her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Guild of California street. Miss Rankin soon leaves for the east, where she will live with Mme. Sembrich while cultivating her voice. Her brother, Arturo Rankin, is now in Italy to acquire a repertoire. Caruso and Amato both heard him and predict a wonderful operatic future for him.

MISS MARYROSE McGLYNN

Miss Muriel Boxton, at the suggestion of Leandro Companari, will sing in Italian opera houses to acquire a reputation before appearing in this country. Her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Boxton of Pierce street, have received many opinions highly laudatory of their daughter's unusual talent.

Mr. Charles F. Hanlon returned on Tuesday from New York, where he had been since August attending to some eastern law cases. The dinner which his sister, Mrs. Arthur E. Banks, had planned to give at the Palace in his honor will take place at her home on Post street, owing to her recent illness.

Mrs. A. Comte and Miss Hélène Comte have returned from their eastern visit. Miss Comte will resume her studies at U. C.

Mr. William F. Humphrey returned to town last week from New York, where he was occupied for many weeks with litigation and business deals.

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale gave a bridge party Wednesday afternoon at her home in honor of Mrs. Crawford Clark, mother of Mrs. A. T. Buchanan, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. Jack Wright and Mrs. Porter. Mrs. Clark is handsome and distinguished looking and, though eighty years of age, has vim and enthusiasm of twenty. Her life is spent in charitable deeds She is beloved by a large circle of friends and she revels in the society of young people. After the four tables of bridge, Mrs. Hale invited numbers of young ladies to tea, and many of the guests played and sang for Mrs. Clark's diversion.

Hotel Cecil

Mrs. Thomas Hawkins and young son are visiting Mrs. Hawkins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright, at the Cecil. Mrs. Hawkins was hostess at a prettily appointed dinner Tuesday.

Mrs. L. H. Parker arrived this week from Portland. She will spend the winter at the Cecil. Mrs. Parker is a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Thane, who also reside at the hotel.

Mrs. Henry White and her pretty daughter are recent arrivals.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mitchell of Cleveland, Ohio, will make an indefinite stay.

Frederick Young, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Stafford Parker, returned yesterday to his ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Canon of Tacoma, Wash., will remain for another fortnight.

San Mateo Polo Club

The first of its series of events will take place on Sunday afternoon, November 7th, at 3:30 at the polo grounds on the Peninsula. The teams are:

Whites—(1) R. Schwerin, (2) Harry Hunt, (3)

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R. M. Tobin, (back) Cyril Tobin.

Reds—(1) Archibald M. Johnson, (2) Paul Verdier, (3) W. S. Tevis Jr., (back) L. G. Carpentier. C. M. Weatherwar, umpire.

It is hoped that regular and special games will be played on the El Cerrito field every Sunday. Games are not to be more than six periods each. The polo committee is arranging to have teams from Coronado, Del Monte and Santa Barbara. It is expected that great interest will be shown this year in polo.

St. Anselm's Concert

A grand benefit concert will be given in St. Francis Colonial ballroom Monday evening, November 15, for the benefit of Saint Anselm's organ fund. May Mukle, violoncellist; Rev. Edgar Boyle, tenor; Laurence Schauffler, accompanist, and Uda Waldrop will take part. The boxes have been taken by Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. J. K. Armsby, Mrs. Joseph Raas, Miss Mary Louise Phelan, Mr. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. John Hanify. Tickets on sale at Sherman & Clay Co.

The Rage for Publicity

The young girl, whose picture was reproduced in the Police Gazette after she had posed for a photographer who is said to have represented that he would draw the attention of theatrical managers to her eligibility to a beauty row behind the footlights, was simply the victim of commercialism. Her picture is pretty, graceful and not at all immodest. Pretty girls, far more undressed, are seen on exclusive beaches every day, weather permitting. She is an Alameda school girl, according to the papers, but the person who published the picture was callous to the fact that she would be embarrassed to see her counterfeit presentment on the pink sheet favored by bootblack stands and barber shops. However, "the cat can look at the queen," so let the young miss forget the incident.

A similar event occurred within the past two years in this city. One of the morning dailies published on its society page, a picture of four young girls in very scant bathing attire, indeed, sitting side by side, presumably on a raft, the caption gave the names as four prominent and youthful society girls and related that the picture was taken in the Woman's Athletic Club. The costumes were modest, according to the standards of the day, and the bathers were within the seclusion of their club. Their young faces revealed the innocence of their intention. Yet the questionable taste of a society editor displayed the picture for the discriminating public eye. Promptly someone cut out the picture and mailed it to the superior of the exclusive convent which the young ladies attended. Result: shock, reprimand and explanation. Twenty years ago, both incidents would have been sensational; but today the world is more sensible and realizes that as no harm was intended, none should result. Only when the guileless young person goes abroad "on her own" there should be some discreet guard to protect her from the greedy camera.

Too Much Talk About Women Smoking

The debate over the question "Shall women smoke?" has been revived, and much foolish matter is being written about it. One woman writes saying that a man who "permitted" his wife to smoke should be "hit over the head with a brick." Let us stop there and consider one argument of the non-smokers. A man cannot "permit" his wife to do anything any more, nor can he "forbid" her to do anything she wishes to do. A woman has just as much right to issue orders to her husband as he has to try to lay down the law to her. Men and women go their ways and do as they please in these liberal days and, if they walk the legal path, no person on earth can say them nay. Wherefore it will be seen that any one who talks about a man not permitting a woman to do that which she wishes to do utters nonsense.

A wise doctor gets in on the discussion and advises the woman who writes so violently about hitting someone over the head with a brick to smoke cigarettes herself. The doctor knows the soothing effect of nicotine; he knows that tobacco users rarely resort to violence; he understands that the person who smokes is long suffering, patient, lenient with others, kind to his family—in fact the doctor knows that the man with the tobacco habit is a model husband and father, and that tobacco is good for nervous, excitable women.

However, getting back to the question of "Shall women smoke?" we ask this: How can anyone prevent a woman from smoking if she wishes to do so?

Dan Grosbeck's Exhibition

Carrying quite a distinct note in local exhibitions, the pictures of Dan Sayre Grosbeck, now at the Rabjohn & Moreom galleries, give San Franciscans the opportunity of becoming acquainted with a man whose work has interested easterners for many years. Grosbeck, after the Russian campaign, was full of that intensity which an artist would naturally have for the picturesque part of war. This is something that the public has been expecting right along. The sad fact is that most war pictures have been tame in theme and execution. Exhibition visitors frequently feel that some of the battle scenes and sketches could have been done in the studio by a stay-at-home. Grosbeck's pictures demonstrate at a glance that he was there. He saw things. His compositions are dynamic and volcanic. Fighting hordes and marching heroes are his task, and the glamour of horse flesh in action is over all. The pictures are in water color (of a dyelike tincture) elaborated with charcoal and crayon. The style is rugged. Grosbeck has been around town for some days, and is much interested in the Latin quarter. He has a strong Russian personality, with lean figure, acquiline features, and a mind so alert that his manager says he is hard to control. Home artists will be a bit envious of one who can afford a manager. Perhaps the best way to afford such an assistant is to acquire one at any cost, and results will follow. California painters have been too modest. Under a good managerial system many of them would be far in advance of their present fame.

Chrysanthemums On View

A fine display of flowers, fruits and vegetables and a chrysanthemum exhibition opened the eighty-ninth annual fair of the American Institute of the City of New York last week. This has been a bad season for chrysanthemums in the east, and there were fewer of the beautiful fall blossoms than usual, but those shown were fine in color and quality. There was a large showing of dahlias, roses and carnations, pears, apples and grapes and vegetables. Preserved in alcohol was a single strawberry plant, which has yielded nearly two quarts of berries Black strawberries also were shown.

Among the private exhibitors were Mrs. Payne Whitney, Howard Cole, Madison, N. J.; Oliver Jennings and the Countess Mildred Holstein of Edgehill.

At Del Monte Course

Golfers who will take in the annual Thanksgiving Day tournament at Del Monte will have an opportunity of noting the extensive alterations that are being made on the historic course, which has been the scene of the California State championship for years. Workmen have been busy for over a month in carrying out the recommendations of Herbert Fowler, the great English golf architect, who was here last year.

The new holes will not be ready for play, but they are taking such definite shape that the players will gain an idea of what they will be like when completed. Many of the bunkers and traps are in, however, and these will give the golfers something to think about.

The most radical change that will come to the attention of the visitors will be the creation of a new third hole. The old short third is to be abandoned. In its stead will be a hole designated by Fowler. The tee will be to the right of the second green and the hole will be where the present fourth is located. It will be a raised green to permit of a pitched shot. The bold player will have an opportunity of shooting over the trees, while the more timid can play a left-hand elbow.

The fiifth—which will be the new fourth—is to be shortened with the green on top of the hill. The new fifth will be a pretty one-shot hole from the top of the hill down towards the fence. The sixth tee is going to be moved back fitfy yards. This will make a whale of a long hole with the right-hand elbow.

Experts who have looked over the work of construction are enthusiastic over the prospects of the Del Monte being developed into a real standard course. The changes will make the links harder on the crack players and a little easier for those not blessed with so much skill.

For Golden West Waifs

In the month preceding Thanksgiving the joint committee of Native Sons and Native Daughters of the Golden West makes its annual appeal for funds to carry on its great work of placing homeless waifs, found anywhere in California, into private homes for adoption.

This cause is not so much charity as an investment. Since the late Fairfax Wheelan launched this idea, a little more than seven years ago, nearly 2000 homes have been supplied with toddling youngsters who would otherwise have gone into public institutions and would have cost the taxpayers of California $20 a month each—about $40,000 a month or 1480,000 a year—to say nothing of the upkeep of institutions for delinquents and defectives.

The Native Sons' child-placing work is indorsed and approved by the State Board of Charities and Corrections, the Chamber of Commerce and the Russell Sage Foundation. It is nonsectarian—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish organizations and the Asociated Charities being repre-

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sented in the central committee.

This institution does not receive state aid and it is not endowed, and for the purpose of raising funds an annual prize masquerade ball is given, this year's to take place at the Exposition Auditorium on Thanksgiving eve. A large and energetic committee has been working for some time to make the affair a success and an immense attendance is confidently anticipated.

The officers of the committee include James A. Wilson, chairman; Mrs. Mary Barry, vice-chairman; Mrs. Bessie Peters, honorary vice-chairman; Mrs. Mae Edwards, secretary; Miss Bardie Hartman, assitant secretary, and W. P. Garfield, treasurer.

Following are the heads of sub-committees: Thomas F. Duffy, boosters; Abraham Marks, concessions; Mrs. May Barry, costumes; Miss Ella Teeling, decorations; Charles A. Koenig, finance; Louis Erb, floor; Mrs Mae Hines Noonan, mailing list; George Stockwitz, motion pictures; John A. Mitchell, music; John T. Ragan, press and publicity; Joseph Rose, printing; Mrs. Helen Mann, prizes; Harry W. Gaetjen, reception; Mrs. May Barry, ladies in waiting, and Charles A. Kaiser and Joseph L. Crowley, admissions.

Godchaux Second French Volume

Misses Rebecca and Josephine Godchaux have just published a second part to their "Oral Method," consisting of supplementary written French exercises. The two volumes constitute a most concise, helpful course for the study of the French language. The authors have endeavored to give to the student the result of years of experience in teaching, eliminating the tedious superfluous rules, while laying much stress, by means of useful repitition, on the essentials. For sale at the White House; price, $1.

Miss Rebecca Godchaux was decorated by the French Government for her services in propagating the French language abroad. These ladies are highly cultured women and are recognized as extremely accomplished and efficient teachers. Their French classes have for years been an influential factor in French culture in this city.

Fashion Changes—Domestic and Otherwise

What style is or why, is beyond our human ken. Like the measles or whooping cough of our infancy, all normal peoples are subject to it, be they rich or poor. If they haven't got it they try to catch it from their stylish neighbors and take large doses of it in propaganda form; or better still, have it injected in serum form, if they can afford it, by the professional interior decorator method. Otherwise they remain hopelessly old-fashioned and world-pitied. It is probably like original sin, one of those little legacies that Old Adam and Madam Eve left to their residuary legatees.

There are styles in dressing; styles in homes inside and out; styles in gardens and flowers; styles in everything conceivable. You can prove it to yourelf if you will only think back a few years of anything that man imagines he controls.

Take homes. There are abode, brick, stone and shingled domiciles; concrete and plaster and the modest bungalow; cottages, houses, flats and apartments—mansard, bay window, colonial, Tudor, Renaissance and last but by no means least on the list that architectural atrocity that vainly seeks to blend all in an inharmonious whole. Interior furnishings have traveled down the hundred years from horse hair and what-nots to mahogany and marble tops; to walnut and blue brocade, birds-eye maple and onyx; Circassion walnut and green velvet; reed or willow and chintz; French grey with weird futurestic painted birds; glass tops and mulberry tapestry. We are about due for a change soon. Will it be a trench home or a modern tank with impressionistic furnishings?

In clothes the fashions run the gauntlet from hoops to hobbles and back again; from smalls and periwegs to Tuxedos and monacles. Gardens are formal and informal, while flowers sometimes favor orchids and other hot house treasures, camelias, begonias, roses or carnations. For the last year or so, carnations have really not been good form. They are decidedly passée. You can often buy long stemmed beauties that use to grace the homes of the most exclusive from the peddlers on the street for 25 cents a dozen, while the much despised gillies and snapdragons, marigolds and primroses are strictly au fait. An old-fashioned bouquet with a lace paper frill is what you must wear with the afternoon reception gown or a single white camallia with a glossy green leaf or two for the tailor suit.

Now would you believe there are fashions in domestic service that vary just as faithfully as the years roll by? For many a bygone year it was quite the proper thing for women of means and leisure to discuss the servant problem in their drawing rooms or clubs. All the newly blooming buds had taken courses in domestic science and could talk most intelligently along the line of calories and fireless cookers. Social service workers and settlements devoted time and energy training the cook to cook, the maid to maid and the general house-worker or factotum, and then the war came and the servant problem was no longer a fad; it was a stern reality. The domestic of the past had become the munition worker, the factory hand or the elevator operator and even the street car conductor. Madame was now left to her own choice. She could do her own domestic service or she could close up her establishment and become a hotel dweller for the period of the war. The servant problem is still with us and no doubt will so remain until things get back to normal.

Servants are now practically extinct. The old San Franciscan looking back to early days remembers so well and so fondly the servitors of "Forty-nine" and the early fifties, when ranches were located anywhere north or south of Market. There were the Indian half breeds or Mexican peons; the negro slaves that had come with their families from the South and had deserted and declared their independence on California soil; the Chinese coolies,—green boys who later developed into high-priced chefs; the emigrants from the "Old Country" who did general housework, cooking, washing, sweeping and what not, and did it well for twenty-five dollars a month; later on the Japanese school boy, and now, in 1920: "Wanted—Position by competent cook; private family preferred where se cond girl is kept; no laundry; wages $90-$95," is the demand. Sometimes they prefer an apartment, and generally speaking they limit the adults in number. What chance would the old-fashioned family of eight or nine, not counting father and mother, have to get any help in this town? Well, after all, even families seem to have fallen under the control of Dame Fashion.

The Stage

Third Pair of Symphony Concerts

There was a very large attendance at this concert notwithstanding rainy weather, and judging from the enthusiasm of the audience, very much appreciated.

The first number was the overture, "Fingal's Cave," by Mendelssohn, and splendidly played.

The soloist of the day was Mr. Horace Britt, who played on the 'cello an arrangement of a Hebrew melody written for 'cello and orchestra, which was exceedingly well executed by this artist.

The Symphony No. 5 E minor, by Tschaikowsky, proved to be a musical gem filled with most beautiful melodies, comprising an exquisite waltz theme, and ending with a triumphant march.

Repeated applause at the end of the concert was evidence how greatly the concert was appreciated and the high esteem in which the orchester and the leader, Mr. Alfred Hertz, are held. A. SUTTER.

Metropolitan to Stay in U. S.

The Metropolitan Opera Company is considering plans for a visit to some of the principal cities of this country next spring after the close of the New York season, according to a statement from its executive offices yesterday, which announced that a proposed European tour had been definitely abandoned. After careful investigation, and with full appreciation for the friendly spirit of the recent invitation from Covent Garden, the statement said, it had been decided that the company could not see its way to undertake an operatic season in London next year.

Among the chief considerations which caused the board of directors and the management to arrive at this conclusion, the announcement added, was the thought that if the Metropolitan should find it practicable to prolong its activities after the regular season it ought to do so in this country rather than abroad.

Alcazar

"The Eternal Magdelene," a powerful humanity play to have first Alcazar staging at next Sunday's matinee, has provoked wider and more heated discussion than any other drama of the past decade. It created a sensation for months in New York, when Julia Arthur first enacted the woman. Its recent revivals in eastern theaters are breaking its previous box office records. In Rochester three weeks ago it surpassed all receipts in previous stock history. The theme is as old as the world and will never die. Into its fearless exposition the brilliant young playwright, Robert McLaughlin, put his very heart and soul. His play is acknowledged, even by his sternest censors, as a tremendous emotional work, full of sympathetic and spiritual understanding of an ever vital social problem; bitter

ALCAZAR
This Week—The Joyous Comedy
"THE CAVE GIRL"
WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MATINEE, NOV. 14
Robert McLaughlin's Tremendous Humanity Play Touching A Vivid, Vital Social Problem
"The Eternal Magdelene"
It Has Caused Nation-Wide Discussion
NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
ELWYN HARVEY DUDLEY AYRES
SUNDAY MAT., NOV 21 Thanksgiving Week
Rachel Crothers' Pullman Car Comedy
"A LITTLE JOURNEY"
Wise Travelers Make Early Reservations
Every Evening. Matinees Sunday, Thursday, Saturday

and blistereing in its scorning satires of sham and pretense. "He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone" is its keynote. As a "Woman of the Town," a reincarnation of the pathetic figure that has come down through the ages, Elwyn Harvey will be enabled to reveal a new phase of her artistry. Dudley Ayres also has a powerful role as Elijah Bradshaw, "the exemplary citizen," with Charles Yule as Gleason, the sensational evangelist; Emily Pinter as a woman of the submerged tenth; Ben Erway as the dissipated young rounder; Rafael Brunetto as the level-headed newspaper reporter; the cast also including Edna Peckham, Gladys Emmons, Henry Shumer, Al Cunningham, Walter Belasco, Frederick Green and Charles Murphy.

In preparation for Thanksgiving week is Rachel Crothers' recent New York success, "A Little Journey," a romance of westbound overland travel in a Pullman car, culminating with a train wreck in the desert. Many entertaining and very human traveling types are brought together and the play is a distinct stage novelty.

San Francisco Symphony

For the popular concert to be given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra Sunday afternoon in the Curran Theater, Alfred Hertz has selected a program admirably balanced between the classical and modern music, and one which contains a number of well-known favorites. Three request numbers will be included: Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and "Spinning Song" and the "Italia" of Alfredo Casella, which was so favorably received upon its first performance here at the first pair of symphony concerts this season. A number new to Sumphony patrons will be presented in Laidow's "Music Box." The remainder of the program will be made up of Greig's first Peer Gynt Suite, the Bacchanale from Wagner's "Tanhauser," the Andante con moto movement from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and Mozart's overture to "Don Juan."

The soloist at the next pair of symphony concerts, November 19 and 21, will be the great Russian pianist, Josef Lhevinne. He will play Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto. This will be Lhevinne's first appearance in San Francisco for several years, he having been held a prisoner in Germany since the early part of the war. The balance of the program will be made up of Brahms' First Symphony and "The Swan of Tuonela" of Sibelius.

Elaborate Program at Techau Tavern

To the visitor or resident in San Francisco who desires to hear the charm of real music and see the last trick in fun and frolic, and between the delightful numbers to dance on a perfect floor—let him wend his way to Techau Tavern. Olive Ann Alcorn, a star of the footlights and the dance, has won the hearts of the public by her beautiful dancing; dances which conjure up visions of the Orient, where incense burns on brazen altars and the low chant of religious ceremonials is dimly heard through massive corridors. In the whirling, leaping steps of the folk dances of cities of the Far. East we forget that we are residents of the occident and our minds are carried across the seven seas. Jess Mendelson, the dancer with a personality, makes you want to see him again. The Revue, an aggregation of gaily gowned Misses, in numbers fresh and novel, have earned the sobriquet of the "Liveliest Show in Town." The orchestra, with its group of soloists, lures the dancers to the oval floor, and syncopates the latest jazz tunes in an original manner. None should miss the program at the Techau Tavern this week.

Les Pauvres Gens

"Eh bien, et mes neuf frans?" inquires Mme. Jantot, peering keenly from her lodge. "Still no news of your friend in London?" M. Jantot, hump-backed and feeble, appears in the doorway as his wife utters the inevitable question. Mme. and M. Jantot are known the neighborhood round as the concierges of "Trente-deux," who have lived in their stuffy little lodge for thirty-five years past. They are a striking couple. Legend clusters round them, and Mme. Jantot is currently reported to have amassed a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand francs, fathered or extorted sou by sou and franc by franc from the "locataires" of thirty-five long years. They are the trusted servants of the proprietor of the block of flats at No. 32, who knows that in their hands the laws which protect the owner of property in Paris will be strictly enforced and respected. The gossip of the hundred and fifty thousand francs always drives Mme. Jantot into a passion. "Mais quelle histoire! Cent cinquante mille francs!" she exclaims indignantly; "Nous sommes des pauvres gens, quoi. One manages, perhaps, to eat and drink, and that is not easy!" On the rare occasions, however, on which she passes through the street doorway of No. 32 for an expedition, she confesses that she goes to visit a small property which she possesses in the country near Paris: "Une toute petite maison. Nous sommes des pauvres gens." Of late years, however, the occasions on which she has abandoned her alarming decollete and, arrayed for the outside world, left her lodge for a whole day, have become rarer and rarer; perhaps twice a year. Truth to tell, Mme. Jantot has become too stout for exercise of any kind. She is so large and loose that she seems to liquefy as she sinks slowly into a chair. She also has a long-standing objection to soap and water, and it becomes a distressing ceremony to pay the rent in the stuffy little room, with Mme. Jantot taking the money and M. Jantot mutely looking on. But they are wonderful servants, and the proprietor treasures them.

Mme. and M. Jantot are the guardians of a block of flats which begin at high rents on the first floor, and become abruptly cheaper at the small apartments "au cinquieme." Most of these are tenanted by bachelors, young and old, and Mme. Jantot rules the cleaning and upkeep of them with a rod of iron. For this she levies a handsome monthly tax on every bachelor, and provides one badly paid femme de menage to look after all of them, who, poor soul, puffs up and down staircases and is only able to spare a bare half-hour a day for each apartment. Mme. Jantot's profiits from this system may easily be reckoned up, and are considerable. The work is scamped and the femme de menage cannot be blamed. The efforts of a bachelor to escape from the tyranny of Mme. Jantot and provide a useful femme de menage of his own are foredoomed to failure. The proprietor supports Mme. Jantot, and the bachelor is told to submit or go. The flats are near the center of Paris and easily find tenants, so that the position of Mme. Jantot is unassailable. Every newcomer passes immediately and completely under her power. She is gracious on early acquaintance and her first care is to take charge of his washing. Cheerfully, also, she offers to receive and pay all the small accounts from neighboring tradesmen; "Monsieur has no need to trouble with these small details." Monsieur soon finds that his laundry bills, copied out on modest scraps of paper in Mme. Jantot's own handwriting, are wonderfully expensive. "Que Voulez-vous?" says she in reply to the first mild expostulation. "Laundries are so dear in Paris. It is a scandal." Little bills from tradesmen also mount up alarmingly at the end of the month. It is to be suspected that Mme. Jantot is not contented merely with the tradiional "sou du franc" from the tradespeople. The bachelor's suspicion, stimulated by hints from the femme de menage, who groans loudly under tyranny, becomes a certainty. If he be courageous, he announces that in future he will manage his own laundry bills. Mme. Jantot receives the news coldly. It is as far as the locataire dare go. Probably nothing is said about the smaller bills, and the charge for the femme de menage, at any rate, remains inviolate. As Mme. Jantot says, "Pensez vous! I am not here to pull the cordon for nothing." She has been pulling it now for thirty-five years in answer to the nightly rings of tenants who must sometimes wait ten minutes for the door to open, and to her "tirer le cordon" is a sacred rite—and she is the high priestess—which must receive offerings. It would be injudicious, for instance, to say to her that she is paid by the proprietor for that very purpose, and that the ceremony of pulling the cordon is supposed to be further recognized by the "étrennes" at the New York. Mme. Jantot would shake, jelly-like, with indignation, and retort crushingly that "avec les pauvres gens" people should occasionally show themselves generous.

Generosity and its opposite is a favorite theme with Mme. Jantot. The tenant who has departed on an indefinite trip to London, and of whom she so often inquires, is represented by her to be a model of his kind. In his absence she weaves wonderful fiction round him. "He was of a generosity the most extraordinary," she says broadcast, as a way of pointing out the supposed contrast with his friend and successor in the flat. "A hundred francs he gave me at the beginning of each month. 'Pay all the little things for me,' he used to say, and never bothered about the change!" The truth is that the friend on leaving hurriedly for London deposited one hundred francs with her to pay any small

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accounts that might be presented in his absence. The transaction should have left a considerable balance from the hundred francs; but when, after a long interval, the friend suggests by letter that on general principles Mme. Jantot should be asked for an account of the hundred francs, she retorts quickly that, far from there being a balance, ma foi, the friend in London owes her nine francs. The thing is impossible; but from that moment, as if in self-defence, the question of the "neuf francs" becomes a preoccupation with her. She keeps keen watch through the lodge window and at every possible occasion asks for news of the absent one, adding: "Vous savez, il me doit neuf francs." If it is pointed out to her that the abnormal generosity of the friend in London ought to make the nine francs a matter of no account, she replies: "Oui, mais les affaires sont les affaires." M. Jantot, although all his life he has been but a shadowy background to Madame, begins to take a lively interest in the nine francs, and occasionally even joins quaveringly in discussions on the matter. He is not very old, perhaps 65, but failing health, possibly due to an existence passed almost entirely in an airless courtyard, has sunk his chin towards his breast and raised his shoulders so that he appears to be really humpbacked. He spends his time in mysterious and useless occupations round the courtyard, and occasionally, with effort, descends to the bowels of the dark "cave" underneath the lodge to look for firewood. Mme. and M. Jantot have so lived their narrow existence for years past, and, in spite of infirmities, are generally expected to go on doing so indefinitely.

The news comes as a great shock, therefore, when one day it is announced that with the approaching quarter-day, when all the rents shall have been collected for the last time, Mme. and M. Jantot are going to leave the lodge in which they have spent so many years. Doctors have said, it seems, that unless M. Jantot leaves his airless and sunless quarters and retires to his country property, they refuse to be any longer responsible for his existence. The order, although it should have long been expected, comes as a thunderclap to Mme. and M. Jantot. To them leaving the lodge and the locataires and the steady sous they bring seems like leaving life itself. As the dreaded day gets nearer Mme. Jantot becomes more and more triste and speaks of the difficult they will have, 'les pauvres gens," in keeping body and soul together. M. Jantot's hump becomes larger and larger with melancholy. "Il va casser sa pipe!" say the neighbors. The situation must be faced, however, and heavy country wagons come to take away the lumber of thirty-five years, chiefly left by bachelors who have died. The "cave" is ransacked and an amazing and useless collection brought to light, dust covered and musty. It is piled on the wagons—planks, broken chairs, old sofas, an ancient and damaged dressmaker's bust—and M. Jantot watches the operations with increasing distress. Meanwhile Mme. Jantot has been busy arranging her affairs. She has chosen her successors, a young couple, who it is said have gladly paid a thousand francs and a commission for the privilege of succeeding her, and in a variety of ways contrives to make her last few weeks as profitable as possible: lets an apartment over the head of a hesitating tenant, for instance, so that the "denier a Dieu" from the new tenants shall be paid to her and not the new concierges. But all these operations are suddenly cut short by the condition of M. Jantot. His ever-growing melancholy at the idea of leaving No. 32 brings on a "crise." The doctors order him away at once, and Mme. and M. Jantot depart hurriedly in a cab for the country property before rent-day, and without even the time to collect sums due or inquire about the nine francs. The tristesse of M. Jantot when the cab comes to take him away is moving and extraordinary, so the neighborhood agrees. "Il va casser sa pipe" is the general conviction. The new concierges move in at once, young and active, and begin to scrub and clean the lodge and the courtyard with all their might.

Within a week after the departure of Mme. and M. Jantot a large black-bordered card arrives for all the locataires, praying them to journey out to the country to attend the funeral of M. Jantot, suddenly deceased. The final severance from the lodge where his wife had amassed sous for thirty-five years has effectively "broken the pipe" of M. Jantot. But in the activity of the new concierges, who scrub all day long, the demise and the funeral of M. Jantot are soon forgotten. It is not much of a surprise, however, when just before quarter-day Mme. Jantot arrives at No. 32, a picture of slowly moving, ample grief, in flowing black. She calls on all the locatieres in turn, and before talking of business receives condolences. "Ah, oui, c'est triste, que c'est triste!" she sighs. And then, briskly: "Et mes neuf francs, alors? Votre ami de Londres? Il n'a pas encore ecrit?"

COME ELEVEN!

A case had been bitterly fought from beginning to end and the opposing lawyers had given play to all the theatricalism in their makeups during the course of the trial.

On several occasions the court had been forced to reprimand both attorneys, and through it all the negro who was on trial had listened with pop-eyed wonder to all the excitement and bitterness he had caused.

And finally, when the jury had pronounced him g-u-i-l-t-y, the judge made him stand.

"Sam," he said sternly, "have you anything to say before I pass sentence upon you?"

The negro rolled his eyes. "Boss," he said fervently, "I is knowed both these white gentlemen lawyers sence they was boys. I is plumb sorry I is made 'em mad at each other—an' so, boss, I says this: If it's all the same to ev-ybody, s'pose we lets the matter drop right heah!"

He'll be a poor man all his days
And this is not a joke;
He never thinks to mend his ways
Until he finds he's broke.

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Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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A Line o' Jeer

There's many a man singing "Home, Sweet Home" nowadays when what he means is "I love thee—still."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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Be It Ever So Humble

Yes, water is the best of gifts
That man to man can bring,
But who am I that I should ask
The best of everything?
Let princes revel at the pump,
Peers to the pond go free,
But whisky, beer, and even wine
Are good enough for me.
—London (England) Spectator.

A celebrated revivalist came to address his flock, and before he began to speak the pastor said: "Brother Jones, before you begin this discourse, there are some powerful bad negroes in this here congregation, and I want to pray for you," which he did in this fashion:

"O Lord, give Brother Jones the eye of the eagle, that he may see sin from afar. Glue his ear to the Gospel telephone, and connect him with the central skies. Illuminate his brow with a brightness that will make the fires of hell look like a tallow candle. Nail his hands to the Gospel plow, and bow his head in some lonesome valley where prayer is much wanted to be said, and anoint him all over with the kerosene-oil of thy salvation and set him afire."—Congressional Record.

Mother: "There, you have a black eye, and your coat is torn to bits. How many times have I told you not to play with that bad boy Brown?"

Boy: "Goodness, ma, do I look like we've been playin'?"—Edinburgh (Scotland) Scotsman.

Creditors Get Theirs

At last—the doctor coughed gravely.

"I am sorry to tell you," he said, looking down at the man in bed, "there is no doubt you are suffering from smallpox."

The patient turned on his pillow and looked up at his wife.

"Julia," he said in a faint voice, "if any of my creditors call tell them that at last I am in a position to give them something."

"What brought you here, my poor man?" inquired the prison visitor.

"Well, lady," replied the prisoner, "I guess my trouble started from attending too many weddin's."

"Ah! You learned to drink there, or steal, perhaps?"

No, lady; I was always the bridegroom."—Toledo Blade.

"Was your garden a success this year?"

"Very much so! My neighbor's chickens took first prize at the poultry show."—The Passing Show (London).

Magistrate: "Do you mean to say that such a physical wreck as your husband gave you that black eye?"

Plaintiff: "Your Washup, 'e wasn't a physical wreck until 'e gave me the black eye."—London Opinion.

"What kind of a time is he having on his motor trip?"

"Guess he's having a pretty lively time. He sent me a picture post-card of a hospital."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Where is the woman now who can drive a man to drink?—Life.

We are told that speech is silver, and that silence is golden.

But either may be ironical!—Cartoons Magazine.

"How's business?"

"Not too good—thanks to some dishonest rascals who are selling goods at reasonable prices."—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

Sunday School Teacher: "Now, boys, there is a wonderful example in the life of the ant. Every day the ant goes to work and works all day. Every day the ant is busy. And in the end what happens?"

Willie: "Somebody steps on him."—American Legion Weekly.

Useful Josh

"You can't get an intoxicating drink except with a doctor's prescription," remarked Mrs. Corntassel.

"Yes," replied her husband, I was jes' thinkin' of writin' to our boy Josh, tellin' him to drop law an' study medicine."—Washington Star.

Can't Afford It

A doctor was recently explaining to one of his patients how medical science was adding years to the average life.

"How many years do you think your science could add to mine?"

"Well, if you carefully observe the rules of health, you might add fifteen years to your life."

"I'd like that mighty well," but he added sadly, "At present prices I can't afford to live half that many."

Et Two, Brute!

From the Sing Sing bulletins of days gone by we pluck this ballad:

Harriette
Ah, Harriette,
I can't forget
The day we met.

How I regret
The way you set
And et and et.

I'm paying yet
For what you et.
Ah, such a debt!

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of SARAH L. SHANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of SARAH L. SHANE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Rose & Silverstein, 405-8 Easton Building, Oakland, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sarah L. Shane, deceased.

BENJAMIN SHANE,
Administrator of the estate of Sarah L. Shane, deceased.
Dated: San Francisco, November 1, 1920.
11-6-5.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SANFORD E. SELLER, Deceased.
No. 30319—Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of SANFORD E. SELLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at their office, 14-16 Spear street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SANFORD E. SELLER, deceased.

HENRY SELLER,
ARTHUR SELLER,
Executors of the last will and testament of SANFORD E. SELLER, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, October 16th, 1920.
FRANK McGOWAN and BLAINE McGOWAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California.
10-16-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

Probate No. 28747—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estate of MARGARET A. BURNS, an Insane Person.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the verified petition of KATHERINE T. LYNCH, the Guardian of the estate of Margaret A. Burns, an insane person, on file herein, that it is necessary to sell the real estate of said insane person which is for the advantage, benefit and best interest of said estate and all persons interested therein that said real estate be sold,

IT IS ORDERED by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of said Margaret A. Burns, an insane person, appear before the Superior Court of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10, at the court room thereof in the City Hall, on the 29th day of November, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order as prayed for in the petition should not be granted to the said guardian to sell the real estate of said insane person at either public or private sale, for the purpose mentioned in said petition, as she shall judge to be for the best interests of said estate and of the parties interested therein.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the Town Talk in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated this 27th day of October, 1920.

(Signed) THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Court.
M. J. Clark, Livermore, Cal., attorney for Guardian.
10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 30336 —(New Series)—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of E. B. READ, deceased:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the last will annexed of the estate of E. B. READ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator with the will annexed at the office of his attorneys, A. F. LEMBERGER & V. G. SKINNER, Room 807, Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of E. B. READ, deceased.

H. R. HEALY,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of E. B. READ, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, October 23, 1920.
A. F. Lemberger and V. G. Skinner,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., Room 807.
10-23-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

No. 110589

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

LAURA M. STONE, Plaintiff, vs. HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
Dated: Oct. 16, 1920.
WELLES WHITMORE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
714 Easton Bldg., 428 13th St.,
Oakland, Cal.
10-30-10

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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A Hungry Boy's Thanksgiving

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Redmond's Last Effort

TOWN TALK

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Uncle Sam as a Ship Builder

From the first moments of the Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, there was dissension in its management. To those who had the opportunity of a close view, the present accusations were inevitable. A curious part of this government enterprise was the insertion of the word "emergency" in its name. That word was put there either with a bad conscience or as a signal to the people that the United States, under normal conditions, is not a ship-building concern, and that a certain amount of misjudment might be expected. Operations of the German submarine caused a world-wide demand for ships. The ships were built and launched by Uncle Sam (in emergency) and this part of the hurried program should not be forgotten. The greatest ship-building scene in history was put on the boards, the ships were launched, and, as some said, food (carried in ships) won the war. From Vladivostok to Liverpool, easterly and westerly, the traveler found cargoes congesting the ports of the world. There was, of course, no instantaneous relief. Uncle Sam's appearance on the stage would have startled his most ardent admirers at any other time. However, it was war time; anything could happen; the Atlantic Ocean was a bowling green for torpedoes and sinking ships; hence the demand for an "emergency fleet." The The fleet was produced, after many squabbles over designs. The war was won; and now, it is charged that during that emergency, there were men who found time to graft as calmly and as gluttonously as in the palmiest days of peace. A perusal of the charges makes one pause to ask what in the name of Davy Jones was left undone by the grafting ingenuity of those who were entrusted with the maritime honor of America. Upon reflection, though,—and the reader is bound in all conscience to reflect before accusing the emergency board—many of the seeming frauds could be honest mistakes. Indeed, we cannot but assume that numerous mistakes were made by men unaccustomed to the magnitude of the situation. At that, the most experienced ship constructor would have blundered here and there in the terrific haste with which this country strove to satisfy an expectant world. There were charges of incompetency right along. We heard these from official circles and from shipyard gossip. All these are now included in the report made to the House Committee by Special Investigator John F. Richardson. The report does not even neglect to say that it was "a comparatively easy matter" to drop a bar or wrench into a ship's hold when an honest time-keeper was standing in a vertical line with the careless hand of the dropper. This is not a direct accusation. We heard frequently during the war that wrenches could be dropped accidentally. Perhaps the special investigator has a list of time-keepers who suffered scalp wounds. But that is a minor part of the inquiry. One of the blessings of peace is a probe into the scandals of war. No wonder there were so many resignations on the shipping board! These bewildered officials took a course not unlike that of the poets mentioned by Wordsworth in his tribute to Chatterton; they began in gladness, but "thereof cometh in the end despondency and madness." They who first directed the Emergency Fleet and resigned early must now be in a fairly contented state of mind.

* * *

The First Shipping Board

The little poem from which the above words are quoted, begins like this: "I thought of Chatterton, the marvelous boy, dead ere his prime." On the completion of the Panama Canal, America complimented itself on possessing in Major General George W. Goethals a genius among engineers. President Wilson made him the first manager of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. His resignation took place late in July, 1917, after a series of quarrels with William Denman, chairman of the board. And now, when corruption, mismanagement and all sorts of laxities are in the air, one cannot refrain from paraphrasing the tribute to Chatterton—"I thought of Goethals, the marvelous engineer, resigned ere his prime." He was constrained to do so in a medley of charges and countercharges so confusing that not even Wilson pretended to understand, and thereupon decided to give the board another start. We declared war on April 6, 1917. On July 13 Goethals wrote to Denman that he had contracted for 348 wooden ships with a capacity of 1,218,000 tons, costing $174,000,000, that 100 more wooden ships were under negotiation; that he had let contracts for steel ships with a capacity of 642,800 tons, to cost $101,660,356; also, "On Monday I shall offer contracts for building two government plants to produce 400 steel ships within twenty-four months, having 2,500,000 tons aggregate capacity. The design of the ship is ready; the plan of the yards is ready; distribution of work is arranged." His progrom included the commandeering of about 700 vessels in building for foreign companies. The governernment was planning a maritime venture of 1200 ships aggregating about 8,000,000 tons. No one can read Goethals' report without feeling that here were the words of a soldier who knew what he was saying, after the little experience of dealing with the Panama Canal. Denman stood for wooden ships; Goethals favored steel, though giving the wooden full scope for the early days of construction. At any rate, ten days after sending the above schedule, Goethals resigned his duties. Denman followed. They were succeeded by Rear Admiral Washington R. Capps and Edward Nash Hurley. Among others to have a hand in the many-handed management of the new maritime fleet was Bainbridge Colby, the present Secretary of State. In point of actual performance, the operations of the board have been successful. The United States is now in a position to lead the world on the high seas. The cost has been enormous. So has the achievement. No one could expect that several billion dollars could be spent without a few millions being lost in graft and misdirection. One cannot compare this enterprise with the airship project, which was little beyond the experimental stage when the war ended. The building of planes will continue; and the fleet corporation will flourish; while graft phenomena, like wonders, will never cease.

* * *

Examples of Graft

Some of the men appointed to the Emergency Fleet Corporation were concerned in various ways with ths shipping industry, and profited largely thereby. If this was not to be expected, neither could it have been avoided. We could not ask that the shipping board be directed by men who had never been commercially interested in a sail. Nor could we ask that an appointee in assuming office, should gallantly relinquish, on behalf of his own company, every claim to participate in the big program of ship construction. We always demand of them, however, that they be economical with public funds. If half the charges are true, Uncle Sam was induced to cast his bread and his gold upon the waters. Much of it returned. Some of the government money was wasted. No doubt about that. Millions of dollars went into useless

purchases, worthless contracts, misuse of supplies and padded payrolls. This is vexing, yet should not cause undue excitement. Too many men were involved for complete honesty. On the other hand, several of the accusations in Richardson's report are startling. For instance, he asserts that of the 200 companies operating vessels of the Shipping Board, 100 were irresponsible. This is sensational news. It arouses the curiosity. One would like to know the identity of the vessels so operated, what cargoes they carried, what became of them, and in general, how the irresponsible nature of a hundred companies affected the vessels received from the government. Another serious allegation, and one that somehow attracts belief, is that several companies requested the government to construct plants with a capacity for large ships and then bid for the construction for smaller ones. The plants would eventually be acquired by the company, who, without capital to bid for the larger ships, made fortunes in the minor tonnage. With this profit they could subsequently make use of the big, well-equipped yards. Then comes the statement that at least one company received a $275,000 plant and never completed a ship but exchanged materials and manipulated loans with interlocking concerns. This is graft on a huge scale. It makes municipal corruption look trivial. Uncle Sam does everything in a big way. Of the billions of dollars spent on the war, a considerable part must have gone in devious directions, whence from time to time, will issue the tell-tale fumes of graft. The miserable phase of it is that anyone could be so so base as to graft when the country was at war. Bad enough to impose on the public during the commercial episodes of peace, but when the lives of heroes are at stake, one fancies that even a hardened sinner would be content with a legitimate profit. The case of the theatrical costumer, who seized the opportunity of becoming a ship builder, may be comic; a dash of tragedy as a climax to such depredations would help somewhat to restore the general conscience. A few years behind the bars, if the case be amenable to law, would find few dissenters. Such Gilbert and Sullivan incidents are diverting behind the footlights. But we should not advise "Pinafore" for a war emergency fleet.

* * *

The Next Cabinet

The central and surrounding problem of a new President is the formation of his cabinet; and at the end of his term, when criticisms fall thick and fast, he wonders if a better selection of administrative men might not have reflected a rosier glory upon himself. Supposedly the portfolio carriers are extensions of the presidential mind. They are intellectually the President; outwardly his administration. To install these men at the capital and group them into a state of mind that will be at once conducive to free agency and a homogenous government is the prime task of the chief executive. For the appointment of some he may have friendship born of personal or political admiration; for others he may have to depend on heresay and reputation; others are advised upon him by party leaders; and still further, there are instigations from the country at large, especially from editors, who suddenly become equipped with the idea that certain celebrities are more or less entitled to a place in the cabinet. These uninvited suggestions are oft more or less of a sarcastic tenor. A hostile newspaper argues for the logical appointment of Mr. X. Mere gratitude, says the editor, should summon him to the cabinet. Other papers respond to the discussion. Possibly the new President has had Mr. X very much in mind; yet the desirability of appointing a man through gratitude may not be to the people's liking. The people might wish to know why there should be favoritism when, according to ideal politics, everything is done spontaneously for the good of the party. Oratory may always be handsomely rewarded by an incoming official. In fact, orators are theoretically poor men—they speak from that democratic standpoint. While talk is cheap, the orator who tours the country at his own expense certainly gives something worth while. He may be touring at another patriot's expense, and the latter, in some mysterious way, is mentioned for the cabinet. This is what causes all the trouble with the opposition journals. Wilson did not hesitate at making William Jennings Bryan the Secretary of State. Bryan felt that single-handed he had wrested the nomination from "Champ" Clark, placed it at Wilson's feet and was entitled to the first prize. The whole country (or the Democratic part of it, which was approximately the whole at that overwhelming election) thought the same way about it. The war turned Bryan from a staunch supported to a carping critic of Wilson. Cabinet officials are sensitive plants. A slight family jar, and they resign. The loss of a cabinet member is a blight upon any administration. All Presidents know this. Popular feeling may be with the nation's head; yet he will always retain the complete personnel of the cabinet, if he can do so with a show of consistency. The situation for Harding is not an easy one, because the League of Nations, upon which the election was fought, has had innumerable reservations, interpretations and suggestions. We doubt that any two American statesmen hold the same opinion of the League document. If it continue to bear the same importance it evolved in the election, Harding will have a loquacious cabinet, one that will be as difficult to silence as now to select, and his conservative temperament may lead to Rooseveltian explanations, followed by a Rooseveltian anti-climax.

* * *

With Reference to Elihu Root

Elihu Root is one of those magnetic statesmen that bear a charmed life. Defeat of policies and politicians around him seem to have no influence on his career. Even success of himself and his party has made no change on his outward calm. The answer to this mystery is unusually the word "brains." Root is said to be clever. No important issue at Washington is mentioned without reference to him. He did very little for the Republican Party during the campaign; perhaps nothing beyond declaring himself a Republican at the last minute. One cannot say that this had the effect of swinging the election to Harding. Root has in him a Democratic strain related to the League of Nations. He was also with Wilson in vetoing the Prohibition amendment. He is not friendly with Harding; and yet the formation of Harding's cabinet cannot be discussed without bringing up the name of Elihu Root. He may not get a portfolio; but no one could accuse him of not deserving it. There is hardly a shrewder man before the public today. There is nothing of the spectacular in him; nothing of the Bryan forensics. He accomplishes his work at a desk or in an armchair in a club. His failure to smash the Prohibition Amendment surprised many; and he may have lost prestige at it. President Wilson failed in the same attempt. History will not put a bad mark against either on that account. Elihu Root is seventy-five years of age. He was fifty-four when made Secretary of War by McKinley; and sixty-four on completion of his term as Secretary of State under Roosevelt. This was in 1909; and it then seemed that, as age and office-holding go, he might settle down to the practice of law. Instead, he became United States Senator from New York, serving until 1915, and has been employed more or less ever since in the big problems of the day. The interesting phase of the Root discusion is that he is an old-timer; and politicians are eager to see how the cabinet will be divided between old and new blood. For instance, Frank A. Munsey has been mentioned as Secretary of Commerce. Munsey is Bryan minus the eloquence. He publishes more magazines than most men can remember; yet will always be remembered for one, which had the reputation of carrying the lightest of light literature. He is sixty-six years of age, and full of enthusiasm. The question of the hour is whether enthusiasm or conservation is to control the destinies of the next cabinet, making the next President something new in our eyes or leaving him as he is: a vital force or an abstract Republican.

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Pan-Americanism From a Central American Standpoint

By Rafael Urtecho

[illegible] said that as the dawn shines first [illegible] the lofty summits, to descend later it to [illegible] valley [illegible] at the beginning by [illegible], [illegible] the opinion of a small minority, of another more numerous one [illegible] the crowd of the majority of [illegible]. So it was that the idea of Pan-[illegible] first in the luminous [illegible] and Alberdi (Argentina), although [illegible] and described it in an in[illegible] manner.

[illegible] Valle, an eminent Central American patriot, who with an eagle's [illegible] as a whole the idea of the solidarity of the nations of the New World that, [illegible] Hispanic or of Saxon origin, are [illegible] by special bonds of origin and common [illegible], [illegible] to maintain their [illegible] and autonomy, and to assure peace, [illegible] progress.

[illegible] union, is the natural counterforce to European [illegible], [illegible], the despotism of [illegible] government of democracy, of the [illegible] and for the people.

With the powerful light of his genius, he [illegible] the unity of the New World, which arose [illegible] the [illegible] of the Old World.

[illegible] Valle! The seed of truth and life [illegible] that [illegible] throughout the ages has [illegible]. In an hour of laity inspiration, [illegible] with immortal characters [illegible] destiny of the new continent, and [illegible] proclaimed by America's rep[illegible].

[illegible] of this transcendent doctrine [illegible] Central America, we shall see what [illegible] shall have studied briefly [illegible].

What is Pan-Americanism? It is, in the lan[illegible] of Wilson, Lansing and Barrett,

[illegible] between the free peoples [illegible] the American continent with a view to [illegible] their absolute independence, as [illegible] territorial integrity, and to [illegible] to secure peace and pro[illegible] and progress of these [illegible].

[illegible] in the form enunci[illegible] may be more inoffensive or more [illegible], and America ought [illegible] good and for her own [illegible]. It is only when it is translated into [illegible] that vitiate the intrinsic [illegible] of the doctrine, that these peoples [illegible] doubt and hesitate. There is [illegible] that powerful nations [illegible] attack the fundamental [illegible] of the doctrine, and that the weak countries, [illegible] the great benefits to be derived from [illegible], should work together with [illegible] to uphold it.

[illegible] that Pan-American[illegible] sentiment of solidarity which [illegible] between nations of the same [illegible] could be expressed by the term [illegible], inasmuch as the latter is a [illegible] direction to Spain and [illegible] of Spanish origin, rather than any[illegible] the existence of [illegible] between the two ideas. On [illegible], as Dr. Porras has [illegible] to prevent the [illegible] of the absurdest [illegible]. The two doctrines can therefore be perfectly consistent. Nothing hinders [illegible] American countries from preserving throughout the vicissitudes of time the distinctive characteristics that are peculiar to them: their own customs, their language, their religion, all that constitutes their particular type of civilization.

Devotion then to these ideals in no way weakens the efficacy of the Pan-American doctrine, for this devotion is a sublime abstraction, like love for one's country. It does not imply any plan, any alliance or political league, which is the basic principle of Pan-Americanism.

This doctrine is a defensive bulwark for the weak nations of Spanish America. If ever, by misfortune, in the hazards of fate, this bulwark should fall tottering to the earth, these countries would become the spoils of the European or Asiatic nations.

Our own existence is bound up intimately with that of the great North American nation. We need from her the protection that her power and authority mean to America; she needs from us that we co-operate in the common defence with loyalty and good will. We constitute vulnerable points upon the continent whereby the North American nation can be attacked in her vital interests. All that makes for weakness or for strength in us does the same for her; and therefore the United States is anxious that we bid farewell to our disorderly political life, to the proverbial administrative jumble in which we have lived, and that we make of ourselves entities worthy of respect.

It is difficult to estimate the scope and importance of this doctrine, but we consider it the death or life of America and her institutions. May it be that, when the day comes in which the United States will have to fight to uphold it, she may find all the nations of this continent united in a single thought, in a single heart, in a single purpose, that of preserving the integrity of America and her democratic principles by standing by the motto: "America for the Americans."

Our great national poet, Rubén Darío has already given expression to it in the following striking verses:

No: let not hatred discharge its arrow:
Bear to the altars of peace, honey and roses.
Peace to stupendous America! Peace in the name of God;
And as here is the center of a new culture
That spreads its principles from the north to the south,
Let us build a living union that unfurls the new divise:
The Star Spangled Banner with its red, white and blue.

II

What Ought to Be the North American View Pan-Americanism?

Inasmuch as the ties of the United States with the American states are of a permanent and not a transitory or accidental interest, as are those that unite her with the nations of Europe, it may well be said that one of the advantages—the greatest of them, perhaps—which the United States has secured through the war that has just concluded, and in which she took so important a part, is to be found in the new attitude of the Latin-American peoples, in whom has been awakened a sentiment of admiration for and sympathy with the United States: a sentiment that was greatly needed to give life and strength to the Pan-American doctrine.

Reciprocal prejudices growing out of a lack of understanding between the two peoples—their languages, their customs, their character and their virtues—caused the nations of the New World to regard each other with suspicion and distrust; and so, in the hour of the great universal conflict, the Hispanic nations adopted divergent courses and thus revealed to the world a want of efficacy in the Pan-American doctrine, destined, however, to prevail and to be adopted as the natural orientation of these countries in their desire for progress and well-being.

Fortunately, by the course of events, the veil that covered our eyes has now fallen, and we are enabled to see in the great collective soul of the North American nation a vivid flash of noble and generous ideals: that not always are her purposes materialistic and sordid; that it is not—as has been believed—an oligarchy of capital or, rather, a plutocracy, prouder, perhaps, than an aristrocacy of blood, that dominates her counsels, but her loftiest intelligencies and the rectitude and moral superiority of her great men, always at strife with the high-handed and absorptive tendencies of capital.

It is now highly important that the prejudices which the United States may entertain regarding these countries should disappear; and to this end it is necessary that she know us better and become convinced that in the depth of the Hispanic mind and soul there exists the germ of all greatness and all superiority—this germ only needing proper cultivation for its development; that, at all events, we are the descendants of that heroic race which at one time held the empire of the seas and of the land: a valiant proud, haughty race, full of gravity and a very highly developed sense of honor; for, although in the melting pot of the American race we mingled, unfortunately with inferior races, there always remained in the blood the germs of the primitive race.

It is necessary that the United States know our language, our history, our literature, and, above all, that the North American people, in contact with ours, try to show more tolerance and more adaptability in respect of our customs and social environment.

The North American nation is suspected and feared as a political power, because of her imperialistic tendencies and her interference in the internal life of our countries; but even recognizing the fact that these tendencies have existed and that such interferences have occurred, it is also to be admitted that the procedure of the United States is based upon a principle of national right, an historic right, as it might be called, and of which all the nations of the world have made use when the occasion has arisen, or to which they have lent their express or their tacit consent; and it is that of a nation's right to intervene in the internal affairs of other nations when the former sees her security threatened or her essential interests affected.

Let not our nations of the south offer grounds

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or pretexts, by their disorganized existence and continuous revolutions; let them lead an existence subject to the dictates of right, of justice and of progress; and the danger of imperialism will have vanished wholly.

The United States must co-operate for her own good in perfecting democratic rule in these countries, and she must help them to change into genuine republics and to reform their systems of education. In short, she must give, out of the abundance of all those fine gifts with which Providence has flavored her.

In conclusion, the Pan-American idea ought to be one of positive co-operation, one prompted by good will for the advancement of these nations, in order that, thus regenerated, they may become important factors in the scheme of the solidarity and defence of the continent.

Between the United States and these countries there is lacking, it is true, a tie, the tie of blood. Let this tie be supplied by the bond of democracy, the protective numen of this America of mysterious origin and splendid future. Through it, through democracy, we shall be strong; through it we shall be great, and we shall fulfill our providential mission, which is to mark out for humanity a new path, and to show it a new light that shall guide it and save it from despotism of kings and emperors and from the brutal socialism that is today rending its vitals.

A Hungry Boy's Thanksgiving

Here is a true story that will be appreciated by everyone who has ever been poor, or hungry, without the means of gratifying that hunger. Every growing boy will feel for this one, and every one who has known that frailty known as shyness, backwardness or extreme sensitiveness, will understand as no other will. Then those who can step aside and view the incident from a distance will smile at the ludicrous exhibition those traits forever show.

It was some years ago in a metropolitan city of the middle west. John had been out of work a great deal. He was a mere lad, scarce out of his teens, and so sensitive to the cruel experiences of life that he underwent many sufferings that a more callous soul might not have felt.

For some time previous to Thanksgiving Day he had struggled along in great poverty, but so sensitive was he that he would not reveal his condition to any one. He had a bare little hall bedroom in an out-lying district of the city. On this particular Thanksgiving Day he awoke very early in the morning. He was feeling the pangs of hunger as he had never felt them before. For he had lived for a week on 45 cents, and had spent the last nickle of that fund for a glass of milk at a free lunch counter saloon. The saloons in those days, some ancient citizens will recall, furnished quite liberal free lunches with drinks. Those lunches were a god-send to some, though they may have lured many to the paths of drunkenness.

John had no liking for intoxicating liquors, and yet his hunger was such that he took every advantage of the free lunch counter. To do this, he spent 5 cents for milk, to the wonderment and disgust of the "barkeep." They even placed before him a bowl of soup with all the bread necessary. That seems today like a fairy tale, but it is true of the past, and only because it was true had John survived for so long a time on so small a fund.

Yet on this Thanksgiving day his last cent was gone and life held out to him very small fragments of cheer. He arose and dressed with heavy heart. He was among strangers, in a strange city, without work and almost without hope. He tramped all the way downtown, and on the way dropped into a saloon to look over the want ads of the morning paper. His eye caught a bit of news. A local charity had opened a room on one of the busy streets for that day, from which it intended to dispense food to the hungry. John was acquainted with the secretary, and the thought occurred to him that he might "casually" drop in to see her and her daughter Jennie, as they handed out the eats to the poor. Incidentally, of course, he thought he could snatch a bite of a roll or an apple or some thing, not to appears his hunger, oh, no! but casually to munch a bit from time to time.

As John entered the store Mrs. Tinsley walked up briskly to him, saying, "Why, I am so glad to see you, John. You're just the boy I've been thinking of. You can help Jennie and me take these baskets around to the poor." Of course John agreed, but furtively looked about for a bite. There were dressed chickens, even turkeys and other meets; some potatoes, raw beets, but not a thing that even a hungry boy could eat without attracting amazing glances in his direction. Well, yes, there was a lot of cheap, stale store candy, and occasionally John slipped a bit of it into his mouth, but that was a poor substitute for food to a growing boy. The more he ate of it the more sick he got of it and yet the more he craved it. The only thing that saved him was the abundance of water he was able to drink.

At times during the morning he grew very faint, but succeeded in concealing it as he went about filling baskets and carrying them out to the waiting hack, into which Jennie would climb to deliver them to the needy.

Finally noon-time came. Mrs. Tinsley said, "Would you mind remaining in charge, John, while Jennie and I go to dinner?" (Yes, it was "dinner" at noon in those days.) Of course, John acquiesced. He never had grit enough to refuse to do anything asked of him, so long as he was capable of performing it.

In time Mrs. Tinsley and Jennie returned, but there came no intimation from her that John was entitled to a bit of lunch. Of course he could not have secured it anyhow, unless she had offered to pay for it as a partial compensation for his services. And he would have starved before he would even intimate the need of it.

Well, the afternoon went by in the same way, and among the three of them, they delivered the food, and while John occasionally continued his munching of abominable candy and drinking great draughts of water. And so he survived that afternoon. It was cold and dreary and the evening was growing dark outside, but the weather was warm compared to the shivers within John's breast, and even the darkness was light in contrast to the gloom within his soul.

Finally the work was done. Then said Mrs. Tinsley: 'Well, John, you have been a great help to us this day, and so we are going to take you to supper in our hack." Instantly there rose wondrous visions of a real supper, as it was called in those days. He dreamed so earnestly of it that he could not even follow the animated conversation of Jennie and her mother on the two mile ride. His mind, in fact, was wandering in rapturous thought of the things he was going to do to that supper.

Finally, without his realization how near he was to "home," Mrs. Tinsley chirped up: "Here's your street, John. You've been so helpful to us today. Good night." Poor John was out of the hack and the door closed all so suddenly that he did not know in which direction he ought to start for "home." But at last he reached the house, and trudged with leaden feet the upward flight of stairs, down which he had walked some ten hours before. He sought in the oblivion of sleep the joys of that supper which in the physical world had not materialized for him.

L. J. QUINBY.

The Old, Old Story

If I had told her in the spring
The old, old story briefly,
When the sparrows and robin began to sing
And the plowing was over chiefly.

But haste makes waste, and the story sweet,
I reasoned, will keep through the sowing;
'Till I drop the corn and plant the wheat,
And give them a chance for growing.

Had I ever told the tale of June,
When the wind through the grass was blowing,
Instead of thinking it rather too soon
And waiting 'till after the mowing.

Or had I hinted out under the stars
That I knew a story worth hearing,
Lingering to put up the pasture bars,
Nor waited to do the shearing.

Now the barn is full, and so is the bin,
But I've grown wise without glory,
Since love is the crop not gathered in,
For my neighbor told her the story.

The Spectator

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TOWN TALK - 88 FIRST STREET

Armistice Day and French Romanticism

Paris, like the French woman, has a way of doing things that is all her own. Her celebration of Armistice Day must have been a colossal event, for the mere reading of it, from the concise press account, is accompanied by the thrills of the most forcible dramaturgy. A weird curiosity from all parts of the world goes to that unidentified victim who was disinterred from the battlefield and buried beneath the Arc de Triomphe. President Millerand is not an orator; yet his apostrophe to this hero began with words that at once became not only a part of the World War but the world's everlasting history. "Unknown soldier, nameless and triumphant representative of the multitudes—" These words can never be erased from the pages that bind the dead and the living. The thrill cannot be intensified by the thought that a few years ago this unknown had a name; that many a time he may have gazed at the Arc de Triomphe, perhaps carelessly, and not possibly meditating that it would be his tomb. And how many mothers, on Armistice Day, wondered if the glorified body was that of her boy! One can readily imagine that in another country the selection for the ceremony would have been some famous captain that had received a death bullet in a critical moment of the war. Not so with the dramatic French. They chose an unknown; and every dramatic critic will applaud the choice. Actually as well as in name, it was the World War. And yet, there was, from outbreak to the stand of arms, a worldlwide realization that France, being the main battleground, was the chief actor in the conflict. The most magnificent battles, the most spectacular celebrations were and have been on French soil. It remains to be seen whether or not the greatest genius to put the struggle into manuscript will not also be a Frenchman. Victor Hugo's account of Waterloo is so stupendous that one can hardly predict another masterpiece of battle imagery to come from the same nation. America is young in that regard, and may produce the superb historian who will be forever connected with that four-year eruption of powder and shot. The emotional impetus may be lacking though. The genius of England may produce a comment of Miltonic grandeur; and yet, however glorious may be the patriotic chapters writ in any land, there will always be found a French genius to vie with it.

History and the Study of Voting

The schoolmasters who are preaching the importance of local history as a means of stimulating local pride and patriotism are typical of the educators of their generation. They have an imperfect understanding of the meaning of words and the significance of sentiments. A knowledge of history is understood by them to mean an acquaintance with facts. Their idea of patriotism is a high appreciation of the deeds of men who were intent on increasing their worldly possessions; and in their opinion to make men good voters it is but necessary to fill them with local pride and patriotism. Now an ignorance of parochial history is not to be boasted of as an accomplishment, but much more than a familiarity with the evolution of an American community is needed to produce good voters. The study of history, of general history, may help to make good voters, but it must be pursued not so much for the acquisition of facts as for the learning of truths. History ought to be studied to remark among other things the rise, progress, decline and final extinction of empires; the virtues which contributed to their greatness and the vices that led to their ruin. The study of history enables us to judge the motives of men, it broadens our knowledge of human affairs, extends our experience to all times, making them contribute to our wisdom. Americans who have studied the world's history to good purpose may feel their patriotism stimulated by the study of the history of their own country, and if sordid interests do not interfere they may vote wisely and for the good of the nation. Assuredly not from ignorance will they vote to subject a state constitution to the referendum or recall a judge however infamous he may be thought to be. Men of this type are well aware that the first essential of any tolerable government is stability, and that stability is in a large measure derived from reputation and reverence. They know that the moment you insist on altering a government you imply loss of respect for it. They know that the source of true patriotism is confidence in the administration of justice, and that the ideal judge, who is never more than to be approximated anywhere under heaven, is one who is as independent of the mob as of anything else. Men who have studied history to advantage know that the progress of nations consists in the gradual elimination of political and the growth of social questions, in the reduction of the machinery with which politics has chiefly to do and the consequent pushing into the background of the politicians, who are always a pestiferous class. In thus making true progress industry is encouraged and there is an improvement of all that is ornamental to human life. Assuredly here in California, where local pride is rampant, where politics is the pressing business of the hour, where before you can put the police photographer on the pension roll you must summon the people to a general election—here it cannot be sincerely said that we are making rapid progress in the right direction. Nor will it be seriously urged that recollection of the deeds of the liberty-loving pioneers and of the men that went from California to fight for the preservation of the old-fashioned Union does much toward stimulating love of the government that was formed under a Constitution we have been taught to revere.

Follies of the Age

Reforms may be a public nuisance, but they usually, in the history of ethics, move to a maximum before being declared unendurable. As far as the statutes go, they may be the most stringent, because fallen upon the loosest of moral eras. There have been periods of licentiousness before this; but never has there been an age as much on the move as this one. The automobile has much to do with it; and so has the apartment house. Home is no longer the old homestead. A few days ago the police rounded up a robber fraternity, whose nefarious trade was to hold up lovers in Golden Gate Park. This new style of lovers park themselves in darkened automobiles. The highways and byways are full of them. Several months ago, a negro across the bay was sent to the penitentiary for blackmailing, practically robbing, couples along the umbrageous Piedmont roads. He had found the game so easy that he never used a gun. The psychological standpoint of the spooners' hold-up is that the chance of resistence are small, most of them being undesirous of publicity. Of course, the extent of such operations will never be known. No doubt the reformers are already cogitating over means to keep spooners out of the park. Law after law will chase them from one precinct to another. The idea that romance be conducted along unromantic lines is constitutional in certain parts of America, now controlling our congressmen and represented, to some extent, in every city and town Last week, in Oakland, a certain dancing pavilion came near failing to acquire a permit for all-night dancing on Thanksgiving eve. Commissioner Edwards declared that he did not see why anyone should wish to dance all night. He thought one o'clock about the proper time for home sweet home. Commissioner Baccus truthfully told him he was twenty-five years too old to know about youthful requirements for fox-trotting until dawn, and the permit was granted. It is hard to tell which is the more frivolous—to dance all night or to deny the right to those who wish it. Last week, we noted that Alice M. Robertson, congresswoman-elect from Oklahoma, was unknown in this part of the country. Since then we have a news story containing the curious statement that she has no use for silk stockings. Our misgivings are immediately corrected, however, by her avowal that she wears cotton ones. She also says: "I'm a Presbyterian; so why ask me what I think of cigarette smoking

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for women?" Miss Robertson was evidently born to lash the follies of her age, and could surely give the press a fine tirade on the Stanford co-eds, who have been discovered not only smoking cigarettes but shooting craps. Dice, tobacco and higher education are not inconsistent, if one have a mind for all three. Spooning is another matter. Higher education has naught to do with it, as we are informed and believe that spooners lean to baby talk. A command of long Latinized words might lift a flirtation to any level; but if the episode reach the kissing stage, a limited vocabulary is all that is needed—and appropriate. It is quite comprehensible that folly and reform go hand in hand, and grow proportionately. Each has a reactionary effect on the other. Folly brings reform, and reform causes one to drown his sorrow in joy. It requires a strenuous effort to be happy under prohibition laws. Nevertheless, according to accounts, the effort is generally successful.

Misrepresenting T. Daniel Frawley

Last Wednesday morning, both "Chronicle" and "Examiner" published the story of a speech made aboard the Japanese S. S. Siberia Maru by T. Daniel Frawley, in which Mr. Frawley was represented as having said very salient things about Japan. The excuse was made for him that he had, before dinner, indulged freely in cocktails. "The Spectator" of this paper commented upon the story, expressing the opinion that the state and local organizations affiliated to support the Alien Land Law would would doubtless seek Mr. Frawley's efforts to substantiate their position and help them to prevent the Japs from acquiring land here. We sympathized with Mr. Frawley's view point and overlooked his discourtesy to his Japanese hosts on the ground given by the story in the dailies—namely, cocktails. We felt that the returning American within a few hours of his native land, might be pardoned for indulging in the flowing bowl or the insidious cocktail. For once upon the land of the free he would be committing a crime to taste of such viands without a doctor's prescription. Daniel Frawley has ever been a law-abiding person, so of course he wouldn't transgress by drinking anything stronger than the United States permits its citizens; that is, not once actually on terra firma. So we looked with lienient eye at his indulgence when upon the rolling deep.

Having read the story in the "Chronicle" and "Examiner" we believed it; for of course we supposed that the water front reporters had scanned the passenger list and were sure of their man, especially one so well and favorably known to San Francisco fame as Timothy Daniel Frawley.

Judge then Spectator's surprise and regret to receive last Tuesday from our esteemed friend, Mr. James B. Duffy, assistant general passenger agent of the Santa Fe Railway Company, the following communication:

"The Spectator's story of 'T. Daniel Frawley and the Alien Land Law' in your issue of the 13th instant is without any foundation in fact. The Japanese S. S. Siberia Maru arrived here last Tuesday and Mr. Frawley was not a passenger on that ship. I am in receipt of a message from him dated Shanghai, November 5th, in which he advised he would reach San Francisco early in December. It is, therefore, impossible that the incident related as having taken place aboard the Siberia Maru could have happened or that Mr. Frawley could have been connected with it. Two morning papers of the 10th, previously carried the same story."

Further inquiry traces the origin of the Frawley story to a "Chronicle" reporter, who had it from a resident and former member of the Frawley company. Maybe he was a cub reporter, who in his enthusiasm resembled his prototype of a pioneer lineage. This much quoted chap brought in, the first day of his assignment, a marvelous tale of a wreck off Seal Rocks. The city editor, becoming intensely interested in a cub who could bring in a scoop upon his first detail, sent for the boy who explained: "Nothing like this ever happened—it was so dull that I just made up the story." Right then and there that cub received a lesson in accuracy. Owing to the present high cost of paper, ink and labor, not to speak of courses in journalism, mistakes on front pages of big dailies in San Francisco will creep in: as witness this embarassing incident to Mr. Frawley. The "Chronicle," I believe, killed the story in one of its editions. Mr. Duffy of the Santa Fe did the same service via "The Associated Press."

As to Mr. Frawley, "he should worry." The Japanese cities where he plays with his American companies know that it would be a physical impossibility for him to have arrived in this port since his sailing date from the orient. The Japanese steamship company knows whether he was a passenger or not. The culprit is the cub reporter. But as Barrie said in "The Little Minister"—"God Almighty would give Twenty-One another chance"; so, in the vernacular of the small boy of our day, I hope the cub wasn't "canned." No one would be more desirous of overlooking the credence of the youthful "Chronicle" reporter than Tim Frawley, who was a reporter himself before he became an actor. And Town Talk likes the Japanese in their own country, but hopes they will see their way clear to stay out of America except as visitors, artists or servants.

Suppressing Gambling

The sweeping assertion of District Attorney Brady that, if given adequate assistance, he will purge the community of gambling seems a mixture of excellent advertising, vain hope, probable good intention and Utopian dreaming; for, strange as it may appear, the populace, with an exception or two, is hard set against purging.

In fact, it is not contrary to constitutional privilege thus to inhibit one's indulging in an inalienable right of liberty and pursuit of happiness? For, is not gambling a fundamental instinct of the human soul? Does not Brady himself actually take a chance when he essays to do this thing and expresses willingness to wager on the successful outcome of his endeavor? Also, why direct attack against picked classes of chance taking? Is equal sinfulness subject to differential treatment? Wherein, except in the sartorial appearance of the gamers, does legalized gambling in stocks differ from the street urchins' illicit game of craps?

Historically, overwhelming evidence obtains to satisfy the timid of conscience that gaming is part and parcel of human nature. Lucifer and his sporty angels are the first recorded flirters with fickle chance, but things were made so hot for them that it has become proverbial to say they got hell for their effort. Again, Adam wagered present contentment against unlimited power and glory when he ate of the forbidden fruit; in this case a crooked dealer, Satan, pater mendaciorum, dealt a marked deck and father and mother of our race lost paradise and everything. When Moses was tipped off to cross the dry bed of the sea, Pharoah consulted the Egyptian oracles (prototypes of modern bookmakers), followed the Israelites and was engulfed. Then, after a few hundred millions had wagered, won or lost, and some thousands of years had passed, behold olumbus taking a chance.

As if to emphasize the morality of gambling, most of the religions have incorporated in their sacred rituals rules for playing the most risky and worthy of games: "You * * * * take * * * * for better or for worse"?

So it would seem inherent in man to cast the die; history is not so much the relation of episodes as it is a chronicle of chancing; life is a wheel of fortune; beauty risks dangerous lotions in hope of adding to itself; even sacred love would give itself into unworthy keeping in hope of purging of unworthiness the object loved. So,

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with world, flesh, devil and instinct arrayed in solid phalanxes against him, it would be less of love's labor lost did Brady divert the excess of whatever urges him to activity into channels of clearer sailing and indulge in the comparatively playful pastime of seeking the lairs of burglars, indicting auto speed maniacs, rounding up get-rapidly-rich landlords and dampening the hyenish enthusiasm of profiteers. For, verily, where a thing dubbed crime is the accepted and commendable world sport, it were foolish to be an oasis of unappreciated and questionable virtue.

Continued Shortage of Homes

War-time activities of the civilian provided for everything except a comfortable place to put it. Food and clothing are all good enough in their way; but without a dining room and bed chamber of adequate dimensions the public will look around and inquire what's the matter. During the war there was a shortage of lumber, and all but absolutely necessary building was frowned upon. Our boasted civilization possesses just about enough to keep it going. A slight cessation in the outfit, and then the surprise of being attacked by one of those so-called shortages. It is almost impossible nowadays to find so much as a kitchenette and wall-bed in your neighborhood. The fault is right there, to some extent. A growing city cannot maintain the same favorite neighborhoods from generation to generation. People accustomed to a fifteen-minute walk downtown will have to bestow their affections further out. Transportation, including the automobile, will have to solve the difficulty. At the same time there are few homes of any description to be had. Similar reports come from all over the country. The City Council of Los Angeles has declared itself in favor of a tent city, and telegraphed Secretary of War Baker for the loan of 5000 army tents. Los Angeles has 300 acres, in its Exposition Park, for the purpose. Other western cities may follow suit. It would be impossible in the east, eight months of the year. San Francisco real estate agents are besieged by newly married couples who have nowhere to lay their heads. There is no reason why they shouldn't begin their marital careers in a tent. Some of their fathers began in a log cabin. Concrete apartment houses are going up right along, and yet Cupid works faster than the building trades; and in the course of a few years, a larger family demands a roomier domicile. It would be a good thing for the government to adopt the idea of home-building for its citizens. A way could be found, even though the thing was declared unconstitutional in New York City. There is said to be a law of supply and demand existing between childless apartment houses and the tenants thereof. Once in a no-child apartment, the temptation is to remain under the same conditions. Apartment dwellers are not proletarian, and, as it is to the best interests of a nation that proletarian instincts be popular, the erection of homes might well be governmentally supervised as food.

Downfall of Prohibition

It has become a commonplace to say that the primary cause of prohibition was the saloon. The evils of whisky quaffed over the bar gave the teetotalers gaudy material with which to bedazzle the mind of their audiences. Prohibition having been once established, its downfall may readily be predicted from fanaticism in the other extremes; that is to say the ban placed upon light wines and beers made in the home. Between the two extremes a saloon booze and home brew, the partisans of both sides waver and fall. Temperate folks now remark, with some regret, that they should have joined the crusade against the barkeepers in the early days and thus preserved to themselves the table claret that was considered a necessary part of dining. Hereafter the violent prohibitionists will have the same regret. They will say that they should not have interfered with the home beverage and home brew. Enforcement officials, interpreting the Eighteenth Amendment in excess of zeal, are now looking toward the restriction of hops, malt, sugar, syrup and galatine. They would prevent the sale to any but bakers and confectioners. The custom nowadays is to purchase these materials in one place. The shops are well known. In fact,, they advertise. They sell the ingredients and complete outfit for making and bottling beer. Suppose this were stopped, and a man had to buy the malt extract in one place and the gelatine in another. Both the householder and the prohibition cop would be put to increased labor. The householder would have the greater impetus. The dry director would be unequaled to the job. He would make some arrests, of course. He would enter the home at dinner hour and nab a 100-per cent American lifting a glass of wine or beer to his lips. Apparently, from the statements of the prohibitionists, this is just what is going to happen. And if there is anything in historical precedent, this is just what will disgust the people with the whole affair. The interpretation against home brew is the worst yet. It is un-American. Our government should employ another interpreter.

Some people claim that the cause of the poor houses for "Robin Hood" recently revived at a local theater, was not the mediocre company, but the irony of fate which still permitted the singing of "Brown October Ale" to an audience which could be aroused from lethargy by only the reminder of an unobtainable sulphide.

Redmond's Last Effort

The average easy-going American's ideas are much confused by the charges and countercharges regarding Irish atrocities. The American citizen is a placid sort of person, more interested in his own affairs than in anything else, and while he has an inmate love of freedom and resents the Irish question being thrust upon him, his sympathies are more or less enlisted.

Let us recall a speech made by John Redmond at a banquet on his visit to Australia in 1915 contrasting conditions in Ireland with those of thirty years previous, where he said:

"I went to Australia to make an appeal on behalf of an enslaved, famine-hunted, despairing people, a people in the throes of a semi-revolution, bereft of all political liberties and engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the system of a most brutal and drastic coercion. Only thirty-three or thirty-four years have passed since then, but what a revolution has occurred in the interval! Today the people, broadly speaking, own the soil; today the laborers live in decent habitations; today there is absolute freedom in the local government and the local taxation of the country; today we have the widest Parliament in the municipal franchise; today we know that the evicted tenants who are the wounded soldiers of the land war have been restored to their homes or to other homes as good as those from which they had been originally driven."

It has been the impression among many that the Home Rule act was held out as a sort of bait by Engand, with no real intention of putting it through. What really happened was, when the war was at its height in 1916, to bring about a settlement in Ireland, the Government proposed to put through the Home Rule act, excluding six counties in Ulster. This was acceptable to John Redmond and Carson, but the enactment of this proposition was prevented by the hierarchy. But again in 1917, at the suggestion of Lloyd George, a convention was called in Dublin of all representatives of Ireland to draw up a plan of agreement tending toward a settlement. All factions agreed to attend—the Sinn Feiners alone refusing. Nevertheless, the assembly was a most representative body of Irishmen.

Just when a final policy was almost decided upon and John Redmond was ready to accept the moderate proposition brought forward, the Bishops again interposed, and Redmond, completely discouraged, waived his amendment, saying:

"When I came to the convention this morning I found that I was opposed by three of the highest dignitaries of my own church, some of my political friends also disagreed with me, and although I believe I could carry a majority of the convention with me, it would split my party, and I cannot see that any useful purpose would be served thereby."

So the house was divided against itself. Who could cope with such forces? Redmond, one of the ablest Irish statesmen, was thus checkmated in trying to gain an advantageous settlement for Ireland. Crushed and broken-hearted, a few months later death claimed this noble-hearted patriot.—N. Y. Times.

S. F. Development Ass'n and Amendment 30

The San Francisco Development Association (Horace H. Allen, president) thanks all those who supported the charter amendment advocated by the Association, in the interests of all our citizens.

Reference is made particularly to Amendment 30, which, having passed by a large majority, will enable the city to take over privately owned transportation lines, if the people should decide,

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The Association determined that any measure which would look forward to the unification of our street railway lines is a wise one, particularly when it did not increase taxes or require the issuance of bonds.

The officers of the S. F. Development Association are: President, Horace H. Allen; first vice-president, Burt L. Davis; second vice-president, Henry Vowinckle; secretary, A. C. Campbell; treasurer, Thomas P. Robinson; executive secretary, Felton Taylor.

The James Ranch

The first issue of "The James Ranch News" has reached us. It is published in San Joaquin, a town only one year old, yet boasting gas electroliers, sewer, water system and fire department. The town is incorporated and now has its newspaper. The James Ranch was founded in 1859 by the late Jefferson G. James, a pioneer. A year ago Dr. Herman Janss, managing director, opened up a colony, disposed of the greater part of the 72,000 acres, organized two irrigation districts and established the town containing 500 inhabitants.

The Unlicensed Practice of Law

The Bar Association has a committee which will endeavor to bring the practice of law under state control. To a large, almost total, extent that is the case now. One cannot practice in court without certificate from the state; yet he can give advice unlicensed and with unbridled fury as long as the public comes to him. In every profession are men uncontrolled by the ethics of the regulars. It occurs in medicine, dentistry, theology and in law. A peculiar phase of the outsiders, the quacks, pretenders, charlatans and free lances, is that they advertise. The word "chalatan" originally meant a prattler. He spoke of himself, what he could do, and he endeavored to amuse while plying his mysterious profession. After plying one community, he disappeared; and it was the disappearance that brought chagrin upon those who had paid for his advice. If he was one of those who had remained in his baliwick, some of his fellow men accepted him as a demigod. The word "mountebank" is the old term for what we politically call a "soap-box orator." He mounted a bank, or bench, and proceeded to tell his tale, sell his rostrums, talk politics, medicine, common sense, religion, and usually favored with a song or two. Respectable professors denounced him for singing while selling Nowadays our public is more enlightened, and consequently needs protection from the charlatan and the mountebank. The better the public the more it deserves protection. A man who practices law without authority is prone to invite cases that do not stand high in legal estimation. This legal estimation is hard to define. Presumably it is based on an honorable view of the case. An advertiser who specializes on divorces would hardly be called ethetical. The divorce may be honest enough; yet the public would never applaud or even respect a man who makes a livelihood through marital smash-ups. Besides that, he encourages discord. The reputable attorney takes a case when it comes to him. The highest of the profession advise compromise when possible. The divorce specialist has no such qualms. He spreads the divorce propaganda. A peeved wife sees the advertisement. She reads that divorces are quickly, quietly and cheaply obtained, maybe for $40; or case put under way for $20. It looks like a bargain, and she calls at the office. Before through with the interview she believes that husband needs a whipping post, while a man like Judge Graham would say that all he requires is a good dinner to set him right. Correcting such evils may seem an easy matter for the Bar Association and the legislature; yet when we considered to what extent the illicit surgeons go, continually braving jail sentences, the situation appears more difficult. Still the Bar Association is to be congratulated for doing whatever good it can in that direction.

From Warden to Jailbird

Thomas Mott Osborne is at it again. This time he wants to reorganize the Maryland Penitentiary. Osborne's method is to go to jail voluntarily, mingle with the prisoners, talk their lingo, suffer with them, and then evolve a plan of betterment which makes him warden. He does not need the salary, being a millionaire, 'tis said. From a shelf full of books on criminology, Osborne, once upon a time, conceived the idea that something of a practical nature could be done for the penitents at the penitentiary. He entered Sing-Sing and was given authority to organize the Prisoners' Mutual Welfare League. Then he became warden. He entended to the men a certain amount of self-government. He installed wholesale amusements, conducted physical exercises, designed a natty uniform for the guests of the state; and visitors remarked that during the best moments you couldn't tell whether you were at Sing Sing or West Point. It was more or less delightful, and modern criminologists are agreed that such measures have a salutary effect on some proportion of the inmates. To regenerate a few is worth while; and such improvements in the punitive system of society do not attract the professional criminal to break into jail. Scandals of another character broke out during Osborne's régime at Sing Sing. He ascribed the publicity of these to envious critics who could not understand anything beyond the antiquated methods. At any rate, a penitentiary without vice of some sort would be impossible. Osborne is no mere interloper on public affairs nor has he neglected the scientific side. He is a Harvard man, has mixed in politics to some extent, and written on various subjects other than his travels and penitentiary reforms. His home town is Auburn, N. Y., where also he installed the Mutual Welfare League for the prisoners. He has been editor-in-chief of the Auburn Citizen, and about fifteen years ago was mayor of the town. His present suggestion is to become a prisoner at the Maryland Penitentiary on condition that the warden to be appointed will be approved by the Welfare League. The choice of the League may be Osborne himself.

World's Machinery Oiled

Decidedly the most note-worthy feature of the petroleum situation as reflected in an anaylsis of production and consumption for the first six months of 1920 is the increased production and consumption of lubricating oils. Such an increase means literally that the "wheels of commerce" have begun to grind again. It signifies beyond dispute that reconstruction is going on apace both in Europe and America.

Exports of lubricating oil showed an increase during the first six months of 1920 four times greater than the increase of the first half of 1919 over the comparative period of 1918. Domestic consumption of lubricants was even more satisfactory, for whereas there was a decrease during the first half of 1919 as compared with 1918, there was a considerable increase during the first half of the current year not only as compared with 1918, when American factories were all busy on war orders. American industries reached the peak of their production while filling war orders, and the fact that American factories were consuming more lubricating oil during the first half of 1920 shows conclusively that production was going forward by leaps and bounds.

The figures offered by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce show 639,044,311 gallons of lubricating oil, stock on hand January 1, 1920, and production for the first six months as compared with 548,757,787 gallons in 1919, and 546,120,973 gallons in 1918, with exports of 206,915,840 gallons, and domestic consumption of 296,565,804 gallons in 1920, as against 147,695,436 gallons exports, and 224,313,032 gallons domestic consumption in 1919, and 127,404,845 gallons exports and 259,049,187 gallons domestic consumption in 1918.

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"Yes, sir; it was ground this morning."—Voo Doo.

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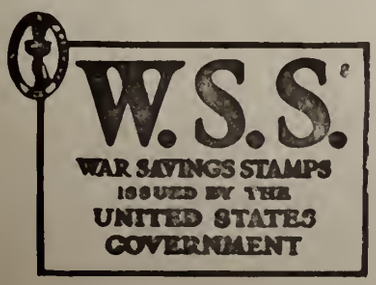

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Pasing of Mrs. Tynan

After a lingering illness Mrs. Margaret Tynan, wife of San Francisco's distinguished ship builder, passed away this week. At the early age of forty-three she was taken from a life full of noble and charitable endeavor and will be greatly missed by a circle of warmly attached friends. Her domestic life was ideal. Their great wealth was not dreamed of when she and the famous ship builder married in Philadelphia, but as success and gold poured into her life Mrs. Tynan accepted them only as a means to brighten the lives of others. Her homes were the sources of light and sunshine to her devoted husband and three children. Not only in her splendid Red Cross activities from the begining of the war was she notable, but in the daily persuance of her life's way, her right hand knew not what her left hand gave. As a wife, a mother and a friend, she gave lavishly of the sweetness of her nature and the wisdom of her counsel. Good deeds and radiant example attract friends whom often never come within the radius of our lives, and many of these as well as the ultimate associates of the Tynan family regret a good woman's untimely death. Mr. Tynan and the three children are leaving for New York for a much needed repose after the sorrow and strain of the past months.

Cleopatra's Pearl and Steak Chauteaubriand

Charles F. Hanlon, local attorney and clubman, who returned last week from a three months' stay in New York, brings some stories of the metropolis which exhibit in high relief certain prices of living there.

Glancing over the ménus of the fashionable cafés and hotels, one would observe casually that table luxuries and delicacies are no higher in New York than in San Francisco. But the bon vivant who has to pay the bills soon learns about the exceptions For example, on the Plaza ménu, "Steak Chateaubriand" or "Extra Porterhouse" may be indulged in by paying ten dollars a portion. The printed names of these delectable viands are innocent of marginal asterisks, which, when they appear, indicate to the seasoned diner in festal halls that the portions may be shared. The penalty for giving even an ounce of any succulent morsel to another guest means, in the absence of the discriminating asterisk, an extra ten dollars for each portion shared.

Mr. Hanlon tells how he saw some suddenly enriched munition men from Ilinois recently acquire an object lesson in the price of steaks at the Plaza.

The host of the party scowled at the French ménu, whether in dislike of the dainty dishes or in ignorance of their meaning in English. In a lordly manner he said to the waiter: "We don't want any of this stuff. Bring us each a good steak." "Will monsieur have steak Chateaubriand?" "Yes, that's always good—give us each one of those. But first some soup and of course vegetables with the steak. And bring a nice salad afterwards and then dessert and a demi tasse." The waiter was thus dismissed, while the men from Illinois feasted their middle western eyes upon the gowns of the ladies (doubtless on the beauty of the wearers, too), perhaps not omitting to revel in the "class" of the entertainment presented for their edification. The evening wore on apace. Mine host called for his bill. "What?" he exclaimed, "why, what is this? One hundred and twenty-two dollars for a plain dinner! And steaks—why you've charged sixty-two dollars for one item; yes, it is for steaks. You've made a big blunder here." The waiter produced the ménu. "Will monsieur kindly observe that steak Chateaubriand is ten dollars a portion? Monsieur ordered six," and so on to the elucidation of the problem in addition. A wiser, but greatly dissatisfied manufacturer paid his bill, doubtless reflecting that it is a poor profiteering enterprise which doesn't cause reflex action somewhere.

Mr. Hanlon asserted that it did not take the hotelmen long to discover the predilection of the dweller in the quieter communities of the interior, for the "plain steak." This a diner could order in a brilliant café with the discerning eyes of the sophistocated looking on, sure that when his order was served it would be steak and not another accustomed friend by an unfamiliar name. The "plain steak" episode happened with such frequency that certain wily café profiteers enshrined the democratic steak where none but the possessor of money to burn would find it responsive to the prayers of his appetite.

Mr. Hanlon tells of a similar incident in Paris before the war. He was entertaining a group of Americans, among whom was a man who had made a recent fortune in oil. The Hanlon party motored to St. Cloud, which had fallen from the state of a royal residence to a resort, where the multitude might refresh itself for a consideration. Mr. Hanlon exhausted his well-known skill in oredring the dinner, whose petit historie was related upon exquisitely painted souvenir menus. The oil man glanced about the flower bedecked table, picked up the card, which was in French, and then, to the embarassment of his charming wife, exclaimed: "What nonsense! I couldn't eat any of these things. I'm hungry, so if you don't mind I'd like a nice, plain steak."

Filming Society for Charity

Announcement comes to hand that the Universal Film Company will pay $5000 for the privilege of filming a number of society people, who by getting into the picture, will be enabled to contribute that tidy sum to the Children's Hospital and the Girls' Recreation Club. A very close bargain and not complimentary to the 200 society people who will be needed to pose for the picture. Fifty dollars a head to exhibit oneself for the movie fans to pick to pieces! I fancy that most of our society people would rather contribute that sum out of their own pockets than hazard the caricatures which often result when amateurs pose for the movie man. Even seasoned screen stars have been known to rage and sulk when they have beheld themselves disfigured by the camera, or when they have observed the physical defects of which previously they were unaware. We have a few very striking-looking women in local society, However, if their pictures turned out to be ambiguous counterfeit presentments, there might be some social storms unless the posers good naturedly decided to immolate themselves upon the altar of public opinion for the sake of charity.

Fancy the house-wife in a Polk street movie house seeing the often described society butterfly whom she has idolized, looking not a degree more elegant or graceful than herself; or the multimillionairess, whose beauty she has envied (when she has read of it in social chronicles), screened to look not nearly so beautiful or distinguished as the young woman who sells hats in a nearby milliner shop!

The worst of it would often be that the society beauties might really be beautiful and graceful and chic, just as their reputations claim for them. But how could the movie fans be aware that the camera man was to blame for representing them otherwise? Movie stars don't rush in and pose haphazard—they go through a well defined course of training (never learned elsewhere than in real movie studios). If the Universal Film Company wishes to do the handsome thing by society, the movie house patrons and by charity, let them select the most beautiful and most heralded men and women of society and give them a really adequate course of posing before asking them to face their machines.

Ball for Homeless Kiddies' Benefit

The thousands of Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West and their friends in San Francisco are looking forward with keen anticipation to the eleventh annual prize masquerade ball in aid of the Homeless Children Fund at the Exposition Auditorium on Thanksgiving eve, next Wednesday.

All of the affairs of the Natives are colorful, from their picturesque and showy parades on Admission Day to these masquerade balls, which have become so popular that they have outgrown the smaller places of assembly in San Francisco and now require the spacious Auditorium for their housing.

Wednesday night the special lighting effect will reveal a riot in color. Costumes will be worn depicting every character known to the early days of California and showing folk from every part of the globe.

There will be numerous prizes for both sexes for the best sustained character, for the handsomest costumes and most original characters. Special prizes will be awarded the Parlors of Native Sons and Native Daughters that show the largest percentages in the grand march, which will be led by Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph Jr.

Tickets for the big affair are but fifty cents, and there will be nearly five thousand unreserved seats for spectators.

In this magnificent state of California, this shining land of plenty, it should be unheard of that the progeny of any man or woman who born here should be homeless. For this reason all Californians, whether they belong to the orders or not, take a manifest delight in swelling the proceeds of this annual affair.

Hotel Cecil Notes

Concluding a delightful visit at the hotel, Mrs. Thomas Hawkins and her young son, Thomas

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Jr., returned yesterday to Hollister. Mrs. Hawkins will be remembered as Miss Helen Wright, who was one of the most popular society girls in San Francisco.

Mrs. Charles Stanton has joined Colonel Stanton at the hotel. This popular army matron has been enjoying a visit in Southern California.

Mrs. Henry White and her pretty daughter, Miss Mary Jane White, are guests. They are friends of Mrs. John T. Gray (of Idaline) who, with her daughter, is spending the winter at the Cecil.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mitchell of Cleveland are being extensively entertained during their sojourn.

Mrs. E. Levinge, who has been visiting Mrs. Mary Powell, returned Monday to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Levinge may return before going to England, where she will visit relatives.

Among the distinguished easterners at the Cecil are Mrs. L. A. Hills and Miss A. P. Hills of Boston.

Two New Attractions at Techau Tavern

Techau Tavern, always the scene of novel entertainment, is again to the forefront in a new departure. During the evening lucky dances are featured, and the winning lady receives a handsome large box of Harry Hoefler's chocolates, known to all as the candy with a personality. The victorious man also receives an acceptable gift in the shape of a box of the famous Turkish cigarettes, Murad's, whose slogan, "Judge for Yourself," is an apt one, for the winners of tne lucky dances. In the interim between the lucky dances, the continuous entertainment featuring the dancing star, Olive Ann Alcorn, and Jess Mendelson, the well-known juvenile, singer and dancer, late of the New York company of "The Little Whopper," assisted by the big new revue "in Jazzland" with its octette of pretty girls, gowned in the latest fashion, all contribute to the scene of gaiety and wholesome fun, that makes an evening at Techau Tavern so enjoyable. The Techau Tavern Dance Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Ames, a distinguished soloist and conductor, charms the ears of the patrons with its harmony syncopations of jazz and melody, and those who prefer to dance find in its notes, the music that makes this healthful pleasure so inviting and invigorating. To those who desire to combine their dinner, dancing and theater party in one and save the inconvenience ad time in going from one place to another, Techau Tavern offers a delightful solution to this problem of the San Francisco host or hostess.

Orchestras—Then and Now

Times have waxed and waned a lot as old timers can recall, and the dancing now is not what it used to be at all; only awkward rubes and hicks execute the mows and kicks that were clever parlor tricks when our paters threw a ball. Our progenitors took pleasure in a slow and solemn way; they would tread a stately measure that was anything but gay, and the orchestra would render sentimental stuff and tender which the folks of either gender wouldn't listen to today. With a flock of flutes and cellos, plus a harp and silver horn, these accomplished music fellows would play on till early morn; they could keep "Blue Danube" flowing without letting up or slowing, till the bantams started crowing and they'd leave to hoe the corn. But your strictly modern dancers don't go in so much for grace, and the minuet and lancers have been boosted from their place; for the "poetry of motion" has been backed into the ocean, and a sort of "free verse" motion has possessed our jaded race. Now the orchestra that's snappy and a hit with all the boys, aims to keep the rabble happy with a slew of fancy noise; and the syncopated stammer of a cowbell and a hammer add the sort of blare and glamour that contain a thousand joys. With a saxaphone complaining, and a banjo chirping in; a fiddle that is straining to be heard above the din; and a handy man and drummer, who I think should be a plumber though he's mentioned as a comer,—how they make the flappers grin! It is said they play with feeling, yet somehow it misses me; they are experts at concealing all the tune and melody; but for present ways of tripping, cheek to cheek and closely gripping, I admit they're simply ripping, and they suit me to a T.

"The Widow"—Cornell.

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Wild Studes I Have Known

The gink who rushes a Phi Beta Kappa Key
Who wears horn glasses that he can see
Dingy books in corners of the Library—
And grinds, and grinds, and grinds.

The highbrow "whose home is on the Drive"
And spends a hundred as we spend five
And uses Pompeian to keep his face alive—
And lives in the Bronx, the Bronx, the Bronx.

The modest fellow with spats and cane
And Derby hat and epithets profane
Who winters in Palm Beach and summers in Maine—
And comes from Auburn, from Auburn, from Auburn.

The dub who comes from Hicksville, Ohio,
Who tells of wild parties where liquors flow
Of delicate scenes with lights turned low—
And lies, and lies, and lies.

—Cornell.

A JUNIOR WEEK DIARY

Wednesday, 7 a. m.—Met Evelyn at the station. Brought Al with me to meet her. They seemed to like each other. I hope they do, for I want my room-mate to have a good time as long as his girl can't come.

Wednesday, 2 p. m.—Had to go over on the hill for an exam. Left Evelyn with Al, as he had nothing else to do. I hope she won't bore him.

Wednesday, 11 p. m.—Evelyn and Al just returned. It seems that they went out for a ride in the afternoon and the car broke down. The car was running alright when it pulled up in front of the house, so I suppose Al had to pay to get it fixed. I guess I'm pretty lucky that it wasn't me that was using it when it broke, or I would have had had to pay for it. Still I had tickets to the Musical Clubs Concert which were wasted. Went to the Sophomore Cotillion. Evelyn certainly is a great dancer. I enjoyed the two dances that I had with her immensely.

Thursday, 12 m.—Didn't get up till noon, so I missed a date that I had with Evelyn to show her the campus. Lucky again though, for Al took her up and showed her around.

Thursday, 6 p. m.—Took Evelyn to a tea dance this afternoon. I'm glad that Al likes Evelyn, but I don't believe that it is very polite for a fellow to cut in on a girl as many times as Al did on Evelyn.

Thursday, 11 p. m.—Evelyn and I went to the Masque. Al sat on the other side of her. I don't like the way Evelyn combs her hair in the back. Al says that he is going to sit down stairs and smoke for a little while, but I am going to bed.

Thursday, 11:15 p. m.—Went down to give Evelyn her powder puff which I had in my pocket, but she wasn't in her room, so the maid said. That maid is rotten, for she must have been there. Thought I'd go down and drag Al to bed, but I couldn't find him. I'll have to ask him where he was.

Friday, 1 p. m.—Evelyn didn't get up till late this morning, so I didn't see much of her. Al slept late also.

Friday, 7 p. m.—Had a dance at the house this afternoon. Evelyn certainly is a popular girl. Al is running this cut-in thing to death.

Saturday, 1 p. m.—Took Evelyn to the Junior Prom last night. I think I gave away too many dances, but Al told me that I had kept too many for myself and that Evelyn would get tired of me so he took most of my dances with her. My opinion is that Al is a little too careful of what I do.

Sunday, 10 a. m.—Haven't seen much of Evelyn lately, for she is always going some place with Al. Al seems to have a good time time.

Sunday, 11 p. m.—Well, she's gone at last. I am going to room with Jack next term.—"The Widow"—Cornell.

A Happy Accident

A gentleman who was continually losing his collar button while dressing complained to his wife about it. With an ingenuity born of the use of hairpins she told him to hold his collar button in his mouth and he wouldn't lose it. This worked for several days, when one morning she was startled by an unusual commotion. "What's the matter?" asked the wife anxiously. "I've swallowed the collar button," said the man. "Well," responded his better half, "for once in your life you know where it is."

Dean Jones of Yale is credited with this definition of freedom of speech: "The liberty to say what you think without thinking what you say." —Chicago Tribune.

Page Senor Villa

"And now, Johnny," said the teacher, "can you tell me what is raised in Mexico?"

"Aw go on," replied the bright boy. "I know what you want me to say, but ma told me I shouldn't talk rough."—The American Legion Weekly.

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The Stage

Josef Lhevinne and Symphony

Josef Lhevinne, the Russian pianist, will appear as soloist with the S. F. Symphony Orchestra Sunday afternoon in the Curran Theater. He will play Beethoven's colossal "Emperor" concerto in E flat. His technique, rare eloquence and virile style are the qualities with which he has been electrifying his audiences everywhere. The symphony to be played is Brahms' first in C minor, a work stupendous in its conception and one in which Alfred Hertz fully displays his genius as an interpreter of Brahms. The remaining number on the program is the weirdly beautiful "Swan of Tuonela" of Sibelius.

Next Sunday, November 28, Kajetan Attl will be the soloist at the popular concert. He will play Saint-Saens' brilliant fantasy for harp.

Alcazar

The tremendous emotional sweep of this week's humanity play, "The Eternal Magdalene," will be followed at the Alcazar next Sunday by a joyous novelty in glad accord with the spirit of Thanksgiving week. "Five O'Clock," comedy-drama new to the coast, was pronounced a most unusual play of laughter, pathos, and stirring dramatic punch when given at the Fulton, New York. Keen interest attaches to its premier in California, where its author, Frank Bacon, still claims his home, and where his heart is, despite a phenomenal success as star and co-author of "Lightnin'," still playing to capacity in its third year on New York's great White Way. For fourteen years Frank Bacon was beloved by Alcazar audiences. Friends and strangers alike unite in pride over the triumph that has come to him in maturity. "Five O'Clock" shows how a gifted young fellow was railroaded to a so-called sanitorium for the deranged and kept there by a crooked relative and his bribed "specialist." It demonstrates how absurd a so-called "mental examination" may be made by the expenditure of money. Such is the variety of dramatic incident that Jack Lait, dramatist and noted fictionist, in reviewing its premier, wrote: "New York never before saw a play just like 'Five O'Clock.' Frank Bacon's comedy made an audience laugh uproariously, weep unashamed and go out delighted, wondering and talking." Dudley Ayres will personate the sane man who was railroaded, with Elwyn Harvey, the superintendent's daughter, who helped him regain freedom. There are splendid character types for Ben Erway, Charles Yule, Rafael Brunetto, Al Cunningham, Frederick Green, Emily Pinter and Edna Peckham and others.

"Crooked Gamblers," November 28th, is another of the many New York successes that San Francisco would not see but for the Alcazar. It is a comedy of frenzied stock speculation, a la Ponzi, by Samuel Shipman co-author of "Friendly Enemies," and Percival Wilde, produced only last July by A. H. Woods, who has released it for the Alcazar only, as it does not tour the coast.

Metropolitan and Chicago Opera

Fifty operas make up the Metropolitan's standard repertory for the season and runs twenty-three weeks to next April 23. It will be the thirteenth season under the direction of Giulio Gatti-Casazza, who has previously told that his opening attraction will be "La Juive" with Caruso. After a Brooklyn "Faust" with Farrar, the Broadway list adds "Aida," "Elisir d' Amore," "Zaza" and "Tristan."

Among those added to the opera staff will be Samuel Thewman, a stage director from Prague, while the list of singers includes fourteen new names. These are Cora Chase, Ellen Dalossy, Sue Harvard, Alice Miriam, Nina Morgana, Francesca Peralta and Anna Roselle, sopranos; Carolina Lazzari and Elvira Leveroni, contraltos; Mario Chamlee, Benjamin Gigli and Nicola Zerola, tenors; Giuseppi Danise, baritone, and William Gustafson, bass. Fourteen artists have designed scenes for the new productions. The number fourteen is likewise that of the board of directos two new members of which are George Eastman and F. A. Juilliard.

Returning to Chicago lately, after two weeks' tour through the middle west, the Chicago Opera Company entered on a period of rehearsal for the home season, which opens at the Auditorium November 17. For that occasion Herbert Johnson has chosen a novelty by Gino Marinuzzi, artistic manager and chief conductor of the company, whose "Jacquierie," has hitherto been heard only in Rome and at Buenos Ayres. "Jacquerie" is also scheduled for early presentation in the company's New York season, which opens at Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House on Monday, January 24.

Tetrazzini in Concert

Under the management of W. H. Leahy, proprietor of the Tivoli Opera House, Mme. Louisa Tetrazzini is having one of the most successful tours of her entire career. Recently Tetrazzini, who will appear in San Francisco at the Exposition Auditorium, March 27th (Easter Sunday), under the local direction of Frank W. Healy, gave a concert in Minneapolis. Here is what Victor Nilson of the Minneapolis Journal said:

"Louisa Tetrazzini has not begun her farewell tours yet. It is much too early. Returning last night to the twin cities for an appearance at the St. Paul Auditorium, after nine years of absence, she is still more the marvel of exuberance, vitality and brilliancy of voice than ever. The diva was in excellent voice and was brimful of geniality and song. Tetrazzini, as a diva of florid song and bel canto, is the last of her age. There is no other singer to sing coloratura with such supreme skill combined with enthusiasm. The preservation of her exceptional range is one of the wonders of the world. Patti had to sacrifice half an octave in altissimo in order to keep her low notes unimpaired. Tetrazzini keeps her high E and F undiminished in strength and beauty while her low register is stronger and better than it ever was."

SORROWS AND DANGERS OF ISOLATION

"Be not solitary, be not idle," is the parting advice of the author of The Anatomy of Melancholy; it might have been the opening text. Solitude is pleasant; it's an escape from the rough-and-tumble of life, from hard words and hard knocks; but its pleasures, the pleasures of contemplation, are dangerous—they are too fascinating for any but the best-balanced minds, and over-indulgence in them means melancholia and madness. Such, at least, was Burton's opinion, and most people would say he was right. It is not necessary to turn for illustrations to the pillar monks of the Thebaid or to the Werterism which was fashionable in the last generation; common sense tells us that it is not good for man to live alone—that it is selfish, against nature, and in time brings with it its own retribution. The solitude against the dangers and delights of which moralists preach is of course solitude voluntarily sought by those who for some reason or other are disgusted with the world, and desire only to live by and for themselves. Compulsory solitude, so far from being a pleasure, is a most terrible punishment. Solitary confinement for any continued period of time rivals the worst tortures of the Inquisition; and that other form of compulsory solitude which men have from time to time endured in deserts and waste places of the earth is scarcely less awe-inspiring and melancholy. Physical solitude appeals powerfully to the imagination. We need no poet or word-painter to point the contrast between man's littleness and the limitless sweep and range of nature. We feel, and there is no need to tell us, that the sailor lashed to the plank in mid-ocean, the castaway on the desert island, the traveler in the desert alone with nature and face to face with death, must inevitably be crushed and cower in silent misery by the stupendous solitude of which they are the center. But still there is another kind of solitude less striking, perhaps, to the imagination, but almost more pathetic, namely, mental solitude, or, as the Germans would say, "heart-silence"; and this mental solitude co-exists with and can only be found in society. The loneliness of cities is proverbial. The Greek saying is rendered in the Latin "Magna civitas magna solitudo," which is quoted by Lord Bacon with the famous comment that "a crowd is not company, and faces are bpt a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love." Many writers have dwelt upon the dull misery and bitterness of spirit which comes to the solitary dweller among crowds and cities of men. In his case the sense of isolation, of being a stranger among strangers, is quickened to passionate intensity by the possibility of companionship; the contrast in his case is between the lonely self on the one hand, and on the other the exuberant and riotous prodigality of life flowing along the streets; the faces of men pass and repass, they grow familiar, but between him and them there is an invisible barrier, a dividing line wide as the Atlantic. As a picture of the joy and awful misery of mental solitude, "The English Opium Eater" is without a rival. But here, too, as in the case of physical solitude, the worst misery is reserved for those who cannot help themselves.

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SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA
CURRAN THEATER
Josef Lhevinne, Soloist
SUNDAY, 2:45 P. M.
PROGRAMME
Symphony No. 1 ..... Brahms
"Swan of Tuonela" ..... Sibelius
"Emperor," concerto ..... Beethoven
Prices: 75c to $1.50; Boxes and Loges, $2

ALCAZAR
THIS WEEK—Great Humanity Play
"THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE"
THANKSGIVING WEEK—SUNDAY, NOV. 21
An unusual Comedy by Frank Bacon,
Star and co-author of Phenomenal "Lightnin'"
"Five o'Clock"
Full of Laughter, Pathos and Thrill
NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
DUDLEY AYRES—ELWYN HARVEY
SUNDAY MAT., NOV 28 First Time in the West
Comedy Drama of Frenzied Stock Speculation
"CROOKED GAMBLERS"
Shows How the Public Is Fleeced
Hit of the Present New York Season
Every Evening—Mats., Sun., Thurs., Sat.

Those who seek loneliness find it pleasant; at least at first; those who have loneliness thrust upon them find in it nothing but wretchedness. Shyness, over-sensitiveness, a morbid feeling that we are distasteful to others, bodily deformity, want of education, poverty, social distinctions, are some of the causes which make people lead lonely lives against their will. Children, even schoolboys, are often as everybody who knows the life of a large school knows, that there are always in it one or more boys who are invariably seen alone in play hours. They are by no means young Ishmaelites; everybody's hand is not against them, and their hand is certainly not against everybody. Some times it is the boy's own fault; and there seems no reason whatever for these solitary habits; but in any case they are very miserable, probably infinitely more miserable than they will ever be again in after-life—so miserable that sometimes they cannot endure it and run away. Sometimes not often, they become great men afterward, but genius, unhappy and lonely as the life must generally be, has rewards of its own. "In no pursuit," writes Hegel, "is one so solitary as in philosophy"; and the life of thought must always be a solitary life, a hidden process carried on below the surface. Those who saw the outward life of Hegel as the diligent tutor, or editor, or schoolmaster, those who met him at the whist-table or the theater and listened to his talk on politics or art, probably never suspected that they had in reality seen nothing of the man. But the loneliness of genius is not loneliness in the strict sense, because the need for society and friendship is to a great extent compensated by increased richness and fullness in the inner life, or the man who is not a genius the charms of solitude lie in the supposed freedom which it gives to do what he likes and avoid what he pleases. Friends change and neighbors quarrel; books do neither, and so books take the place of both. Or perhaps the Solitary has a love for science, or is a "minute philosopher" who wants nothing more for happiness than a square yard or two of ground to explore at his leisure. There is a pleasure, too, in the feeling of self-reliance and self-sufficiency, in not being dependent on others; but that by itself is little unless some special interest is added strong enough to make the contemplative life attractive. Whether the ideal life is a being or a doing, an activity or a state, is an old and vexed question, and one which for present purposes it is not necessary to decide, for the fact that there are minds which find their pleasure in contemplation rather than in action is a clear proof, if proof were needed, of the paradox familiar to all lovers of solitude, that to be alone does not necessarily mean to be lonely. The man of science or books is never, strictly speaking, lonely, because loneliness in its essence is more mental than physical, a feeling rather than a situation. Solitude may be, and often is, made endurable and even pleasant by thoughts and interests which prevent the mind from feeding incessantly on itself, and thus realizing to the full its desolate condition. The misery of loneliness only comes with the overmastering consequences of the fact, with the discovery that his one feeling of desolation has swallowed up the rest, and that the mind can brood upon nothing else. And this lingering suffocation and asphyxia of mind is felt at its strongest and worst, not in solitudes and desert places, but where society is most abundant.—London Globe.

Slips Don't Count

Mrs. E.—"I understand your son is very much inclined toward study."

Mrs. Z.—"Yes; he's inclined so far that he slid to the bottom of his class."—Chapparal.

A Friend in Need

There is a public garden in Bordeaux,
Where, carved in true, compelling lines of stone,
Rosa Bonheur, calm visaged and alone,
Looks ever down upon the endless flow
Of life in the less rugged flesh. A slow,
Ungainly little donkey, as, wind-blown,
A weed into a garden drifts, unknown.
Stole in one day to feed where flowers grow.

A keeper, shocked that this dull beast should browse
Before the statue of the mighty dead,
Rushed up, with blows the sinner to arouse.
He stops, club poised above the shaggy head;
Calm eyes seem watching him; his head he bows,
And leads the dumb brute gently forth instead.

—Jack Burroughs in Life.

Augustine Birrell some time ago, while traveling in a third-class railway carriage in the north of England, sat down hurriedly next to a little girl in shawl and clogs. Happening to glance at her a moment or two afterward, he saw that she was regarding him with no great favor. It dawned upon him that he was sitting on her newspaper. "Here, my dear," said Mr. Birrell, pulling the paper from under him and handing it to her; "I'm sorry." The little girl did not look quite satisfied, but she said nothing till a few minutes later the train drew up at a station. "Please, sir," she then inquired weakly, "may I have my fried fish? It was in the paper."

Apropos of the University of Pennsylvania's Assyrian tablets, exonerating Eve from all complicity in the sad business of the apple, Mrs. William Yerbert, president of the Working Girls' Vacation Society, said in New York: "So Eve didn't tempt Adam after all? So Adam fell of his own accord? Well, I'm not surprised. It reminds me of Mr. Downe. 'Does Mr. Downe bear his misfortunes like a man?' a lady asked. 'Exactly like a man,' answered another lady. 'He blames all on his wife.'"

"Passion Flower" Winner

"The Passion Fower," now in its fourth week rt the Central, Chicago, which was recently placed on the local theater map under the management of the Shuberts, is showing considerable strength. The attraction was booked in for four weeks, but the engaement has been extended indefinitely.

Nance O'Neil, starred in the piece, has been accorded much praise from the reviewers.

Kendall's Picture Finished

Messmore Kendall has completed his initial screen production, "The Song of the Soul," starring Vivian Martin.

Jack Noble directed the film, which goes into the Capitol October 10.

Goldwyn will distribute.

Truth

Truth should be the first lesson of the child and the last aspiration of manhood; for it has been well said that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature.—Whittier.

"Pardon me," said the flashily-dressed stranger, as a meek-looking man got off the ferry, but would you be interested in this nugget which I am compelled to sell at a sacrifice? It is worth—"

"Come around to my shoe store tomorrow," replied the meek-looking gent, "and I'll give you a job. Shoes have gone up again, and I need qualified salesmen."—Pelican.

Adele—"Oh, my dear, I had the most thrilling moment of my life last night at a restaurant. The electric lights went out unexpectedly and he kissed me—such a long delirious kiss of bliss."

Marian—"Who kissed you?"

Rdele—Who? I don't know, dear. That is just why it was so thrilling."—Lehigh Burr.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Increased activity in the Rail list early in the week was responsible for an increase in the general speculative transactions that brought the total shares for several days well above the million share mark.

With the advance in the Rails, the same elements that were bullish on Rails were heavy sellers of the Industrial list, which gave the market an irregular appearance, which finally ended up in a lower level of prices—with the Rails losing most of their advances and the Industrials selling at the lowest prices since the war.

Segregation rumors, involving practically every railroad known to own property that is not directly used in railroading, were the bullish factors in the Rail list. Southern Pacific started the rumors, when they announced that the policy of the company was to segregate their properties, and this means that the stockholders would receive something in the way of an extra disbursement in their Oil holdings. The belief that this disbursement in their Oil equivalent to $30 per share to the holders of Southern Pacific has been the incentive for considerable buying of late—although, at the advance, considerable stock came on the market.

Reading and Northern Pacific were both benefitted by segregation talk. The former has large coal holdings and the latter has considerable timber, as well as prospects of oil, on their properties.

However, the variety or rumors put out in connection with the movement seemed to justify the assumption that the whole thing was just another case of the Rails being taken in hand either for the purpose of easing the liquidation in the Industrials or for the purpose of distributing Rail Stocks. Certainly, if there are holders who are doubtful about the future of the roads, this was a good time to distribute them. The immediate future of the roads is bound up with industry and they will not prosper if industry lags. They are not operating under any guarantee, although this fact is not generally appreciated.

The economic conditions and the general let up in all lines of business—with increasing commercial failures—are factors that are beginning to make themselves felt. There are so many industries that are either closing down entirely or laying off a large percentage of their workers that it begins to look as if we shall have a period of increasing unemployment by the end of the present year.

The Copper situation seems to be going from bad to worse—and, with the raw metal showing a declining tendency to a point where the producer can no longer make a profit, it is not surprising to hear reports of companies passing their dividends or closing down completely.

The collapse in the commodity market in general has had a bearish effect on all the industries, and the decline in Raw Sugar has been so rapid that the American Sugar Company saw fit to omit the usual extra quarterly dividend.

However, the stock market has discounted in prices most of these unfavorable features, and there are a good many stocks selling for less that the value of their cash assets. The cleaning out that this market has had in the last week has put it in a good technical position. No great advance can be expected before the first of the year—but, from an investment standpoint, stocks look low enough to warrant their purchase for a long pull.

Cotton—The decline in the security market, as well as unfavorable trade reports—not only in the textile lines but in all lines generally—was too much for those who were looking for a higher range of prices. Traders, who have been bearish, were free sellers and about all the buying in evidence was by the short interests.

Liverpool prices were generally lower, and the decline in sterling was against any prospects of buying for export. Consumption figures for October were the smallest for any one month in years and confirms the reports of a poor textile trade.

Those, who are bullishly inclined, are pinning all of their hope and faith on an early revival of interest in the spinning industry, and close attention is paid to the shifting economic factors entering into the situation.

The extent of the holding movement is guaged as carefully as possible, although new doubt has been cast on the ability of the cotton people to carry their crop. The doubt is not so much of their financial ability as co-ordination of purpose by the holders themselves. Traders, who take this attitude, point to the movement of Cotton from the principal centers to the spot market.

When the crop first began to move, the southwestern planters were enabled to harvest their crops first and thus had better pickings in the market than those who are now bringing in their first bales. The heavy offerings of Cotton in the southwestern spot markets—particularly in Texas—helped buck prices before, but not until the planters had sold enough of their early crop to help finance the remainder. However, the planters in the eastern belt and the more northern sections are now about where Texas was a month ago and are not in a position to sell even a portion of their crop at the price received by the early sellers.

Much of the hedge selling in the week has come more from the eastern states than the western, but the easterners and the northerners will have to sell more cotton to receive the same gross amount as was received in the west.

The Cotton market seems to be marking time, but the undertone is till heavy and lower prices look probable before any reward trend of consequence can be expected.

Damaged Goods

Lily—I went to a bargain sale today.

Elsie—Did you see anything that looked cheap?

Lily—Yes; several men waiting for their wives.

A Humane Constable

The constable of a little country village was a man of exceedingly good nature. One day, however, he found it necessary to lock up three tramps who had strayed into his jurisdiction.

Shortly after the arrest he was met by the mayor of the village, who, observing the constable hurrying down the main street, asked:

"Where are you going, constable?"

"Oh," exclaimed P. C. 49, "the three tramps I've just locked up want to play whist, and I'm out hunting for a fourth."

Famous Gets "James the Fogy"

The first original picture script ever written by Henry Arthur Jones has been accepted by Famous Players.

The Jones script, which has not been titled by F. P., is based on a play called "James the Fogy," written by Mr. Jones several years ago, but was never produced.

Mr. Jones has rewritten the play for pictures, retaining nothing of the original but the idea.

Why Not?

In all seriousness an English film publication prints a piece of "news" to the effect that "the first picture in which Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will play together will be a film version of 'Ben Hur.'"

Why not have D. W. Griffith direct the picture and engage Charlie Chaplin for the principal comedy role?

A Little Song—By "Babe" Ruth

'Midst first, second, third base
Though I may roam,
Be it ever so humble
There's no base like home.

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Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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LONDONDERRY: MAIDEN CITY OF IRELAND

Derry, or Londonderry, in Ulster, known in song and legend as the "Maiden City of Ireland," has the charm of the cheery, busy town and is truly characterized by the stirring marching song which these Irish sing on their days of celebration:

"Where Foyle his swelling waters rolls northward to the main,
Here, Queen of Erin's daughters, fair Derry fixed her reign;
A holy temple crowned her, and commerce graced her street;
A rampart wall was round her, the river at her feet."

These lines briefly tell Londonderry's story. Along the two-mile quays of the river, Irishmen jolly one another as they load and unload the foreign, colonial and coasting trade of the docking vessels. For the Foyle is wide and deep, and large tonnage ships flying the flags of France, Australia, Brazil, the United States, and India bring their wares to her port. Busy looms in the city make linen, and then laughing, twinkly-eyed Irish girls make the linen into shirts before it leaves Londonderry. The salmon fishery on the Foyle is important and the town has timber mills, grain mills and shipyards.

But Derry has for the traveler a greater charm than its hustle and up-and-doing atmosphere—the story of a past replete with romance, devotion to principle, and the exhibition of indomitable spirit. Columba, the greatest of the Irish saints after Patrick and Brigid, in 546 looked on the oak-clad hills and coveted them. Here he founded his abbey, known as Daire-Columbkille, or Oak Grove, within the shadow of the great fort on a neighboring hill, the stronghold of the Lord of Tyrone, in order that his sanctuary might have the protection of the fort. But in vain did he reckon his chances against the Danes and Saxons who, time and again, pushed their boats against his shores. Despite their plundering and burnings, the settlements, of which he had made the nucleus, grew and maintained its independence until 1609.

Derry was then given to the corporation of London, which tacked on the prefix London. Three years later the Irish society, to which Londonderry and much of the surrounding country had been given, pledged itself to enclose Derry within walls, and these walls, wide enough for a coach and four, are excellently preserved today, perhaps to the inconvenience of the inhabitants, but certainly in accordance with their sentiments and wishes. Any one who expressed a desire that they be taken down would be treated as a traitor. Long ago they grew too small to encompass all the inhabitants of the hustling port, but they stand like a stiff belt around the waistline of the hill on which the city is built. The most inconvenient thing about them is that, though they are more than a mile in circumference, there are only seven gates leading through them. Because the walls defended the city in the siege begun by James II, a busy man must make quite a jaunt out of his way to find a passageway through them, but, true to Irish sentiment, he does it without a murmur. On one of the bastions of the wall an old gun, affectionately known as "Roaring Meg," points her nose over the city.

Here,, too, on the hill in the center of a crowded old graveyard stands the quaint, squat cathedral with its queer pinnacle tower. It is called after St. Columba, although it is not on the site of the old abbey built by the saint fourteen centuries ago.

On a high, inaccessible hill in the distance, looms the stronghold of the lords of Tyrone. It is said that St. Patrick came to the fort to baptize Owen, who first set himself up to rule over the province of Tyrone, and St. Calumba visited it before his exile.

Here, too, captive Danes, who had threatened the peace of the city, were dragged in triumph.

Though every trace of the old castle has been obliterated, the massive stone wall, fourteen feet thick and eighteen feet high, resembling the handiwork of a cyclone, has stood out grimly against the centuries. A small iron gate hangs across a two-foot doorway, the only entrance to its huge amphitheater-like interior, which reveals further devices designed for the protection of the inmates.—James Ranch News.

W. W. W.

Overworked Husband—"You've been keeping me waiting around here like an old fool for an hour."

Wife—"Well, my dear, I may have kept you waiting, but I had nothing to do with how you waited."—Lampoon.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of SARAH L. SHANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of SARAH L. SHANE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Rose & Silverstein, 405-8 Easton Building, Oakland, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sarah L. Shane, deceased.

BENJAMIN SHANE,
Administrator of the estate of Sarah L. Shane, deceased.
Dated: San Francisco, November 1, 1920.
11-6-5.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Probate No. 30494—Dept No. 10.
Estate of ALFRED P. COLLINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ALFRED P. COLLINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Alfred P. Collins, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Alfred P. Collins, deceased.
Dated: San Francisco, California, November 9, 1920.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California.
11-20-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

Probate No. 30024—Dept. No. 10.
In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
In the Matter of the Estate of CLEO G. J. MILLER, formerly Cleo G. Jones, Deceased.

H. E. MILLER, as administrator of the Estate of CLEO G. J. MILLER, formerly CLEO G. JONES, deceased, having filed herein his petition in due form praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing him to borrow the sum of One Thousand ($1,000.00) or such lessor sum as the Court may deem proper for the purpose of paying a certain lien subsisting on the real property of the said Estate and which is fully described in the petition on file herein to which reference is hereby made and in order to secure the payment of such loan to mortgage to the lender of such money the real property of the said estate, situated in the Town of Sausalito, County of Marin, State of California, described as follows:

Lots 124, 125 and 129, in Block 25, as shown and delineated upon that certain map entitled, "Map No. 3 of the property of the Sausalito Bay Land Co.," filed April 24th, 1890, in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Marin, State of California.

It is ORDERED that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court in the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Court at the City Hall in the said City and County on the 22d day of December, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M., to show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property above described as prayed for.

And it is further ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks next before said day in the Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco.

For all further particulars you are hereby referred to the petition now on file herein.

DONE IN OPEN COURT, this 15th day of November, 1920.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.
11-20-4

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

Probate No. 28747—Dept. No. 10.
In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estate of MARGARET A. BURNS, an Insane Person.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the verified petition of KATHERINE T. LYNCH, the Guardian of the estate of Margaret A. Burns, an insane person, on file herein, that it is necessary to sell the real estate of said insane person which is for the advantage, benefit and best interest of said estate and all persons interested therein that said real estate be sold,

IT IS ORDERED by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of said Margaret A. Burns, an insane person, appear before the Superior Court of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10, at the court room thereof in the City Hall, on the 29th day of November, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order as prayed for in the petition should not be granted to the said guardian to sell the real estate of said insane person at either public or private sale, for the purpose mentioned in said petition, as she shall judge to be for the best interests of said estate and of the parties interested therein.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the Town Talk in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated this 27th day of October, 1920.

(Signed) THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Court.
M. J. Clark, Livermore, Cal., attorney for Guardian.
10-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 30336 (New Series)—Dept. No. 10.
In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
In the Matter of the Estate of E. B. READ, deceased:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administrator of the last will annexed of the estate of E. B. READ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator with the will annexed at the office of his attorneys, A. F. LEMBERGER & V. G. SKINNER, Room 807, Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St., in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the estate of E. B. READ, deceased.

H. R. HEALY,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of E. B. READ, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, October 23, 1920.
A. F. Lemberger and V. G. Skinner,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St., Room 807.
10-23-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

No. 110589
In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco
LAURA M. STONE, Plaintiff, vs. HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
Dated: Oct. 16, 1920.
WELLES WHITMORE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
714 Easton Bldg., 428 13th St.,
Oakland, Cal.
10-30-10

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Helen M. Bonnet.....Editor

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We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Business Acumen of the Shipping Board

The ordinary onlooker is curious to know how a federal board could expend $2,500,000,000 before opening its account books. The onlooker is in most cases far from Washington, D. C., yet usually is aware that Washington has a system of its own. Tape is still red at the capital. The men of the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation were of course chosen as representative of the best human material in the country. And now the country is astonished at the laxity of their methods. They spent money right and left, or, as is now charged, sinistrously and dextrously, without regard to the interests of the various ports, Atlantic and Pacific. The Pacific Coast waited patiently for its allocation of ships; our Asiatic trade was at a standstill, and now we find that many vessels would be at our disposal were they not rendered unseaworthy by virtue of certain barnacles that collected while the Shipping Board was conducting technical deliberations in the east. Some of the ships are now in the Alameda Estuary, where they will deteriorate not too rapidly. The congressional investigating committee has been told by special witnesses that intentional graft was not a factor of the mismanagement or misconduct of the board; but no one has a good word to say for the board's accounting system. In the minds of some, poor accounting is associated with evil intentions. But such inference should not be drawn at this early date. The fact of the matter is that these heads of the board conducted public affairs in an unbusinesslike manner, when they were supposedly models of efficiency. And the public continually learns to its cost that men who have made a success in one field will not necessarily show the same results in another. The so-called captian of industry organizes his subordinates during a course of many years. His interests are so large that he must employ assistants who frequently know more than he about the details of the concern. He stands before the community as an organizer. Put him in another environment, allied with other captains of industry, who have come to the front upon the same basis, and the result is likely to be confusion. It is probable that a highly enthusiastic graduate of some business college, possessed of authority and an adding machine, would have been a big acquisition to the board. No doubt when the missing vouchers are found, there will be evidence of adding machines galore; yet nobody had authority to keep them clicking. The testimony thus far is positive that most of the board's troubles arose from a complete breakdown of the accounting system. The accounts, to the lay mind, would seem the least of all burdens to a body of men who had every modern equipment at their command. The ships were built, yet the shipping industry was somehow neglected. The launchings were spectacular, and so were the congested heaps of cargo on the wharves. Frequently the selection of the right man is an accident; and just as frequently an accident of diplomacy brings about his resignation, when once he is installed. Some good men headed the enterprise in 1917; but internal disputes broke up their acticities, and their successors dribbled into a chaos that might simply be termed bad bookkeeping.

* * *

League of Nations Not Undone

Republican voters may be astonished, or perhaps disappointed, because the election of Harding did not compel the League of Nations to suspend business and abjourn sine die. The Republicans may be doubly astonished at the various announcements that the new administration is contemplating some sort of league. This was hinted from the first opposition to Wilson's document; and the word "reservations" came into use. Yet most of the anti-Wilsonites opined that it was a case of "mental reservation," and that the conflict betwen Wilson and his proponents virtually meant all or nothing. Wilson became prophetic on two ocasions. He declared that the Republicans, by the elimination of Article X, would be taking the heart out of the league. Subsequently he said that they would, by some political surgery, attempt to put it back again; or in his own words, "the League of Nations is for the benefit of mankind, and will triumph regardless of the next election." On November 18th, the League completed its organization by electing six vice-presidents. It will have an army. Harding's league, or association of free nations, will have not a gun, bayonet or drum, but will request other nations to do this or that for the Republican Party. The Hearst papers are also publishing the outlines of a league—without an Article X, without an army, and, of course, without Wilson. Article III of Hearst's suggestion is that life imprisonment be meted out to any ruler who orders or sanctions a war of aggression. He does not intimate who would make the arrest. This would be an important consideration for the Republican Party of the U. S. A., especially if the agressive monarch should be successful in the first part of his war. Hearst and the Republicans could not, without an army, apprehend this violator of the covenant, but would have to await his defeat by European armies, and then summon him to appear before an international court. Whereupon, the offender might flee to Holland, and no smooth speech of Harding, Hearst or Brisbane could coax him out. Any first year's student of criminal law knows that the potency of the law consists of the power to enforce the definition of a crime, and punish the criminal. This is the first chapter in criminal jurisprudence. Without such police power, the people could not punish a vagrant who disturbs the peace of a city street. A ruler who disturbs the peace of the world can not be caught and imprisoned without an army, whether his own people applaud him or not. Should Harding, when president, issue a note or ultimatum to another nation's head, there would be only two outcomes, if the request be unheeded: A presidetial lapse into silence or a call for the armed forces of the United States. When nations refuse to compromise on an important matter, they go to war. The League of Nations requires an army to enforce peace. It would be better to participate in these forces than eventually supply the whole army, or as much as we did in 1917 or '18. Wilson's prophecies have come true. Harding and Borah's reservations are as yet untried.

* * *

Our Presidents and Puritanism

The Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis tells us that the town of Scrooby, England, is the birthplace of Puritanism, and should be the destination of American pilgrims this year, tercentennary of the landing on Plymouth Rock. It is safe to say that numerous Americans would refuse to visit Scrooby, if they had the price. Even Plymouth Rock fails to arouse enthusiasm in some of us. "Puritanism" was originally a term of reproach cast on the Noncomformists of the sixteenth century. After the Plymouth incident the Pilgrim Fathers took up the name in earnest, and kept it in good repute. In recent years, Puritanism stands for a number of undesirable things, including near beer. It (Puritanism, not near beer) has had considerable influence on the lives of our presidents, if we

can trust the biographers. Upon a careful reading of history, we find that those royal persons who ruled by divine right frequently drank champagne and considered themselves entitled to all sorts of revelry. Election by the people does not extend the same privilege to the executive head of a republic. Compare the voyage of a monarch from Dover to Calais with Warren G. Harding's passage, New Orleans to Panama. Divine right set the royal board with a score of delectable vituals, animated him with strains of divine music, entertained with women divinely fair, and at the end of the evening, his royal highness may have been divinely drunk. Whether this program was of heavenly origin, or the king made it up out of his own head, his people nevertheless, were glad to hear about it. They rejoiced and were exceedingly glad at having so festive a king. In a press dispatch concerning the ship with our next president aboard, we read that a motion picture show featured the night's entertainment. This will satisfy many of our citizens. It looks all right. It may be the truth, but not the whole truth; yet it will inspire few to go wild with joy on the public streets; nor will it cause many to be so grateful that they will undertake a pilgrimage to Scrooby on the strength of it. Let's trust that Harding applauded the hero and hissed the villain. That is what Scrooby did for our presidents. It is related that President McKinley once danced a jig while waiting to address the populace from a White House window. The story did not appear in print until years afterwards. Maybe an eye-witness will eventually write more interestingly of Harding's trip to Panama. All of which leads us to believe that the modern newspaper scribe is far more puritanical than the subjects of his descriptive powers.

* * *

Is the Church Losing Power?

Most of our thoughts are too conservative or too sensational. Criticism applies the terms, "old fashioned" and "new fangled." To be one or the other is deserving of rebuke; and it is hard to be anything else. Just now religion is in that vicissitude which wavers between the old and the new. The Interdenominational Pastoral Conference at Berkeley has been prolific of ideas. It has called for something new—new but not too much of a novelty. Because of this conference, practical religion may undergo a change; but the future world will remain practically the same. This, of course, is only our opinion. Our modesty is most evident when we speak of life after death, and the preparations therefore. However, at the aforesaid conference, one of the speakers, Dr. Richard Roberts, a Briton, said: "Ninety-nine out of a hundred prayer meetings are not worth going to." A remark of this nature from a parishioner would be something of a sacrilege, as it were. We take it (as it were, or so to speak) that Dr. Roberts was criticizing ninety-nine out of a hundred pastors. Simple arithmetic could come to no other conclusion. The corollary would be that ninety-nine per cent of the time spent in prayer meetings is wasted. This is an obscurity; because earthly hours can hardly be called wasted when devoted to praying for a place in eternity. It is a question of praying in the right way, and this has been an eternal dispute with man. Dr. Roberts further observed that the prayer meeting has been killed by repetition and by the fact that "the preacher is the whole show" and the majority of attendants know in advance what will take place. Such comments have been evident for some time, interdenominationally. The inference is that, at the present day, there is naught exciting about religious worship. In order to arouse the congregation, some pastors utilize topics of the day; other vitalize their sermons with slang. In this way the clergyman becomes an oral editorialist. The preacher of yore held his congregation with topics of the other world. The Rev. T. deWitt Talmage knew the number of stars in the crown of the saved; and he was emphatic about it. Emphasis loses by repetition, and that is the chief concern of the modern pastor. He feels that salvation must be startling news; yet he cannot startle. In the words of Billy Sunday, a sermon should have a "punch" and a "kick." Purusing the same vernacular, the angels recently have been unable to get their meaning over the footlights. No doubt this is exasperating to those who hear the message with spiritual ears. "New methods for the next world" is apparently the slogan. Christianity began with miracles; it has developed into higher criticism. Perhaps a return to the miracle would arouse the desired enthusiasm.

* * *

The Slump in Prices

This time, without any hocus pocus about it, prices are going down, down, down. It can be seen with the naked eye; and, if prices had kept going up, up, up much longer, the decline would have to be viewed with a naked body, by some unfortunates whose purse could not stand the pace. Wages will not increase; that is admitted by all. In many lines of employment, the struggle will be confined to maintining the present high mark. Besides that, the unemployed are with us again. Advertisers for help declare that they receive dozens and scores of applicants where formerly came two or three. The old school of economical writers foretold these conditions as a mere phase of economical history repeating itself. To parody an axiom of our popular government—part of the people can make money all of the time, and all of the people can make money part of the time, but all the people can't make money all the time. In other words, everybody cannot make a profit on everybody. Those modern editors who intrinsically or speciously are optimists claimed that the thing could be done; but now one by one they are citing the old principle that one man's wages must be paid by the profit made on another's toil. This is simple enough. The simple propositions usually are observed after all the complexities are tried and found wanting. Prices came down when the money gave out—somewhere. We cannot always locate the cause of a country-wide boom or slump. Like the unidentified French hero who was buried beneath the Arc de Triomphe, it is the unknown part of underlying causes that are eventually honored by the historians. The profiteers graciously told us that they lowered the prices for our welfare, when the prime movers of the deadlock may have been the unknown poor increasing in numbers and decreasing in ability to pay what was asked of them.

* * *

Nevada Takes to Interlocutories

It was no jest when Nevada telegraphed the world that a change would be made in the divorce laws of the state. The first announcement made little impression. Most of us thought it a sort of shrewd business bluff, in the vein of —get your divorces early and avoid the rush. But now there is an initiative before the legislature providing for an interlocutory period of one year before the final decree; and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is behind the project. Temperance in wedding ceremonies is advisable at all times; yet we cannot say that the contemplation of a year, in which the parties are neither married nor single, would add anything to marital equilibrium. The effect would rather be the reverse, and impel the intending divorcee to hasten the proceedings. If one can get a divorce at any time, he is not likely to be in so great a hury about it. The interlocutory year never served any good purpose ostensibly. As long as the law has provision for undoing the marriage, why, it appears that the judicial act should be performed without vexatious delay, and be done with. It has been pointed out that the intervening year is not conducive to morality; and assume that all public-spirited persons would so conduce. When a couple is in the amphibious position between marital hot water and the terra firma of divorce, the effort of the state should be to define the status of the parties as quickly as possible.

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A Rhapsody on Music

The maestro has bowed and glided noiselessly to the grand piano. The hum is broken with a momentary hush, then rises again with hurried force into a wave of commentary, until pierced with a tremendous note demanding silence.

A minor chord or two follows, floating like a benediction into the body of the great hall, misty in the struggle of the incandescent lights with the waning light of the afternoon. It is the right light for music: one does not want a glare to dream in. A hush falls immediately upon the audience. The expressions on the upturned faces change rapidly, as if an angel had swept through the room, and in his flight had stolen the masks with which these "civilized" barbarians conceal the human in them. Music alone can compel this complete revelation of the human—this rare lighting up of men's faces with divine wonderment; music alone can create of a sudden this intense isolation in the midst of a crowd, that permits, and, indeed, enforces, this supreme abandonment of the imagination, this liberation of the poet imprisoned in every man's heart—this incontinent retreat into the riotus world of dreams. It is indeed the maddest, divinest of arts; none other can evoke this marvelous transformation of hard, worldly, animal, indifferent, selfish and careworn faces into beautiful, human faces—the faces we look for in the streets in vain, and lovingly welcome in our day-dreams.

Sculpture, painting and literature sometimes hold us in their thrall, and, indeed, the latter is often the record of the sister arts; still, they cannot dominate our every fiber as does music. There is no draught which can intoxicate more quickly than subtle harmonies. Music is our sport, and we are its sport: listening, we live all the lives we hoped to live in our early dreaming; and then live again the life we have lived—thus hovering ever betwixt the heights and the abyss, we taste the destillation of all joys and fears and miseries, and finding a sweet bitterness in all, we are delighted to be the playthings of this false Fate. All realities become the unrealities they are; only the ideas laughed at in the noisy streets outside seem valuable, and these are at once a consolation and a torture. Music makes us forget all things; and it brings everything back to memory. It flatters and mocks us; it lifts us up among the gods; it thrills us with power; it loosens a chaos of song diviner than any sung by men; it whispers of easy accomplishments on the morrow; and then drags up those yesterdays we thought were forever buried and reminds us that there is no morrow. It is the eheo of our own hopes; and we, poor, fond fools, willingly accept its voice as an external certificate of worth and capacity; and, dreaming of that morrow, we are happy. Ah, well, it is good to be happy—and what else can make us so?

After life and sunshine, music is the divinest, sweetest gift of God, Who, to the ear attuned, graciously vouchsafes innumerable harmonies, even in the rattle of machinery and in the roar of crowded streets. But, of course, there is music in the shock of men; for music is the universal consoler, and life is music. All Nature throbs with music. If it were not so, this would be a world of madmen; for every rustle of the wind in the trees, every wash of the breakers on the beach, every cry of the birds, every sound, would come like a blow, torturing all the senses at once.

Listening to the music of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Chopin, Wagner, Schumann or Schubert, one enters a new world—a world entirely strange to most men; and yet no man, once across the threshold, ever feels unfamiliar in it. It is the world of dreams—the mystic closet of the mind that every man possesses, but of which so few keep the key. The poet, the philosopher and the painter escape their poverty in this world; and all have separate keys. But most men, in the absorption of prosperity, throw their keys away. They are the poorest of poor devils. One dreams, loses, and gains all there is to be gained. The other grubs among the muck-heaps of the world and gains much, but loses the secret of happiness. The only almost universal key to the gate of dreams, so rarely opened by the mass of men, is melody; and so the poet and the trader occasionally pass into this magic realm together. But the former would never credit the latter with any familiarity with it; and the latter could scarcely describe his acquaintance there. It is only by intuition that those to whom this is the real world of their lives can discover their fellowship in this workaday world: for the world of dreams is a world of intense isolation; and in this outer world the dreamers may be dreamers to each other, but they cannot possibly be dreams; and the only satisfactory companions of a dreamer are those of his dreams. Therefore the spirit world of music is like the great silence of death; it has a thousand entrances, unseen, stumbled upon only in the dark—and every man must enter alone.

Music is the confessional-box of the whole world. If one has a dormant conscience one fears to awaken, one should never go to a grand recital, for one is caught in the toils of sound, and stripped to one's self before one is aware of it. True music—and I allude to that kind only—is the arraigner of all cruelty, greed, pettiness, all misgiving. It is the very poetry of passion; but it preaches a morality as rigid as the Decalogue's. All the grosser elements of a man are subdued, indeed, quite forgotten, under its spell. The man who would become the prey of his baser passions immediately after listening to a Beethoven sonata or a Mendelssohn march could (to use a paradox) never have had the patience to listen to such music at all. In the exaltation born of music one drifts naturally into introspective and heroic moods, and one is shocked to recognize one's littleness and meanness in sudden hushes, or borne upon a wave of sounds that sets all one's nerves thrilling with noble impulses while one is wholly unconscious of any physical being. But although music is an accuser—a conscience, that will not be swept aside, while it is throbbing in the air—it is also a great inspirer, a wellspring of worthy and human promptings.

Music is not only the world's conscience; it is the world's comfort. One can find all one's moods, one's hopes, and one's failings and fears in its great heart, but one can find foregiveness also. It is the mother of great resolves and good resolutions, innumerable: ond perhaps, if in our workaday world we live to a continual accompaniment of sweet and bitter harmonies, men and women would be less indifferent, less selfish and less cruel; in a word, not only human, but humane. The fundamental problem of life which confronts all reformers of existing abuses—the insoluable question: how to reform human nature—might then be disposed of. But, I fear me, if there were any intermissions, the looting, the chicanery and the brutality would break out with renewed violence; and so my panacea for the pimply body politic is no more practical than those of the sans-culotte political economists. Of course, in the woods, among the hedgerows, and along the seashore, the air is filled with God's music, and one can draw up a sane philosophy of life with it ringing in one's ears; but in the cities where a clatter of men's wheels and engines has been substituted for God's eternal music, such a philosophy would seem quite insane. And yet, for the poet, there are doubtless eternal meanings even in the recurrent, unceasing rumble of a city's traffic and trades. The music of the woods may be sweeter at some seasons, but the music of the streets is sadder, for it is the music of birth and life, misery and wrong, short-lived gayety and suffering and death; and still "the loom of time" roars on, and each generation repeats the same old dirge—and each thinks it is a new thing!

Every orthodox Christian dreams of a heaven where symphonies and chorals shall be unceasing; and perhaps this is a vague recognition of the fact that music is the most effective check upon the instinctive savagery of mankind. A heaven without music would be an immense anarchy. It is certain in this world that hearts which are quite indifferent to suffering, misery, prayers and pleadings, and bitter tears wrung from other human hearts, will soften in a few moments, as Mendelssohn whispers of a higher, diviner life. If men had but usually ears to listen, the music of the streets should have the same effect; but, alas! it more often happens that the roar of the great tide brushes any passing tenderness out of the heart, and the noblest badge of the noblest manhood is condemned as unworthy a man of the world. What an ironical phrase that is!

The musician is less and more than a poet. He is less in retrospect; he is more as long as his art holds us in its sweet torment. He is the creator of a shadow world in which the poet may revel, but which no words can describe. Music is a universal language; it is foreign in every land, but it needs no interpreter. All Babel can listen and comprehend, but no tongue can translate; for music is idealized sound, and something more, it is the soul of all philosophies, all religions, all strife, all peace, misery and happiness. We have grand poems and sonorous prose in our literature, but music is the only art possessing pure harmony that is at once ideal and common. There is something lacking in the grandest poetry, something indefinable that is in every snatch of true melody; it cannot be explained or accounted for by theories or laws, but poetry may make mere moralists or even better men; music makes demi-gods. To be able to piie sound upon sound until it reaches a grand culminable of triumphant or despairing music is to be able to create, not only a few men and women—the triumph of the novelist—but a whole world of marvelous peaks and seas and gods and goddesses: it quite transcends the delight of making beautiful English.

The world of the musician is entirely different from this world of reality, but it throws a startling, unescapable light upon realities; it is the

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world of romance, but it presents the realism of improbable dreams—and what can be more realistic than that? We delude ourselves with "realities." Thought is the only real thing in the world, and though we can enter through our hearing alone, music is esentially a world of thought. All other possessions and pleasures are mockeries.

The musician holds the keys to human souls, long locked; and, though he cannot look therein, he does more—he throws them open to those who would fain shut out their cries and memories. And he gives all who care to listen the freedom of that ancient Eastern city of dreams, which exists in the mind of almost every man, and far transcends in mystery and splendor the Orient men go out in ships to see. Looking into the stolid face of your neighbor you can scarcely think it conceivable that he is floating in a garlanded barge, lying on a bed of roses, with his head in the lap of Venus, stricken with the langor of love, drunk with the singing of the Bacchantes dancing at the prow, a king of love and life—floating idly beneath an amethyst sky, on a gently rocking purple sea, broken into wreaths of ocarls by splashing nymphs. But, good, respectable citizen and lying butcher that he is, your fat, red, smug-faced neighbor is actually in the highest of bad company; and his stupid-looking spouse, who, lacking an ear for music, lacks all that excuses her existence, does not know that her husband is a conqueror in the Court of Love itself. And he, poor man, will awake, and go home sad at heart—and perhaps grumble at his own beefsteak!

Music is a great paradox: it gives and denies; it consoles one for what is done irremediably; and makes one yearn for that which is unattainable; it laughs in one's face at one's success, or ennobles one's failure, and while comforting, dazzles one with triumphs beyond one's reach; or else one is caught up in the grandeur of the music, and wakes only to failure when the last note has died into silence, and the released hum of humanity—the disillusioning murmur of life, mocks one's new-born hopes. Music makes life more real, and dreams more vivid than life. It is the gate of Paradise, and the cheat of all mankind; it brings supreme fulfillment, great desire, or great despair; it is everything to every mind; it is the echo of thought and the germ of reflection; it can be a queen or a common paramour. It is the one art practiced of men which completely transcends humanity, without being repellant to the lowest intellect.

Music is the sea on which all the argosies of our hopes go safely into port. It is paradise to the sensualist and the ascetic. All can find in it what they seek. The poet who sees visions and dreams, but has to write for his bread, and so cheats all the world, listening, sees his page crowded with great thoughts. The artist sees his canvas start into life. The merchant, forgetting his counting-house and ledgers, lives again in the wonderland of his boyhood, when he, too, dreamed of being a poet. All who are disappointed in life are crowned with success, or made content with the revelation of the cheat of success.

In the mad world of music old faces are seen, cold lips are warm and return one's kisses, old hopes are renewed, old loves prove true. Faces filled with joy are dashed through a rent in the sound, as the air is still quivering with the crash of a fortissimo, and then in the minor chords become contorted with pain and disappear. The audience and the hall are swallowed up in the vague shadows of this world of sound. Here are demons, nymphs, strange lights and stranger shadows—a medley of the most grotesque imaginings and human memories. The wildest imaginations of men find expression in music, as they never can in words or color, for music is both; and miracle of miracles! the men who cannot understand the mysteries of the world of books, set forth in plain type, are immediately in sympathy with this stranger world of music. It is a world of sorrows and joys, of laughter, joyous and terrifying, and tears of happiness and despair. It is the epitome of human endeavor; the mockery of human accomplishment. It is God speaking to men through his human agents.

If all this is madness, take a fool's advice; Go and be mad for one evening—and live!

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

Trivia

By L. Pearsall Smith

"Where Do I Come In?"

When I read in the newspapers about problems and populations, when I look at the letters in large type of important personages, and find myself face to face with the questions, the movements of thought, and the great activities of the age, "Where do I come in?" I ask uneasily.

Then in the great newspaper-reflected world I find the corner where I play my humble but necessary part. For I am one of the unpraised, unrewarded millions without whom statistics would be a bankrupt science. It is we who are born, who marry, who die in constant ratios, who regularly lose so many umbrellas, post just so many unaddressed letters every year. And there are enthusiasts among us—heroes who, without the least thought of their own convenience, allow street cars to run over them, or throw themselves month by month, in fixed numbers, into the bay.

Sanctuaries

She said: "How small the world is, after all!"

I thought of China, of a holy mountain in the west of China, full of legends and sacred trees and demon-haunted caves. It is always enveloped in mountain mists; and in that white thick air I heard the faint sound of bells, and the muffled footsteps of innumerable pilgrims, and the reiterated mantra, Nam-Mo, O-mi-to-Fo, which they murmur as they climb its slopes. High up among its temples and monasteries march processions of monks, with intoned services, and many prostrations, and lighted candles that glimmer through the fog. There, in their solemn shrines, stand the statues of the Arahats; and there, seated on his white elephant, looms, immense and dim, the image of the Lord Amitabha, the Lord of the Western Heavens.

She said: "Life is so complicated!"

Climbing all but inaccessible cliffs of rock and ice, I shut myself within a Tibetan monastery beyond the Himalayan ramparts. I join with choirs of monks intoning their deep, sonorous dirges and unintelligible prayers; I beat drums, I clash cymbals, and blow at dawn from the Lamasery roofs conches and loud discordant trumpets. And wandering through those vast and shadowy halls, as I tender the butter-lamps of the golden Buddhas, and watch the storms that blow across the barren mountains, I taste an imaginary bliss; and then pass on to other scenes and incarnations along the endless road that leads me to Nirvana.

"But I do wish you would tell me what you really think?"

I fled to Africa, into the depths of the dark Ashanti forest. There, in its gloomiest recesses, where the soil is stained with the blood of the negroes he has eaten, dwells that monstrous Diety of human shape and red color, the great Fetish God, Sasabonsum. I like Sasabonsum; other gods are sometimes moved to pity and forgiveness, but to him such weakness is unknown. He is utterly and absolutely implacable, ruthless, unrelenting; no gifts or prayers, no sacrifices of human victims can ever appease for one moment his cold, malignant rage.

The Snob

As I paced in fine company on that terrace, I felt chosen, exempt, and curiously happy. There was a glamor in the air, a something in the special flavor of that moment that was like the consciousnes of Salvation, or the smell of peaches on a sunny wall.

I know what you're going to call me, reader; but I am not to be bullied by words. And, after all, why not let oneself's be dazzled and enchanted? Are not illusions pleasant, and is this a world in which romance hangs on every tree?

And how about your own life? Is that, then, so full of golden visions?

The Moon

I went in and shook hands with my hostess, but no one else took any special notice; no one screamed or left the room; the quiet murmur of talk went on. I suppose I seemed like the others; observed from outside no doubt I looked like them.

But inside, seen from within . . . ? Or was it a conceivable hypothesis that we were all really alike inside—each with a phantasmagoria of queer thoughts and impossible imaginations? Had all these quietly-talking and correct people got the moon, too, in their heads?

Monotony

Oh, to be becalmed on a sea of glass all day; to listen all day to rain on the roof, or wind in pine trees; to sit all day by a waterfall reading the Faerie Queene, or exquisite, artificial monotonous Persian poems about an oasis garden where it is always spring—where roses bloom and lovers sigh, and nightingales lament without ceasing, and white-robed figures sit in groups by the running water and discuss all day the manings of life.

Self-Analysis

"Yes, aren't they odd, the thoughts that float through one's mind for no reason? But why not be frank? I suppose the best of us are shocked at times by the things we find ourselves thinking. Don't you agree," I went on, not noticing (until it was too late) that all other conversation had ceased and the whole dinner-party was listening—"don't you agree that the oddest of all are the improper thoughts that come into one's head—the unspeaking words, I mean, and obscenities?"

When I remember that remark I imémdiately think of space, and the unimportance, in its unmeasured vastness, of our toy solar system; I lose myself in speculations on the lapse of time,

(Continued on Page 15)

The Spectator

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TOWN TALK - 88 FIRST STREET

The Thrill of the Holidays

Now is the time when the atmosphere and newsprint tingle with crinkly holly leaves, portraits of Santa Claus, weaths of berries and strips of stockings. There is a gradual accumulation of excitement and splashing of sentiment in preparation of that awful tranquility which falls on January 2. On the second of January the war of presents is over; mortal man asks "Where am I?" and returns to hard work. This week we had Thanksgiving, which is the formal opening of the holiday season. While the President of the United States reminded us of the thanks appropriate for the past year, there is a general sentiment, which has been commonly expressed to the effect that gratitude moves more fervently for favors to come than those received. The mind holds more potently to these joys that are set after rather than before November. If any one look with a sordid eye on the season of giving, let him remember that we give most joyously to children, from whom we expect nothing. And besides, is not a sincere soul more pained than gratified upon the taking of a great present—as when, in the words of Richard Realf, "thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving." Man, in his religious contemplation of the gift season, feels more the symbolic prick of the holly left on his heart than the filled stocking in his arms.

The Case of Wrangel

For some months General Wrangel's army was the hope of the civilized world, looking toward a suppression of the Bolshevik forces. He was a brilliant soldier, and, had the civilized world given him more than moral support, would have achieved his masterly purpose. He was outnumbered by the Soviet hordes. Military critics were of the opinion that he should have played a waiting game in the fall campaign. But no doubt he felt that the eyes of the world were on him, and that a dashing victory would be possible. When too late, Wrangel decided to withdraw. The Bolsheviki rushed in forty-eight hours sooner than expected, having improved their railroad facilities and brought to bear regiments released from Poland operations. The event gives Soviet Russia control of the Black Sea ports. Here are great storehouses filled with flax and wheat, awaiting shipment to England. So England's rumored proposition to recognize the Soviet government was no doubt made in direct view of these badly needed stores. England, being a country of small area, might be pardoned for taking these commercial opportunities; but the United States, greater geographically, richer and approximately self-supporting, is not compelled to go to the same extent. There was even some opposition by short-sighted materialists when we lifted the ban against trade with Russian merchants. Our exporters may now engage in such commerce at their own risk, unprotected by the diplomatic representatives of Old Glory. One of the guarantees which the Soviets made to Britain, was the cessation of Bolshevist propaganda on British soil. This, too, was a big item for consideration, after Wrangel's defeat, a consideration which the United States had no need to fear.

Russia, Britain and the U. S.

Recognition of Soviet Russia was no unexpected move on the part of the British government. The temper of the American people would not countenance such act from our own state department; and this fact makes the diversity of the two nations, in matters of this nature, all the more interesting, diplomatically speaking. The British Government has always been an opportunist one. It has been controlled by the pressing needs of the moment rather than a broad view that goes for idealistic constructiveness among the critics of history. America, on the other hand, has always steered a virtuous course in the recognition of de facto governments. We have looked into the internal affairs of nations occupied with civil war, and then withheld our sanction if the political faction in military control could not be credited with sincerity, honor and an ability to establish a permanent government. The abhorrence for Bolshevism, which has manifested none of these things, but all to the contrary,, would make its recognition by our state department politically and diplomatically imposible. Into affairs of this kind, England never scrutinizes for a great length of time, and, therefore, as in this case, she is prone to acknowledge a rebellious minority as part of the international scheme of things. Of course, the chief motive is trade. The Bolsheviks are in dire need of supplies, and English merchants will immediately negotiate the sale of big cargoes. They, and perhaps the Japanese, will get the benefit of the three-billion-dollar contract which Soviet Russia made with W. D. Vanderlip, who had stood sponsor for that amount of American merchandise in exchange for 400,000 square miles of oil lands, furs, gold, platinum, etc. Our state department blocked Vanderlip's deal, in so far as this country is concerned. The United States, however, will have the satisfaction of knowing that it has acted according to the dictates of national honor, regardless of temporary profit.

It seems hardly credible that England or any one of the Allies would consider for a moment recognition of the Soviets. What was the stupendous World War for? The Russian Reds are spreading propaganda to turn popular opinion in favor of their chaotic, cruel government. They try to appeal to the lowest, most selfish instincts in the nations' organisms—the instincts of monetary gain. They insidiously plead that Russia must have some kind of government and that for the support of its great population the rest of the world must establish trade relations with it. Then they argue that by degrees its forms of lawlessness and tyranny will be eliminated. If Jove laughs at lovers' vows, how does he express incredulity at the false promises of anarchists, the drinkers of a nation's blood?

In the name of the American heroes, who gave their lives for the principles of liberty and justice, let us forever be deaf to the false reasoning of commercial greed, which would bid us hold forth an encouraging hand to the murderers, robbers and ravagers of Russia,—of the Neros whose doctrines, ever so faint-heartedly recognized, would eventually spread like a pestilence, destroying all that is noble, just and beautiful in the civilization of the rest of the world. At the pleadings of the mighty in England, France and Belgium, America sent our youth and courage to save Europe from the destruction which threatened it. Had our warriors not gone, today Germany would be dictating in Paris. Let the United States at this moment hold forth a warning hand to the nations of the world to snub unconditionally all overtures from the Soviets. Must we, whom the European countries called "a commercial nation," remind them that there are higher things in life than money and power?

As a rebuke to Washington D. Vanderlip, who returned to England with a ship load of trade orders from Lenine, is if too altruistic to hope that the American Legion will demand an apology from him for his effrontery in comparing the present British esteem for Abraham Lincoln with his predicted future exaltation of the monster Lenine? And it will be amazing if the English people themselves will permit the analogy to go unchallenged.

Go As You Please Reno

Some San Francisco people who have just returned from a visit to Reno declare it the happy-go-luckyiest town they ever saw. They found the residents (permanent) devided between their desire to make prosperous busines through the circulation of the divorce colony's money and their antipathy to having their nice little town made over to suit the soon-to-be divorced temporary dwellers among them. Some of those abiding in Reno waiting for decrees have "heaps" of money which the landlords and storekeepers gratefully accept. Others are obliged to eke out their incomes while on the waiting list, as they seek (and find) employment at remuneration less than that required by some of the town applicants, who have no personal income or temporary alimony to help them defray the high cost of living in Reno or elsewhere.

Sad to relate, it is not unheard of in Reno for some of the native male population to fall victims to the charms of the divorcees. Indeed, there seems to be a magnetic attraction about the fair ones which prompt some of the Reno married men to employ their consolatory accomplishments, greatly to the disturbance of the serenity of their own Reno homes, which are the rightful possessors of all the consolation they can summon to comamnd. The bachelors, too, frequently cause jealous pangs in the bosoms of the fair maids of Reno by bestowing attentions upon the fascinating divorcees,—who maybe wouldn't be fascinating at all were they not on the forbidden list. It is even said that men, while awaiting their decrees, not infrequently manage to fan a mild flirtation with some Reno maid or matron into something resembling a dangerous blaze, which the wrath of an irate father or husband finds it difficult to extinguish before harm is done to some Reno reputations.

The divorcees give zest, spice, to the atmosphere of the Nevada city, even their costumes lending a changing aspect to the atmosphere. It is a familiar sight to behold a fair lady arrayed in riding togs wheeling a baby carriage or go cart. This anomaly gives the impression that the equestrienne tenderly places baby in some one's watchful care while she rides away to pass the weary days which must elapse before the prized decree is actually in her eager hands.

We must not be surprised in these days of sumptuary laws to learn of an amendment to the Reno city charter, making it unlawful to provide food or shelter within the city limits to any

visitor contemplating divorce; or maybe the railroads will demand a sworn statement that the purchaser of any ticket to Reno is not going to that city with the intention of establishing a residence with divorce aforethought.

Bewildering Election Returns

Having taken part in an election for numerous officials and legislative acts, the American people, one fancies, would, after November 2d, wish to know what happened. Judging from the newspapers, the citizenry views an election in something of the way it attends a grand opera, seemingly interested in the more spectacular numbers only. The well-known arias get most if not all of the applause, while the composer's most refined passages go unnoticed. The press may be at fault in this deduction, if we credit the many complaints of those who would like to read of the various amendments and referendums. In San Francisco the presidential and senatorial canvasses were given prime importance. Nothing wrong with this; yet why should the dailies be negligent in the matter of subordinate officials and the laws upon which we were called upon to vote? A curious thing about it was that the greatest confusion seemingly rested on those measures which, in the editorial eye at least, were deserving of the least notice. One must assume that it was a carelessness in newsgathering rather than something gone wrong with the count. In some instances, the results of the minor measures was found from day to day in obscure parts of the paper. The reader had to examine the columns carefully and save his items for a week or more, so as to know who's who and what's what. This is the characteristic of most journals. An example to the contrary was the New York Herald, before becoming aligned with the the Sun. Whenever the Herald printed a piece of news, howsoever trivial, as compared with the big stories, the fate of the subject matter was recorded in due time. If a workman fell from a scaffold and was seriously injured, an account of his death or recovery was subsequently published, and quite likely in that part of the paper where appeared the original item. This is a rare journalistic trait. We read of this or that dispute or mishap, and that is the end of the tale, unless the parties be of sufficient celebrity in the newspaper realm to demand a sequel; and even then we are not sure of the happy or unhappy ending of news print. It reminds one of Mark Twain's account of having fallen into a cistern, when a boy. In later years he remembered the fall, but not his escape, and, in so far as his memory was concerned, always considered himself still in the cistern. So, in the newspapers, when you read of a victim hovering between life and death, you might as well be satisfied to remember him hovering there until the end of time, unless you go and investigate. And in the case of some election returns, you may consider a law uncertain until you are arrested for breaking it.

Strength and Economy of Unification Of Our Street Railway Lines

The sound business principles involved in unification and consolidation are recognized and accepted the world over. Big business combinations make enormous prifits, chiefly because they are able to eliminate so much of the very expensive overhead charges and to impose a uniform and efficient organization throughout the various ramifications of the consolidated concern.

This unification business principle is peculiarly applicable to San Franicsco's street railway lines. We have here several competing lines operating with conflicting interests and with the minimum of consideration for the comfort of the traveling public. The cars are not clean and at rush hours are crowded to an unhealthy degree. One often wonders at the complacency of the passengers who accept uncomplainingly the rough and ready service. Conductors, fully aware that there is no longer standing room in their cars, stop and take on any passenger who is venturesome enough to hang on. He crushes the people forward, who then become so wedged in that exit is impossible. Many, many times passengers are so squeezed in among others that they have to ride far out of their way and then pay another fare to return to their destinations. Garments are wrinkled and torn, shoes trodden upon, hats pulled awry and veils destroyed. If one has to endure such treatment only occasionally, say, when one's automobile is out of commission, it can be accepted as a necessary evil; but when one has no automobile and never expects to have one, the sardine-packing system of the street car is unbearable. It is equivalent to: "The automobileless public be d——d," or "Anyone who hasn't an automobile of his own these days of high wages and large profits is lucky to have standing room or a strap to hang on."

If the city owned all the lines and would operate them under trained street railroad management, the people could demand comfortable service. The municipal lines are now, according to the supervisors' statement, making money, but no explanation is given why more cars are not put on in the busy periods. Under the present uncertain conditions, no one can justly blame the United Railroads for not improving their service. With their present franchises, it wouldn't pay them. If they would sell to the city, we could perfect the transfer system to the degree of riding to any given point for one fare. We could have some plan devised to indicate when a car is filled to capacity; i. e., when every seat it occupied and every strap or pole grasped by a clinging hand. Twice a day each car could be vacuum cleaned at infinitesimal cost. All this to conform to the principal objective of a public utility—service to the people instead of profit for private owners.

A few of the most important advantages and benefits of unification are:

1. Consolidation of the three disconnected lines into one uniform system.
2. Extensions which will anticipate and stimulate real growth in out-lying districts.
3. Saving of time by more direct service and better transfer connections.
4. One fare and universal transfers.
5. Safer and more rapid transit, with through cars, where found desirable.
6. Economy of management, in doing away with duplicated overhead charges.
7. Safety first on Market street by reducing congestion and the danger of competing parallel lines.
8. Triple supply of cars during rush hours and elimination of germs by vacuum cleansing.

These advantages and benefits of unification can only result through the acquisition by the city of the properties of the United Railroads and the California Street Railway line. The mayor and board of supervisors ought to secure without delay an appraisement of these properties and make the report public, preparatory to submission to the people for their vote on the purchase of the same, payment therefor to be made out of the road's earnings.

The Clark Tragedy

The trial of Virginia Clark for murdering her husband seems a terrible and unnecessary ordeal for the unfortunate woman as well as for the public. To the casual reader, it would appear that the murderess is insane. Why not spare her disordered mind the torture of living over her unhappy life and place her in an insane asylum, where she would receive mental treatment? She shot her husband in the back, as he lay sleeping. Would any but a demented person do such a thing?

A case which might have resulted in similar tragedy occurred in this city not long ago. A distinguished man suffered from a nervous break down. Realizing that he was losing his reason, he determined to kill his wife and their child. He cunningly kept his resolve a profound secret,

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but after many months the idea so preyed upon his mind that he confided his intentions to his wife, but shortly before his diseased mental state had become apparent to everyone. "Many a night," he said, "when I knocked at your door and awakened you telling you that I wished to talk to you because I couldn't sleep, my intention was to cut your throat with a razor which I had concealed in my bathrobe pocket, then to kill the child, so that you would be spared the troubles I was bringing into your lives. I had thought it all out and felt that God would forgive me because He alone knew that I would not be mentally responsible. But He protected us. Fortunately, the sound of your voice, the expression in your eyes, subdued my weak mind. Either you would call out, 'Go away. It is unjust to disturb us like this!' Or else when you opened the door I was dominated by the strength of your will as revealed in your eyes"

Had this poor man succeeded in his plan, he would probably have been arrested and executed for his crime, as his mental disease was yet but only in its incipiency and took many months to manifest itself. Such deeds as Mrs. Clark's are not committed by people mentally sound. It is added cruelty to place them on trial and dangerous to others to permit them to be at large.

Efficiency in Romance

The sailor with a girl in every port must be keen on the proverb that marriage is a lottery; and he probably feels like a ball on a roulette wheel, hardly knowing where he will stop next. He must also have a definite idea of what is sometimes called the troubled sea of matrimony. All this is written by way of preface to the statement that wickedness is forgiven only when spontaneous. We do not extend the same clemency to the man who keeps a card index of his inamoratas. Now and then a land-lubber of this sort gets into the news. The other day, allegedly on the part of his wife, one was entertained in Judge Van Nostrand's court. The lady dwells in Alameda (of all places!) and came with a note-book, which she claimed to have found in her husband's pocket. He is a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, and engaged in the practice of medicine. Names, addresses and telephone numbers of a score or more of women, were in the memoranda, together with bits of information to jog the lieutenant's memory. Much to his credit, he claimed that the ladies were merely prospective patients and business-getters for him. Nevertheless the Court was dubious about it. Anyone would be. We have heard so much of the card-index burglar and the card-index lover that we naturally assume modern efficiency in matters of that kind. A female acquaintance list in possession of a male citizen arouses the suspicion that he is deeply interested in the fair sex. At any rate, his wife would think that way. This naval physician had no men on his list, and explained to the Court that women constitute the better clas of patients. There was also evidence tending to show that he considered it better for his business not to divulge the fact that he had a wife in his home port, Alameda. One of his business negotiations took place in the Hotel Alexandria, Los Angeles, at 4 a. m. It does not seem the right sort of efficiency to jot this down in a note-book. And yet, to a man with a bad memory, "4 a. m." would be a better memoric aid than the lady's name. There is something vivid about "4 a. m." that no other words could portray. Bookkeeping of this nature is strictly modern, we fancy. Yet how could the sailor have gotten along without it?

Boundaries of the Gilded Tenderloin

In a police announcement of regeneration for the uptown Tenderloin, boundaries of the neighborhood were set as Powell, Turk, Jones and Post streets. The latter bound will be news to many; and yet the police might have gone further north in their statement, had they wished to be sensational. Rather, they chose not to shock the community. Even as far as Bush and Leavenworth streets, the shades of repute fall with a deep purple. There may be a distinction, however, between "Tenderloin" and the realm of romance, such as the precincts from Post to Bush have become in recent years. More than one of the streets in this vicinity have been dubbed "Affinity Row." A large amount of evidence in divorce cases is gathered here. These are the streets of co-respondents, the avenues of clandestine souls, or, to use a term of the landscape artist, "Land of the Heart's Desire." In no other residence district of the city is there a parking of more brilliant automobiles; and nowhere else are the women more gorgeously attired, as they step into the limousines. Affinities, as a rule, are well gowned at any time of the day, even when they drop into the grocery. Affinity Row is always de rigeur The styles are up to date; the toilettes, glowing up to the minute. Now, some of them are to be seen tripping resplendantly from the apartment houses before 9 a. m. The impression is that aristocratic shop girls and haughty stenographers ,with a penchant for the sumptuous menage, dwell here about and entertain an affinity of worldly importance. Occasionally the police have a swell apartment called to their attention, because some local countess has entertained too many. Then a vulgar raid is perpetrated. When a place is once raided, it is part of the "Tenderloin."

Investing in Health and Sunshine

From Thanksgiving Day to Christmas eve the California Tuberculosis Asociation, through its local associations and hundreds of supporters, place on sale the little Christmas Seals from the proceeds of which the battle against the white plague has been carried on.

Every letter or package mailed in California in that space of time, that bears one of the little Christmas Seals inclines the balance on the side of health and happiness and gives every user of the little seal the thrill of having contributed his "bit" toward making California and the country at large a more healthful place to live in.

The average individual buys his quota of seals, knowing that he is contributing within his means the funds necessary to carry on a work as essential to the well being of the commonwealth as the orderly working of legislative machinery. But the person thoroughly familiar with the work, goes a step further; he invests in the Tuberculosis Association Health Bond and coupons, of which are collected in improved community health and renewed activity against the greatest foe of the white race,—tuberculosis.

Theodore Roosevelt once said: "The only person who does not invest in and use Christmas Seals is the ignorant or the destitute."

Stripped of all verbiage, the purchase of a Christmas Seal is but a vote to give sunshine, fresh air, and nourishing food to those who need it most,—those who have been attacked by the dread disease,—whether they are little children of the slums or unfortunate adults.

A brief glance at the work done during the past year, without soliciting subscriptions and supported through the sale of seals and bonds is a revelation of human service.

Sanatoria have been maintained for the tuberculous in 26 counties with some assistance from the state. Nurses have been maintained in 18 counties by the local associations and in counties having no nurse, the State Association sends its traveling, rural nurse. In three counties, the open-air schools have been instituted for children of frail constitution. Clinics are supported in nine counties by the seal sale, and in each a camp has been established where children needing out-door life, good food and care to build them up are sent during the vacation period In counties where no clinic is held, the State Association sends its motor clinic with full hospital equipment, nurse, physician and driver, to carry the message of better health.

The State Association maintians a Sunshine Preventorium for children too ill to be sent to a camp, and like institutions are maintained in three counties by local associations. Three occupational therapy teachers are aiding tuberculosis patients to become self-supporting by teaching light trades. With a modern health crusade director, 100,000 school children have been enrolled in the state personal hygiene campaign, which means better health in future years. Edu-

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cation and health are companions and the State Association has distributed 1,000,000 pieces of literature in the campaign to teach the tenets of beter health.

This in brief is the accomplishment of the money which is invested in the Christmas Seals and Health Bonds. Next year is a crucial period in the history of progress toward better health. Influenza, war, food scarcity and other causes make an imposing barricade to the steady progres of the fight against tuberculosis. A dollar's worth of Christmas Seals or a Health Bond may save one person from the human junk pile. Or it may bring a ray of sunshine into one little child's life.

New Books Worth While

New books, published by the Houghton, Mifflin Co., are "The First World War," by Colonel Repington, military critic of the London Times; Andrew Carnegie's Autobiography and "Crowding Memories,' by Mrs Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Colonel Repington, called the unofficial member of the British cabinet, was in a position to know intimately the leading forces which shaped the destinies of the armies. His work bristles with anecdotes of the powers that directed military affairs.

The Carnegie work is replete with anecdotes illustrating the great financier's Scotch humor. It abounds or wise suggestions, and altogether is a book that goes a long way in imbuing the boy or young man with ambition. One of the stories most characteristic of the views which shaped his own destiny is the following:

The Application of the Lesson

"I had been brought up upon wise saws, and one that my father had taught me was soon given direct application. As a boy, returning from the seashore three mil s distant, he had to carry me part of the way upon his back. Going up a steep hill in the gloaming he remarked upon the heavy load, hoping probably I would propose to walk a bit. The response, however, which he received was: 'Ah, faither, never mind, patience and perseverance make the man, ye ken.' He toiled on with his burden, but shaking with laughter. He was hoist with his own petard, but his burden grew lighter all the same. I am sure of this."

Mrs. Aldrich's book has personal recollections not only of her poet husband but of the brilliant authors who were his friends. Mark Twain's characterization of Aldrich in a conversation with Robert Louis Stevenson reads:

"Aldrich is always brilliant; he can't help it; he is a fire opal set around with rose diamonds; when he is not speaking you know that his dainty fancies are twinkling and glimmering around him; when he speaks the diamonds flash. Yes, he is always brilliant; he will be brilliant in hell, you will see."

Stevenson chuckled and said, "I hope not."

"Well you will, and he will dim even those ruddy fires and look like a transfigured Adonis against a pink sunset."

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Tirade Against Circulating Libraries

As an educational force, libraries in the United States have been honored next to the public schools. The same credit has been given more or less elsewhere. It remained for a French writer, M Burnat-Provins, to shatter this ideal, and prove that the library is a monster of iniquity, that devours genius and snorts poverty from its cold nostrils. The victim in all cases is no less a person than the author himself. The author, in many cases, lives upon royalties. He makes a few cents from each book sold. Thousands of readers, borrowing from the library, thus defraud the writer of his pittance. Burnat-Provins admits that this is no crime if the borrower cannot afford to buy the volume. But if a man have the price, he is little better than a thief, according to the Frenchman; for that much of the author's output is subtracted from the royalties. It has been claimed that institutions of this order augment rather than depress the sale of a book, the free circulation acting as a hand-to-hand advertisement. The answer to this is that the phenomenon is more of a hand-to-hand lending and perpetuation of the crime. One book borrower makes another. A library fiend soon impresses his friends with the faculty of reading without cost; and little by little the habit spreads It would be hard to imagine, though, an author starving in a garret, while the masses are enjoying his book by the thousands. Since there are no garrets nowadays, it might be supposed that authors don't starve. In America most of the writing tribe are prosperous business men and are fined for speeding. The modern novel, for instance, is so trivial, most readers feel that a free look into the pages is no more than fair. The volume may sell for $1.50 or $2, bound in cloth, and proves to be Nick Carter remodeled and up to date. The circulating library thus becomes the headquarters of an intellectual test. If the book is of any account, the author subsequently gets what is due him; or half or a fourth of his dues; and few authors ask more than that.

Tossing Coins to the Dancers

Oakland has just passed through a moral crisis and decided that there is no harm in tipping a cabaret girl for her entertainment; that is to say, Oakland will experiment, and take note if the custom leads to turpitude or other indiscretion. Carbaret dancers have been tipped in the past; but there is no scientific data on the subject. Coins have been showered at her feet or otherwise passed to her; and the usual effect, according to fairly good observers, is one of gladness, optism and good will. Nothing deleterious about it. There are arguments to the contrary, though. These arguments were brought to the City Council, and an ordinance was draughted prohibiting tips, gifts or gratuities from patrons. "Rather difficult to enforce," remarked Commissioner Bacus So remark we all. It was pointed out that waiters and hat boys are allowed to accept tips, and the thought came that cabaret artists would be only too grateful to the law for keeping them out of that category. But the artists took the standpoint that it would be better to claim the right of every American citizen, leaving a personal matter to accept or reject a tip. No discrimination. If a boy, or, as in some places, a girl is allowed a tip for taking care of your hat, why shouldn't a vaudeville performer (educated at great expense) receive a gratuity, plus gratitude, for kicking your hat off, or pretending to do so, even though the hat is not there? It was hinted that there is something unbecoming in the acceptance of a gift of lucre, when one is scantily attired. But this is phychology, not political economy, and the latter is supposed to control all conduct of a city council. One cannot see how flimsy raiment could affect civic rights. A chicken en casserole—by this we mean, well, never mind, anyway she steps up to a bald-headed man and bestows a kiss upon his baldness. She may have no interest in him. Her act is pure art. She entertains the crowd. Yet we cannot assume that her contract calls for the kissing of bald heads. She does it in a moment of inspiration, as an added attraction to her performance. Is not this extra stroke of inspiration worth a tip? The public, with the exception of a few malcontents, will arise as one man, and say that it is. If it be not worthy of thanks from him or his stony-hearted wife, it is to their friends, and he ought to pay for their amusement. At any rate, the law should not prevent him. Of course, he who tips not wisely but too well, may soon have a breach-of-promise suit on his hands. But breach of promise is under jurisdiction of the state, and the Oakland municipality acted right in not interfering.

"Where were you yesterday, Tommy Cribbs?" asked the teacher.

"Please, mum, I had a toothache," answered Tommy.

"Has it stopped?" asked the teacher sympathetically.

"I don't know," said Tommy.

"What do you mean, boy? You don't know if your tooth has stopped aching?"

"No mum, the dentist kept it."

W.S.S.

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Beauty in Distress

Who does not feel a pang of regret when one beholds a beautiful young woman contemplating the wreck of her marital experience? It is wonderful to be gifted with beauty, but even beauties suffer keenly when they have sorrowful adventures in matrimony. Mrs. Elysse Schultze Hopkins has the sympathy of all her numerous friends in the ordeal of her divorce from Samuel Hopkins. The grounds were cruelty and intemperance for a period of seven years. The husband had even struck his pretty young wife and had clouded her life by his dissipation and outrageous conduct. Judge Graham granted her prayer for divorce and gave her the custody of their little son, whom the father will be permitted to see only in the presence of a representative of his wife. Property settlement was made out of court. Report has it that Mrs. Hopkins received $100,000 in cash and security last Wednesday and that $50,000 more will be paid to her within a year.

Although Mr. Hopkins' cruelty began shortly after his marriage in 1912, the young wife showed a smiling face to the world and bravely tried to reform her husband. There was a separation before the final one two years ago, but later a reconciliation, when Mr. Hopkins, on his wife's stipulation, went to the war and promised to reform. Even army discipline, however, could not make him behave, though he is said to have had some intimate contact with disciplinary measures. Notwithstanding the possession of a wife of unusual beauty and charm, Mr. Hopkins, when in the army, capitulated to the attractions of a fair one or two to relieve the tedium of army routine, much to the embarassment of his wife.

Mrs Hopkins, ever since her debut in local society, has been admired for her unusual beauty, winning ways and infallible taste in dress. She has a very amiable disposition and attractive manners.

E. W. Hopkins, father of Samuel, is a millionaire, and stands high as a man of distinguished achievement in California affairs. He is the father of Mmes. Augustus and Will Taylor and Cheever Cowdin and the late Mrs. Frederick McNear. He married within the year Mrs. Tourtillotte, a charming and cultured widow, formerly of this city.

The lovely Mrs. Hopkins has many admirers and doubtless there will be many suitors in her train. At Del Monte, where she has been staying for several weeks, she is frequently in the company of a dashing young millionaire, who is the son of one of our most prominent captains of industry; but there are many who dance attendance upon her, so it is early to predict another alliance, however difficult it may be for a young and beautiful divorcee to be permitted to remain in single blessedness.

Colonel and Mrs. G. Bluett Winth and Miss Yvonne Cornwallis of Linton Park, Kent, England, who are at the Fairmont, have been entertained by many of our most exclusive families, among them Mr. and Mrs William Crocker, Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Grace and Mr. and Mrs. Milo Rees Robbin. The party leaves soon for Del Monte and Santa Barbara. After a six weeks' visit in the south, they will go Washington, D. C., and later visit Mrs. J. P. Morgan at her Long Island home. Miss Cornwallis is a cousin of Lord Fairfax, who has many friends in Burlingame and Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Salvadore Pacheco have gone to their ranch in Marin county to spend the holiday week. Their house guests are Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hollings of Boston and Misses Josefa and Yolando Sais of Porto Rico.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Koster gave an elaborate dinner dance to members of their family and intimate friends at the Palace. They are leaving for a six months' visit to the orient. They will be accompanied en voyage by their friend, Mrs. Karl Seitz, who has been a guest here for some time. Mrs. Seitz goes home to join her husband in Shanghai, where their home is one of the most beautiful and ornamental in the city.

WILLIAM M. JOHNSTON, recognized in England and the east as the greatest tennis player California ever produced.

Mrs. Ruth Prior, whose peaches and cream beauty is so adorable, is looking radiant lately. One hears everywhere that she is engaged to Lieutenant Kitchen. The piquante beauty says that she will never announce her engagement, but will simply "just be married" some day.

Mrs. Harold Law of Presidio Terrace, sister of Mrs. Hopkins, left last week for a month's visit in New York with Mr. Law.

Richard Not Himself Yet—Still Hamlet

Again the Hotaling case holds the boards as a spectacle of family disunion. If the accounts of the trial are accurate, Richard, the elder son, behaves as if obcessed with the notion that he is a modern Hamlet in real life.—that it is his mission to chastise his aged mother for endeavoring to hold and bequeath the fortune which she and his father accumulated during the long years of their marriage. It seems the most charitable construction to put upon Richard's criticism of his parent that his mind is seriously affected by his well-known devotion to the role of the melancholy Dane. His flaying of his brother Fred is without excuse, being prompted by the jealousy eating his heart, because Fred is the mother's pet. Richard's conduct seems the plainest reason for such favoritism. Fred may be no little angel, but at least he manifests none of his big brother's devilish traits in his treatment of the fond mother.

Richard is a good business man, to prove which he is leaving no stone unturned, not omitting to uncover his cold, unfilial conduct. Fred is not a good business man, which he doesn't seem to consider a crime. There are many who will agree with him, though feeling that he might have exerted himself a bit more to understand the manipulation of the fortune in which he justly shares He is not alone in the company of local millionaires' sons, who left the management and accumulation of their fathers' estates to others. For instance, there is the oft told tale of a family of pioneer plutocrats, one of whose sons found his weekly task of auditing his personal bills and signing his checks therefore such a bug-bear that, after a half an hour, he would elegantly make his exit from the office with a weary: "This is too much for me,—I must go at once to the club for rest and fresh air."

Notable Antique Sale

Robert Wilson Hyde announces an event of singular importance to collectors and amateur

ROBERT WILSON HYDE ANNOUNCES AN EVENT OF SINGULAR IMPORTANCE TO COLLECTORS AND AMATEURS OF THE ANTIQUE, IN THE SALE OF THE RARE COLLECTION OF MRS. OLIVER DWIGHT NORTON, AT HER HOME ON ASHLEY ROAD, MONTECITO, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA, DECEMBER FIRST TO FOURTH.

of the antique in the sale of the rare collection of Mrs. Oliver Dwight Norton, at her home on Ashley road, Montecito, Santa Barbara, December 1st to 4th.

The Norton collection comprises a Flemish tapestry, 10 by 16 feet, rich with blue in figures and border, estimated at $20,000; a Louis XIV painted and gilded spinet; a number of Italian Renaissance chairs with sixteenth century embroidered velvet; several rare old tapestry covered walnut chairs; a walnut sedilia; seventeenth and eighteenth century needle-point chairs; a walnut sideboard and refectory table, nineteen feet long; a Chinese lacquer hall clock; a red lacquer table; a famous eight-fold Coromandel screen listed at $2500; a pair of Italian bronze torcheres worth $10,000; two pairs of heavy, old bronze and andirons.

The library contains a sixteenth century Book of Hours, Eve binding, $5000; a Philippe Egalite, numerous rare sets in levant and Morocco from the first binderies, and rare old prints.

Brocades and embroideries include an old red velvet cope, a cloth-of-gold cope, chasubles, stoles, altar frontals, and squares. Old Italian altar and table linens and laces.

In porcelains, a Capo di Monte dinner set; Sevres, Dresden and English wares; some Italian jugs. Some old silver from Queen Charlotte's collection, and several altar sets of silver candle sticks, large and small.

The garden holds some rare Italian marble statues, seats and urns, lead figures and bronzes.

Where attendance at the sale is impossible, Mr. Hyde will answer any inquiry addressed to him at 11E. Carrillo street, Santa Barbara.

Golf Statistics at Del Monte

That golf has made the greater strides in popularity and growth in recent years than practically all other sports on the Pacific Coast, has been claimed on numerous occasions. Evidence of the increased interest in the game has been given through the medium of the record number of entries that have been made for the tournament during the past season. It is only necessary to cite that in this year's California Amateur Tournament at Del Monte and Pebble Beach, 269 amateurs entered their names. The greatest previous number was 180. The city championship at San Francisco brought out something like 360 players, which eclipsed by a great number the previous record. In Southern California there has been a like interest displayed in the sport on the links. More evidence of the increased play is given by estimates by sports manager Purner in the games that were played at Del Monte tournament during the past season. Purner figures that at least 10,000 more matches were played on the Del Monte and Pebble Beach courses than in the corresponding twelve months of 1919.

In round numbers it is estimated that 38,000 rounds of golf have been played at the two Monterey courses. In 1919, the figures were in the neighborhood of 22,000 rounds. Reducing this to monthly and daily play, it would make 3200 games every month, with daily average of 270. This figure is based on year round play, and the total would be much higher if the quiet months of October, November and December were not reckoned in the basis.

The prospects are that 1921 will be even a greater year than 1920. The Del Monte and Pebble Beach courses will be altered and overhauled for a steady season of play and that there will be no possible congestion, and the crowding of the links will be eliminated. California Golf Association has already awarded next year's championship to Del Monte and the two links will be utilized to handle what is promised to be a new record of interest. It is stated that the two courses are available and enables all players to start on time at reasonable hours.

In order to keep pace with the thousands of new players who are taking up golf, new courses are going up in all sections of the state. This especially is true around the larger cities, but the country clubs are also realizing what the future will bring out and in some cases double 18-hole links are being provided. There is a tentative site in mind at Pebble Beach for another course, which may not be realized for a couple of years yet. All indications point to Del Monte as having in the very near future three courses.

The Sesnon ball was the most brilliant dance since the coming out of Mrs. Emma Flood. The Sesnons have the instinct of large hospitality of the true California type, but which nowadays seldom accompanies wealth. Owing to various circumstances, San Francisco society has grown into the habit of making its merry-makers pay for their entertainment by coaxing them to be joyous at functions given in the name of charity. Indeed, visitors to this city say that as charity demanders, San Francisco has no equal. The Sesnon ball was a conspicuous departure from this custom, the most lavish and artistic entertainment being provided for the guests. The two daughters of the house made their debut. They are very attractive girls, resembling their brilliant mother in physical characteristics and vivacity.

Their father is one of the handsomest men in society. Their uncle is Rev. Robert Sesnon.

Griffith Allison's Exhibition

Admirers of Mrs. Griffith Allison's art have been attending in force at a local art store, where her exhibition of water colors proves to be one of the inspiring events of a month notably rich in picture gallery displays. Mrs. Allison recently spent a season in the Hawaiian Islands, where she enhanced that finesse of color now revealed in every product of her brush. Quite a number of homes in the bay cities have a picture or two by this artist, and her work in the glowing atmospheres of the mid-Pacific was awaited with interest. Difficult as it is to satisfy, with a new locale, the friends of one's previous work, Mrs. Allison has succeeded in the task, painting the opalescent wharves and inlands of Hawaii with the same intimate brush work that she has devoted to California landscape. Perhaps only from California is the step a short one to the astonishing grandeurs of island scenery. A free technic, a delight in luxurious color schemes, and a sympathy for all that it beautiful, give these pictures high rank in the more dignified school of painting, undisturbed by the violent methods of modernism. Mrs. Allison is residing at Kentfield, and her success with the present exhibition points to another dealing mainly with Marin County.

However, when this voice imposes them, it must not tremble with distrust.

How wilt thou that good fortune pause at thy door, if thou dost not believe in her?

Thy faith opens wide the road to thy dwelling.

Doubt is an impenetrable thicket through which the genius of good can not pass. Catch up thy ax and energetically cut away the brambles: I speak of the ax of thy faith. Thou wilt see how broad will become the road and how it will invite the tread of all good fortune.—Amado Nervo: Plentitud.

Faith

Fear not, in the hour of trial, to speak out the optimistic word. Suspect not that fate is thwarthing thee; fate never thwarts the man that sets his hope on her; and she always keeps the promises which the strong man makes in her name.

The friendly fairies, with their invisible coffers full of favors, ever await the sure and tender voice that entreats them in behalf of some dear life, some precious and beloved being.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM B. SCHUYLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, administrator of the estate of WILLIAM B. SCHUYLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William B. Schuyler, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
William B. Schuyler, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 23d, 1920.

11-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HARRY HARRIS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, administrator of the estate of HARRY HARRIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Harry Harris, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Harry Harris, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 23d, 1920.

11-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ERNEST NOGAT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, administrator of the estate of ENNEST NOGAT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ernest Nogat, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
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Dated, San Francisco, November 23d, 1920.

11-27-5

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San Francisco

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[illegible]

Symphony Concerts

[illegible]

[illegible]

ALCAZAR

[illegible]

"Crooked Gamblers"

[illegible]

have its first San Francisco performance at these concerts. Another novelty will be offered in the Variations on a Russian Theme. This work is the result of the collaboration of six prominent Russian composers, each one having written a variation on a quaint little folk-melody. This selection will also be heard for the first time here. The program will close with the Prelude and Love Death from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde."

Alcazar

"Crooked Gamblers," the frenzied finance comedy produced by A. H. Woods last July, has been released to the Alcazar for the only representation outside of New York. It is such an up-to-the minute novelty that it will run for two weeks, commencing next Sunday matinee. This departure from the fixed Alcazaran policy of a weekly change is justified by the splendid New York success of a novel play ringing with merriment and extremely exciting in its exposé of methods by which crooked stock promoters juggle the market and wring millions from credulous victims "caught coming and going." First, the schemers put stocks up and then put them down. Samuel Shipman, a co-author of "Friendly Enemies," and Percival Wilde, have laid bare all the tricks of curb-market manipulation, in this swift moving play that swings back and forth between farcical comedy and high pressure melodama. There is a splendid love story, with two young tire manufacturers striving for the hand of the same girl and disagreeing about their business policy. But they are splendid in personal loyalty, and although the best man wins in the courtship, both gallantly defeat the plotters who try to ruin their business. Dudley Ayres and Elwyn Harvey head a long cast of graphic character types.

"Watch My Smoke," a new comedy of romance and business by Walter A. Rivers, well-known local newspaper man, has first presentation Sunday, December 12th. Its hero loses his fear of losing his job, and after telling his "boss" some things that he ought to know, cuts loose for himself and has a hilariously exciting experience.

Emily Pinter in the Country

Emily Pinter, the charming actress of the Alcazar forces, is "going away." From the scope and elaborateness of the godspeed affairs planned in her honor by local friends and admirers, one might be led to suppose that her destination is Europe. Nothing of the kind—the young artist hies her to Boyes Springs,—near by,—for a fortnight's recreation. For 106 weeks ("count 'em") she has played her part in the Alcazar's excellent performances. That means seven nightly appearances, three matinees and five daily rehearsals each week, besides indefinite hours devoted to study of roles and consecrated to the modiste. What do you say to that, ye golf-playing captains of industry, ye eight-hour union labor men and women?

Ah! but she is twenty years old and in love with her art,—her "work,"—which promises the greatest rewards offered to woman.

One morning this week she was the guest of honor at a noon-day breakfast at the St. Francis. "What is the matter, Emily, you don't seem a bit jubilant?" inquired her hostess. "Jubilant? Oh! I'm not. I'm as blue as indigo. Instead of resting quietly in bed as I was supposed to do this morning I went down to the theater as usual at ten. To be sure, I did intend to remain only ten minutes; but instead, I sat around watching the others rehearse and feeling so out of it,—you can't think."

Miss Pinter is an unusually clever actress with a brilliant future in store for her. But she is "o'er young" to work so hard. Those who appreciate her devotion to the dramatic art wish her a happy sojourn, close to Nature in the great California outdoors.

When Emily achieves her ambition, which of course is to be a Broadway star with a wonderful play, superb company, exquisite country home, handsome New York apartment, flock of automobiles, a yacht, and perhaps a theater named for her, she will doubtless cherish as her fondest recollection, her long season at the Alcazar, where she played and charmed in the varying roles of guilless country girl, exotic vamp, devoted middle-aged mother, society élegante, denizen of the slums, emotionless high brow or passion's slave. The Alcazar has given her a wonderful training, of which her physical attractiveness, her excellent education, dramatic perception and commendable industry have enabled her to take the fullest advantage. Any company where Emily Pinter goes henceforth receives a rare and polished jewel from the prolific treasure chest of the San Francisco Alcazar Theater.

The Dance of Salome

The dance of Salome, as presented by Olive Ann Alcorn at the Techau Tavern, has received the plaudits of all who have seen it. Not often does San Francisco have an opportunity to see such a splendid repertoire of classical and historical dances, complete in their detailed attention to the customs, lores and ornaments of their period, as those being shown at the Techau Tavern by Miss Alcorn. As a dancer she leaves little to be desired; her fascination of movement, the charm of her features, the beauty of her form, typify an American maid of grace. The diametric talent showing first the most modern of twentieth century revels, and then in a flash the monastic ages, the Far East or the Old World in symbol and rhymth, stamp her as a genius of Terpsichorean art. In addition to this the entertainment program offers Jess Mendelson, together with the new Revue, "Starlight," which promises to outshine anything yet attempted. The Techau Tavern dance orchestra has arranged a series of original compositions, which exemplify remarkable talent for syncopating music and arranging compositions. Murad cigarettes and Harry Hoefler's chocolates are greatly appreciated as gifts in the lucky dances, which are held several times during each evening.

THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPHER

Upon yon parapet, where skies convene,
A sentry of the world sits unrenowned,
The builded empire and ship-tossing green
To him in circling mesages are wound.

Ship, city, battle, festival and fate
Make him a play-house from their sounding floors;
Earth's inklings and its annals come not late;
He listens to mid-ocean and both shores.

From far and farther and from farthermost,
Horizon to horizon leaps the tale:
A people's rumor or a monarch's boast,
A mansion's revel or a dungeon's wail.

He hears the evidence of earth put forth,
As clime with contests in pomp for fame.
Of south he questions, and inquires of north,
And hurls the tidings for the world's acclaim.

Weary at length, and passing unto sleep,
Ere yet relinquishing the task divine,
He whispers to the empires in his keep:
"Good night, my world; less tragedy be thine."

—Lionel Josaphare.

One of your Uncle Samuel's stalwart brunettes had been gazing thoughtfully over the rail of the homeward-bound transport for twenty minutes. A doughboy, curious at the cause of such concentration, demanded: "What you thinking about, Sam?"

"'Bout de ocean, bass," came the reply. "Dat's de fust time in all mah life I ever see somethin' dare was enough of."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Liquidation was in order the past week and Stocks were offered freely by the bear party, who succeeded in forcing drastic declines throughout the list, which uncovered numerous stop loss orders and gave the market a weak tone. However, there was the best kind of buying at the decline, which would indicate the market is not far from the bottom.

A canvas of some of the leading houses in the street, comprising everything from other big wire people, through large local investment firms and odd lot specialists, finds a very mixed sentiment.

So many have been wrong in trying to guess the market too soon that they have developed a fatalistic attitude. Others have found that people with large accounts, who six months ago could easily have raised a large amount of cash, are totally unable to protect themselves against bear assaults now, because their lines of trade, once channels of resources, have now become drains on their cash.

The forehanded crowd of people, who got in a strong position six weeks ago with the intention of buying on the decline, have, in many cases, pulled out their orders, hoping to get stocks for much less than their original estimate. Some really shrewd bears, who base their operations on careful studies of values, have covered most of their lines only to be succeeded by another large crowd—many recruited from the ranks of the late and damaged bulls.

A Chicago group, which has made a little money in the wheat market, is doing some of the most aggressive selling. The most famous bull of the year, who, in the end, got badly singed in his most spectacular operation, is reported as marking up much of his losses in other and newer floatations by selling the other fellows' stocks

In the general melee, the wise talk, which always crops up of philanthropic banking support, has been heard for so long that even the most unsophisticated have reached the conclusion that it will be available at the usual time—when it is most profitable to the banking fraternity. To be quite fair, it must be said that practical and broad-gauge people are agreed that any artificial support would be only a stop gap.

The cheerful and optimistic statements of Messrs. Cary, Schwab and Topping, speaking for the steel industry, together with the recent quotations of leading bankers, have caused many to feel that buying orders would at least be more effective than eloquence. When, however, we see Railroad and Utility Stocks selling 10 to 20 points lower than they were last month and time-tried Industrials selling 30 to 50 points lower and newer companies a hundred points under the high, we feel like doing a little buying.

Cotton—The big decline in the grain market with the collapse in the security market was too much for the Cotton market and prices gave way—with all the active options making new low levels for the year.

There was some recovery at one time on the report that the German fund held in trust in this country, about seven hundred and eighty million dollars, was to be used as a basis of credit for exports, as soon as the President gave his permission. This was, however, demised—as it was believed that the President had no power over the German credits held here and that it would require an act of Congress. The advance was short lived, and on reports from the south that Cotton that had been sold for export was being offered back to the seller, the market turned lower.

The Government gining figures, showing that almost nine million bales have been ginned up to November 15th, was about a million bales more than last year—and, when taken in connection with the talk of a holding movement that was given so much publicity the past month, it was construed as decidedly bearish.

Exports are running behind last year and the domestic demand is nothing like what it should be at this season of the year. The weather has been wet and cold and frost reports have been quite general, but the trade paid little attention to the weather reports.

The demoralized condition of the commodity market generally is the bearish factor that predominates and all other news is disregarded. With Wheat, Corn and Oats on the toboggan slide to new low levels and getting down to the pre-war levels the Cotton market is in no condition to withstand the onslaughts of the bear party and prices give way quickly.

That Cotton is down to a level where there is no profit in it to the producer is generally admitted, but this goes for naught if the producer must have money and more so if he has borrowed from the banks and the banks call his loan. No doubt, there has been considerable Cotton put on the market for this reason, and there may be some more to come should the market get below the fifteen-cent level; but we believe advantage should be taken of these conditions to make purchases of the distant options—believing, as we do, that the Cotton will ultimately command a much higher figure.

The native of New York had brought his Ozark cousin to see the sights. Together they gazed to the cloud-swept upper stories of the Woolworth building, mounted the Statue of Liberty, and did the weird curb market. Finally they stood at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-second street, waiting for a chance to dodge the long procession of automobiles and throngs of pedestrians.

The Ozarkian calmly watched the hustling thousands. Then he turned to his friend.

"Picnic in town?" he inquired.—American Legion Weekly.

A colored woman one day visited the courthouse in a Tennessee town and said to the judge:

"Is you-all the reperbate judge?"

"I am the judge of probate, mammy.'

"I'se come to you-all 'cause I'se in trubble. Mah man—he's done died detested and I'se got t'ree little infidels so I'se cum to be appointed der execootioner."—The Lawyer and Banker.

Town Talk Press

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June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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TRIVIA

(Continued from Page 5)

reflecting how after all our human life on this minute and negligible planet is as brief as a dream.

Desires

These exquisite and absurd fancies of mine—little curiosities, and greediness, and impulses to touch and snatch, and all the vanities and artless desires that nest and sing in my heart like birds in a bush—all these, we are now told, are an inheritance from our pre-human past, and were hatched long ago in very ancient swamps and forests. But what of that? I like to feel my life drawing its sap from roots deep in the soil of nature—to share in the dumb delights of birds and animals. I am proud of those bright-eyed, furry, four-footed or feathered progenitors, and not at all ashamed of my cousins, the tigers and apes and peacocks.

Loneliness

Is there, then, no friend? No one who hates Ibsen and problem plays, and the supernatural, and Switzerland and adultery as much as I do? Must I live all my life as mute as a mackerel, companionless and uninvited, and never tell anyone what I think of my famous contemporaries?

Must I plow always a solitary furrow, and tread the winepress alone?

Daydream

In the cold and malicious society in which I live, I must never mention the soul, or speak of my aspirations. If I ever once let these people get a glimpse of the higher side of my nature, they would set on me like a pack of hyenas and tear me in pieces.

I wish I had soulful friends—refined maiden ladies with ideals and long noses, who live in the suburbs, and play Chopin with feeling. On sad autumn afternoons I would go and have tea with them, and talk of the spiritual meaning of Beethoven's later sonatas, or discuss in the twilight the pathos of life and the larger hope.

A Greeting

"What funny clothes you wear, dear readers! And your hats? The thoughts of your hats does make me laugh. And I think your sex-theories quite horrid."

Thus across the void of time I send, with a wave of my hand, a greeting to that quaint, remote, outlandish unborn people whom we call posterity, and whom, like other very great writers, I claim as my readers—urging them to hurry up and get born, that they may have the pleasure of reading me.

Providence

But God sees me; He knows my beautiful nature, and how pure I keep amid all sorts of quite horrible temptations. And that is why, as I feel in my bones, there is a special providence watching over me; an angel sent expressly from heaven to guide my footsteps from harm. For I never trip up or fall downstairs like other people; I am not run over by motor cars at street crossings; in the worst wind my hat never blows off.

And if ever any of the great cosmic processes or powers threaten me, I believe that God sees it. "Stop it!" He shouts from his ineffable throne. "Don't touch my chosen one, my pet lamb, my beloved. Leave him alone, I tell you!"

Teacher—What is the highest form of animal life?

Little Peter (quickly)—The giraffe!—Boston Globe.

Panhandler—On de level, mister, I ain't et nothin' in three days.

Prospect—Nothing like exercising one's will power, bo. You're off to a good start, so don't let anybody forcibly feed you.—Buffalo Express.

Greenville, S. C.—"Sam, I heard you is dead; if you is, telegram me; if you ain't, send me $10." This is the copy of a telegram received here today by a negro, John Collins, from another negro living in North Carolina.

Collins, who has about recovered from recent gunshot wounds, drafted this answer: "I is dead, your ten will be eplied to a coffin."

Uncle Tom arrived at the station with the goat he was to ship north, but the freight agent was having difficulty in billing him.

"What's this goat's destination, Uncle?" he asked.

'Suh?"

"I saw, what's his destination? Where's he going?"

Uncle Tom searched carefully for the tag. A bit of frayed cord was all that remained.

"Dat ornery goat!" he exploded wrathfuly. "Yo' know, suh, dat ignorant goat done completely et up his destination."

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

Probate No. 28747—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estate of MARGARET A. BURNS, an Insane Person.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the verified petition of KATHERINE T. LYNCH, the Guardian of the estate of Margaret A. Burns, an insane person, on file herein, that it is necessary to sell the real estate of said insane person which is for the advantage, benefit and best interest of said estate and all persons interested therein that said real estate be sold,

IT IS ORDERED by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of said Margaret A. Burns, an insane person, appear before the Superior Court of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10, at the court room thereof in the City Hall, on the 29th day of November, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order as prayed for in the petition should not be granted to the said guardian to sell the real estate of said insane person at either public or private sale, for the purpose mentioned in said petition, as she shall judge to be for the best interests of said estate and of the parties interested therein.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in the Town Talk in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated this 27th day of October, 1920.

(Signed) THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Court.

M. J. Clark, Livermore, Cal., attorney for Guardian.

10-30-5

SUMMONS

No. 92692—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

H. McQUAID, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS W. SIMMONS, Defendant. M. M. Getz, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greetings to THOMAS W. SIMMONS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County o San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 8th day of October, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT PICKARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

11-27-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Probate No. 30494—Dept. No. 10.

Estate of ALFRED P. COLLINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ALFRED P. COLLINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Alfred P. Collins, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Alfred P. Collins, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, November 9, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California.

11-20-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of SARAH L. SHANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of SARAH L. SHANE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Rose & Silverstein, 405-8 Easton Building, Oakland, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sarah L. Shane, deceased.

BENJAMIN SHANE,
Administrator of the estate of Sarah L. Shane, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, November 1, 1920.

11-6-5.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

Probate No. 30024—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of CLEO G. J. MILLER, formerly Cleo G. Jones, Deceased.

H. E. MILLER, as administrator of the Estate of CLEO G. J. MILLER, formerly CLEO G. JONES, deceased, having filed herein his petition in due form praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing him to borrow the sum of One Thousand ($1,000.00) or such lesser sum as the Court may deem proper for the purpose of paying a certain lien subsisting on the real property of the said Estate and which is fully described in the petition on file herein to which reference is hereby made and in order to secure the payment of such loan to mortgage to the lender of such money the real property of the said estate, situated in the Town of Sausalito, County of Marin, State of California, described as follows:

Lots 124, 125 and 129, in Block 25, as shown and delineated upon that certain map entitled, "Map No. 3 of the property of the Sausalito Bay Land Co.," filed April 24th, 1890, in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Marin, State of California.

It is ORDERED that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court in the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Court at the City Hall in the said City and County on the 22d day of December, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M., to show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged as prayed for.

And it is further ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks next before said day in the Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco.

For all further particulars you are hereby referred to the petition now on file herein.

DONE IN OPEN COURT, this 15th day of November, 1920.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

11-20-4
10-23-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

No. 110589

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

LAURA M. STONE, Plaintiff, vs. HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

Dated: Oct. 16, 1920.

WELLES WHITMORE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
714 Easton Bldg., 428 13th St.,
Oakland, Cal.

10-30-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

VOL. XXXVII. No. 1486 SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, DECEMBER 4, 1920 PRICE 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

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Helen M. Bonnet.....Editor

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The Complexities of Freedom

Secretary of War Baker has desided that New York City shall not have an unidentified soldier for glorious burial. Paris and London, lacking the involute psychology of the New World, and being the capitals of their countries, have been able to transact this great ceremony; but New York City, being nothing more than the metropolis of the world's greatest nation, has been unable to maintain its claim to a tribute of this nature. Baker declares that if the United States follow the French precedent, the interment should be in the Amphitheater at Arlington or in some other government building. He is also of the opinion that New York's act would cause other cities and towns to demand an unidentified hero; and it appears that this would prove impracticable. It is noticeable that in a country of more than a hundred million people, a city of about six millions is subject to the whim—right or wrong—of one man. This man, be it observed, bears not the title of king or baron or even a baronet. He is called "secretary." This is an inoffensive word, suitable to the uses of a staunch, republican citizenry, a nation of collective sovereigns, who brook no monarchical sway or interference. A city of these sovereigns builds Victory Hall on Pershing Square, and desires to inter there one of the victorious war's victims, perchance one of its own dead. The secretary of war takes the matter to consideration, and then decides not to authorize removal of the body, remarking that, if he should permit his, other cities would desire the same thing. One might inquire, "why not?" But then a long time is consumed in asking "why not" of Washington, or at least in getting a satisfactory answer. So we might as well assume that this secretary does not care to be bothered with numerous requests, and therefore concluded to put the quietus on these ceremonials, once for all. In a big city like New York, many unidentified victims of peace are disposed of, week by week. And have we not the theory that peace hath her victories no less than war? New York City might see fit to use one of these heroes fallen from the ranks of industrial life, and thus create another kind of civic honor. No secretary at Washington, D. C., could legally object to this. Or, again, a cenotaph could be built or another form of celebration be devised safe from the punctilious cogitations of one department head.

* * *

Wilson and the Republicans

Can a statesman be greater than his country? The question may be an indelicate one to ask of a democracy; nevertheless, historians have now and then directed the same interrogatory; so why may not the casual editor attempt to answer it? We were all at one time assured that Wilson was the greatest statesman of his age. Let us trust that the assurance was not merely because of the fact that he was president, but that the admiration arose logically from his official acts. Warren G. Harding was then in the United States senate; and yet we cannot recall that Wilson's genius was challenged by Harding admirers. If Wilson be as great as the world acclaimed him, the recent election has not officially deprived him of that ostensible intellect. Moreover, the whole world is not divided into Republicans and Democrats, and could hardly be said to have revised its estimate of Wilson on the third day of November. On that day we heard that Wilson's policies had been demolished and that a new spirit of intelligence was dominant in the land. By that very token, the Republicans began to feel the four remaining months of the Democratic administration a waste of valuable time. Republican editors were giving space to the hint that the president resign, so that the country could get down to business and splendidly ignore the League of Nations in its present form. Now let us advertise the fact that Wilson has not manifested any compunctions against continuing in office, and that the Republicans will have to wait patiently until March 4. Europe apparently does not view the intervening months as a season of inanity in the United States nor as a confusion of government nor as a saturnalia of departing politics. Europe goes on dealing with the United States just as before. Three weeks after our presidential election, the assembly of the League of Nations invited us to look into the Armenian situation and ponder the advisability of taking active measures—but not a mandate. We might at least say something helpful. The note called our attention to the days when we were quite solicitous about Armenia. And those days we must not forget. The country was strewn with pamphlets and pictures, and some of us grew quite sentimental, if not sympathetic, over it. Now, the Council of the League of Nations knows very well that President Wilson, in the final months of his administration, would not undertake any measures in direct opposition to the popular wish that is to control affairs after March 4. The inference is that the League, when including the United States in an appeal for Armenia, had in mind that Wilson personally could say something important on the subject—something that would have weight in his own country and abroad. When we quote Washington or Lincoln, we do so irrespective of their political affiliations. We assume that a man's intellect, when working sincerely, is above party policies; so that anything which Wilson may have to express on the present situation may linger in history and be quoted without regard to the fact that on November 2, 1920, his successor was chosen from another political party. This must be the understanding of the men who forwarded the communication to Wilson, and President-elect Harding, in the forum of the world, will have to meet the statement with his own degree of intelligence rather than the prestige gained from the recent Republican vote.

* * *

Uncle Sam Finds Europe Dull

European diplomats have tried in vain to excite the United States in various plots, intrigues, romances and imbroglios that instantly cause a furore overe there. Even in the turmoil over the Greek throne, Uncle Sam, inspired by the Republican smash at the League of Nations, declares that he is not interested. In European eyes, anything that goes on at Athens must attract world-wide attention. There is Byronic verse to that effect. Yet Uncle Sam is not even stimulated by the claim of an American woman to the throne. This is an unromantic and stolid statecraft. The former Mrs. William B. Leeds of New York, now wife of Prince Christopher, occupies a first-class palace as the result of her triumphal entry in the Grecian capital, and whatever the outcome of the royal crisis, is bound to be continuously popular with the enthusiastic Greeks. This hardly causes Uncle Sam to life his eyes from official business at Washington. "It is no affair of mine," he says. Former British Ambassador James Bryce has taken pains to observe that the good

offices of the United States are needed to rescue the world from post-bellum calamities, since we are remote from Europe's petty jealousies. But it is not likely that America will undertake any rescues for a long time to come. America at present is deeply absorbed in the problem of crude oil, and looks to the Mesopotamian oil fields for relief. Great Britain regards the oil and the political situation as one. She states that the Mesopotamian campaign did not cost America one dollar or one day on the battle-field; and that if we are interested in this oil, we should be more sympathetic toward the personal side of affairs in that region; that we should accept a mandatory of some other duty. Town Talk has remarked several times—when descanting on the League of Nations—that the commercial and diplomatic union of the world might be considered as a single project. Great Britain has evidently taken this view of it, and our own administration will eventually have to declare itself unequivocally, and take the standpoint of interest in other countries for trade purposes only or deal with them as nations in commerce and in diplomacy. Of course, we do not care who may be king of Greece; that is only one example of present ethics in the international game. At the same time, we care urgently for Mesopotamian oil, according to Secretary of State Colby, and any group of bankers could advise him that banks, governments and big industrial concerns have been joining hands for some time in Europe. Commerce is a governmental function across the Atlantic. Without such collaboration in our country, we shall have to read, from time to time, that this and that deal have been blocked. It is a huge dilema for this country, and one that will strain every intellectual fiber of the coming Republican administration.

* * *

A Boom in Morals

All will be charmed to learn that recent fluctuations in morality are not to continue. Congress, at next session, will be asked to stabilize the commodity; so that, before long, good morals at par value will be almost a drug on the market. We are to be improved in everything from motion pictures to morphine. Should you not be a morphine fiend, you may at least be a movie fan or a divorce addict, or a reader of race-track news or have something in your life that is inimical to the best interests of society; and therefore the program of the uplifters has been made broad and generous enough to include all classes. Nobody has been left out; all will reap some benefit from the morality drive, if congress prove good enough to be driven. They tell us that this is just the right time for reform on a huge scale. Congress has nothing of great importance on its hands at the moment; there is to be no election for two years; the speaker of the house has forecasted, for this session, little chance of peace conclusions with Germany; there will be a number of appropriation bills and a tinkering with immigration laws, and then the way is to be cleared for the delightful project of making everybody think, talk, act, work and play alike. This will be productive of more genuine contentment than might appear on the face of it. Suppose that we read of a wicked motion picture being filmed in Chicago. We might look for it in vain among the chaste play-houses of San Francisco. But with a law that controls the transmission of films through the mails, all parts of the country will be treated without favoritism. The same with divorces. A New Yorker reads how easy it is to secure a decree out west, and soon feels dissatisfied with his environment. With a uniform divorce law, there would be no such disquietude, and the Newport set will save considerable money that they would otherwise spend in trips to Reno. Evidently the enforced abdiction of Demon Rum did not have the desired effect. We were led to believe that apple fritters without wine sauce and fish without Sauterne would clarify the moral atmosphere. And now we find that men still gamble, divorcing, attending motion pictures and sending their children to schools where no Bible is part of the curriculum. The Ten Commandments, declare the reform committee, should be posted in the public schools. Most of us have been reared for the Decalogue, and we think that the home is as good a place as any to learn all about it. If, however, any parent deny his child education in "thou shalt not," why then, the public school could come to the rescue. This would be drifting back to the ancient union of church and state, a consummation devoutly wished by numerous temperance leagues and boards of morals. As far as the Ten Commandments go, their study and application should be universal. There is no valid reason why they should not be posted in places of amusement and on the public streets as well as the schools. When it comes to Bible reading in the class room, that is another matter; for Bible reading, acording to various creeds, is closely related to forms of worship and is bound up with interpretation. Should a child ask a question on what is read, the teacher would reply acording to the interpretation of her own church, and this would lead to endless disputes between parents and instructors. This was one of the reasons for taking religion out of the schools. Still, if we are all to have the same movies and divorces, why not the same religion? Of course, one kind of anything, including religion, has always been prolific of dissensions and wars—incidents that cannot be prevented by acts of congress. That is the kind of history we should not like to see repeated in this country. In fact, it is largely on that point that the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution were written. These documents, valuable enough in their way, might also be posted and read in the public schools.

* * *

The Gospel Unabridged

Among the several attempts to popularize religion, an abridgement of the Bible has been suggested from time to time. The idea seems to be that the modern mind is not sufficiently capacious to take hold of the gospels in their original form. This accusation may be true, and yet we doubt the ability of any compilers or abridgers to gauge just how much of the book the average man can stand; and the average man is the one that the innovators must have in mind. An abridgement of the Bible would probably contain most, if not all, of the stories and personalities that have proven interesting, and a vast amount of tribal customs, laws, and racial lore would be left out. This would render the Bible to what might be called a work of fiction; that is to say, it would then be read with the same quality of attention ordinarily devoted to any volume of stories and character sketches. Such a process might result in creating a wider knowledge of certain episodes, yet would hardly maintain that reverence which was the object of olden times. There is, of course, much in the Old Testament that is not demanded by the reader of today; yet there is no reason why a sincere reader cannot be trusted to make his own selections with the complete book in his hands. If he have not the ability to do so, then it is difficult to see what use he could make of what is given him by the abridgers. There has even been suggestion of shortening the text of the Ten Commandments; and this indicates the measure of mind to which the new clergy are catering. The Gospels in their pristine beauty have been inspiration to generations that founded all our nations, customs and morals. The mentality that cannot entertain these narratives and poems in that form should rather be led to Sunday school as little children. This would be preferable to marketing a work that might be more readable to the aforesaid average man while building a road to a complete neglect of the Bible for its true purpose—that of devout attention and enthusiastic preparation for a spiritual life.

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The Road to the White House

By William Estabrook Chancellor

Never the Same Road.—In life's journey, twenty-seven men since 1788 have found a stage at the home of the President of the people of the United States. Twelve or fifteen men now living in childhood, youth or manhood are upon the road to the White House. It has never been the same road for any two men. One man found it upon his life's journey at two different stages, —Grover Cleevland. Five men have died in the Presidency; and two soon after leaving it. The death rate is one in four. The average President has for contemporaries two living former Presidents. The average man of fifty-six years has an expectation of life of fourteen years. The average President lives but seven years after that age. Eight of the four-year tenants of the White House have been invited to take a second lease immediately after the first; but nearly all the others went out sorrowfully, some even with bitterness at heart. Polk was ill and did not care to remain, and Hayes was rich and likewise did not care. Of the twenty--two elected Presidents, only nine survivors have failed of reelection.

Presidency and Chief Justice Compared.—The Presidency of the people of the United States is commonly considered the most influential office of our government. Perhaps, the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court is the most powerful office of all; but the Presidency has the public eye and the public ear; and under our Constitution as now interpreted, is much more attentive and responsible to present public opinion.

Perhaps, if by custom Presidents were allowed to serve any number of terms, the office would rise to a dictatorship. And perhaps if by custom Chief Justices were expected to resign from the bench at the end of their second quadrennium, the office would sink to the European notion of the judiciary. Certainly such a changing could not make itself a perpetual Constitutional Convention without referndum to the people. A President based his opinion of the primacy of his office upon the fact that he could appoint the Chief Justice, of course, "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate," while he himself is the whole people's choice.

A Justice rests his case upon the statement that the Presidency is a kaleidoscope; every man in it is an amateur at the business, which it takes at least eight years simply to learn.

The pages of this history show that we do not yet know. Sovereignty here is not determined. We are a system of checks and balances, every officer watches every one else; and soon or late public opinion rules. When we don't like the kind of Justice and justice that we have, we wait for death, and then put another kind of man in, whence issues another kind of law. Similarly, we change our executive. And the impasse of checks and balances gives way to progress. We may yet find a better system; but so far this is the best in human history. Sovereignty rests nowhere and everywhere in this nation. Such is American democracy.

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

Our Immortal List.—We have had eight Chief Justices of the United States. Who knows their names? Millions can repeat the names of the twenty-seven Presidents. The list is not less world-famous than that of the Roman Caesars, of that of British Sovereigns. Fortunately for the reputation of them all, it includes the names of several men whom any age and any land would be glad indeed to hold in high honor,—men of light and of leading, men of self-sacrifice and of ultimate heroism, men of notable talent and at least one man of positive genius of unique quality.

The Martyr-Presidents.—It is a list that has been glorified by the pitiful example of three martyrs, in each case men of singular amiability of character,—Abraham Lincoln, James Abram Garfield and William McKinley.

These men were martyrs to public office, in each case modestly occupied. Their pitiful deaths made the Presidency of this republic, in the deepest sense, sacred to all good citizens; which, however, should not absolve us from trying to make the office safer to occupy.

The Presidency a Web of Fate.—The list of Presidents looks like a list, a line, a thread, until we come to know the history of the Presidency;and then we see that in truth we have before us cloth with warp, woof, and nap, a veritable, mysterious, fascinating web of Fate. In a sense, once given George Washington; and every other man was inevitable. In truth, again, we could not escape George Washington. In this ense, the whole of American history is a predetermined deliverance, that we may watch but may not control. We have seen a revoluaion due to universal manhood suffrage; we might also foresee another revolution due to equal suffrage. By 1850, the number of voters had multiplied and their quality had greatly declined, as Chancellor Kent so uselessly predicted in New York State. Irresistibly, woman suffrage swept over the land. Some day, female Jacksons and William Henry Harrisons may occupy the White House. The age of majority may yet be reduced to eighteen years.

They Made Work for One Another.—Too little attention has been given to the decisive importance of individuals in the Presidency. Polk provoked a war with Mexico, Tyler had prevented a third war with England, McKinley annexed the Philippines, Cleveland refused to annex even little Hawaii. Jackson and Grant were spoilsmen; Cleveland and his successors civil service reformers. A hundred pages might be filled with these constrasts especially set forth.

Four Great Men Prior to 1789.—But history does not deal with imaginary alternative courses save to lighten a perhaps monotonous narrative. It is clear within the field of history to inquire into the causes whereby men rose to power. To a clear understanding of American history, it is necessary to see that between the call to arms in 1775 and the establishment of the new Constitution, four men were virtually the Presidency of the United States. They were not individually Presidents, but in combination they operated somewhere as a President operates. These four men were Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, John Hancock, and Benjamin Franklin. With them bpt one other needs to be mentioned, the field commander, George Washington.

Washington, the Adamses, Franklin forced the Constitutional Convention. And this Convention brought into play the unique powers of a comparatively young man,—James Madison. Unlike most of his compatriots, Madison had learning and learned friends. Among them was Pelatiah Webster of Philadelphia who had written a deal about what the Federal Government should do. Result:—Madison put through a good Constitution. He was the peaceful, quiet star of that recent association over which Washington presided. Madison owned his Presidency to just three facts,—first, that Washington was dead, for the general had no interest in these frail, scholarly men; second, his prominence in the Federal Convention; third, a personal and political friendship with Thomas Jefferson, who made him his Secretary of State and his heir, when it was supposed that the Vice-President would always be the heir. If Thomas Jefferson had formed an affection for Aaron Burr, how different history would have been!

Monroe had ben a lieutenant under Washington and did not like him. This was a bond of sympathy between Jefferson, Madison and himself. Monroe was ardent and affectionate. This pleased Jefferson. He had defeated Madison for Congress, and then circumstances had brought them together. The mission to France had turned him against Washington and John Adams. Madison made Monroe Secretary of State, with the cordial approbation of Jefferson, who saw with delight a pro-Gallican foreign minister in office. Certainly but for Washington, Jefferson and Madisnon, Monroe would never have been Secretary of State. In the "War of 1812," he was Secretary of War also, and alone of Americans in prominent offices in Washington, acquitted himself credibly. To make him President was not merely easw; it was inevitable. The Virginia dynasty was still the traditional notion. Virginia was very near the city of Washington.

Personal Qualities of Successful Candidates.—What is the first personal requirement for the high office? "Personal magnitude" is not the correct answer. The "magnetic" James G. Blanc, a delightful man to know, went down before the brusque Cleveland. The yet more popular Henry Clay was defeated each several times that he ran. William Jennings Bryan is certainly a more eloquent speaker than either of the two men who have defeated him,—McKinley and Taft.

Political Opinions as to Centralization or Localization of Governmental Functions.—The political opinions of candidates have not had much to do with their success. There has always been one main issue,—for centralization or against. Shall we be a nation or a federation? In the negative, this has meant that the centralizationists were nationalists, the decentralizationists were State's rights men. Some Presidents really had no political opinions; they did not understand, or they did not care. It has been the irony of fate that some decentralizationists were forced into many centralizationist acts,—conspicuously Lincoln, who at heart was a localist, a parochial, though, of course, not a divisionist.

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Early Services of the Presidents.—The Presidents usually come from wide experiences, though not often of national prominence. These experiences may be classified as follows, viz:

United States Senator	12
International Diplomat	8
Cabinet Secretary	8
State Governor	15
Army General	8
Congressman	20
Judge	4
Large personal business affairs	5
Average number important prior experiences	3

No man ever reached the Presidency without at least one of these kinds of position in his career. Most Presidents had several, as their biographies show.

Those with the greatest variety of official experience were: J. Adams, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren. W. H. Harrison and B. Harrison.

Those with the least variety were: Washington, Madison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Garfield, Arthur and Cleveland.

But when we add experience in business and in general life and consider depth and intensity of experience, how the lists change! Our tables do not show the relative values of these experiences. Let no man doubt that in true life-experiences prior to the Presidency, Washington, Jefferson and Jackson rank at or near the head of the list.

Of all these offices, the State Governorship appears the most valuable as a preparation. Next to this, service as Representative in Congress.

Were official experience in nature and in amount alone to be considered, probably these men would have proven failures: Washington, Jackson, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Lincoln, Grant, Johnson, Garfield and Arthur.

And even Buchanan would have proven a great success.

That it greatly helps to have held some office in Washington is clear upon the face of the record; the voters get the habit of thinking of the twenty-six Presidents should have served as Congressman tells it own story. Life there creates in some the desire to live in the White House. Excepting Cleveland and Wilson only, every President had some official business in Washington for years before his election.

Physical Qualities of the Presidents—Like Saul, some of these men stood head and shoulders above all the people. A dozen of them were either six feet or more in stature or above two hundred and twenty-five pounds in weight, or both. Several, however, were of frail and slight physique. The largest of them all is the President of the present quadrennium, six feet and more in height and three-hundred ponunds and more in weight. Next to him comes Grover Cleveland. But there has been no tendency upward in height and weight, for among the very small men came Benjamin Harrison, sandwiched in between the two terms of Cleveland. At the beginning of the list stands the man who probably in sheer muscle was the strongest of all, the superb Washington, six feet two and a half inches in his stocking feet, weighing over two hundred pounds. He could ride one horse after another all day long, day after day. It is gravely recorded that he threw a Spanish silver dollar across the tidewaters of the wide Rappahannock. In the prints of the day, he was pictured as a mighty athlete, stripped for boxing and weight-throwing. His running jump was twenty-two feet. In his youth, he could dance all night. As the years passed, he became valiant at the dinner-table, often eating and drinking for three or four hours with his guests.

When a man reaches the Presidency, usually his natural temperament is so overlaid with habits, so suffused with aspirations, so calmed by trials, as not always to be easily discernable. Half the Presidents were already touched by senescence, which soon destroys the motor-temperaments and indicates falsely the reflectiveness of other temperaments. And yet nearly all Presidents were naturally of the motor-temperaments,—muscular, sinewy and nervous Such temperaments are by no means essential to success as President, but they are almost esential to success in seeking the Presidency. Therefore, the war heroes win. Such men as the Adamses, Madisons, Cleveland, Taft and Wilson did not seek the office in the fashion of the warriors.

For industrial and commerce success, the motor-temperaments are essential. Merchants, manufacturers, farmers, mechanics, miners, seafarers admire the man who "goes," the man who "does," because he is like themselves. Yet statesmanship is not going and doing.

The Presidency is by no means solely an executive function. Strong driving power is not the temperamental necessity. In selecting justices, secretaries, diplomats, and the subordinates of importance, judgment is all-essential. The doer is seldom a good observer and critic. The Presidency is also a legislative function; and legislation requires study, contemplation, reasoning.

Men of every variety of temperament have been President. Whatever be a man's native temperament, until corrected, he looks upon the qualities of others as faults or even vices. No educated or socially experienced man permits himself to manifest crudely his natural qualities.

Family Status—Our standard of sex-morals for men has lowly changed since 1789. We know but little accurately of the earlier Presidents respecting their relations with women. But it is well to pause before condemning any man and to recall that Moses, who wrote the Ten Commandments, including the fifth, had at one time two regular wives and that he authorized husbands to divorce their wives with bills of writing,—no trial in court being necessary. If we can give clean bills of health to nearly all Presidents upon this score, we may properly felicitate the nation; the record is unique in history. No hereditary dynasty ever has a series of monarchs with clean scores; or ever will have.

The White House Families.—Almost every President has had children. Candid history has not diligently inquired into the lives of all the Presidents; but if in any measure in the absence of positive information, rumors and traditions are to be heeded, only Polk and Buchanan were really childless when first elected to the Presidency. The bachelor does not get near to men's hearts. Cleveland's frank acknowledgement, "Tell the truth," gained rather than lost votes.

Most of the Presidents had happy family households. J. Adams and his son had wives and children and grandchildren. Jefferson had two grown daughters. Madison had wife and stepchildren, a beautiful household. Monroe had a wife and two daughters. Jackson was alone, all alone; he had stolen his affinity from another man's hearthstone. This marriage had been happy, though childless; but Mrs Jackson had died at the time of her husband's election,—of a broken heart, he said, because of the publication of the circumstances of their union. Van Buren had four stalwart sons. W. H. Harrison had wife, children, grandchildren, a large family. Tyler had wife and grown children. In his administration, the White House saw a funeral of a matron and the wedding of a youthful bride. Public opinion was shocked. Yet both his marriages were happy and fruitful. Polk had a beautiful wife, but no offstpring. Taylor had a charming household,—wife, children, son-in-law, grandchildren. Fillmore was well married and had children. Pierce had lost three sons. Buchanan was alone in the world. Lincoln had wife and three boys, of whom one died in the White House, to his almost desperate grief, for he was a devoted father. Johnson had wife, children and grandchildren. Grant had a fine family. Hayes had wife, children and grandchildren. Benjamin Harrison's wife died in the White House; they had grown children. Cleveland, in his second term, had a young wife and small children. Arthur, a widower, had a son and daughter. McKinley and his wife had lost their two children; they were true life-long lovers. Roosevelt had six children, one by his first wife. He was always a good husband and father. Taft has a wife and three children and a pleasant home life. Wilson has daughters and grandchildren. Harding, the President-elect, is childless.

Painstaking honesty in money affairs has characterized nearly every successful candidate for the Presidency.

Selfishness and Manners.—Those who would set up such propositions as that "the people will not elect a selfish man President" or "an unselfish man has no chance, for he is sure to be crowded out" are hard put to it make their orgument. The contrasts are startling. We have had at least a half dozen intensely selfish Presidents in the simplest meaning of that term,—men who asked first, "Where do I come in on that?" And we have had, by way of startling contrast, Jefferson, Monroe, W. M. Harrison, Lincoln and McKinley.

Moralists do well and frankly to admit that neither does egotism prevent large public service nor does altruism prepare for it. Perhaps the man who looks well to his own going may be a wise guide for all of us. At any rate, Washington, Jackson, Van Buren and Cleveland, though conspicuously selfish men in small matters, were useful Presidents.

There are various kinds of manners,—"fashionable," good, kind though rude, and none. Manners are conspicuously matters of taste and opinion; but these four graded lists serve to set the distinction:

Intended to be fashionable—Washington, J. Q. Adams, Jackson, Pierce, Buchanan, Garfield, Arthur, Roosevelt and Taft.

Good—John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Tyler, Fillmore, Hayes, B. Harrison, McKinley and Wilson.

Kind and rude—W. H. Harrison, Polk, Taylor and Lincoln.

Almost none—Johnson, Grant and Cleveland.

Formal manners, however insincere, evidently help toward the Presidency. The plain people like to hear "Delighted to see you" from a stranger. It is the language of friends.

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The Passing of Chief White

The death of Chief of Police David Augustus White of pneumonia was marked by profound regret by all classes of citizens. This was his home town, where he and his large family of brothers and sisters had been brought up. His boyhood companions loved him for his amiability, his sunny manliness,—qualities which the years never robbed him of and which drew strangers towards him, as the business of his life widened the circle about him.

For nine years he was the head of our police department, and without any previous or special training for the position, he discharged the duties of his office with admirable executive ability and amazing absence of friction or adverse criticism. There was no shadow of dishonor upon his administration, but many occasions for praising the conduct of his department. The last civic event which drew the local police department into the limelight was the Democratic Convention. The delegates and the visiting newspaper correspondents lauded the courteous solicitation of the police for the comfort of the strangers within our gates, and the well-bred behavior of the force, from the distinguished looking chief down to the most newly recruited patrolman.

Chief White's personality was devoid of aggressiveness and in his official capacity he had the happy faculty of discharging his official duties—sometimes disagreeable ones—with the manner and condition of fulfilling his sworn obligations, rather than as having any inclination to execute personal convictions. As a consequency, he was that rare person, a man without enemies. He had that valuable negative attribute which attracted people toward him, not alone for what he did, but for what he refrained from doing.

Although he was so amiable he had the true Californian grit, which made him tenacious of his own rights.

At this time it may serve to encourage other young men who encounter obstacles to repeat a little story told by the Oakland "Tribune" at the date of his appointment to the chieftaincy.

He was about thirty-five years old and had never had a month's experience in any police department anywhere. Some men of influence and public spirited knew Gus White as a clean, brave-hearted man of plenty of physical courage, tried out executive ability, good education and a way of winning his fellow men. We needed a chief of police, as circumstances had been playing pawns with the office of that much-needed official. Ex-chief Jesse Cook, then recently established as the ideal, had departed to take charge of the safe deposit vaults of a local bank,—now the Mercantile Trust. David A. White was made chief of our police. Presently there was wailing and gnashing of political teeth. Why should White receive a position so foreign to that which he had held as an office employee in the Pacific Gas and Electric Company? Mayor Rolph was appealed to with the result that before long the new chief, White, was summoned to the mayor's office and White's resignation asked for.

"But no! Nothing is further from my thoughts than resignation. I like being chief of police—you can put me out, of course, but I won't resign, Mr. Mayor," smiled the mild-looking, big chief. It was said at the time that the mayor regretfully told White that youth and inexperience as a policeman were against him and that insistent demands were in the air for the resumption of command by Jesse Cook.

An hour later Mr Cook appeared before John Drum, president of the bank, who asked during information regarding Mr. Cook's intentions of severing his relations with the safe deposit vault department and assuming executive control of the police department.

"Nothing further from my mind," said Cook. "I like the banking business."

"Because," said Mr. Drum, "because if you wish to leave us, let us know at once, in which case we shall negotiate for the services of Chief White as your successor here."

Mr Cook remained at the bank, Mr. White continued undisturbed as the chief policeman of San Francisco, and Mayor Rolph reappointed him when the chief's term rolled round.

In the light of all this, what could be more touching and admirable than Mayor Rolph's tribute, whose conclusion was "It is going to be impossible to fill the place left vacant by Chief White's untimely death."

Tariffs and Foreign Trade

Now that America has become a creditor nation, we are apt to witness the end of some very popular American notions. Among these will be the tariff system. So long as America was sending enormous quantities of her wealth abroad in payment of various forms of debt to foreign investors, it was a common thing to pat ourselves on the back and "point with pride" to the large "balance of trade in our favor." It was never true, of course, that we could profit by sending away more wealth than we received, but political spellbinders were able to make the unwary think it a good thing. When a nation sends away more commodities than it receives, the so-called "balance" is unfavorable rather than favorable. It may be in payment of debts to foreigners—interest and dividends or the payment of expenses of travelers abroad—but in no instance does it indicate an increase of wealth on the part of the nation having an excess of exports over imports.

Now, however, the tables are turning, and it must be for years to come that foreigners will be obliged to send to America all kinds of commodities in payment of their obligation to us. This fact has given Uncle Sam's dollar a relatively higher value than the coin of the debtor nations. If our debtors could secure our money, they could pay their obligations to us with it. That they cannot do, so, if we receive our payments at all, we must receive them in foreign goods. (Incidentally that fact is at the bottom of the cry, somewhat timidly put forth at present that Uncle Sam should cancel the debts due to him from other nations. For monopoly interests are aware that if we receive large shipments of goods from other shores, the increase of the supply of wealth would break their hold upon the home markets, and thereby cripple their chances to maintain present high prices.)

Now, as the debtor nations must pay us in goods, if we continue the tariff taxes against the importation of foreign goods, we only defer the payment to us. As we do that, we check their opportunity to trade with us. If our dollar is already at a premium, that alone would offer, as it now does, an impediment to the growth of our markets abroad. For our manufacturers will not sell at depreciated prices abroad so long as they can secure appreciated prices at home. If they sell at all abroad, they must receive at least as much for their goods as they might get at home.

There is still another element in this international trade. If vessels carrying our goods to other lands cannot bring the goods of other lands to our shores, it necessarily follows that the freight charges must be sufficient to make the one-way freight pay for the round trip of the vessels. That would make freight charges on our goods to other lands practically prohibitive and, in addition to the premium already existing on the American dollar, would make the prices of American goods abroad so high as to shut us out of the world markets abroad altogether. That is how the policy of selfishness would react against a citizen who pursued it.

London and Dublin

For some weeks one has hesitated at expressing an opinion on the Irish question, because the conditions over there have changed between appearance of the morning and afternoon newspapers. Britain is a mighty nation at war, and, after the great conflict, trained a few of its guns on Erin's rioters. Since then, the Irish, one way or another, have been able to turn the battle from one of disciplined warfare to hand-to-hand fighting, and in many instances live up to their reputation as men of muscle. However interesting might be a bare-knuckle contest between London and Dublin, it is not likely that the lovelies are charmed at the prospect of a

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continuous debate along that line. Wholesale arrests of the Sinn Feiners indicate that Lloyd George's government has undertaken to settle the fracas and put that part of the world on a peaceful basis. There is no question that the rest of the world would like to know better than that the two islands have come to an agreement, which perhaps would entail a compromise on several points. From one standpoint, the burning of Liverpool warehouses, the threats against London thoroughfares and the numerous reprisals look like increasing violence for a short time to come; and from another, it appears that the government will be compelled to take vigorous measures. The Irish themselves may feel that such depressions can do their cause no good; and the distant observer is disposed to believe that the disturbances have reached their apex. A bit of wild fighting sometimes leads to calm discussion, and we must hope that something of lasting good will is possible from such deliberations. Much has been accomplished for the welfare of Ireland in recent years, and numberless families on the isle would be overjoyed to see their affairs improve under the same conditions. Selfish agitators are the greatest menace of modern politics, and if these, together with a few misled fanatics, can be tranquilized on Irish soil, Ireland will enjoy the full vitality and greatness that have been her honored own for centuries.

Our Sophisticated Children

When your princes were entrusted to their instructors, chamberlains, nurses and priests, considerable attention was paid to what should be said and done on certain occasions. These occasions were, for the most part, certain indeed, and if the royal child did not act in strict accordance with instructions, he was instructed again as at an other lesson in which he might be deficient. The same procedure held true in ordinary family life, whether the households were one of riches or poverty. A well-behaved child was one who greeted you in pleasant fashion, replied intelligently to a few questions, and then retired to his own devices. The child of today is altogether a different personality. He considers himself a free-born citizen, and the spirit of liberty is strong in his juvenile head. He may know little or nothing about cows, pigs, hay-rides, kerosene lamps, fishing pools, apple orchards and sliding down a cellar door, but he is quite familiar with the psychology of his day, including the revels of matinee idols, western bad men, movie vamps, baseball dissensions and the various attitudes of family life. He is sophisticated, and, more than that, he is something of a cynic. Paradoxically, the modern child is an innocent creature, though he has been educated on melodrama, motion pictures, automobiles, airships and all the modern inventions that were at one time, in the words of Tennyson, "the fairy tales of science." Compared with the romping boys and girls of yesteryear, the conspicuous trait of the up-to-date ones is their ability to carry on a smart conversation with their leaders. It makes a mature person pause in his own egotism, and inquire if the mental status of some matters is all that was once esteemed of them. In music there have ben child prodigies; also in mathematics; and recently we have in the news a twelve-year-old boy who defeats the masters of chess; at West Point he played a simultaneous game with nineteen men, and won from all. The modern child is a master of repartee, and we wonder whether he makes it up of his own head or repeats aptly the platitudes he has heard here and there. Our slang is replete with phrases that can be used in a hundred different ways. With a few of these at his tongue's end, the youngster feels equipped to engaged in a battle of wits with his elders, and what is more to the point, he usually talks them to a standstill. Of slang it may be said as of a bet, though a fool's argument, it often makes a wise man silent as a fool. There are only two answers to a slang retort: a still more appropriate slang phrase or a piece of overwhelming wit so rare as to be beyond the capacity of most persons. And yet this might be lost on the child, because he could not understand it. So the only thing to do it to engage him on his own terms or acknowledge his supremacy. A large part of the public also possesses this trait of bringing slang to bear on serious considerations. It is a marked characteristic of the age. It has raised flimsy and ephemeral ideas in place of the towering solemnities that our fathers revered as part of the human make-up. From this flimflam of general gossip, the new boy and girl have taken their cue, and are able to meet the average adult on an equality of slang and platitude. The child has extended himself toward maturity, and the grown-up has met him half way. If a boy can manifest genius in music, mathematics and chess, there is no reason why the same thing cannot be done with oratory and in the fine arts, if the standard of these matters continue to decline from the former exalted levels. Man has had his day; woman is now enjoying hers, and the next intellectual champion, as conditions now point, may be the child prodigy.

A Curious Law

A man in Kentucky has been arrested and found guilty of marrying his mother-in-law. The conviction was obtained under no broad and uncertain law, such as disturbing the peace, but under a specific statute. The remarkable part of this is that any legislature should define this sort of marriage as a crime. Most of our laws are a matter of supply and demand. A community attends to its affairs in the good old way, when along comes somebody with the information that certain encroachments occur on the moral status of the people. Irregularities of conduct are found to cause a leak in public morals. This was even the case at common law in the early history of the United States and in England. Therefore, it seems that there must have been a number of men who married their mother-in-laws in Kentucky. The custom must have become so prevalent that it cried aloud for reform. This is hard to believe. In other states of the Union men have been arrested for throwing dishes at a mother-in-law, bundling her into the street, applying obnoxious epithets to her, etc., but not for marrying her. The Kentucky man divorced his wife and then led her maternal parent to the altar. We don't see just what harm there is in that. At least, it shows that the chap felt he had originally married into a good family and wished to stay there; and it speaks a good word for the grand-parents, who inculcated principles of respect and behavior in the home. Some of our San Francisco matrons are said to be more charming than their daughters; yet we have had no demand upon the legislature to punish these women for vamping their sons-in-law. We have yet to learn of a single divorce case locally where a wife has named her own mother as co-respondent. Most husbands are glad enough when the wife's mother does not stalk about the house with cold, piercing glances. That these glances should be warmed with an unmotherly smile and pierce the heart with destructive impulses is a phenomenon not within the general outlook of husbandry. We should not like to think that this was the way in which the Kentucky case arose. Perhaps, when the divorce was granted against the daughter, her mother considered the ex-husband not a bad fellow after all, bade him be of good cheer, stroked the back of his hand consolingly, and then that hand of his turned around, clasped hers and held it. She may, if undisturbed by the Kentucky courts, make him a good wife. The daughter, in the course of time, may become a very good mother-in-law. Who knows? Kentucky is far away.

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The Perfectly Sober Burglar

It is not too soon to note the effects that an era of prohibition has put upon our social and moral welfare. Our first observation is an improved efficiency in all lines of endeavor, especially in the criminal element. The criminal class, when under the influence of liquor, was always a puzzle to the police and the law-abiding citizen. But in those days the cop and the honest householder were supposedly bound up in the machinations of the Demon Rum, and therefore not in the best position to handle the situation. Since then, our commonwealth has had time to sober up, and so have the burglar, the pickpocket, the embezzler and other nefarious creatures who subsisted on the hard-earned money of a glorious civilization. To a certain extent, this is theoretical, and the husky voice of the inebriate is still heard in the land. Still, we are pleased to remark that most of such intoxication is illegal, and so the finger of scorn, wobbling a little with home-brew, may be morally pointed at the wretch who obtains his booze by burglarizing a bonded warehouse or bribing a federal officer. But these conditions cannot be universal, and, for all practical purposes, we must assume that theoretically, hypothetically and according to the statutes made and provided, the criminals are in their sober senses On what other basis could we account for the flourishing condition of crime? William A. Pinkerton, head of the detective agency, and a man who ought to know something about the subject, declares that crime has increased 200 per cent throughout the country; that the drug addicts have added to their forces in the same proportion; and that prohibition is the cause. Pinkerton adds that the dope field is much more likely than the drinker to develop into a criminal. This sounds plausible, as many of our best citizens served wine at their table; but who ever heard of a function in high society whereat cocaine was handed around with the dessert? In a general way, the same thing might be said of all classes except the criminal one. Liquor may have led to a few crimes of passion, but cocaine is involved with crime as an industry. At first the prohibitionists proudly directed our attention to the statistics of arrest, and informed us that we were on the road to righteousness of the first order. The present crime waves are convincing that the first reports were unreliable, and that society has now to deal with offenders either rampant with jackass brandy or infuriated with cocaine, or, on the other hand, perfectly sober and intent upon lifting crime to a high level of efficiency. Mr. Pinkerton says that prohibition is a farce; at the same time, there is nothing funny in a crime wave.

Refusing a Million

The country is taking a deal of free amusement in discussing the Boston youth who refused an inheritance of a million dollars. This is the most staggering blow that a million dollars has ever had on this side of the Atlantic. We imagine that across the water, the people being less commercial and mercenary than we, reject such amounts right along; but here the public can hardly stand the shock. A number of prominent citizens, when interviewed on the subject, declared that there must be something wrong with the lad's mind. We (editorial "we") think nay, not so. We are of the opinion that the young man is very clever. Anybody can accept a sum of money that is offered him; yet how many would think of refusing? There is a vein of originality in thrusting aside one million dollars, coin of the realm. Now, if such nonchalant waiver of money should destroy one's chances of a second offer—if, say we, the offer, once made, were never to be repeated, and the million gone forever, then, say we, young Mr. Garland could be diagnosed as foolish indeed. But, the fortune is still his, and remains in the hands of the estate trustee. "I have not earned it, and will have none of it." This is all very good; but does not cause the wealth to evaporate. We are inclined to believe that this young social worker is writing a book or a movie scenario devoted to the proletariat, and that in the course of time he will have to draw on that million at the rate of $50 a week, to pay his press agent; though such an agent who has secured all this amount of free advertising would be worth many times that salary. We do not insist that Garland has a press agent, nor that he needs one; but we do say Garland has already received so many thousands of dollars of free publicity that his career, to remain interesting, will demand a certain amount of newspaper space per month, whatever the cost; and there is that million dollars always at his disposal. We cast no asperations on his sincerity, but if the lad would talk more about giving his wealth away than having naught to do with it, we should pay more attention to the psychological side of the case. Why does he not experiment in offering to divide it among those who told the newspaper reporters that they, as he, would reject unearned wealth in scorn?

The Weight of a Kiss

A French scientist, having succeeded in demonstrating the weight of a kiss in milligrams, it remains for other countries to analyze this token of esteem and determine how the troy and avoirdupois of osculation differs with racial significance. A French girl can detect a kiss of three milligrams on the palm of the hand, five on the lips, and fifteen on the forehead. The lips are not the most sensitive part of the anatomy, but have come into general use for that purpose, no doubt because two can kiss with simultaneous application and thus save time. Otherwise, if one's sole object were to pile up a record of milligrams, he could operate on the forehead with the fifteen milligrammers. It is high time for a bit of philosophy from our friend, the casual observer. Any ordinary casual observer must have noted that it is not so much the minimum kiss but the one of maximum weight that demands most attention of mankind; and in this connection the French savant does not enlighten us. Should the contest become international, surely the winner would be the damsel temperamentally adapted (and entitled) to the heaviest bombardment upon the lips. Besides, length of time has something to do with it. Shakespeare, in his naive way, has written "twenty kisses short as one, one long as twenty." We do not know the standardized duration of a kiss in the Elizabethan era. Bacon is silent on the subject; yet we may assume that it was about five seconds, for twenty kisses could hardly be delivered in much less than that. Apropos, "one long as twenty" would thus occupy more than a minute and a half. Now, it stands to reason that no man could maintain a uniform pressure of five milligrams for ninety seconds. In the laboratory, with, say, a professional nurse for his co-experimenter, he might almost succeed; but in actual practice, he would merely arouse the young lady's curiosity; she would be unable to hold still, and the performance would end in a fizzle. To be thoroughly scientific in a matter of this kind, one should have data on the vibrations of the phenomenon front start to finish. Kisses longer than the Shakespearean minute and a half are not unknown to the modern scientist and layman, and we should have something like a thermal chart for the entire duration. This French professor is doubtful of the origin of the kiss, and opines that it is an acquired art. Darwin held to the contrary, declaring that the sweet journey of the infant's mouth in search of nourishment led naturally to the inclination through which, in later life, love is nourished without satiety. Be that as it may, our opinion of the French girl is not enhanced with the information that she kisses by the metric system.

Enoch Arden Outdone

Truth is not only stranger than fiction but costs real money; and this may be the cause of the superiority. There was a really and truly Enoch Arden, yet we must always regard him as fiction, because the original narrative has been garbled, and therefore the expense he underwent in search of his lady must be estimated as stage money. When he found that his wife had married another man, he just looked in at the window and departed. Not so with Byron Reilly, who, as all the world knows, came down from Sacramento, not long ago, supposedly to wed a runaway girl from the same town. Reilly was not a club man nor a bon vivant; merely a raconteur of the first order, and the police of Oakland were led to believe that the romance of the century was on their hands. But they could not find a trace of the lovers until the girl herself obligingly turned up at police headquarters with the information that she had married another man. This other man possessed 30 cents after the nuptial ceremony, and the outlook was gloomy for an elaborate wedding breakfast, when they met the tragic hero, Reilly. Reilly recognized the marital situation at a glance and could easily have destroyed the whole blissful scheme by letting the couple go their honeymoon ways on a thirty-cent breakfast. He himself had two dimes. These he placed at the disposal of the newlyweds, wished them every good fortune and then slunk away, without a cent, without hope, and

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in a much worse condition, after greater generosity, than Enoch Arden. The bridal couple then repaired to a cafeteria and partook of ham and eggs. Now, right here is where fiction could have taken up the story with eclat. It is therefore sad to relate that the sacrifice of Reilly was all in vain. The husband was not spurred to valorous achievement by the noble act of his rival, but let matters go from bad to worse: not as far as his fortunes are concerned, for they were nought after the wedding breakfast. Reference is merely to the hunger of bride and groom, which had not been satisfied with fifty cents' worth in the cafeteria. At last accounts, and within forty-eight hours of the ceremony, the bride had left the happy groom and was publicly talking of annullments, incompatibility and all that sort of thing, and Reilly has the sorrow of knowing that his twenty cents was sunk in a dying cause.

Ticket Scalpers Win

The District Court of Appeals is of the opinion that $300 a month is too high a tax for middlemen trafficking in theater tickets on the curb, in the shadows of a great city, in hotel lobbies or wherever man indicateth a wayfaring toward the drama. Our supervisors, reputed to be welcome at all amusements without charge, thought that these middlemen, commonly known as scalpers (the honest Injun!) ought to make more than $10 a day from the carefree public. Any ticket middleman not clever enough to do this should get out of business. Most theatrical managers declare eternal warfare between themselves and the men who intercept you at the box office; and our local Orpheum has vaunted itself with a particularly high-faluting vaunt as being the dread Nemesis of the tribe. Yet thus far no one has been able to get the scalp of ticket-scalping as a profession. The supervisors felt that they had done the trick with the heavy tax. But it was a little too heavy. The Court of Appeals declared the tax confiscatory and not warranted by considerations of public health, morals or safety. Ticket scalping has been an accommodation to some theater-goers: they who had not the time to call at the box office. To others it was a vexation: they who were informed by the box clerk that everything was sold for a certain performance, and then found that tickets aplenty were on sale around town at a premium. The inference has always been that the scalper himself paid a premium at the window; for, in the course of time he and his associates were well known there and could not have obtained their supply against a disposition to frustrate the trade. From some houses it was impossible to buy more than a few coupons a week. This process would not arouse suspicion. But for the Orpheum, as an instance to the contrary, the scalpers usually had a large stock of tickets; and when unable to sell out at their headquarters, would haunt the block on O'Farrell street and solicit purchase from the passers-by. Now and then they would remark that no seats were to be had at the window. Except in the case of grand opera, and performances of similar magnitude, scalping indicates decreasing audiences, being used to stimulate a wider sale of seats. A shrewd manager would naturally discountenance it.

Flo Ziegfeld, always on the alert for sensation, went through the same process of scalpers' elimination—so the Orpheum stunt is not original. Having accomplished his purpose, Ziegfeld raised his admission prices. The Orpheum here again followed suit recently. Ziezfeld's shows are worth the original price plus the bonus. In this regard comparison ceases, for these many months the Orpheum's standard has been falling lamentably, which is a great pity in this city where we are actually suffering for enticing theatrical attractions.

The Lawrence "Journals of Commerce"

Andrew M. Lawrence, who went east a few months ago, will not return to this city until after the first of the year. His energies at present are concentrated on the Chicago Journal of Commerce, whose destinies are forming in happy shape, fulfilling the predictions of the admirers of "Andy's" journalistic genius. Mr. Lawrence remained in this city long enough to get the San Francisco Journal of Commerce launched and then immediately started the Chicago publication. He plans, one hears, a chain of papers published on the most up-to-date lines. The circulation of the San Francisco Journal is said to be increasing surprisingly. By the first of the year new departments are promised. Mr. Lawrence is a fearles journalist, and it has long been his cherished dream to establish a daily paper, which could rightfully call itself "independent" and set forth world affairs from a perfectly unbiased view point.

ANDREW M. LAWRENCE

Those who would annex Mexico should first make sure that the value of the oil well exceed the cost of the broil.—Cleveland News.

"What's that grass widow's last name?"
"Nobody knows. She hasn't come to it yet."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE SONG OF THE CALIFORNIA NAVAL CADETS

By Edgar Pomeroy, *Commander*

It's mine for the rolling lift of the sea,
The smack of the wind as it strikes our lee,
The sting of the brine as it lashes me;
The life of a sailor, dangerous, free,
In the armored ships of our great navy.

The landlubber, caged in his walled city,
Knows little of freedom; for how can he,
Who knows every night just where he'll be,
Ever see into eternity?
As we sometimes do in the old navy.

The roll of the great iron ships at sea,
The roar of the guns that awed Germany
Saluting the flag that means we're free
And long since gave us supremacy.
It's great to be one of the great navy.

"Is your son out of danger yet?"
"No; the doctor is going to make three or four more visits."—The Gateway (Detroit).

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By TANTALUS

The Latest Park Commissioner

Mayor Rolph's appointment of William F. Humphrey to succeed the late Curtis H. Lindley, distinguished jurist, as park commissioner, gives universal satisfaction. Aside from Mr. Humphrey's personal popularity, he brings to his new position a zeal for the interests of the city of his birth, a genius for detail and boundless energy. His conscience is so sensitive regarding any enterprise which he undertakes that he immediately consecrates his time and efforts in studying it from various angles.

As yet, although his activities are multiple, Mr. Humphrey has never been known as an authority on landscape gardening, but his friends are prepared to see him at once plunge headlang into an exhaustive research of the seventh fine art. The park commissioners of the past have all deserved our gratitude for their artistic constructiveness, as manifested in glorious Golden Gate Park and the emerald oases which punctuate the individuality of our city. To William Humphrey, who every New Year's morning leads the Olympians, as their president, into the cold waters of the Pacific, the salient suggestion is offered that he at once formulate some plan to beautify the ocean shore along the Great Highway. Visions of esplanades on the Baltic, the North Sea, the Mediterranean, of terraced slopes along the Indian Ocean and the Ionian Sea are easily conjured by the artistic vision when one beholds our own splendid ocean front. It is not too much to hope that Mr. Humphrey will imbue his confréres on the commission with an eagerness to make a glorious improvement there.

Sir Poppin Young, who is living in Los Angeles, where he and Lady Young are interested in a moving picture enterprise, is making a brief stay in this city. It is understood that the Youngs have plans for raising the standard of movies for children. There is beyond doubt room for this work in film land, and they have the earnest wishes for their success of everyone with child welfare at heart.

Mrs. Edward O'Brien is at present in Ostend at the villa of the Countess Chaulnes, with whom she will spend the winter in Paris. Miss Mary Bird of Dublin, Ireland, will join her aunt, Mrs. O'Brien, in Paris and probably come back with her to San Francisco next summer.

Mrs. Harold Hughes (née Jane Plunket of S. F.) was among the women most admired at the recent New York Horse Show. She will be remembered when she lived here and attended U. C., as a striking, Junoesque type of girl, with a remarkably brilliant complexion and a shining crown of dark brown hair. As a matron, she is very distinguished looking and is noted for her exquisite dressing. Her husband is connected with the United Steel Corporation and they have one little daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. William Klink have sold their pretty home on Sixth avenue, near the Presidio wall and have bought another on Fifth avenue.

Mrs. R. L. Mitchell has left for Santa Barbara, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent A. Corbett of Ocean Park will divide the winter at the Cliff Hotel and Hotel Rafael.

The students at Tamalpais Academy, Hitchcocks', are looking forward eagerly to the opening of the Rafael Hotel, as a place for their home relatives and friends to stay, means prolonged visits. For the same reason, the girls of Dominican College will be glad of the hotel's opening. The Peter Pan town of San Rafael, the metropolis of the most picturesque country in California, ought to awaken to its possibilities as a fashionable resort. Its accessibility to this city, its delightful and unsurpassed climate, its flowers, homes, ranches, game preserves, all make an appeal for a restoration of its former attractiveness to the smart set. "Down the peninsula" may spell local grandeur, but that section has neither geographical situation nor the climatic advantage of the hill enclosed San Rafael. Hoi polloi long since invaded the towns along the railroad, which condition extinguished the exclusive atmosphere of that region. But who shall say that the beauty, health and joyfulness of California have not been enhanced by that very circumstance? The beauties of nature were never intended for a fortunate few, and it will be a blessing to all San Francisco when the new automobile ferry makes a trip across to Marin a circumstance of a short period and an unmixed joy.

Mrs. O'Sullivan Writes a Book

Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan writes to her San Francisco friends from her London home, Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, that her first novel, "Mr Dimock," is in press and will soon be distributed. It is a story of 1920, of an Irish American family in Oxfordshire. With Mrs. O'Sullivan's own knowledge of Serbian and Flemish conditions and of Irish politics from an American viewpoint, the book cannot fail to be of interest. Although Mrs. O'Sullivan has lived so long abroad, she is as much a San Franciscan as when she lived here as a girl (Elizabeth Curtis).

All her children were born in England, but the eldest, Curtis, always had a great desire to come to America, his parents' home. When he was ten they came for a visit, and the little fellow objected strenuously to returning. His parents were obliged to promise him that he might return to enter the university here if he would acompany them and go through the prep schools near their English home. He kept his parents to the letter of their promise, and at eighteen he was enrolled at U. C. After taking his degree, he became associated with the D. O. Mills Estate Company, where he still is. He married the charming Helen Hooper (daughter of the Joseph Hoopers) and they have one little boy. Mr. O'Sullivan was at Camp Lewis in training at the time of the armistice.

Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan's devotion to the Serbian Relief during and after the war is a matter still fresh in local memory. She is a brilliant, warm-hearted woman and her book is awaited with eagerness.

Mills Senior Play

The Senior play to be given December 3d and 4th at Mills College will be the sparkling comedy by Jacinto Benavente, "Bonds of Interest." The performances will be Friday evening, 8:15, and Saturday afternoon, 2:15. General admission, 50 cents; reserved seats, 75 cents.

At Del Monte

Mr. and Mrs. George K. Weeks, who have been spending a honeymoon of several weeks at Del Monte, are planning to leave for San Francisco and later for New York. Mr. Weeks is a prominent member of the Bohemian Club and is

AN HOUR WITH the American Poet and Idealist, Joyce Kilmer, with readings from his poems by Father Robert Sesnon, M. A. At the Maitland Playhouse, 332 Stockton Street, Thursday afternoon, December 9, 1920, at half after three till half after four. Under the distinguished patronage of His Grace, Edward J. Hanna, D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco.

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well known in busines circles in New York. He is now in charge of the European activities of the National City Co. of California. His headquarters are in London, where he and Mrs. Weeks will make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Reiners of Fresno spent the Thanksgiving holidays at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Reiners have purchased a home site at Pebble Beach and will build there shortly.

Revue a la Carte at Techau Tavern

While the average patron of the many splendid places of amusement and entertainment is apt to believe that the Great White Way of New York is the only Mecca of all entertainments de luxe, roof garden extravaganzas, etc., and again that anything extraordinary must by necessity come out of the east, it might be well for them to pay a visit to the array of talent now attracting the distinguishing public to Techau Tavern. Olive Ann Alcorn, in a multitudinous array of colors, costumes, dances, and dainty steps, in such dances as the Dance of Salome, The Pearl Nautch, and The Return of the Caravan is indeed a refreshing addition to any entertainment program. Jess Mendelson, the personification of rhythmed Jazz, in songs and dances that are both original and difficult of execution, has found many friends by his artistic display of novel numbers. Marie Bond, perhaps better known as "Little Miss Versatility," possessed of a sweet voice and a sweeter personality, vies with Ruby Adams in divers novelty numbers. Elliston R. Ames, the capable musical director of the Techau Tavern dance orchestra, is the master of dance music. His compositions involving solos with violin, saxaphone and the remainder of a well-balanced orchestra, make dancing in the evenings and on Saturday afternoons a delightful pleasure. Murad cigarettes and Harry Hoefler's chocolates as prizes in lucky dances find great favor with the many patrons of Techau Tavern.

Sam Shortridge Won by 76,255

The official count of the vote cast at the statewide election on November 2, which was made public here recently by Secretary of State Frank C. Jordan, shows that Samuel Shortridge, Republican candidate for the United States Senate, defeated Senator James D. Phelan, incumbent, by 76,255 votes. The vote as officially announced by Jordan is:

United States Senator—Shortridge, 447,835; Phelan, 371,580; Edwards, 57,768; Beals, 36,545.

Congressmen: First District—Lea, 34,427; Bodwell, 18,569; Gifford, 2773.

Second District—Raker, 26,172.

Third District—Curry, 54,984; Struckenbruck, 14,964; Beck, 3631.

Fourth District—Kahn, 50,841; Harlan, 9289.

Fifth District—Nolan, 50,274; Conway, 10,952.

Sixth District—Elston, 75,610; Shicley, 15,151.

Seventh District—Barbour, 57,647; McKee, 8449.

Eighth District—Free, 64,823; Hersman, 26,311.

Ninth District—Van de Water (deceased), 62,952; Randall, 36,675; Garbutt, 5819.

Tenth District—Osborne, 97,469; Sinclair, 20,439.

Eleventh District—Swing, 59,425; Dickson, 22,144.

Selfishness

We draw ourselves up in a cloud of our own better fortune, and turn away our eyes, lest the wants and woes of our brother mortals should disturb the selfish apathy of our souls.—Robert Burns.

"What's your favorite wild game?"

"Football"—Boston Transcript.

POWELL STREET

A lane there is, when daylight dies,
Of piquant lips and laughing eyes;

A lane that calls the season's bloom
Beside her curb in quaint perfume;

That all unheralded, unsung,
Grows nightly old, yet ever young.

This Street of Youth is short, at best;
Three blocks, then alters interest.

Her shops are small; she scarce invites
With window-shows or blaze of lights.

Yes, brief of span or short of bards,
She breathes of Old World boulevards,

And, eight to twelve, attains delight
In breaking petals with the night.

Scant Street of Youth! What frail romance
In coquetry, in passing glance—

In swing of ankle, curve of cheek,
And lashes half inclined to speak,

Here proffer folly, venture charm
To snatch a moment arm-in-arm!

From eight to twelve: so swiftly fade
The hues along this promenade.

Then stars turn chill, then lights grow brusque
To this rialto of the dusk.

The play is spent, the night soon old.
The cafés out, the flowers sold.

The taxis gone, the sidewalks bare
From Eddy Street to Union Square.

Yet is there one you seek to meet?
Then come tonight to Powell Street.

—Neill Compton Wilson's "City of Caprice."

Boy Scout (to old lady)—May I accompany you across the street, madame?

Old Lady—Certainly, sonny. How long have you been waitin' here for somebody to take you across?"—Judge.

"They say Edison is working on a machine that will enable us to talk with the departed."

"I suppose the proper call will be Heaven-ho! instead of Hell-o!"—Boston Transcript.

The language you use to that mule is perfectly shocking!"

"Yes," replied the driver, "it seems to trouble everybody but he mule."

A man got in a cab at the Richmond railway station and said:

"Drive me to a haberdasher's."

"Yaas, suh," said the driver, whipping up his horse and drove a block; then, leaning over to address his passenger, said:

"'Scuse me, boss, but whar d'yu say you wanter go?"

"To a haberdasher's."

"Yaas, suh; yaas, suh."

After another block there was the same performance.

"'Scuse me, boss, but whar d'yu say you wanter go?"

"To a haberdasher's," was the somewhat impatient reply.

Then came the final appeal.

"Now, look a-here, boss; I be'n drivin' in dis' town twenty years, and I ain't never giv' nobody away yit. Now you jes' tell dis nigger whar 'tis you wanter go."—Minnesota Foolscap.

Double Proof

A tramp knocked at a farmer's door and called for something to eat.

"Are you a Christian?" asked the good-hearted countryman.

"Can't you tell?" answered the man. "Look at the holes worn in the knees of my pants. What do they prove?"

The farmer's wife promptly brought out the food and the tramp turned to go.

"Well! Well!" asked the farmer. "What made those holes in the back of your pants?"

"Backsliding," replied the tramp as he hurried on—Christian Herald.

"How do you know that he's a millionaire?"

"He eats."—Buffalo Express.

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The Stage

Friction Over Anna Held's Tomb

The friends and stage associates of the late Anna Held were surprised and pained to learn from the New York papers that her daughter, Liane Carrera, principal heir to her mother's fortune of a quarter of a million dollars, had objected to the expenditure of $10,000 for a memorial which the executor, Charles F. Hanlon, attorney of this city, applied in the New York surrogate court for permission to erect. His petition was supported by an affidavit of Lillian Russell (Mrs Alex P. Moore), who recited that she and Anna Held were on terms of closest friendship, and "loved each other very much"; that she, Miss Russell, attended at Miss Held's bedside druring the weary months of her last illness and that Miss Held several times expressed the desire to have Miss Russell and Mr. Hanlon attend to all details of her burial and monument, as she did not desire Liane to do so. Miss Held's will also made that stipulation. The Hanlon petition was also supported by Samuel Kingston, agent for Miss Held, and further stated that Liane, although residing in the Savoy Hotel with her mother, was seldom in attendance in her mother's apartment, and that an estrangement existed between mother and daughter.

Surrogate J. P. Cohalan granted the Hanlon petition and plans were at once accepted for a handsome monument to be placed on the grave of Anna Held in Gate of Heaven cemetery at Kensico, N. Y.

Two years ago, when Miss Held died, funeral services were held under direction of Miss Russell and the body placed in a vault awaiting Mr. Hanlon's arrival from San Francisco. Later, he caused the remains to be taken to St. Patrick's cathedral, where the final requiem mass was sung previous to the interment.

Miss Held was reared in the Catholic faith in France and always remained loyal to her religion, nothwithstanding the frivolity of her stage presentations. Her first husband, father of Liane, died, and she afterwards, in New York, became the wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, the great producer, who made a spectacular success and large fortune starring his dainty French wife. Several years ago they were divorced. Later he married Billie Burke, hut Miss Held remained single. The last two years of her life, when she was very ill, her thoughts turned to religion and she regularly partook of the Blessed Sacrament. Mons. Lavelle of the archdiocese of New York, in granting permission for the church ceremonies, said that Miss Held was entitled to all the rights of the church, having complied practically with all its requirements before her demise.

Mr. Hanlon, when asked why he chose such an expensive memorial, said with great fervor: "Because, with Anna Held's own hard-earned money, I bought it for her. She left nearly a quarter of a million dollars, most of it earned in America. She was loved and respected in her profession, to which she gave her best energies. She was a good wife and mother; she was charitable to the poor; patriotic and generous to the soldiers of France and America during the Great War. She shall not be forgotten if I can prevent it, nor will I be a party to the melting of her gold to be poured into the gutters of Broadway." The last was an allusion to the efforts of certain managers to induce Anna Held's daughter to invest in theatrical ventures, to prevent which Miss Held had created a trust for the benefit of her child, which is now ended, as the daughter is past twenty-five years of age.

Miss Carrera also caused an investigation into the accounts of the estate funds under the Hanlon control. The result showed a mistake of two cents,—but in Hanlon's favor. Besides, he has increased the value of the estate $100,000 by defeating unjust claims against the estate and by selling Miss Held's jewels for 75 per cent more than their appraised value, as the very searching report of the investigation showed, and which was thoroughly sustained by the court.

Miss Carrera's many friends in San Francisco are deeply grieved at her attitude and are at a loss to understand it, for she is a charming girl and seemingly had implicit confidence in Mr. Hanlon, whom she had known since early childhood, during all the time he managed her mother's legal affairs. Her friends here attribute her stand to the ill-advised counsel of certain New York theatrical producers, and they look forward to the time when amicable relationship will be resumed between her and Charles Hanlon, who is often lauded as the best friend she could ever have, and who, in carrying out her mother's wishes, is pursuing a course well calculated to maintain the provision for her future protection, which her mother carefully planned she should have

Mr. Hanlon, as executor, has not abandoned his efforts to have the daughter's inheritance placed in the hands of a New York trust company for a number of years, allowing her the income and other funds as she may need for travel, education, illness, etc. If that is done, her many Broadway advisers will doubtless lose interest and abandon their troublous designs.

Fourth Popular Concert

The popular concert given last Sunday afternoon was one of thn most delightful yet rendered by the San Francisco Orchestra Conductor Alfred Hertz.

The program was unusually attractive, and the audience was so insistant in its applause that during the rendition of the Ballet Suite, "Le Cid," the "Madrilene" had to be repeated, although by so doing Conductor Hertz broke his own rule of not allowing encores.

The house was packed to the doors and standing room only in evidence.

The soloist was Kajetan Attl, and he gave Saint-Saens "Fantasy for the Harp" which, proved a perfect gem, exquisitely rendered.

The Suite "Algerienne," by Saint-Saens, depicts a trip to Algiers, which brings forth the mysterious music of the East.

Of this suite, the "Evening Reverie" was beautifully played and the melody sung out on a solo viola.

The concert ended with the March Slav, hy Tschaikowsky, and proved a magnetic ending for a splendid concert. A. SUTTER.

Hackett and Vidas

The fact that superlatives are so often used without justification in advertising concert artists, is, in the opinion of Frank W. Healy, no reason for not using them when the justification exists, as is the case of the artists appearing under his management. Mr. Healy will never present an artist whose appearance will not be a most beneficial impulse to the good music of a community. Furthermore he will never book an artist who is not known to be in the best of "condition."

Charles Hackett, the lyric tenor of the Metropolitan, who sings for us Sunday afternoon at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, is at the zenith of his vocal splendor. Hackett has everything a great singer should have—a beautiful voice, intelligence, clarity of enunciation and the ability to interpret in a masterly manner. At no time in Mr. Hackett's career has he been in better voice. Mr. Hackett, as he apears on the platform Sunday afternoon, is representative of the best that the Metropolitan Opera House has to offer.

The same is true of Vidas, with the exception that Vidas is a much younger artist than Hackett. However, Vidas' career began earlier. Vidsa is one of the very few artists of the first rank who now and then approaches that state of perfection of which agents speak so authoritatively whether they refer to virtuoso or novice. Vidas is a master at eighteen years of age, only because Heaven endowed him with a special talent for the violin.

If any member of the audience at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoon does not find Mr. Hackett and Mr. Vidas to be artists of lofty ability, and if their efforts on this occasion do not meet with unstinted approval, Mr. Healy will refund the full purchase price to any ticket holder making a request for such refund.

Tickets for the Hackett-Vidas concert, which will really be a double concert (each artist giving as much on this occasion as he ordinarily does at a single concert), are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.

ALCAZAR

THIS WEEK AND NEXT

First Production Outside of New York Of the Uproariously Funny and Tensely Dramatic Expose of Fake Promotion And Frenzied Stock Speculation.

"Crooked Gamblers"

Its Tremendous Popular Appeal Makes Necessary Its Continuance Next Week.

NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

DUDLEY AYRES—ELWYN HARVEY

SUNDAY MATINEE, DECEMBER 12—First Presentation of a New Comedy of Love, Business and Success

"WATCH MY SMOKE"

By Walter A. Rivers of the San Francisco Bulletin

Every Evening—Matinees Sunday, Thursday, Saturday.

SAN FRANCISCO **SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

CONCERT SUNDAY, DEC. 5TH.

CURRAN THEATER, 2:45 P. M.

PROGRAMME

Symphony, B Flat.....Chausson
(First time in San Francisco.)

Variation on a Russian Theme.....
By six Russian composers.
(First time in San Francisco.)

Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde"..
.....Wagner

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12, "POP" CONCERT

Frank W. Healy Presents

Charles Hackett, Tenor

Raoul Vidas, Violinist

Two Artists of First Rank

Sunday, December 5, 2:30 P. M.

Scottish Rite Auditorium

Tickets $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50

War Tax 10 Per cent—At Sherman-Clay's.

The Lambs' Club

The Lambs' Club did not come back.

It never went away.

There were a few—as is the usual Broadway thing—who predicted all sorts of dire things. The type who go to banquets and never to funerals. The type who have no opinions of their own, but are led by the crowd.

That the Lambs' is an institution, that it means something to the community, that it has done so many excellent things that are never spoken of, that it has been known for years how its admissions' committee is the most careful of committees, that the conduct of the club has always been perfect—these the "I-told-you-sos" do not care to remember. And so the club was blamed—by them—for what one or two men did. Did, as men, not as members.

The calamity howlers, however, did not realize that there is such a thing as boomerang. And that a man's club is his home.

And the effect of it all was this: the attendance at the club suddenly grew. The members knew and loved their club. And they not only came in for letters, but to ask Mr. Burnside what they could do. They felt the injustice of the attacks and they were ready for fight. But fight wasn't necessary. That they were there ready was enough.

The Lambs' Club did not come back.

It never went away.

* * *

On Cohan's Return to the Friars

And writing of the Lamb's reminds me that there is a very well defined and hopeful rumor to the effect that George M. Cohan will return to the Friars.

I hope so.

And I know that every Friar hopes so.

I have talked with many of them and they all have the same feeling about it.

And that feeling is that what's done is done.

And that they want him back. That's all.

As to the merits of the controversy there is no doubt that Mr. Cohan was wrong in assuming that the things he was told were said were said, at the time of the strike. And if—in a moment of stress—this or that man did say this or that is no reason why Mr. Cohan should punish a whole club of his friends. His friends who have loved him all these years as few men in the history of the theater have been loved. The man or two who may (not admitting that anything was said) forgot themselves did not forget themselves as Friars. Not as Friars. Therefore, because it was supposed to have been said in the club is no reason for treating it as a club matter. Suppose a player had pro-German ideas during the war. Should the Government close the Players' Club?

George M. Cohan is really a very humble man. And his modesty is not pose. There is always a quality of surprise to him in all his successes. He doesn't take his success as seriously as most others would. He did take the strike seriously however.

You may remember that a large delegation of Friars marched to his theater to ask him to reconsider. He was serious then. He said that if ever he was convinced that he was wrong he would reconsider. That he is reconsidering does not mean that he was wrong.

It means that he is justifying the men in the club who said they believed in him.

* * *

On Students and Belasco

David Belasco has decided to let the world in on his secrets.

Heretofore his rehearsals were behind closed doors. Locked. And guarded.

At a rhearsal of "Deborah," a few days ago, I saw several young actresses who were not to appear in the play looking on.

This is as it should be. It means a real conservatory. It means more than all the schools can do. It means something practical. And it means something inspirational. To listen to Mr. Belasco's direction is my idea of a perfect hour. Or sixteen. And I hope he will go on allowing young people to watch him at work.—From the New York Mirror.

Alcazar

"Crooked Gamblers," the comedy drama of frenzied stock speculation, is such a hit, and exerts such wide, popular appeal that its continuance at the Alcazar next week is demanded. "Watch My Smoke," a new comedy of love, business and success has first production at the Sunday matinee December 12th. It is by Walter A. Rivers, dramatic editor of the San Francisco Bulletin, and has already been accepted for early New York presentation, a fact that gives the Alcazar premier keen interest. Another of Mr. Rivers' plays, "Clean Hands," has also been recently purchased by a New York producer for next season. "Watch My Smoke," tells a story of deep human appeal, but treats it in a comedy vein that should keep an audience in mirthful mood through its three engaging acts. The plot concerns a "wage slave," who feels that all he needs is a little "nest egg" to be able to tell his employer a few things about their business and to demonstrate his latest capabilities. In other words, the "wage slave" is afraid of losing his job. He gets the "nest egg," which has the effect of practically making a new man of him, and the results that he accomplishes give rise to many funny situations. A pretty love theme is threaded through the story. Dudley Ayres will have an exceedingly well suited role and Elwyn Harvey should score a personal triumph. The other members of the cast should likewise find ample opportunity for their individual talents.

An early offering of comedy and romance, flavored with the joyous Christmas spirit, is "The Things That Count," in which Alice Brady scored so brilliantly for many months at her father's New oYrk Playhouse. It is another of the many Alcazar offerings new to the Pacific Coast.

San Francisco Symphony

For the concert Sunday afternoon in the Curran Theater, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, will repeat the interesting program offered Friday, which contains two works new to San Francisco. These are the B Flat Symphony of Chausson and the Variations on a Russian Theme by six of Russia's foremost composers. The program will close with the Prelude and Love Death from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde."

For the popular concert on the following Sunday new works are the suite of characteristic dances from Rimsky-Korsakow's "Mlada" and the ::Momento Capriccioso" of Weber, arranged by Bodanzky. Other items on the program are the "Bartered Bride," Overture of Smetana, Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" Suite, two of Brahms' Hungarian Dances, Beethoven's Menuet, the Liebesfreud of Fritz Kreisler and Nicola's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

"The train pulled out before you had finished your speech."

"Yes, replied Senator Sorghum. "As I heard the shouts of the crowd fading in the distance I couldn't be sure whether they were applauding me or the engineer."—Washington Star.

"How I envy you sea-faring men!" breathed the sweet young thing. "How wonderful it must be to gaze on the broad, blue-rippled expanse of ocean and smell the clean, salt air!"

"Yes," answered the coal passer, "it must be."

Student—"We spent all day in the mechanical lab, trying to find the overall efficiency.

B-Thorpe—"Isn't it remarkable, that nowadays even clothing is tested?—Lehigh Burr.

SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK---SPECIAL

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Liquidation that set in early in the month became more pronounced as time went on and brought about a lower range of values in the security market. Shorts covered freely from time to time, but they had no trouble in getting stocks and this encouraged them to hammer the list, whenever a stock or group of stocks acted heavy.

The principal factor in the market is the deflation process, which is gaining momentum and, apparently, has not as yet run its course. Wall Street usually discounts the future, and the general opinion seems to be that the decline in stocks has already discounted the present fall in commodity prices with a margin for a further drop. The action of the market gives evidence of this by showing signs of rallying power on any little encouragement, although there is also a tendency to run to cover on an indication of further unfavorable developments.

Several large industrial corporations have seen fit either to reduce their dividends or pass them entirely and thus cast a gloom over the street. With here and there rumors of similar action to be taken by other large corparations gave the bears the ammunition they were looking for.

Why it should be supposed that the depression in business should not be reflected in dividends is not quite clear. In most cases, these past dividends represent the earnings of an inflated volume of business conducted with an expanded capital necessary to meet the high costs of production. That demand has now fallen off and has done so ahead of the deflatation in labor and materials.

This deflation process is now bearing heavily upon industry, commerce and agriculture and even upon transportation and no class or element of the community can hope to escape. Industrial reaction is hitting first all of those commodities in which there was the greatest speculative advance, due to boom conditions. In the course of time, it was bound to react upon general industry—especially as the greatest item of cost in most manufactured articles, labor, has only just begun to be deflated. Considering all the deflation, it is remarkable that there has been so few failures, which speaks well for the fundamental conditions, which, so far, have proven sound.

It is very generally admitted now that the policy of the Federal Reserve Board has been vindicated—and, instead of a temporary depression which we are now passing through, we would have had a real financial panic.

The independent Steel producers have now fallen in line and have announced a reduction in finished steel prices and are now down close to the levels of the big Corporation, which have been steadily maintained through times of abnormal demand and which are now likely to vindicate themselves by stabilizing the Steel industry in times of great stress.

The Railroad Stocks held well, but were finally forced to yield, when the selling of the Industrials became acute, but the decline did not go very far.

The Oil Stocks were allowed to drift lower on the theory that any general let-up in business was sure to curtail the demand for oil and the fact that several large Automobile Companies closed down several of their plants gave grounds to the belief that curtailment in the use of gasoline might become a factor in causing a reduction in the prices of the commodity. Several of the eastern companies made a slight reduction in the cost of fuel oil, but this was by no means general.

We believe the market has seen the worst of the deflation talk and, while we are not looking for a bull market, we believe prices are not far from bottom.

Cotton—There were so many factors that were instrumental in bringing about a wave of selling and pessimistic feeling that they can all be summed up into one word and that is "deflatation."

With the security market yielding every day to the onslaughts of the bears and the wheat market breaking into new low ground and with commodity markets in general on the downgrade, Cotton was no exception and prices got below the fifteen-cent level for the first time since the war.

Europe contributed its share of the bear news by sending pessimistic trade reports, as well as reports of a big slump in Egyptian Cotton According to advices from Liverpool, their market is a buyers' market the same as ours.

Stories of the closing of our Cotton mills or of companies starting on part time were freely circulated and indications are that that sort of news can be expected for the balance of this year However, the steady short selling is increasing the strength of the technical position of the market, but the large proportion of the selling that is coming from the south leaves the amount of covering rather problematical.

The unanimity of the bearish sentiment is holding considerable short covering in check—so that traders, who favor the constructionist side of the market, are not counting on the short covering to do more than provide temporary checks to the decline, until there is a turn in the tone of the daily news.

How long it will take for the market to right itself again is problematical, but we believe Cotton had had its share of deflation and, while there seems to be nothing at present on which to base one's idea of higher prices, yet it usually follows that, when the news becomes so pronounced either way, the market makes a change—and, as prices are now practically at pre-war level, we believe purchase should be made of the distant futures below the fifteen-cent level. When the change for the better does take place—and it surely will—the advance will be too rapid and likely get away from the trader who is waiting for the lowest point to buy on.

The Girl—I admire that pianist's finish. Don't you?

The Man—Yes; but I always dread his beginning.—Dallas News.

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

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June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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At the Wrong Time

Mother—"What's the matter, darling?"

Child—"P-p-pa hit his finger with the hammer."

Mother—"Don't cry about that; you should laugh."

Child—"I—I—d-did."

She fell with a light sigh into his arms. Her head tilted backward and their lips met. She turned her head and spoke:

"You understand, don't you, Jack, that I've never done a thing like this before?" she asked anxiously.

He, thinking of what has just happened:

"Yes; but what an awful lot of experience you must have inherited from someone."—Punch Bowl.

His Ex-Professor—"The lad may possibly find his niche."

His Employer—"So far, he's only cost the business five thousand dollars in addition to his salary."

His Roommate—"I have to put up with him in order to use his dress suit."

His Fiancé—"William and General Pershing won the war."—Life.

"What!" said Lord Coleridge once to a puzzled cabman, "you a London cabby and don't know where the law courts are?"

"Oh, the law courts, is it? I know them; but you said the Courts of Justice!"—The Christian Register (Boston).

"Charlie, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "do you remember how you laughed at me because there were some things I didn't understand about the ball game?"

"Yes."

"Well, after reading some of the recent news, I want to ask you, as man to woman, weren't there some things about that game that you didn't understand either?"—Washington Star.

Sweet and Heavy

Soph—"There's a big woman in Woolworth's who is nearly seven feet tall."

Frish—"What does she weigh?"

Soph—"Candy."—Froth.

"George," she whispered, "don't you care for me?"

"I love you still," he replied.

"Then, dear, aren't you holding me too close? I can't move."

"Ah, but I love you still."—Pelican.

SUMMONS

No. 111291—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BERTHA SIMPSON, Plaintiff, vs. PERRY W. SIMPSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETINGS TO: PERRY W. SIMPSON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) Dated: November 12, 1920

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. B. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

12-4-5

"These love scenes are rotten. Can't the leading man act as if he is in love with the star?"

"Can't act at all," said the director. "Trouble is, he's in love with her."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ERNEST NOGAT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, administrator of the estate of ERNEST NOGAT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ernest Nogat, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Ernest Nogat, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 23d, 1920.

11-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HARRY HARRIS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, administrator of the estate of HARRY HARRIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Harry Harris, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Harry Harris, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 23d, 1920.

11-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM B. SCHUYLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, administrator of the estate of WILLIAM B. SCHUYLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William B. Schuyler, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
William B. Schuyler, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 23d, 1920.

11-27-5

SUMMONS

No. 92692—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

H. McQUAID, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS W. SIMMONS, Defendant. M. M. Getz, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greetings to THOMAS W. SIMMONS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 8th day of October, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALBERT PICKARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

11-27-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Probate No. 30494—Dept. No. 10.

Estate of ALFRED P. COLLINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ALFRED P. COLLINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Alfred P. Collins, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Alfred P. Collins, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, November 9, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California.

11-20-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of SARAH L. SHANE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of SARAH L. SHANE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Rose & Silverstein, 405-8 Easton Building, Oakland, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Sarah L. Shane, deceased.

BENJAMIN SHANE,
Administrator of the estate of Sarah L. Shane, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, November 1, 1920.

11-6-5.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

Probate No. 30024—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of CLEO G. J. MILLER, formerly Cleo G. Jones, Deceased.

H. E. MILLER, as administrator of the Estate of CLEO G. J. MILLER, formerly CLEO G. JONES, deceased, having filed herein his petition in due form praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing him to borrow the sum of One Thousand ($1,000.00) or such lesser sum as the Court may deem proper for the purpose of paying a certain lien subsisting on the real property of the said Estate and which is fully described in the petition on file herein to which reference is hereby made and in order to secure the payment of such loan to mortgage to the lender of such money the real property of the said estate, situated in the Town of Sausalito, County of Marin, State of California, described as follows:

Lots 124, 125 and 129, in Block 25, as shown and delineated upon that certain map entitled, "Map No. 3 of the property of the Sausalito Bay Land Co.," filed April 24th, 1890, in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Marin, State of California.

It is ORDERED that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court in the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Court at the City Hall in the said City and County on the 22d day of December, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M., to show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged as prayed for.

And it is further ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks next before said day in the Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco.

For all further particulars you are hereby referred to the petition now on file herein.

DONE IN OPEN COURT, this 15th day of November, 1920.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

11-20-4

SUMMONS (Divorce)

No. 110589

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

LAURA M. STONE, Plaintiff, vs. HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

Dated: Oct. 16, 1920.

WELLES WHITMORE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
714 Easton Bldg., 428 13th St.,
Oakland, Cal.

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Helen M. Bonnet.....Editor

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Henry Ford and the Jews

Not long after the Bolshevik uprising in Russia, there were rumors of its being a Jewish retaliation against persecution in the land of the Czar. Recently there have been circulated a number of documents, uncertain in their origin, purporting to reveal an extension of similar Jewish propaganda throughout the world. Henry Ford, in his publication, The Dearborn Independent, has made much of the story, apparently vouched for the reality of the menace, and has been answered by various committees and investigators among the Jewish people. We do not care to go into the facts of the case, beyond saying that on the whole the denied authenticity of the above-mentioned documents has a more logical tenor than the documents themselves, which, claim the experts, are fictitious on their face value. It might be interesting, however, to relate briefly the situation as it exists in diplomatic history, which of itself has the effect of rendering the charges unexpectedly novel. The Jews are accused of combining with the Free Masons in the spread of propaganda for a world dominion, and in this phase would be inviting conflict with the Catholic Church. This would seem logical enough, in so far as it alludes to the disparity of interests between Mason and Catholic. Still, of all Christian creeds, the Jew has always leaned toward Catholicism in respect, for one reason (and not a small one) that the daily life, amusements and matters of that nature in the two creeds have a more liberal aspect than the reformatory and prohibitive measures of the Protestant Church and church workers. The Catholic Sabbath, too, is less restrictive of entertainment and other activity than the austere Sunday of the Protestant. The Jews and the Irish have always felt a certain kinship; and Jews in the United States consider the Irishman as the Catholic par excellence. All in all, the Jew who takes the whole situation lightly is apt to consider the Pope as head of the Christian Church, and this acknowledgement has not been ignored by parish priests, in semi-public assemblies for charitable and humanitarian purposes. In almost any public dispute, as for instance in a board of supervisors, where there is the slightest religious tang to the controversy, Jew and Catholic are usually found on the same side. When the United States was getting ready to annul its treaty with the Czar, on account of atrocities against the Jews, Catholic priests spoke at all the Jewish mass meetings. Russia, being Greek Catholic, had no bond of sympathy with Rome. There was nothing in the history of pragmatic sanction to cause a quiver in the Vatican when czardom collapsed. While Trotsky and other official Bolsheviks are Jews (racially rather than theologically) we have not noted any particular dogma or animosity of theirs against any Christian creed, and see no reason why they should select the Catholics for a target. Categorically, an alignment with the Masons might indicate such aim. Yet, in the United States, for instance and generally speaking, Masons and Jews are in a prosperous condition and would have no affinity for Bolshevism, which is a war against decent authority and sacred principles of home life. Of all things, Catholic, Jew and Mason stand for the sanctity of the home and the voice of honored authority, and it is absurd to imagine any two of them would join the Bolsheviks as against the other. Henry Ford is a sensationalist and an easy believer, confessedly of little learning. A Bolshevistic mind might believe that the world can be conquered with pamphlets, but very few Jews, Masons or Catholics will believe that in the year of grace 1920 the thing can be done.

* * *

Foreign Trade and Credits

Our exporters may be awarded two compliments: one for sustaining the commercial honor of the country; the other for keeping up prices. If the latter is not the most honorable part of the transaction, it at least pays well, and that is as far as some minds go. The man who sells in another state or another country, ships there his first product of the season; then the home consumption goes to a price beyond that which the outsider pays. The most conspicuous phase of the European situation, for some years, is that the foreigner lacks the money with which to buy our products. We have lent him millions. We have sent so many huge sums across the Atlantic that the fault-finding editors criticize the administration as un-American. It is a play on the popular imagination to call for a halt in this extension of credits. Uncle Sam has halted haltingly. It now appears that if Europe is allowed to go broke, many of our farmers will go the same way. The farmers have tilled the fields with an eye to European trade, and are now wondering where the money is to come from. While this wonderment continues, the produce market is declining by nickels, dimes and quarters, and bread is now cheaper. Cheaper bread is a wholesome sign of the times, yet it brings the producer no fancy cake. Facts of this nature were brought out last week at Harrisburg, Pa., where the Governors' Conference undertook to exploit a little naked truth as it looms in the gubernatorial vision. Our farmers need money; in fact, they are calling wildly for it, and the Harrisburg conference was told that if the United States should lend to Europe, Europe could return the money to the farmers here, for American produce. A committee sent in a resolution that our government should create a financial corporation for such purpose; and the conference adopted the committee's report. Thus we could assist Europe and our own producers at the same time. Money amounts to little unless it is kept in circulation, and it might as well be kept circulating around the world as anywhere. Of course, some inquisitive people will ask who ultimately pays the bill. No doubt, the ultimate consumer. He is last but not least in the financial world. He may have the least left at the end of the year; nevertheless, as all must consume, and some be ultimate, why shouldn't the ultimate consumer finish the job and complete the payment of all business operations? In a case of this kind, logic is fine drawn and may not strike hard on the credulity. What we should like to know this time is the ultimate consumer's nationality. Does he live in Europe or the United States?

* * *

The Ultimate Consumer Himself

It is the question of final reckoning that makes for political parties and the various campaign issues. Who pays the bill for wars, for public enterprises, income taxes, customs revenue, labor laws and all other items of legislation? This is asked whenever the people are called upon to vote. In the matter of foreign loans and foreign trade, we have noticed that the tendency is to raise prices in our own country. It would then seem that the American consumer pays for world-wide commercialism. On the other hand, the foreigner is supposed to pay interest on his loan. This of itself

would seemingly entitle him to the honor of being called the ultimate consumer, and no doubt he is a miltitudinous and poverty-stricken part of mankind, for your millionaire is supposed to make a profit on everything he does, even when presenting a diamond necklace to a chorus girl. The millionaire buys the necklace; the girl gets it. The question is—Who pays for it? The millionaire doesn't, because he is growing wealthier year after year. If he is a coal baron, the users of coal yield the money. But they also may have something to sell at a profit, and so the price of the necklace is passed from one man to another, until we come to him who has nothing to sell at a profit. He burns the coal, pays for it, and contributes his mite toward the diamonds in the necklace. He is the ultimate consumer in the last analysis, ne plus ultra. That's all right as far as profits are concerned. But now we have another query—Who is to be the ultimate consumer of the slump in prices that are making contemporaneous history? Some of our producers have lost big sums of money. We surmise that they are getting ready to regain as much as possible next year. The Democratic administration is not disposed to make a final grandstand play by rescuing the farmer from his financial bog. The Republicans would only undo the work on March 4, anyway, and then turn the trick to their own profit, as they have done with the League of Nations. The Republicans will have to invent their own economics when they meet the farmers face to face. The Republicans, now famous for bewaring of European entanglements, will be asked to finance Europe up to a point of buying our products. Having done that much, if they do it, they will quite likely desire Europe to behave itself, become industrious and repay the loans as they become due. The Republicans will urge them not to waste their substance in wars. If urged too hard, they may want to fight about it; and then the League of Nations will say something or do something. It is a quandary for the Republican Party, and one feels that the Republicans will be the ultimate consumer of the present crash in prices.

* * *

The Unemployed Again With Us

There is, in contemplation of the unemployed, a romance of which many novelists have taken advantage. Social theorists have found the rags and camp-fires of the tramp so picturesque that this side of the life has appealed to them and the public more than the humanitarian view. Tramp life is a living satire on civilization; and, as most of us have a satirical view for the proudest of achievements, a little envy goes with the pity for him who makes a living by having no livelihood. We have recently been told, though, that the unemployed of the year 1920 have money in the bank. This takes away all the sentiment. Many of the war-workers put by some of the high wages that they received for time and over-time. America must indeed be a rich country, when even its supposed paupers have bank accounts. The case is different in England, where assemblies of the idle have entered public buildings and demanded the right to sleep there. The sad part of the case is that the lack of work usually comes about the holiday season; so that the greatest suffering goes on simultaneously with the merry-making of the more fortunate. A laudable strain of our much criticised civilization is that in recent years public giving has been recognized as part of holiday activities. Few there are who do not make some donation to the numerous channels that wend into the hearts and homes of the poor. Not only do the wealthy make large contributions, but there are families in moderate circumstances who have abandoned the giving of all but trivial presents in their households and have sent the surplus of holiday money to bring comfort to the lives of those in actual need. Perhaps we have something of a guilty conscience over the fact that the poor and the unemployed are still with us. One fancies that in a well-organized community there would be work for all. If not, some provision could be made for putting the unemployed to remunerative tasks until the labor market again demand their services. The Edison plants in New Jersey have just laid off 1200 men. This, declared the superintendent, was in keeping with the business trend throughout the country. It is another argument for the passage of the immigration bill, keeping out the foreign laborer for some time to come. War wages were so high that they brought about the extraordinary condition of men leaving clerkships for the better-paid manual toil in the big industries, notoriously the shipyards, where a goodly percentage of ths toilers hardly knew how to hold a hammer. However, experts have taken an optimistic tone for the coming year; and the fact that Europe is still nervous and indolent from the war may have the effect of giving American laborers a longer season of work.

* * *

Balking the Immigrant

The prime consideration of Congress is whether or not to turn upside down the national doormat bearing the welcome that has made our country the most populous of the great powers. On Monday's opening of the session, a number of Congressmen had exchanged assurances that we need an embargo on foreign population. We have grown great under E Pluribus Unum, and now feel that the "pluribus" may become too many. At any rate, some not of the right sort are eager to be one of us, and there seems to be no vital reason why the influx should not be checked for six months or two years, while we have the opportunity of thinking it over. Americanization does not go on as fast as some of the orators tell us—or tell the newly made citizen. In many cases he applies for first papers with hardly the necessary English to make himself understood. Slowness of Americanization is not the most precarious part of the situation; or, rather, it does not describe the situation in precise terms. What interests the social historian is not so much Americanization of the alien as the possible alienation of our own virtues. In the minds of some, the United States has been a nation quite distinct from the peoples of the Old World. We had four terms with which to mention the four parts of the United States in its early history: sturdy New England, the aristocratic south, the effete east, and the wild and woolly west. The latter appellation no longer applies, and we consider ourselves a fortunate combination of the three others. All the great nations of history have been more or less hospitable to the immigrants from others, and occasionally the mixture of races has been so great as to threaten the dominant power. In most cases, though, the dominant ideal has been maintained long after the original stock of forefathers has become a minority. American ideals were never considered in danger, up to a few years ago, because we esteemed ourselves the most enlightened nation of the world, and had a statue to prove it, in New York harbor. We are still foremost; yet, since the war, have had occasion to deport a few hundred malcontentents who did not think so. These political freebooters are spreading their propaganda wherever they can, and, while no thorough-going American takes it more seriously than desiring them out of the country, we have millions of foreigners, speaking a foreign tongue and related by blood to peoples that have become touched, here and there, with radicalism. So this might be a good opportunity for closing the gates. Americanization could then go on unmolested for a while. In about two years, all the foreign-born would be speaking fairly good English. When they get that far, the rest of the process will be easy. Besides that, the foreigner is a consummate wine-bibber, and the supply here is short. They tell us that the foreigner is also a wine-maker, and that, were it not for him, we would be drinking chocolate sodas. True enough, but now and then he is a trouble-maker, and the world could hardly blame us if we take two years off of immigration so as to give those American ideas another chance.

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Human Deserts

By Lucille Ellis

The seemingly endless desert, as one glances over the shifting sands with its sprawly cacti and scant grease bush where venomous creeping things live, presents to the mind a picture of something bereft of everything that is of God.

Yet in the midst of these wild swept sands there are spots where life-giving water bubbles up, and to the delirious, thirst-tortured traveler, half blinded with the heat, when the cooling water touches his swollen tongue and parched throat, the place seems to him a paradise, more wonderful than any Garden of Eden that ever was told.

Wandering over the earth are creatures, men in shape only; because they have perverted every law of nature that God meant for the good of mankind.

They have become useless members of society, but like the oasis of the desert has water, they have souls, the only thing that makes them not utterly bereft of God.

Florence Kingdon was a child of poverty, and in the small country town where she was raised, she felt keenly the dividing line that separated the well-fed, well-kept families of prominent somebodies and the would-be somebodies, from those of the shifting and sometimes shiftless, hungry population of nobodies, that always occupied the tumbled-down shacks and old deserted bat-infested houses which stood on the outskirts of the town.

Like a pretty flower, that has grown in a dank, muddy lane, Florence had grown to womanhood in a home, where, always, there was never enough to eat, always, there was wrangling and an atmosphere of dreary discontent.

There were other girls, whose situation in life was the same as Florence Kingdon's and they tried in a way, by scrubbing floors and doing the drudgery of the best families, to make life pleasanter; but the their method was a subject of taboo with the socially prominent and elite, who believed these inferior workers had all the chance they needed, and should be kept in their places.

Like hundreds of other girls, who struggle to live and live clean, Florence left the environment of the village and its narrow, sordid, pitiable class distinction.

When she drifted into the mining camp of Helevita, situated in the hills that bordered the edge of the desert, and commenced work in the dining-room of the ,Silver Bell boardinghouse where the six hundred miners that comprised the day and night shift boarded, the ones who sat at her tables ordered extra coffee or hot cakes, in order that she might be near them while she "set the grub" before them. They liked to look up in her face, not that they meant to be rude, but just because she wsa sweet and good to look at.

There were other women in the camp; and in the place known as Stingaree Town, there were quite a few Mexicans and half-breeds.

The only man who did not stare rudely in open admiration when Florence took his late meal orders, as he did not care to come in with the rush of hungry miners, was Lloyd Benson, a mining engineer sent from New York by the company that owned the mine.

He was a large man with deep-set light gray eyes, beneath straight, thick, black eyebrows that seemed to meet above a prominent nose; he was not handsome, still women seemed to like him, and he preferred their company more than that of the rough workingmen with whom he had to associate daily.

To make his life more bearable, he had his bay pacing mare shipped from New York, and it was his pleasant duty to exercise this nervous thoroughbred pacer in the cool of the evening, just when the round, red sun sank beyond the western horizon, down the rough road that wound through the hills; then out over the alkali plains he would spin.

He never openly stared at Florence, he was too well-bred. Just the same he knew the lithe rounded body, the pretty face and slender white throat and waving golden brown hair made a picture he not only liked to look at, but very much desired to possess.

So he gradually became acquainted with Florence. It was not his way to do anything hurriedly, even when he drove his thoroughbred past the adobe bunk houses, where the tired miners lounged in the cool evening air, after their day of sweating toil.

Benson held the mare in, while she gracefully pranced and danced; he drove past them with pride, as if to show them, although he could not convince them he was better than they, he was at least in a superior way very different.

Some evenings he would drive by with Florence beside him; not that he considered Florence worthy of the honor, he only wanted to show them the pretty girl in the neat, white dress was something he could have and if he wanted her.

Over the alkali plain the mare paced, clearing small patches of flat cacti with a single stride. Florence turned to look at Benson, who suddenly put his arm around her and drew her close to him, his face close to hers; his large, deep-set eyes glittered in the clear moonlight. With a terrible fear she put both hands flat against his breast and tried to push him from her.

"No, don't do that you'll make the mare stampede, she'll wreck the sulky and kill us. "Kiss me," he cried, in a choking sort of a way; as the mare bounded forward, faster, quickly he grabbed the lines with both hands and with quiet words soothed the excited animal. They were now miles and miles from any human habitation.

"Mr. Benson," cried Florence, "will you take me home, back to the camp?"

"Home!" Benson turned to the girl; in the bright moonlight every emotion showed clear the glittering eyes, large mouth, the upper lip which lifted cruelly at the corners revealing his white teeth. To Florence he seemed like an animal that would like to tear her limb from limb, and this awful fear showed in the girl's eyes

"We're not going to the camp, we are going to stay here," he said in cold tones.

Benson leapt to the ground. Holding the lines in one hand, he held the other to Florence, who was too frightened to move.

As she did not offer to leave the cart Benson unhooked the tugs, letting the shafts fall to the ground, and led the mare a few feet awy. "Now with just one stroke of these lines the mare is gone," he said, "and she won't go back to camp either, but fifty miles away from here, where she has been boarding the last two months, and it is up to you whether I start her off."

"Then hit her," said Florence as she jumped to the ground. "I dare you to!"

Coming close, his face working, Benson grasped Florence by the wrist. With courage born of great fear, with all her strength she struck him full in the face.

Uttering a hoarse cry Benson gave the animal a sharp slap with the lines and she was off, the faint hoof beats echoing back as she disappeared in the silvery moonlight.

As a cat creeps steadily over the ground, and then sudenly springs toward its prey, just so Benson took a few stealthy steps, then grasped Florence tightly in his arms, his distorted face close to hers, his breath coming in quick gasps.

Crazed with fear Florence struggled, trying to escape from the maddened man; putting her hands against his face, she clawed and beat 'till they were wet with his blood.

Holding the girl's body with one arm, with his free hand Benson swung a crashing blow to the side of her face. Florence fell back stunned.

Then like talons of steel Benson's fingers closed around the soft, white throat, panting in a gurgling way with his face close to the girls, Benson watched the fast glazing eyes in the horrow-stricken face.

Slowly he laid the unresisting, lifeless body to the ground.

* * * * * *

In a park of a seaport town a dusty, ragged tramp walked aimslessly, seating himself near the park's entrance in a slouching way, his chin sunk down, his hat pulled over his eyes. He seemed to be resting, listening to the refrain of an anthem sung by children' voices, that drifted on the evening air from the open windows of a church across the street.

The tramp listened, then dared to raise his eyes to look toward the choir loft that could be plainly seen through the open windows, where the children, their faces lifted like pansies in a garden, pourned forth their song of praise.

As he listened to the melody of children's voices, memories of other days came to him. Once, he too, had sung with other children, and the memory of his clean childhood stood before him and with accusing finger pointed to the thing he now was.

Filled with horror and loathing of what he had become, with a longing to escape and flee from himself, stifling the cry of his withered, starved soul, the tramp fled from the sight of the choir loft; fled from what seemed to him the faces of cherubim singing their song of redemption before the throne of God.

A mounted policeman, riding through a lonely part of the park in the early morning, was shocked to see the body of a man suspended by a rope, swinging from a branch of a tree. Hastily the patrolman lowered the body to the ground, and sent a call for the morgue wagon.

There was not anything by which the body could be identified,—it was only a weather-beaten, ragged tramp.

Like a traveler stumbling through the desert sand following a mirage always just beyond, while the cricling black dots in the sky descend lower as he wandered on blindly passing the life-saving oasis, just so Lloyd Benson, who had gratified every desire, following the mirage of pleasure, followed on and no into the land-of nowhere.

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Story of the Fly-By-Night

By Lucille Ellis

Once upon a time, there lived a man who was very, very handsome; he was not only handsome in form and face, he was also very intellgent and brilliantly educated.

To this wealth of beauty and intelligence was added great wordly wealth,—he was so blessed with health and wealth that one would liken him to an especially blest Greek god; and he believed he knew the art of living, and yet sometimes he felt satiated.

As years passed and the more the pleasures of the world became similar to him the more determined was he to enjoy every good thing the world could offer, as he believed he lived but once; also he believed he did not have a soul; therefore, he must make the most of life, because when one does not believe there is a soul, even though he own the whole world, it cannot balance the loss of a soul.

But the man did not know this. When he bought an almost priceless work of art he did not know it was the artist's soul that shone on the canvas and made the picture what it was. He only knew it was one of the beautiful things of the world, but never thought why it was so.

And the man was quite sure there was not a soul, it was all a myth, just like a beautiful fairy story, too good to be true.

Sometimes he was weary, then he would think: What was the use of it all, some day he would die and leave everything. "Dust unto dust," that would be the last of him.

In this mood he would muse, wondering why people existed,—why they did thus and so; why the monster poverty should roam the world making such disagreeable conditions for its victims?

He had never met poverty.

He had never known any great joy or sorrow. Other people had suffered; but he, began to think that maybe he had missed something in life. Dreamily he leaned back in his comfortable chair and watched a large white moth, with golden brown spots on its wings where it seared its velvety surface when it beat against the light globe.

He would call his servant to dispose of the moth; then he desired not to, as he was tired, tired of the sight of a servant,—he felt tonight as if he hated everybody, and he felt the servant hated him. No, he would let the moth beat against the light until it died; it ought to die; he would like to see it die.

Son the moth ceased beating against the light and fluttered to the edge of the table nearest the man, where it perched itself, its tiny bead-like eyes looking at him, and before the man's fascinated gaze, the moth slowly began to change.

The white velvety wings of the moth changed into a white velvet evening gown with golden brown butter flies splashed over it, the black eyes of the moth changed to large, soft, brown eyes, fringed with long black lashes that looked from the oval face of a pretty girl.

"Oh," said the man. "Why you are, why," he stammered, "I thought you were a moth?"

"I am," said the dimpling moth, "I'm a Fly-By-Night. Don't you remember when you were a little boy out on the lawn at twilight trying to catch the moths, and your nurse told you they were Fly-By-Nights?"

"But your gown is not burned and the moth's wings were?"

"Oh, well," said the Fly-By-Night, "you can't see the burns on me, because they are on my soul,—it is burned and scarred, but then you can't see my soul."

"Even so," said the man, "what are you doing here?"

"I've came to talk with you; I've perched myself on the edge of this table, so I'll be close to look at you and tell you something. You may not want to listen, but just the same you will rest in your chair and look at me while I talk to you."

And truly she was pretty, the man stared at the weak, soft pretty face.

"And you, you think you have a soul," said the world-wise man.

"Yes, I have a soul; my body is wrecked, but my soul lives. To begin with, I was born and raised in a mountainous country near the sea, there were rivers which ran through spruce and pine-covered bottom lands, and sloughs bordered by wide meadows. In the springtime I wandered through these meadows, beneath my bare, brown feet was the dew-laden violets, above my head the pussy-willows and fragrant bloom-laden wild crabapples, above all was God's own blue sky. As the sunshine, the wild rose, the robin calling to its mate were a part of God's creation, so was I of that creation. When I think of those beautiful dream days, for they are only a sweet memory to me now, I know it was a pitable mistake when I left."

The man listened, for the Fly-By-Night was telling him something he had never bothered to think about..

"The tragic part was not so much what I (an ignorant, pure-minded girl) had done, it was the attitude of those around me. The silent scorn of a stern father, the pitying love of a broken-hearted mother was more than I could bear. If they had stoned me to death they would have been more merciful. They were good people and meant well, but they took God's plan of life, and instead of making their lives on that plan, they turned and twisted, removing a part here, cutting away a portion there until they made the plan to fit their lives. You see, God's plan of love was so simple, so wonderfully simple and unlimited, it was all right from the pulpit, but in every-day life it was not practical. It was too unlimited, in fact if they lived according to God's plan, they could not protect themselves, so they thought. Besides, the community must be protected; therefore, unfortunates like myself were not encouraged to remain."

"Leaving all that was dear to me I crept away to a city, and in a charity hospital my baby was born. I will not tell you of the weary days after my little babe left the hospital. I tried to work and keep my baby, but no one cared if I failed in my work, because I was weak and starved, no one thought it their business. And so when I could no longer bear my burden, I took the most precious thing I ever possessed; yet, it was precious, because when I took my baby and laid it in the little white-draped cradle of the infants' shelter and deliberately left him, something died within me.

"I told you my soul was scarred. I did not scream and cry. It was too terrible what I had done in a blinding, dumb agony. I stumbled out to the street and wandered until in the early dawn, when I found myself out on the lonely cliffs overlooking the sea, and then I seemed to take hope. 'Why I'll just go back and get him.' I returned to the shelter and asked for my baby and was told he was not there; it had been taken away, so the sister informed me; no she could not say where. So I was never to see my little babe again.

"Weary and utterly desolate I left the place. It did not matter now what became of me, so I drifted to the streets. I know if I had kept my baby, say I had even been compelled to keep it, to nurse and care for it, I would have been a much better woman. That is what babies are for, so I think, to train us and make us better.

"It was long, oh, so long ago, I heard someone say, 'A child shall lead them,' and I don't know if it meant just babies, but now when these sad memories come to me, it always seems it was my baby that would have led me.

"To the underworld, the inferno of life, I went, always tring to forget, but always the thing I had done was brought to mind; the sight of a baby's angel face looking over its mother's shoulder as they passed me on the street was fuel to the burning torment of my soul. If her baby died it would be put in a little coffin and laid away; she would always know where it was. As I walked the streets I often asked little, upkempt newsboys if they had a home, wondering if by any chance, my boy could have been among them." And the Fly-By-Night wept silently, for in sorrow, she had learned it is only when we laugh that the world laughs with us.

The man, who believed he did not have a soul, glanced over the morning paper; near the bottom of the page a small paragraph held his attention. It wasn't much,—just a few lines, telling of an unidentified body of a woman, found in the water near the wharf. The body had been in the water only a few hours.

To all appearances she was from the underworld. Inquiries in that quarter found that one of the inmates of a certain place was missing. There did not seem to be anyone who knew anything of her. She was known only as Florence.

The man read the paragraph and decided to go to the morgue, where the body of Florence lay. He looked at the little body, the big, staring, brown eyes and he wondered how one so young could have been so desperate. Could life have been so terrible that death, such a death, was a refuge from the inhumanity of the world?

It was not because the unknown dead of a city was wrapped in newspapers, put in pine boxes and buried in the Potters' field, that the man, who did have a soul, had the outcast's body sent to an undertaking establishment, where in a white silk-lined coffin it lay, dressed in shimmering white satin, even to the white satin sandals on the feet. To have seen her in this splendid array one would have said she was a bride.

Around the sad, sweet face and in the hand crossed over the breast was a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley.

And bride's roses mingled their fragrance with that of the white violet and white hyacinthe as the "worn out fetters" of the outcast was consigned to earth.

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Too Much Psychology

Police methods have changed considerably in the last half century. The police themselves have become more humane. It is more noticeable that the police have improved faster than the criminal. The latter is as free as ever. The modern criminal is a hundred years behind the times, and has not tried to keep pace with the psychological trend of highly educated police chiefs, such as is possessed by Berkeley. We have the word of Leonard Compton, probation officer of Alameda County, that courts of the future will be equipped with laboratories, physicians, psychologists and nurses to determine the mental make-up of every convicted one, and perhaps save him from the humiliation of a vulgar jail. Such scientific equipment would be valuable right now, to deal with the gangsters who maltreated two girls in the Howard street cottage and shot to death three officers in Sonoma county. The guilty ones should be taken to the laboratory (upon receipt from the hangman), where their brains could be examined, photographs taken of skull interiors, and every scientific effort made to establish the anatomical facts of the criminal mind. This information would be handed over to the psychologists; the nurses would acquire knowledge; and criminology, not to say sociology, would receive some benefit. There may be cases where a little psychology or maybe metaphysics would be of advantage to society, without recourse to the post-mortem examination. For instance, where a man steals a loaf of bread, psychology and a five-dollar bill might put him on his honest feet again. But this sort of education would be of little use to eight men who abduct two girls for a night of sex depravity. The chances of reform would be so slight that the community should rather depend upon other men for keeping alive the social scheme. Common, ordinary, hard-working citizens are so plentiful that we can't see the merit of spending money on eight varlets, in the hope that something useful might eventually be done with them. We have no quarrel with psychology. It is a good thing in its place, particularly in the school room. Send every child to school. And if he does not learn there and in his home to woo a maid with a bunch of roses instead of a punch on the jaw, why, ten chances to one, he never will learn. He might have a propensity to shoot the arresting policeman and yet do no harm to a poor, old, inoffensive psychologist. From our own humble acquaintance with phychology, we would refuse to take chances until the scoundrels were chloroformed or hanged. There must be many other good people who feel the same way about it—save and except those who attempted to end the matter quickly with a lynching bee.

A Clinic for Social Unrest

Something must be done for us if our minds keep improving at the well-known speed of the last few years. The world is so full of a number of things that I'm sure we must all be as crazy as kings. They who are not slightly insane, or perhaps just a bit ultra in the cerebrum, are behind the times. In the first place, we study too hard. This was first noted in the cafés and musical comedies, and has latterly been found a phenomenon in the universities. Lunacy develops now and then among the students and faculties. This is avouched in our own Berkeley institution by Dr. Robert T. Legge, professionally connected there. He is in favor of the clinic for the U. C., and if it proves successful among the students, would be worthy of consideration for a wider field. We all need mental attention, for the rapid musical comedy idea has entered our science, inventions, commerce, politics, art and general conduct. This constitutes a large part of the social unrest. Unsympathetic persons claim that the social unrest can be cured by going to bed early. To this the reply is that you are likely to wake up early and have several hours during which you don't know what to do. The farmer is not afflicted with this sort of restlessness, for if he awakes at 4 a. m., he can go out and hoe something. But in the city, with nothing to hoe, and you arise before dark, it is too early for breakfast or a movie, and the time is wasted. If you roll out of bed at 11 o'clock, partake of luncheon, and wonder which engagement would be most acceptable for the evening, then you have the social unrest in its most acute form. A clinic would relieve all such tension of the most weary mind. It is not so much our acts as wondering what action to take that tires us. Hence the necessity for an expert. "Tell me, tell me, is there balm in Gilead?" wailed Edgar Allan Poe; and the raven quoth "Nevermore." But the raven knew naught about clinics, and we have Poe's declaration, anyway, that that was the only word at his command. He may have had the idea but couldn't express it. Over at the university, they have a large vocabulary and many ideas. They shoot out good ones at the rate of one a week. The best one for several months is the clinic for tired minds. And the best part of it all is that the young men and co-eds become tired from study. This throws new light on the whole university system. We always thought our youth attend universities to watch the yell leader and copy his manners. There is no doubt that they do some studying; yet few of them can spell and punctuate. Co-eds don't punctuate at all, and anybody that has ever received a letter from one of them will say that a clinic is required for general use, seeing that these girls graduate by the thousands annually throughout the land. This is a subject that needs continuation from time to time.

Murder and Unheeded Anticipation

Justice treads a curious course. Indirectly, because two were killed at Sarajevo, millions of lives were sacrificed in a World War; because moral laws were allowed to be broken in a Howard street shack, already three innocent men have been slain. Must the remedy forever outstrip in deadly cost the value of the thing sought to be cured? How much might not have been gained by anticipation? Have three men in the prime of life been sent to face their Maker because brother officers failed to perform their duty? If so, surely is the blood of them upon these latter and cries aloud for atonement.

Whatever the claim, is it humanly probable for policemen to have patrolled the beat about the Howard street place of infamy and not to have been conscious of the revolting nature of the place? The ordinary observer, untrained in police duties, is fully aware of the existence of this and other localities wherein the law is openly violated; yet patrolmen pass these places seemingly oblivious of their character.

Judas sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver; is there a present price on blood and moral turptitude? Why are certain denizens of corners and streets—rendevous or preying-places of vagrants or tawdry women, who stand idly by the day long or solicit the passerby for immoral purposes—unquestioned on their idleness or undisturbed in their trafficking? What inducement, if any, obtains to make an officer oblivious to things that are of common knowledge to the rest of men? Does the vulnerability of democracy herein lie: political heads, who should force their underlings to performance of duty, fear to lose the underworld's vote if they so do?

Then, what shall be done with those officers, who daily and nightly for months past, patrolled the Howard street place and saw naught of what was known to all men? Shall the blood of their slain brothers that is upon their faces not mark them as contributors to its shedding, because they failed to prevent just what happened? Or must we trudge the way of blood and shocking moral degeneracy and, by not anticipating outrage, reap again the tares we had allowed to flourish?

Chief O'Brien's Defensive

Deplorable and lamentable as the shocking crimes of the Howard street gangsters are, they happened at the psychological moment—when the possibility of their repetition seems well nigh impossible. Chief Daniel O'Brien, at the very inauguration of his duties, faces the terrific problem of ridding San Francisco of a dangerous criminal class, who have grown bold because unrestrained in their operations. For weeks before the late Chief White's fatal illness, he was outlining a plan for the extermination of these nefarious desperadoes. Chief O'Brien is familiar with these proposed operations and now brings to their execution the ardor of newly acquired power for initiative. He is credited with determination, force and enthusiasm. At the outset of his official career, he has this enormous propositon to wrestle with. It is always the big things which bring out the best in the capabilities of an executive. Chief O'Brien will solve the problem. He knows its elements (from his police experience) and if he needs any help in the transposition of this particular differential expression, the people of San Francisco are waiting to give it to him, even if it require their united strength to raise the mesh which sank under the crime wave that has flooded our city.

A Public Official Would Bail Beasts

According to newspaper record, one of the first to consider offering bail for the monsters connected with this orgy of raping was the secretary of the playground commission, Frank Lawler—a political appointee and an officer of the Dreamland prizefight club. Playground for little babies—club for mauling bruisers—attempted rescuer of the lowest type of man. And this combination exists—not in Russia, but in San Francisco. Mr. Lawler is related by marriage to two local lawyers highly esteemed and active in municipal affairs, yet he is sufficiently sympathetic with the Howard street thugs to wish to offer bail for them. In view of the present loathsome revelations shall Frank Lawler's political connections be sufficiently strong to hold him on the playground commission at an expense to citizens of $275 a month?

Should not his respectable supporters have exerted their influence upon him to make him either sever all affiliation with prize-fighters, etc., or else cause him to relinquish public office?

It will indeed be interesting to observe the immediate future of Mr. Lawler. Will he resign

or will he be exonerated or allowed to repent while holding on to his office?

The Psychology of Police Progression

Why was the recent shifting of policemen from one district to another made? Accepted rules designed to promote efficiency emphasize the importance of specializing—this in tools as well as in situations—so why should not this apply to policemen? In contrast, however, cattle raisers insist on the beneficial effect of frequent changes of pasture for their beeves and fattlings and possibly it is by this rule the officials are guided, though why it is difficult to conjecture. Surely it is not within reason to suppose that their own rule bears even remotely in the premises because of the vulgar castigating of officers as "bulls"!

Chinatown and terrific territory contiguous thereto are usually the locations selected for official relocatings. Is it because of paternal desire to preserve from taint of sin those whom association with evil might corrupt that these changes are made? This would be excellent intention but criminologists assert that wickedness is so magnetic a thing that momentary contact therewith often is sufficient to wed one to it; if this be true what chance for his soul's salvation has a policeman, who originally lamblike, is thrust into that place of ravening wolves and made to sojourn there for a long period? A Saint Anthony might chance such super-temptation in view of what ecclesiastical history relates he went through; but, as constant dripping will wear the hardest stone and that holy one was not an iron man and at best was subjected to but an hour or two of vampy visions before the Lord bade Satan to lay off, it is questionable whether he could have withstood a longer ordeal without weakening.

In the physical world we contend with evils that are adjudged finally good. The bolt from heaven may sear and kill, but it also supplies that electric substance which heals and gives life; in the moral life, according to the eminent theologian Augustine, there exists necessary evil. However, as we court neither lightning nor the things of Satan, why invite a visitation of either? If the police in the condemned areas have become soul-soiled by contamination is it not better that they continue in their sinful wallowing? Should brother officers, who, breathing God's fog out where evil is not and oblivious of the fast time their comrades make skidding down the primrose path, be transferred and the sheep of the fold in turn be plunged into carnal places? The salvation of the former would not thereby be accomplished nor the righteousness of the other be preserved; contrariwise, constant sighing for the Chino-Barbary fleshpots would function to dim the eye and dull the vigilance of the transferred fog-belt, sin-smeared roundsman, who, heart craving and thought straining—his eyes wistfully cast toward aureole of pendant glow in the east—beacon set above the shoals of chaos and shame—would scarce sense the import of dominoed gentry slinking mid the shadows intent on their prey. Hence, good-bye sweet day of efficiency, for the last state of this community would be worse than the first.

Municipal Urgent Necessity Fund

Apropos the Supervisors' discussion as to which were more expedient—the construction of Laguna Honda boulevard, or the improvement of Point Lobos avenue, it was several times suggested by members of the Board that they tap, for this purpose, the Urgent Necessity Fund; a little enlightenment as to the nature of this appropriation might, therefore, be in order.

In preparing the annual budget at the beginning of each fiscal year, $100,000 is set aside to constitute the aforesaid fund, the object of which is to provide ready money for just what its title indicates. Now it is seemly to be convulsed when one witnesses the holy horror exhibited by board members when it is suggested that this santum sanctorum be broken into for purposes foreign to its object. Whether or not the construction of either roadway is urgent should have no bearing on the propriety of using this money to defray the expenses thereof, for a review of past performances—most of them approvingly participated in by many of the supervisors presently serving—will illustrate the ludicrous attitude of such as would, in this eleventh hour instance, assume the role of city treasury watchdogs.

A glance at municipal history for a few years back—and presently—will serve to convince the taxpayer that the Urgent Necessity Fund is some prize masquerader; in fact, it could be labelled "Accommodation Fund," or given any old sobriquet more in keeping with its actual functioning!

Originally intended as money available for use in case of disaster, pestilence or other pressing and unforseen eventuality, casual examination of where its contents often went will serve to show that, for the sake truth, if for naught else, we should name it more in consonance with its character.

November 29, 1920, according to the supervisoral calandar, there was appropriated out of that misnamed caché $3750 as follows: Virginia Vanderbilt, $1500; Theresa Oelrichs, $750; Herbert Law, $1200; Dr. Hartland Law, $300—for rental of land on the Marina for air-port purposes.

This surely was wisely expended. For there is no other city in the western hemisphere which will have such a wonderful air-port as San Francisco—there is no other area on the peninsula which would have compared to it. If there were no other money available, it was good judgment to pay the rental out of the Urgent Necessity Fund. But harken to the rest of the list:

For the city attorney's appraising of Spring Valley properties the old fund was hit some awful blows: March 7, 1915, $2500; August 6, $8860; August 9, $1000; October 20, $15,000; January 26, 1914, $5472.16 for the mayor's automobile; August 7, 1916, $1500 in part payment for the supervisors' auto; January 13, 1917, $750 to L. H. Mooser and F. L. Von Rhein for telling us what our South Beach lands were worth! Then $750 more to overhaul and paint the mayor's auto; February 7, 1917, $2500 to defray the cost of the supervisors' trip to Washington, D. C., and $500 for the clerk of the board when he took a similar outing; June 7, 1917, $325 for a flagpole for the Hall of Justice; $50 for the mayor's desk lamp and $4000 to help out the civic auditorium and its organ recitals.

If these and others of a like nature constitute "urgent necessities," then boulevard building is super-urgent, and the city fathers could, with no qualms of conscience, use the entire $100,000 for this laudable purpose. It will evaporate anyhow, and the taxpayers, whose trips across the continent, desk lamps and auto overhaulings will not be paid for by supervisoral appropriation out of this little nest egg, might as well have a return for the cash they contribute in improved roadways, beautified parks or any old thing they might, with impunity, deem **urgently necessary.**

Ankles and Step Ladders

This is an unfortunate time to grasp the ankles of girls in the Public Library. The public has been keyed to a high pitch of wrath over several assaults on young women, and only a daring lunatic would attempt to touch an ankle, even as a poor practical joke. The girls that were waylaid in the Howard street cottage were indiscreet enough to attend a public dance pavilion. They were in pursuit of pleasure; also of gentlemen. They encountered miscreants, who enticed them to injury and disgrace. Out of this calamity, some journalists have drawn a lesson for other maids who would take the same dancing path. But when a young woman mounts a step-ladder to get a book for the education of the public, and is earning a livelihood in the quiet shadows

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of the Public Library, she ought to be safe from interference, especially as the modern short skirt was not invented for climbing step-ladders. Fashion brought out this skirt presumably for walking; and even in a sitting posture the folds are drawn higher than, we presume, fashion actually intended. Some men are pleased to make playful jibes at this attire. In most cases, they confine their criticism to words. Among the profound intellects that frequent the library, there must be some old-fashioned fellows who rail at up-to-date garb, and it is barely possible that they would vent their discontent by giving a twitch on the ankle to the girl on the ladder. The motive, of course, might be another; but as the malefactors thus far have given one squeeze and then skedaddled, we presume that they are harmless fanatics, whose minds have been warped by too much learning. Nevertheless, they should be apprehended and put where there are no ankles, step-ladders and very few books to tempt them

Barrows Sued Under Honor System

David P. Barrows, president of U. C., has been sued for $20,000, upon a charge that arouses a highly technical discussion. A student, son of an interior judge, was expelled from the university for alleged dishonesty during an examination. He had refused to divulge the names of a fellow student with whom there was a supposed interchange of ideas and inside information of certain facts bringing about correct answers to queries, etc., etc. The students there are under the honor system. That is what raises the technical point. All being on their honor in the class room, surely each is responsible to his own conscience; if to anything more, then to the college dicipline. But no student would be responsible for the honor of another. It must appear that the faculty themselves are upon their honor, and could not consistently ask one student to turn state's evidence on the act of a friend. It may be discreditable to steal information for the purpose of getting through the university; yet it is hard to see how one student could be called to account for letting his examination paper lie in such a position that another could read. The student with the piratical eye for much needed information sat at Wood's side, and subsequently there was some gossip as to what the unknown one had seen. In order to clear up the mystery, Wood was asked for the name of his neighbor, and he refused to tell. He was then suspended, and a notice thereof was published in the "University Record." The word "dishonesty" was part of the paragraph. Wood claims that the paragraph appeared under instruction from President Barrows, and so demands $20,000 for the alleged defamation and consequent anguish. It is not likely that Barrows wil have to hand over that amount of money, but some of the students will receive $20,000 worth of pleasure at seeing the honor system presented to court and threshed out in all its details. It is not thoroughly understood. Its effectiveness has been now acclaimed and now doubted. The honor system works fairly well in some penitentiaries. Why not among university students? If the case comes to trial we may learn more about it.

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The MacSwiney Case in America

During the days of Terence MacSwiney's hunger strike there was division of opinion as to the folly or wisdom of his course. The best thing that many could say of him was that he suffered for the cause he thought was right, and, having completed that painful two months with death, should be remembered with a certain amount of respect, whether his passing be called martyrdom or suicide. His last rites having been conducted in turmoil, of which the accounts were confusing as the Irish problem itself, the lord moyar's widow is now in the United States, ostensibly for the purpose of informing this country officially or unofficially just what happened and why. A curious part of her visit is the way many of the welcomers make a show of acting for the whole country. One woman welcomed her "in behalf of the women of the United States." This intensified hospitality has irritated a large number of our citizens, and some have even gone so far as to doubt the advisability of allowing the lady to enter the port of New York. The theory of our government has always been something in the nature of our national anthem, with pride as a land of the free and an asylum for the oppressed. Yet this asylum is rightfully more of a personal nature, for the benefit of the oppressed who come to us from the "heel of foreign monarchs." The monarchical heel is not iron-shod these day in Europe, nor ornamented with gold and silver, and there is every reason to believe that most of the nations of Europe are now living upon a fairly democratic basis. More than that, Europe is filled with radicalism, whose adherents are, in a measure, terrorists, and who, at any rate, are given to dissentions that lead to violence. It goes without saying that the people of the United States have every good wish for the welfare of Ireland. At the same time, we should abhor seeing America made an arena for disputes that go for riots across the Atlantic. That would not be against the theory of our Constitution. It is not the desire of the people. Muriel MacSwiney appears to be an admirable woman in her native personality, and her arrival in this country for the purpose of rest and refuge would meet with approval everywhere. But we should strenuously object to see her attempt the instigations and the excitement that would cause American to come to blows or even to political discord with Amrican. Ireland calls itself a republic. It has a flag. It, or part of it, assumes to maintain a government. Its president dwells in the United States. We gather from his statements that he left Ireland secretly, and we infer that he is unable or unwilling to return the same way. The inference does not amount to much. The president of Irland has been touring the United States for many months, and now the widow of Ireland's martyr has headquarters at the St. Regis, New York City. The advent of each on these shores has had the effect of consolidating the enthusiasm of Irishmen here, and a number of fistic encounters have taken place as the result of such international meddling. We cannot say that these practices will continue; but we do feel that, since the United States has taken to a policy of non-interference with problems on European soil, there should be, and promptly the same rejection of those problems being brought within our own boundaries for belligerent debate.

Humiliating the Vice-President

According to Senator Elkins, it is humiliating to the vice-president and the American people that this high official has no adequate dwelling place at Washington. It appears that Coolidge (v. p. to be) was expected to occupy an old frame house that rents for $35 a month. All the v. p's. for some time back took the road to the capital with the same expectations, and then spent half their salaries in hotels and other transitory homes. All this might have been humiliating to the American people, had we known it. Since our most delightful political jest is that few of us know the names of our vice-presidents, we are not likely to take much interest in the place where he resides. It is hard to be humiliated over problems that never enter our minds. Nevertheless, as rents go now, $35 a month at Washington is a picayunish amount. The dwelling may have been a fine, old mansion in colonial days, with the roof and drains at present out of repair. We never knew it. They tell us only what they think we ought to know of what goes on at the capital. All of the capitalists are the the same on that point. The other day Mrs. Woodrow Wilson was hostess for about an hour to the wife of the president-elect. Upon departure Mrs. Harding refused to tell the reporters and details of the visit. Now, we cannot assume that an interview between the First Lady and the First Lady-elect resulted in anything that should not be imparted to the whole world. Surely they had no quarrel, and preadventure the tea was delicious. Yet apparently court etiquette forbade talking about it, one way or another. Did they discuss the fashions, books, bend their heads to Washington gossip? Who knows? The absence of such information is more humiliating to the American people than being deprived of the fact that the vice-president has been living all along in a $35 house; and we were not even acquainted with the latter fact until Senator Elkins proposed a bill to build the vice-president a $350,000 domicile. Mrs. Harding did disclose to the reporters that she "had a very pleasant, visit, indeed"; and this may be regarded as official. The remark can go down in history without causing any ill feeling to Republican, Democrat, Non-partisan or any other kind of patriot. To be sure, it does not fill us with pride; it does not electrify us A confab between the two first ladies would be interesting, whether sparkling with wit or dimmed with that caution which characterized Mrs. Harding's statement to the reporters. But now all the other ladies in land can only comment that there was said nothing worth mentioning, and that is the worst that can be said of anything.

Are We Pagans?

Americans frequently have cause to laugh at the discoveries that foreign visitors of distinction make in the United States. The Englishman or Frenchman, upon returning home, and prepara-

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tory to writing a book, gives a column full of his impressions while here. All things considered, these criticisms are usually mild in comparison with the discoveries of the citizen who has dwelt within our borders all his life and suddenly arises to tell us what we are and are not. Miss Bertha Conde of New York, secretary of the National Board of the Y. M. C. A., has no doubt had sufficient time to form an estimate of her surroundings. She did not, like the Englishman and Frenchman, tour New York, Chicago and Atlantic City in a fortnight, or the whole country in a month, then make vivid remarks. Her judgment was based on long observation, meditation and a series of patriotic impulses. Thereupon she declares that half of the people of the United States are pagans, with no religion of any kind. As the pagans had a religion, though merely a pagan one, we must submit to the insinuation that we are actually worse off than they. A collection should be immediately taken up in our behalf. This is a good time of the year for that purpose. In contradistinction to Miss Conde, it must be remembered that Mr. Warren Gamaliel Harding and Mr. James Cox, the former senator and the latter governor of Ohio, both highly intelligent men, recently went about the country, making observations and speeches, and came to no such conclusion. They are, we take it, both of a truthful nature, and had they noticed that half of us are pagans, they would have said so. Not one of our statesmen has ever given a hint of such a condition. Yet, here it is in figures: the lady states unflinchingly that fifty-three million people here are neither Catholic, Protestant nor Jew. It might be noted in passing that not all of the profiteers are pagan; yet, after all, that is neither here nor there. The fact of the matter is that a pagan does not amount to much in the way of general utility, economic or spiritual. The Greeks were pagans, but they couldn't help it. They helped us; that is true. The Romans were pagans, and they cleared the paths of Europe for religious zeal. The up-to-date pagan has no such prospect. He serves no purpose; he blazes no trails, strews no paths with roses; does nothing more than pave the way for such remarks as Miss Conde's. At any rate, no one, except another pagan, has a good word to say for him. If there be any good in him, it would be inadvisable to tell it in public print. The alarming part of the thing is that there are fifty-three million of him. Numerically he is important. It is all very sad, and we can now see why there is so much objection to the proposed Sunday-closing law.

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Ambrose Bierce—Starrett

A delightful and illuminating story of the life of Ambrose Bierce by Vincent Starrett has just made its appearance. One uses the word illuminating with reservations, for the splendid "soldier fighter and soldier writer" was enveloped in a miraculous haze which descended upon him whenever the curious sought to dissect, as it were, his personality.

Bierce had warm friends and ardent admirers, who worship at his literary shrine and never tire singing the praises of his genius and courage. The author has gone to these for much of his data. For the rest, the quicksilver in the Bierce contributions to the literature of the English language vitalizes the pages of the little volume, evidently a work of love by Mr. Starrett. One characteristic paragraph is:

"Bierce cherished no personal enmities, for his attacks were largely upon principles promoted by men, rather than upon the men—themselves. One who knew him once said: 'I look upon Bierce as a literary giant. I don't think he really means to walk rough-shod over people, any more than a lion means to be rough with a mouse. It is only that the lion wonders how anything so small can be alive, and, that he is amused by its antics.'

"One of his oldest friends speaks of his gentleness, refinement, tenderness, kindness, unselfishness, and calls him deeply—almost childishly—human. . . . He had no vanity; his insolence toward the mob was detached, for he was an aristocrat to the bottom of him. But he would have given his coat to his bitterest enemy who happened to be cold."

One of the anecdotes related of the time when Bierce went to Washington at the request of W. R. Hearst, to give what aid he could to defeating C. P. Huntington's "refunding bill," releasing Huntington and his associates of the C. P. R. R. from their oblibations to the government. A Washington newspaper man said to Huntington: "Bierce is in town." "How much does he want?" cynically asked Huntington. This insult was reported to Bierce, who retorted: "Please go back and tell him that my price is about seventy-five million dollars. If, when he is ready to pay, I happen to be out of town, he may hand it to my friend, the treasurer of the United States." In writing of the notable contest, Bierce was in his element. It became a whimsical saying that his pens became red hot and the ink boiled. He forced a withdrawal of the insolent measure, and it was not so long ago that the last installment of the entire debt was handed to Bierce's friend, the treasurer of the United States.

The third part of the little book is "The Mystery." It will be read and re-read and pondered by ever increasing multitudes of the admirers of the Biercian literary versatility.

The first edition of Starrett's book is limited to 250 copies, but it is safe to say that other editions will go into the thousands. It is published by Walter M. Hill, Chicago.

Robertson's Bierce Classics

Mr. Sterrett's book sends those with a passion for word values to delve in the Bierce creations. There will, for example, probably be a great new demand for "The Shadow On the Dial," the collection of flawless essays throbbing with vitality and polished like cut jewels with the Bierce immortal pen. They were rescued from the old files of papers, where Bierce allowed them "to lie fallow," and published by Alexander M. Robertson, our own dean of publishers, with the author's sanction. The subjects in the attractive volume are: Shadows On the Dial, Civilization, The Game of Politics, Some Features of the Law, Arbitration, Industrial Discontent, Crime and Its Correctives, The Death Penalty, Religion, Immortality, Opportunity, Charity, Emancipated Woman, The Opposing Sex, The American Sychophant, A Dissertation On Dogs, The Ancestrial Bond, The Right to Work, The Right to Take Oneself Off.

Who Wins in Harrow?

A libel suit was brought in England recently by an optician and jeweler and by a civil engineer against the chairman of the Harrow District Council, because the latter had written to a local paper that the two plaintiffs had promised subscriptions to St. Dunstan's Home for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors and then declined to pay. Although the defendant had withdrawn any imputation and apologized, the suit was prosecuted. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiffs and awarded them one farthing damages. Judgment was entered for the defendant with costs, and his £20 deposit returned to him.

They Came Back

"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly addresed his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday school one day and listened to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity I was softened enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said, 'Don't cry, Bertie, some day you will get your wooden soldiers back.'

"And, believe me, you lop-sided, mutton-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling pins, that day has come."—Salt Lake Citizen.

Unprofessional

"The doctors are a kindly crew,
And yet," said Peter Pell,
"I never knew a doctor who
Wished everybody well."

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Social

By TANTALUS

Federation of Women's Clubs

The San Francisco District of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, with some two hundred invited guests, entertained the presidents of the Federated Clubs from all over the state on Mrs. James D. Rolph, Jr., next in annual convention at the Palace Hotel for luncheon last Saturday.

Dr. Marion Reynolds, president of the local federation, presided as chairman in a manner worthy of our best parliamentarians. She summarized each discussion with commendable brevity and at appropriate stage of the proceedings raised the important question whether the present state housing laws are being properly enforced.

The revitalization of the American home, recreation for young people, and the housing problem were ably presented by Mrs. Elizabeth Dexter Knight, last president of the California Federation of Women's Clubs.

General Henry H. Whitney, chief of staff of the district of Paris during the war, spoke on the "City Beautiful," his knowledge of Paris proving a helpful moral for San Francisco's further beautification.

Mr. R. M. J. Armstrong urged the unification of the present street railroads of San Francisco under one head, through the purchase by the city of the privately owned properties of the United Railroads and the California Street Railway, to be paid for out of their earnings. His remarks were received with applause and hearty approbation.

One system, he said, would give through cars, transfers and one fare throughout the city, effecting a saving in time and money for all who use our street cars, and making extensions possible through districts needing them and relieving the present conditions on Market street.

Other speakers at the luncheon included Mrs. A. Schlosk, president of the California Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Robert Dean, president of the San Francisco Women's League; Mrs. A. McLaughlin, president of the Civic Center; Miss Julia Coffey of the San Francisco Teachers' Association; Miss Gertie Laughlin, member of the board of directors of the local branch of the federation; Mrs. Anne Little Barry; Mrs. F. H. McCann, police commissioner of San Mateo County, and other representative women from numerous clubs in and about the city.

ALCOHOL AND AMIABILITY IN AMERICA

By Sir John Foster Fraser in London Times.

Personally, I would rather be happy than good. And I've been receiving the most lamentable letters from United States friends describing the terrible penalty of over one hundred million people in "God's own country" suddenly, heroically, reluctantly, but compulsorily, trying to be good by being dry.

Courteous but pecking New Yorkers suggest that the dullness which has settled upon the conversation at dinner parties in Manhattan is due to my departure. But truthful Yankees confess that melancholy has really come since liquid inhibition has softened to a moody memory.

A friend writing from the Yacht Club in Forty-fourth street, where all Britishers get a warm hand-grip, gives me a picture of the honest, friendly, of good fellows 'twixt four and six, "as though William Jennings Bryan had been elected President—so different from the crowd where you remember. We go home very early."

Since prohibition has arrived New York clubs are no longer the reel of good stories. Nobody can drink a cherry phosphate and tell a funny yarn at the same time. There is sadness in the eyes of New York clubmen nowadays, as though the chief cocktail mixer was lying dead in the library upstairs, and it would be indecorous to smile.

Public dinners in New York, despite garish bands and patriotic buntings, seem to have lost their popularity. They are shorter by an hour and a half than they were in the halcyon days of a year ago. The stories are A1, but a good story at ten o'clock loses its savour when for two hours you've been sipping soda water or fruit cup. The laughter lacks heartiness. The speakers show signs of depression. The listeners are disposed to be more critical than well-dined men need to be.

Of course there are houses where the far-seeing host has made due provision for the drought. Dinner parties, however, are smaller, and there is sometimes a disconcerting discrimination in the selection of the guests. To get an invitation from a man who has a good cellar is as great a compliment as being invited to a breakfast of ham and eggs at 10 Downing street.

The cocktails are anaemic incentives compared with the sterling and incensive drinks of yesteryear. The butler "goes down" in replenishing glasses. The sparkling plug of bright talk is there, but it frequently misses fire.

Americans are damned. We hear that there is more secret drunkenness than ever, and that there has never been such a crop of crime in the great cities as since the enforcement of the eighteenth amendment. There is the illicit manufacture of vile whisky which drives people mad—and it costs 30dol. a bottle. There is much smuggling, and the sheriff officers are busy. What becomes of the seized stuff?

This last summer I was speaking in a middle western town. When the meeting was over a genial American invited me to his house for a snack. I pleaded weariness, and said I would prefer to return to my hotel. "But there will be a drop of something," was whispered, and dull Scot though I am, I thought I understood. So I went.

Within ten minutes of my arrival a dozen members of the audience somewhat mysteriously appeared. Care was taken all the blinds were properly drawn. The room was tyled. Then was produced whisky and brandy and liquors—a wonderful assortment. "Well," I observed, after an hour of conviviality, "it's strange how you can get all this drink in a dry state like this."

"Oh that's all right," explained the man at my elbow. "You see, our host is the sheriff, and this is stuff he's seized from darned bootleggers who try to evade the law!"

Of course, if you are a sick man you may get a doctor's certificate and buy a half bottle of whisky at the drug store, or a full bottle if you're married, and your family is also in ailing health. There never was such an epidemic of sickness as there is in the United States today. When I was in Glasgow a fortnight ago a distiller told me he was sending more whisky than ever to the United States for medical purposes.

Some doctors get very weary writing prescriptions for sick people. But you must tell what's wrong with you. If you cannot think of anything the usual advice is to go and get bitten by a snake. There is no remedy for snake bite like whisky. In Kentucky, I believe, they keep snakes to provide the necessary ailment. The story is told of one thirsty person going to an obliging keeper of snakes to secure justification for whisky. "It tain't no good coming here," shouted the owner from the porch, "for my snake is booked up for the next fortnight."

I have seen many of the good results from prohibition. But there is another side of the shield. America has the cakes, but it lacks the ale. What a tragedy if the closing of the saloons turns the hitherto animated American people into a cantankerous, disgruntled, and quarrelsome nation! I shiver at the prospect.

GENF AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

"Genf," like "Genéva," is the Swiss for Geneva." It was selected, nearly two years ago, as the seat of the League of Nations. In a few days the League arrives; and I doubt if any person, firm, company, corporation or league, having provided itself with a seat, ever waited so long before it came and sat upon it.

You will remember a learned treatise of mine in these pages on the subject of Lucerne, written in August last, when our prime minister came and sat there. I make my living by writing up the towns of Switzerland, as one by one they get sat on. As there are not more than half a dozen eligible towns in Switzerland, and as we shall have exhausted two of them in less than half a year, the living I make is a precarious one, in other words I shall soon be dead. Well, well! A short life and a merry one, say I. You must admit a touch of subtle merriment in that word "Genf."

To get to Geneva you provide yourself with a passport, a book of rail and steamer tickets, a tickets from a seat in a Pullman car, a ticket for a berth in the sleeping car and a ticket for the registration of your luggage. In short, by the time you are in France you will have had passed through your hands one passport and eleven tickets, and the first thing you will do upon settling down into the French train is to compute and intrigue to get a twelfth ticket for your lunch. You will find that this useless ticket will follow you all the way to Geneva and will always assert itself when you are accosted by a ticket inspector. I even know a traveler who arrived eventually at the Swiss frontier with no other paper of identity or justification, for a passport which should have given his name, address, motive for traveling,

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shape of mouth, size of nose and any other peculiarities, he could only tender documentary evidence of his having eaten the nineteen lunch of the first series of the day before.

Two things catch the eye about Geneva. In the first place it is on a lake, and in the second place it is always brimful of International Unions, Leagues, Congresses and Conferences. The lake is navigated in the season by a fleet of sizeable steamers, and one of these, a two-hundred tonner, used to call every morning of the season at the little pier outside my house to take me to business, and brought me back again every evening. By the pier rests an old, old man whose only duty in life it is to catch the hawser as it is thrown from the incoming liner. Twice a day for four months that hawser was thrown for the old man to catch, and twice a day for four months he missed it. I spoke to him about this on the last day, and he showed a fine courage which nothing can depress. Next season he means to try again. As he will be out of a job in the interval I am plotting to secure for him the post of naval expert to the League.

Turning from the lake to the international delegates, who abound in Geneva, it is to be noted that the last lot here were the International Congress of Leagues of Women. Their main agendum was to pronounce their complete independence of men. One of these delegates went for a row on the lake and fell in. She was pulled out again by a man.

You will find that Geneva was nominated as the seat of the League in the Peace Treaty of Versailles. Ever since, the people of Geneva have been busy conjecturing what the League of Nations will do upon its arrival in Geneva. It will do exactly what you and I would do in similar circumstances. Stepping out of the station exit it will hurry off to its hotel. But when Leagues go to hotels, they buy the darned things outright. I don't know what they do about notices on the walls; alter some and remove others, no doubt. The international delegates will be requested to ring once for the political expert, twice for the military expert and three times for the naval expert. If my old man gets the last-named job they will have to ring rather more than three times if they want him to come up at once and discuss schemes for readjusting the various oceans.

As to the other decorations of hotel bedroom walls, the notice will be removed which informs all concerned that the management will not be held responsible for valuables, unless these be deposited in the office safe, though this will not be intended to indicate that the new management has doubts as to the safety even of its own safe.

The "Hotel National," which is the hotel in question, was in process of complete reconstruction when the purchase took place. A bathroom has been annexed to every room. Presumably every international delegate will have a suite allotted to his nation. The question I ask myself is this, Will he put himself in the room and his secretaries in the bathroom, or himself in the bathroom and the secretaries in the room? And the answer I make to myself is as follows: The delegate will appoint the room to be his room and the bathroom to be his bathroom and will leave his secretaries to make the best of things out in the corridor. The suggestion you will probably make is that there are more suites of rooms than nations; that I must leave you to work out for yourself. The number of suites of rooms is ascertainable, but no one seems able to inform me how many nations there are. Personally every time I pick up a newspaper I seem to discover a new one. However that may be, the nations are now all formed into their League, and may the best one win the Cup Final, say I!

F. O. L. in Punch.

Prices in Gay London and Paris

The charges at the principal hotels in London are higher than those of the Ritz in New York., yet every hotel is "packed." The motors and furs in London are the ne plus ultra of smartness and price.

The French, prudent people that they are, are not spending lavishly. It is only the Americans and South Americans who are pouring out their wealth in Paris; but in London, it is the English who are doing so.

Travelers abroad report London very gay and very expensive. It may console us to know that clothes are said to be higher than in America, and that English shoes, which we would scorn to wear, are fifteen and twenty dollars a pair.

Miss Marian Barrows of San Rafael is in Paris with her aunt, Mrs. R. A. Bridges, who has a handsome home on the Bois de Balogne, not far from the palais of Mrs. George Kessler, who is actively continuing her work for the blind.

Mrs. Edgar Jones sailed from Cherburg on the Aquitania on November 13th. She returned to her home, Claremont Country Club, about two weeks ago, looking radiant after her delightful trip abroad. Mrs. C. P. Overton, her sister, who went to Europe with her, is in London. For the holidays Mrs. Overton and her small daughter, who is in an English boarding school, will go to Cannes, which seems to be the objective of all London for the winter.

Mrs. Overton rides often in Hyde Park and is much admired for her stunning equestrian skill and appearance. Mrs. Edgar Jones will sail with her husband on the 11th for a month's sojourn in Hawaii.

Miss Susan Ertz of San Francisco is in London where her engagement was recently announced.

RAY'S OPINION OF AMERICA

Best Golfers and Courses

—London Times.

Edward Ray, the American open champion, and Harry Vardon, who won the event twenty years ago, and who so nearly repeated the performance this year, arirved at Euston last month from America.

During their tour, which lasted four months, they played ninety-one matches in the United States and Canada, and traveled 42,000 miles, of which they walked 1000. Considering this, and that for seven weeks on end they journeyed by night and played golf by day with only one dies non, both looked very fit and well.

Vardon said that he was most impressed with the strides golf has made in America since he won the championship there, and that, as regards the American amateurs, we shall certainly have to look to our laurels next year.

The first thing which struck Ray was the difference in the climatic conditions of the two countries. In America, he said, the weather was far hotter, so hot, indeed, that he was often bathed in perspiration, and was forced to use resin freely on his hands in order to get a good grip. Another difference he noticed was the marked absence of wind encountered during the whole of the tour—and this, he said, was a usual condition. It was only very occasionally that a wind such as blows regularly at St. Andrews and Sandwich, was met with in America. The next point he laid stress on was that American golfers as a whole take the game far more seriously than we do and train for it as we do for football. They go to the links in ordinary clothes and change for golf. Very often, if it is more than ordinarily hot, they change completely between the rounds—a plan which Ray thinks is very necessary out there. As regards the standard of golf in America, he thinks our professional standard is still the best, but as regards amateurs, he has an open mind. Of the American professionals he told me that both he and Vardon consider Hagen is just a little better than Barnes.

He has no doubt about the best amateurs in America. These are Mr. Jones and Mr. Evans Both of them, Ray says, "play the shots" as no other amateur does, but though Mr. Evans has a beautifully easy style, Mr. Jones hits the ball more crisply and is for that reason likely to become the greater player. "How do you compare him with Mr. Tait and Mr. John Graham?" the reporter asked. "Would he have beaten them at their best?" Ray smiled, and then said he did not think Mr. Jones would have done that. He aded, however, that if both Mr. Jones and Mr. Evans entered for our amateur championship in 1921, they would stand a very good chance of winning, unless some of our amateurs started training seriously and practicing systematically.

Ray spoke highly of the links in America, layink special stress on their condition. Of all the courses they played on both at Deal, New thought the Hollywood course at Deal, New Jersey, was the best; but Ray himself had played on another (which Vardon had not seen), and which he considered even better. This was at Lido, Long Island.

Both Ray and Vardon spoke enthusiastically of the way in which they were treated in America, and of the sporting spirit of all American golfers.

(Ed. Note.—The English golfers have a revelation in store for them when they visit the California golf courses.)

* * *

The English View

Edward Ray, who won the American golf championship, and Harry Vardon, who was second, have come back bringing their sheaves with them. They have many interesting things to tell of the courses and the players they have seen. That which most immediately concerns our own golfers is their very high opinion of the two best American amateurs, Mr. "Chick" Evans and Mr. "Bobby" Jones, who, we hope, are coming to play in our amateur championship at Hoylake next spring. Ray says that these two "play the shots" as do no other amateur golfers of the present day, and every golfer knows what that phrase means. And though he does not specifically mention him, we may be sure that Ray has not forgotten Mr. Francis Ouimet, who beat him and Vardon in playing off the famous triple tie at the Country Club, Brookline, in 1913. Mr. Evans, we have the pleasure of knowing already. He played at Prestwick in 1911 and Sandwich in 1914. On neither occasion did he win the championship, but we are not no that account under any comforting illusions: he was and is a great golfer. Moreover, he has since then mended the one weak joint in his harness, and learnt the pedestrian, but necessary, art of putting the ball into

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the hole. Mr. Jones we have not yet seen. We have heard of him since, at fifteen years old, he reached the semi-final of the American championship. He seems to possess something of the infant phenomenon's gift of remaining at the same age for longer than do ordinary mortals. Whether he is now eighteen or nineteen, he is young enough to learn even better, and already he is formidably good. Ray speaks of his "crispness" It is another illuminating expression: discriminating praise can hardly go higher.

It is clear that our young amateurs must bestir themselves if they are to resist these friendly invaders. It is impossible to say what the evergreen Mr. John Ball might not do if stung into action on his country's behalf and on his native heath at Hoylake; but it is to our young men, headed by Mr. Tolley, that we must look first of all. For the moment, our amateur golf is in a rather chaotic state. The older players have not been since the war as good as they were. The youngster players are often very good, but, like the little girl in the poem, "when they are bad they are horrid." Nobody desires to see games pursued too gloomily or priggishly; neither it is a good plan, in a phrase which has become part of the language, to "get the wind up." If we do that, everybody who meets an American in next year's championship will be as frightened as the rustic batsman who came in to receive "a hover of Jackson." But whoever plays a game is all the better for trying to play it as well as he can. The young golfer of today will be happier and wiser if he plays honest singles and foursomes instead of the more swashbucking hit-or-miss four-ball match from which he often derives the impression that he must be a much better golfer than, in reality, he is. He will find solitary wrestles with a single club very interestingly if he will only try them; neither will he be the worse for going to bed at reasonable hours, not smoking too much, and practicing other "acceptable and inconsiderable virtues." The thing that is worth doing at done well without taking pains.—London Standard.

University Fine Arts Society

Elinor Glyn, who arrived from London recently, is to tell San Francisco all about the art and science of love. "A Lucian Dialogue About Love," to follow with a discourse upon the points in the dialogue, will be the theme of an address which the Madame Glyn will speak before the members of the University Fine Arts Society on the evening of December 27 at the Hotel St. Francis ballroom.

This will be Elinor Glyn's first address to a San Francisco audience. That she should choose a subject of such universal and poignant interest as love, is highly befitting one who, according to the view of her admiring followers, can speak on it with the infallability of undisputed authority.

"A Lucian Dialogue About Love," insinuates the idea of two speakers. Probably the controversial points will be brought out by the witty English woman taking both parts. In London smart circles, it is said that no one can speak on two sides of this theme—whatever the two sides may be—with such convincing logic.

Mme. Glyn is spending the early winter in California, engaged in making a film drama out of material she is seeking here. She is a sister of Lady Duff-Gordon, better known as Lucille, the arbiter of elegant wardrobes for our millionaire women of fashion. Incidentally, Eleanor Glyn is a leading exponent of her sister's craft.

There is no small measure of curiosity as to whether Mme. Glyn will be more explicit in her oral love thesis than she was in the serial which recently ran in the Examiner. She will doubtless have an audience eager to learn all she can impart on the subject.

The Stage

Charles Hackett and Raoul Vidas

Last Sunday, San Francisco heard for the first time one of the greatest American singers—Charles Hackett. Amato, of the Metropolitan, world renowned baritone, who happened to be in this vicinity, attended the concert and afterwards told friends: "You have heard today the greatest lyric tenor in the world,"—stupendous praise from such an authority.

Hackett's voice is of exquisite timbre, developed along lines of highest artistry and responsive to the demands of a sensitive and commanding dramatic understanding. Like all great singers, Hackett's vocal triumph has occurred because of his intelligence in directing his God-given gift. He had the good fortune to choose Italy the country, where he built upon the musical foundation which had been scientifically placed in Boston, and which had been nourished in an American musical atmosphere. His technique has all the Italian tradition, which means that the Hackett voice is destined to a life as long as the Hackett vitality.

The critic need not go into details about the phrasing, the shading, the dramatic effects of Hackett. Suffice it is to say that his method is the same as that of his fellow great artists and that he is their peer. His program Sunday was composed with taste and generosity and aroused the greatest enthusiasm in a discriminating audience who were surprised and delighted beyond their fondest expectations.

Not all the honors were for the singer, however. Mr. Healy had the good fortune to introduce Raoul Vidas, the renowned young Rumanian violinist. Of him it is enough to say that he deserves the soubriquet of "the little Kreisler." His tone is purity itself, his touch masterful, even in its most delicate moments.

For some inexplicable reason, the Sunday audience was small, but if the word of the auditors kindles the enthusiasm of those to whom they will spread the glad tidings of the song feast, the next Hackett-Vidas recital will be a crush, as it ought to be. E. I. S.

Hackett's Personality

It is not difficult to enumerate the great singers who are notable for a geenrous measure of beauty. Charles Hackett is an exception, judged by Anglo-Saxon standards He has a handsome face and vigorous, graceful, stalwart figure. In addition, he has the endowment of wearing clothes, about in the degree of the renowned baritone, Montesanto, who amazed the opera world with his immaculate grooming,—a not to be despised concert asset. Hackett is said to be a fine actor by those who have seen him at the Metropolitan in his magnificent portrayal of "Des Grieux" (to Farrar's "Manon") and in "Tosca," "Rigoletto" and "Traviata."

His brother, Arthur Hackett, who sang here at Farrar's last concert, aroused enthusiasm. Another brother is a Catholic priest, and has also a fine tenor voice. Hackett père is a Yankee, but their mother is Irish. And Charles sings Irish songs delightfully, but will not include them on his programs. "Leave them for John McCormack," he smiles obstinately.

Mr. Hackett has not only a wife but a baby. Mrs. Hackett, a young Italian, accompanied him here. She is very pretty and charming and is only now learning English.

San Francisco Symphony

A most inviting program has been prepared by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra for its "Popular" concert to be given Sunday afternoon. Two new numbers will be included: Rimsky-Korsakow's "Mlada" Suite and the "Momento Capriccioso" of Weber, orchestrated by Bodanzky Two of the most popular overtures will also be played,—"The Bartered Bride" of Smetana and Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor." Other numbers will be Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" Suite, two of Brahms' Hungarian Dances, Beethoven's Minuet, and the "Liebesfreud" of Fritz Kreisler.

At the next pair of regular symphony concerts to be given next Friday and Sunday afternoons, a special Beethoven program will be presented in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the great master's birth, December 16, 1770. The soloist is to be Louis Persinger. The seventh symphony and the "Egmont" overture constitute the remainder of the program.

Alcazar

"Watch My Smoke," to be given its premier at the Alcazar Theater, the week starting on Sunday matinee, is the second successful play produced by its author, Walter A. Rivers, dramatic editor of the San Francisco Bulletin, Rivers is the author of "Clean Hands," a drama of present day politics, purchased recently by a New York theatrical producer for presentation next season. Rivers may have two Broadway presentations at the same time, as "Watch My Smoke" is also in the hands of New York producers for presentation in the near future. "Watch My Smoke" concerns the adventures of David Hamilton, a "wage slave," who feels the impulse to be more than that. He gets a little "nest egg" unexpectedly and proceeds with unbridled enthusiasm to revolutionize the business of his "boss." The vim with which he asserts himself in the interests of his employer precipitates an avalanche of comedy situations involving a deceitful nephew of the boss, a big deal to control a valuable oil property, and a budding romance that has its beginning in a New York boarding house. The Alcazar will provide a lavish production. This appealing comedy-drama, as human as life itself, will afford Dudley Ayres one of the best acting roles that he has had in a

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Every Evening—Matinees Sunday, Thursday, Saturday
New Year's Eve—Two Performances—Seats Now

long while. Miss Elwyn Harvey likewise will find exceptional opportunities. All the Alcazar favorites including Ben Erway, Charles Yule, Rafael Brunetto, Edna Peckham, Al Cunningham, Henry Shumer, Walter Emerson, Fred Green, Edith Searles, Walter Belasco, and others have been fitted with congenial roles.

In preparation for December 19th in the Merry Christmas play of laughter, pathos, melody and holiday coloring "The Things That Count," in which Alice Brady scored great success for seven consecutive months.

More Praise for John McCormack

How largely sympathy in Australia was with John McCormack and against the hoodlums whose interruptions at Adelaide moved the singer to give up the entire balance of his contemplated tour in the Antipodes, is shown in the following, quoted from an editorial in the October number of a leading Australian music paper, "The Triad," published at Sydney:

"John McCormack's Australian tour has had an abrupt ending in circumstances not very creditable to Australia. A campaign of petty persecution based on the famous tenor's Irish birth and American citizenship had been going on since his arrival here and culminated in a demonstration at the close of a concert in Adelaide. The outburst was the work of a relatively very small section of the community, but one which exercises an influence in public affairs quite disproportionate to its numbers and strange mental attributes. Of course the vast majority of Australians have no feeling toward John McCormack save those of admiration and warm regard; but they are blameworthy in that they tolerate the growing influances of wretches who aspire to a tyranny based on sectarian hatred and sham patriotism. It is a very mean and vile tyranny which seeks to enslave the minds of those who stand on grounds of principle and will, in all circumstances, resist intrusion upon the right to think freely. And to avoid actual brawling with the exponents of such tyranny, John McCormack wisely cancelled his remaining concerts in Australia.

The people who have brought about this result are deliberately encouraged by powerful political forces to play their ugly parts; in their brains seethe the dregs of a debased psychology bred of the recent "war to end wars"; they have come to regard themselves as privileged to intrude upon the sacred privateness of the mind and soul; and scarcely stop short of waylaying the more decent kind of citizen and forcing him to state whether or not he is, at that time, thinking reverently of the throne and person.

But we must take leave of McCormack—perhaps finally, as far as Australia is concerned—and, in so doing, congratulate him on having comported himself in difficult circumstances with the dignity of his acknowledged place in the world of art and of men. John McCormack leaves Australia as he came here—a great artist, a man of generous heart and firm principle, and a modest and courteous gentleman."—New York Municipal Courier.

Big Vaudeville Bill at Techau Tavern

The big program of entertainment billed this week at Techau Tavern is attracting the attention of even those used to theatrical attractions extraordinary. The individual numbers feature Olive Ann Alcorn, famous dancer and beauty, in the Cleopatra, Return of the Caravan, and Arabian Dances. Jess Mendelson, the inimitable leader of song and dance numbers, with a novel artistry in jazz acts, holds the limelight with Marie Bond, dainty singer and dancer; Ruby Adams, soubrette and ingenue; Pearl Leonard, statuesque beauty; Rene Perry, another artist with a voice that appeals; Evelyn Francoeur, a refreshing songstress, while Elliston R. Ames, the leader of the Techau Tavern dance orchestra, shines in a syncopation of jazz melodies. Dancing each evening assures the winners of the lucky dances a large box of Murads, the Turkish cigarettes, while the winning lady receives a large box of the delicious Harry Hoefler's chocolates. Patrons are enthusiastic over the splendid bill of fun and frolic offered for their approval every evening, and also on Saturday afternoons.

The quartet of managers who carried their side of the strike to the newspaper offices of New York when the conflict with the actors was beginning are themselves responsible for the following tale:

The party, consisting of David Belasco, E. H. Sothern, George Broadhurst and Harrison Grey Fiske, had reached the anteroom of a certain newspaper office when they were confronted with the usual office boy.

"Who d'ye want to see?" he asked them.

"The managing editor," was the reply.

"What's your name?" came next.

"David Belasco, E. H. Sothern, George Broadhurst and Harrison Grey Fiske." But the names meant nothing in the life of the office boy.

"And you want to see the managing editor?" he asked again.

"That is correct," said Mr. Belasco.

"All four of you want to see him?"

"Yes."

The boy paused long enough to let his gaze roam appraisingly over the quartet.

"Well, what do you want to do?" he asked. "Sing to him?"

Roxanna Bracegirdle's Triumph

(From "Peg Woffington," by Charles Reade. This scene behind the curtain is at the Theater Royal, Covent Garden, London, about the middle of the last century, when Peg Woffington and her acting were the talk of the town. Quin the actor, Colley Cibber the actor and dramatist, Peg Woffington, Mrs. Clive and others were discussing dramatic talent. Cibber recalls the good old days, when Bracegirdle, now an old woman, thrilled the stage; and takes pleasure in saying she will visit the green-room that night. He jests with Peg Woffington and says she can never act to deceive him, that she has no genius. She leaves the room, and shortly after the immortal Girdlestone is announced.)

"This way, madam."

A clear and somewhat shrill voice replied, "I know the way better than you, child"; and a stately old lady appeared on the threshold.

"Bracegirdle," said Mr. Cibber.

It may well be supposed that every eye was turned on this new-comer—that Roxanna Bracegirdle for whom Mr. Cibber's story had prepared a peculiar interest. She was dressed in a rich green velvet gown with gold fringe. Cibber remembered it; she had played the Eastern Queen in it. Heaven forgive all concerned! It was fearfully pinched in at the waist, so as to give the idea of wood inside, not woman.

Her hair and eyebrows were iron-gray, and she had lost a front tooth, or she would still have been eminently handsome. She was tall and straight as a dart, and her noble port betrayed none of the weakness of age; only it was to be seen that her hands were a little weak, and the gold-headed crutch struck the ground rather sharply, as if it did a little limp's duty.

Such was the lady who marched into the middle of the room with a "How do, Colley?" and looking over the company's heads as if she did not see them, regarded the four walls with some interest. Like a cat, she seemed to think more of places than of folks. The page obsequiously offered her a chair.

"Not so clean as it used to be," said Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Unfortunately, in making this remark the old lady graciously patted the page's head for offering her the chair, and this action gave, with some of the ill-constituted minds that are ever on the titter, a ridiculous direction to a remark intended. I believe, for the paint and the wainscots.

"Nothing is as it used to be," remarked Mr. Cibber.

"All the better for everything," said Mrs. Clive.

"We were laughing at this mighty little David, first actor of this mighty little age."

Now if Mr. Cibber thought to find in the newcomer an ally of the past in its indiscriminate attack upon the present, he was much mistaken; for the old actress made onslaught on this nonsense at once.

"Ay, ay," said she, "and not the first time by many hundreds. 'Tis a disease you have. Cure yourself, Colley. Davy Garrick pleases the public; and in trifles like acting that take nobody to heaven, to please all the world is to be great Some pretend to higher aims, but none have 'em. You may hide this from young fools, mayhap, but not from an old 'oman like me. He! he! he! No, no, no—not from an old 'oman like me."

She then turned round in her chair, and with that sudden, unaccountable snappishness of tone to which the brisk old are subject, she snarled:

"Gie me a pinch of snuff, some of ye, do!"

Tobacco-dust was instantly at her disposal. She took it with the points of her fingers, delicately, and divested the crime of half its uncleanness and vulgarity—more than this even an angel couldn't.

"Monstrous sensible woman, though!" whispered Quin to Clive, who stood at his side.

"Hey, sir! what do you say, sir? for I'm a little deaf." (Not very to praise, it seems.)

"That your judgment, madam, is equal to the reputation of your talent."

The words were hardly spoken before the old lady rose upright as a tower. She then made an oblique preliminary sweep, and came down with a courtesy as the young had never seen, in their generation.

James Quin, not to disgrace his generation, attempted a corresponding bow, for which his figure and apoplectic tendency rendered him unfit; and while he was transacting it, the graceful Cibber stepped gravely up and looked down and up the process with his glass, like a naturalist inspecting some strange capriccio of an ourang-outang. The gymnastics of courtesy ended, without back-falls or slips, Cipper lowered his tone:

"You are right, Bracy. It is nonsense denying the young fellow's talent; but his Othello, now Bracy! be just, think of his Othello!"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" she cried; "I thought it was Desdemona's little black boy come in without the tea-kettle."

Quin laughed uproariously.

"It made me laugh a deal more than Mr. Quin's Falstaff. Oh, dear; oh dear!"

"Falstaff, indeed! Snuff!" in the tone of a trumpet.

Quin secretly revoked his good opinion of her sense.

"Madam," said the page timidly, "if you would

(Continued on Page 15)

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The principal item of interest the past week was the segregation plan, announced by Southern Pacific, offering stockholders of the company the right to subscribe for the stock in the new Pacific Oil Company, share for share, at $15. The trade generally were disappointed with this announcement, and the general feeling seemed to be that all the good news had already been discounted by the advances that had taken place earlier in the month on the expected melon cut.

Southern Pacific stock was for sale on all minor rallies and, at the close of the week, the stock had lost nearly all of its advance. Taking off the value of the rights, the stock is now selling on a basis of 80 for the Southern Pacific Railroad stock—a price that looks very attractive, considering the fact that the company still has considerable oil land—not only in this country but in Mexico, as well as valuable timber land, that it may dispose of later on. The selling of Southern Pacific stock cast a gloom over the entire list, and the old professional bear became active again, forcing some issues below their recent low level.

The action of some of the Phorphry Copper companies in passing their dividends was expected, owing to the poor outlook for the copper metal industry, but this also had its effect sentimentally at least.

There were recoveries from time to time brought about by the strength in the Oil shares. The Mexican Oils in particular were the strong features on rumors of extra disbursements—both for Mexican Petroleum and the parent company, Pan-American Protroleum.

The favorable Mexican political news was also a factor, as it is generally believed it is only a question of time until the United States will recognize the Obregon government and make for a better understanding regarding several problems that are now pending.

Money rates did not show any easier trend, and it is evident that the public demand for greater facilities for financing trade must at last be heeded, and it is therefore not improbable that greater relaxation will be permitted.

The net result of deflation has not come to the surface as yet. It is evident that the loans secured by commodities cannot be liquidated until a demand for these commodities is created. This was not so apparent awhile back, but it fairly stares one in the face now, and it seems that something will have to be done to obtain the desired results. Attention is therefore centered upon Congress. As a matter of fact, nobody expects Congress to do anything constructive or otherwise, but they will do a lot of talking, which might help some.

The market acts as if it has been sold to a standstill and, while there are yet some sore spots, the better class of stocks seem to have been thoroughly liquidated and are now selling at a very attractive level. The demand for stocks in small lots is increasing, as is usually the case when stocks get down to bargain-counter prices.

We do not look for any big swings in the market until after the holidays, but believe advantage should be taken of the low prices at which some of the better stocks are selling to make purchases for the long pull.

Cotton—Notwithstanding all the bear news that came on the market the past week, prices held rather firm and showed strength from time to time, although trade was dull and mostly confined to the professional element.

More mills were either closing down altogether or going on half time, and the demand for cotton goods was said to be the smallest at this season of the year on record.

The export demand was also light and foreign news was very poor—with English mills receiving very little new business from Europe.

The spreading of the Irish disturbances to England, and especially Liverpool, also had a disquieting effect upon sentiment, but not enough to check the new era of buying.

Sentiment amongst the trade generally are inclined to look upon Cotton around 16 cents as low enough, regardless of the bearish news that has been so prominently displayed, refuse to be stampeded into selling Cotton. No doubt the present price discounts about all there is bearish in the situation—yet it remains to be seen whether or not the holder of the actual Cotton can continue to keep it off the market, especially now that the demand is practically nil.

If the south can continue its holding attitude for a while longer, the demand must soon make itself felt, as shelves are beginning to be depleted and it is only a question of time when the retailer will be forced to buy cotton goods.

The poor demand, reported by the mills, is due to the inactivity of the retailer. The retailer was loaded with high-priced goods, when the decline started, and refused to buy any more goods until he had disposed of his high-priced goods, and this he has been doing gradually—until he has got to a point where it will be necessary to stock up again at a level now that will mean considerably lower prices to the consumer and mean increased business for the mills.

The surplus of Cotton now on hand is mostly of a poor quality and is practically unsalable, which is having a bad effect on the better grades of Cotton, as the crop is figured in bales regardless of quality once the demand gets started.

Good Either Way

"I can't stand dining with music in those hotels," said Jones. "Doesn't it get you?"

"No," answered Smith. "I like it as a matter of precaution—sometimes the music helps me to forget the food, and at other times the food helps me to forget the music."

Town Talk Press

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June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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That Would Do It

"Bridget's had breakfast late every morning this week. Can't you do something to get her up on time?" asked Mr. Collins.

"She has an alarm clock," answered the wife

"That doesn't always go off," said the husband. "Why not lend her the baby?"

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ROXANNA BRACEGIRDLE'S TRIUMPH

(Continued from Page 13)

but favor us with a specimen of the old style!"

"Well, child, why not? Only what makes you mumble like that? But they all do it now, I see. Bless my soul! our words used to come out like brandy-cherries; but now a sentence is like a raspberry-jam, on the stage and off.

Cibber chuckled.

"And why don't you men carry yourselves like Cibber here?"

"Don't press that question," said Colley dryly.

"A monstrous poor actor, though," said the merciless old woman in a mock aside to the others; "only twenty shillings a week for half his lige"; and her shoulders went up to her ears. Then she fell into a half-reverie. "Yes, we were distinct," she said; "but I must own, children, we were slow. Once, in the midst of a beautiful tirade, my lover went to sleep and fell against me. A mighty pretty epigram, twenty lines, was writ on't by one of my gallants. Have ye as many of them as we used?"

"In that respect," said the page, "we are not behind our great-grandmothers."

"I call that pert," said Mrs Bracegirdle, with the air of one drawing scientific distinctions. "Now, is that a boy or a lady that spoke to me last?"

"By its dress, I should say a boy," said Cibber, with his glass; "by its assurance, a lady!"

"There's one clever woman among ye—Peg something; plays Lothario, Lady Modish, and what-not."

"What! admire Woffington?" screamed Mrs. Clive; "why, she is the gabber on the stage."

"I don't care," was the reply. "there's nature about the jade. Don't contradict me," added she, with sudden frury; "a parcel of children!"

"No, madam," said Clive humbly. "Mr. Cibber, will you prevail on Mrs. Bracegirdle to favor us with a recitation?"

Cibber handed his cane with pomp to a small actor. Bracegirdle did the same, and striking the attitudes that had passed for heroic in their day, they declaimed out of the Rival Queens two or three tirades, which I graciously spare the reader of this tale. Their elocution was neat and silvery, but not one bit like the way people speak in the streets, palaces, fields, roads and rooms.

They had not made at his period of the drama the grand discovery which Mr. A. Wigan on the stage and every man of sense off it has made in our day and nation—namely, that the stage is a representation not of a stage, but of life, and that an actor ought to speak and act in imitation of human beings, not of speaking-machines that have run and creaked in a stage groove, with their eyes shut upon the world at large, upon nature, truth, man, woman and child.

"This is slow," cried Cibber, turning to Bracegirdle; "let us show these young people how ladies and gentlemen moved fifty years ago—dansons!"

A fiddler was caught, a beautiful slow minuet played, and a bit of "solemn dancing" done. Cer-

(Continued on Page 16)

How Could He?

Lady—Can't you find work?

Tramp—Yessum; but everyone wants a reference from my last employer.

Lady—And can't you get one?

Tramp—No, mum. Yer see, he's been dead twenty-eight years.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HARRY HARRIS, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, administrator of the estate of HARRY HARRIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Harry Harris, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Harry Harris, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 23d, 1920.

11-27-5

SUMMONS

No. 111291—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BERTHA SIMPSON, Plaintiff, vs. PERRY W. SIMPSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETINGS TO: PERRY W. SIMPSON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) Dated: November 12, 1920

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. B. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

12-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM B. SCHUYLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, administrator of the estate of WILLIAM B. SCHUYLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William B. Schuyler, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
William B. Schuyler, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 23d, 1920.

11-27-5

SUMMONS

No. 92692—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

H. McQUAID, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS W. SIMMONS, Defendant. M. M. Getz, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greetings to THOMAS W. SIMMONS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County o. San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 8th day of October, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

11-27-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Probate No. 30494—Dept No. 10.

Estate of ALFRED P. COLLINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ALFRED P. COLLINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Alfred P. Collins, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Alfred P. Collins, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, November 9, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California.

11-20-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ERNEST NOGAT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, administrator of the estate of ENNEST NOGAT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ernest Nogat, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Ernest Nogat, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 23d, 1920.

11-27-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

Probate No. 30024—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of CLEO G. J. MILLER, formerly Cleo G. Jones, Deceased.

H. E. MILLER, as administrator of the Estate of CLEO G. J. MILLER, formerly CLEO G. JONES, deceased, having filed herein his petition in due form praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing him to borrow the sum of One Thousand ($1,000.00) or such lesser sum as the Court may deem proper for the purpose of paying a certain lien subsisting on the real property of the said Estate and which is fully described in the petition on file herein to which reference is hereby made and in order to secure the payment of such loan to mortgage to the lender of such money the real property of the said estate, situated in the Town of Sausalito, County of Marin, State of California, described as follows:

Lots 124, 125 and 129, in Block 25, as shown and delineated upon that certain map entitled, "Map No. 3 of the property of the Sausalito Bay Land Co.," filed April 24th, 1890, in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Marin, State of California.

It is ORDERED that all persons interested in the said estate appear be ore this Court in the Courtroom of Department 10 of said Court at the City Hall in the said City and County on the 22d day of December, 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M., to show cause why the prayer of said petition should not be granted and the real property above described mortgaged as prayed for.

And it is further ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks next before said day in the Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco.

For all further particulars you are hereby referred to the petition now on file herein.

DONE IN OPEN COURT, this 15th day of November, 1920.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

11-20-4

SUMMONS (Divorce)

No. 110589

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

LAURA M. STONE, Plaintiff, vs. HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

Dated: Oct. 16, 1920.

WELLES WHITMORE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
714 Easton Bldg., 428 13th St.,
Oakland, Cal.

10-30-10

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ROXANNA BRACEGIRDLE'S TRIUMPH

(Continued from Page 15)

tainly it was not gay, but it must be owned it was beautiful; it was the dance of kings, the poetry of the courtly saloon.

The retired actress, however, had frisker notions left in her. "This is slow," cried she, and bade the fiddler play "The Wind That Shakes the Barley"—an ancient jig tune; this she danced to in a style that utterly astonished the spectators. She showed them what fun was; her feet and her stick were all echoes to the mad strain; out went her heel behind, and returning, drove her four yards forward. She made unaccountable slats, and cut them all over in turn if they did not jump for it. Roars of inextinguishable laughter arose; it would have made an oyster merry. Suddenly she stopped and put her hands to her sides, and soon after she gave a veheemnt cry of pain.

The laughing ceased.

She gave another cry, of such agony that they were all round her in a moment.

"Oh! help me, ladies," screamed the poor woman, in tones as feminine as they were heart-rendiug and piteous. "Oh, my back! my loins! I suffer, gentlemen," said the poor thing faintly.

What was to be done? Mr. Vane offered his penknife to cut her laces.

"You shall cut my head off sooner," cried she, with sudden energy. "Don't pity me," said she sadly, "I don't deserve it"; then lifting her eyes, she exclaimed, with a sad air of self-reproach:

"O vanity! do you never leave a woman?"

"Nay, madam!" whimpered the page, who was a good-hearted girl; "'twas your great complaisance for us, not vanity. Oh! oh! oh!" and she began to blubber to make matters better.

"No, my children," said the old lady, "'twas vanity. I wanted to show you what an old 'oman could do; and I have humiliated myself, trying to outshine younger folks. I am justly humiliated, as you see," and she began to cry a little.

"This is very painful," said Cibber.

Mrs. Bracegirdle now raised her eyes (they had set her in a chair), looking sweetly, tenderly, and earnestly on her old companion, she said to him, slowly, gently, but impressively:

"Colley, at three-score years and ten this was ill-done of us! You and I are here now for what? to cheer the young up the hill we mounted years ago. And, old friend, remembered if we detract from them we discourage them—surely this is a great sin in the old!"

"Every dog has his day."

"We have had ours!" Here she smiled, then laying her hand tenderly in the old man's she added with calm solemnity: "And now we must go quietly toward our rest, and strut and fret no more the few last minutes of life's fleeting hour."

How tame my cacotype of these words compared with what they were! I am ashamed of them myself, and the human craft of writing, which, though commoner far, is so miserably behind the godlike art of speech. Si ipsam audivisses!

These ink scratches, which in the imperfection of language we have called words till the unthinking actually dream they are words, but which are the shadows of the corpses of words—these word-shadows, then, were living powers on her lips. She subdued, as eloquence always does, every heart within reach of the imperial tongue.

The young loved her, and the old man, softened and vanquished, and mindful of his failing life, was silent, and pressed his handkerchief to his eyes a moment; then he said:

"No, Bracy—no. Be composed,I pray you. She is right. Young people, forgive me that I love the dead too well and the days when I was what you are now. Drat the woman!" continued he, half-ashamed of his emotion; "she makes us laugh and makes us cry, just as she used."

"What does he say, young woman?" said the old lady, dryly, to Mrs. Clive.

"He says you make us laugh and make us cry, madam; and so you do me, I'm sure."

"And that's Peg Woffington's notion of an actress! Better it, Cibber and Bracegirdle, if you can," said the other, rising up like lightning.

She then threw Colley Cibber a note, and walked coolly and rapidly out of her room, without looking once behind her.

The rest stood transfixed, looking at one another and at the empty chair.

Then Cibber opened and read the note aloud. It was from Mrs. Bracegirdle:

"Playing at trictrac; so can't play the fool in your green-room tonight.—B.

On this a musical ringing laugh was heard from outside the door, when the psendo-Bracegirdle was washing the gray from her hair and wrinkles from her face—ah! I wish I could do it as easily!—and the little bit of sticking-plaster from her front tooth.

"Why, it is the Irish jade!" roared Cibber.

"Divil a less!" rang back a rich brogue; "and it's not the furst time we put the comether upon ye, England, my jewel!"

One more mutual glance, and then the mortal cleverness of all this began to dawn on their minds; and they broke forth into clapping of hands, and gave this accomplished mime three rounds of applause—Mr. Vane and Sir Charles Pomander leading with "Brava, Woffington!"

In peace time as in war time we have absolute confidence in the wisdom of our President. It is our belief that as the leader of Democracy he is the great American Man of Destiny.

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

CALIFORNIA STATE

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Helen M. Bonnet.....Editor

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Rolph Rules

Mayor James Rolph is not only popular with the people but with the Three Fates. In fact, it is his function to represent The Three in most municipal affairs. He spins the thread of official life, disposes of the gifts and cuts short at will. A few months ago, and when supposed to be wasting his energies in public amusement and the glad-hand philosophy, Rolph demonstrated the old-time vim by appointing, against a strenuous opposition from the Civil Service employees, his friend, Andrew Gallagher, to be Sealer of Weights and Measures, that charmingly secluded office in the basement of the City Hall. This, however, was merely a feat of official strength. More than that was the reinstatement of James E. Addicott as principal of the Polytechnic High school. The latter was one of the most Rolphian pieces of municipal navigation that has come before us. Of course, most of us believed that politics instigated Addicott's removal, and a crude cort of politics, at that. The reinstatement was thoroughly refined, efficient and clever as anything that ever took place in the time of the Borgias—without the poisoning. In modern politics, all the poison is metaphorical. Rolph told the board of Education that he follows the advice of the city attorney in all things; that the City Attorney had advised Addicott's return to the Polytechnic; that the board should take heed. "I favor Addicott; go thou and do likewise," was the look in his eye as he directed his attention to each member of the board. Then he left the meeting. The board voted dividedly. The mayoral admonition had not been sufficiently potent. The motion was lost; Addicott was lost, temporarily. The meeting adjourned to 3 o'clock of the same afternoon. In the mean time there was some pow-wow in the mayor's office; also in the corridors of the City Hall. Director Sarah Jones, having voted "No," and having expressed herself negatively to Addicott in a hundred different ways, presented her resignation from the board. It was accepted instanter. There was no delay. Resignations accepted while you wait, at this time of the year. Our mayor did not take long to ponder on a successor for Sarah, but appointed his secretary, Edward Rainey. It is quite possible that Rolph had an inkling of Rainey's vote for Addicott. At any rate, the board reconvened, and the sudden and unexpected director cast his ballot just that way. Then, having done his duty, he resigned, and his secretaryship was returned to him forthwith. Miss Sarah Jones was returned principal of the Agassiz School. James Nourse, who went out of the Polytechnic as Addicott returned, was put at the head of the North Beach high school. Mrs. Frederick S. Sanborn enters the board of education, succeeding Miss Sarah Jones. All participants still live to tell the tale. And now, all's quiet along the corridors—tonight.

* * *

Another Resignation Accepted

Frank A. Lawler, secretary of the Playgrounds Commission and superintendent of playgrounds, has handed in his resignation, which (be it said without prejudice to the gentleman) was readily accepted by all San Francisco. After the Howard Street outrages and the murder of three police officers, pugilism became a black art in this city. Lawler makes a resolute denial of the charge that he attempted to secure bail for the miscreants. However, in its present state of mind, San Francisco would regard the man as possessing something of a dual personality in the role of playground superintendent and prizefight promoter. One was amusement for children; the other, play for grown-ups. But then, some will ask—"For what kind of grown-ups?" Prizefighting occupies a peculiar position in the social scheme; likewise under the law. In the minds of some, it is beneath contempt. Your dainty debutante knows nothing of the sport, and even shrinks a little from him who mentions the subject to her. He has attended prizefights? Yes. Well, perhaps, after all, he has a trace of cave-man in him. She will condone, yet watch for other evidences of ferocity. The law views pugilism in the same half-credulous way. Sometimes the fights are allowed; sometimes, banned. The law is seldom sure about it. There also appears to be a continuous argument between the good citizen and the bad, in this behalf. Therefore, the prestige of pugilism goes up and down, or in and out, or wherever it goes. At any rate, the law may make these contests illegal; the papers tell us that prizefighting is dead; and not long afterwards, they contain accounts of knockouts, draws, champions, challengers, stops in three rounds, and the police are in a quandary, a very good place for the police when they do not know what to do. They might make arrests, and the courts will dismiss the case. Policemen are always at the ringside, perhaps for the purpose of seeing that no one kills the referee, or maybe to enjoy the fights. It is an enviable detail. If not our best citizens, certainly some of the best known attend boxing matches. So do many public officials. Supervisors are supposed to receive free tickets. Yet many people will consider the game inhuman, and look with abhorrence on a condition where one man can be both fight promoter and superintendent of playgrounds. The discovery of Lawler's double capacity was what some people call a distinct shock. It was a social tremblor. In the succeeding fires of wrath, Lawler resigned, as he says, not in admission of wrong but to save the city administration from embarrassment. There may be no deducible connection between a child's donkey-ride in the park and a ruffian's crimes in the Howard street cottage; yet the public mind could hardly stand the strain of thinking about it; and so Lawler's remark of embarrassment in the City Hall was quite correct. There was an official sigh of relief at his resignation.

* * *

On the Subject of Wars

While a great war may not, for many years, cast its red blot on the pages of history, war-talk seems destined to take its unremittent way from chapter to chapter and along the footnotes. Among the blessings of peace is the jingo philosopher murmuring over the nations that will be personnel to the next conflict. The United States has already been "mentioned" as a participant in several of these futurities. On one hand we hear that we are never too proud to fight, and on the other that we are too big to be fought. The latter is a seemingly sound doctrine. The best fortification of the United States is its extent and situation. The difficulty of sending American troops to France, where they were needed and welcomed, might be compared with the feat of sending armies to America without asking our permission. We find, though, that world diplomats are still speaking of war in the same old strain; that is to say, as if war is still a diplomatic process of settling international difficulties. In most of the speeches following the first

Armistice Day, it was sonorously declaimed that the people would never again give their consent to an unecessary battle. As a usual thing in wars of the past, the people were consulted after the war was over. At the outbreak they were asked merely to do a little shouting so as to muster up courage and battalions for the field. It might be indelicate to say, and yet we have no reason for believing that the voting masses will ever be called up to do anything but vote. Nor is it easily seen how else they could be consulted. Any politician may predict war, to get himself a hearing. He may say he deplores bloodshed, yet he talks about it just the same. And we have a notion that war talk, one way or another, puts governments more or less in a mood for war. Japan declares that she will not reduce her armament program while we continue to build. It has been the custom of several generations of ambassodars to make pointed remarks about the size of navies. Not every country will take the hint. Now and then the hint to quit building warships is conveyed in a very pleasant manner. A little fleet will cruise into the waters of an ambitious country, fire a few salutes; the commanders will make speeches and attend banquets, finally departing in a flurry of friendship. If Japan continues to construct battleships, we may expect the Pacific Fleet to call on the Mikado and present him with a box of California oranges. It is not likely that a few wild orators can bring on war; yet they make the people uneasy. Nor could we suggest any method of causing the orators to cease their flamboyant orations. Our own statesmen have the same right as the Japs to flare up, and some of them are exercising the privilege.

* * *

Coal Oil

For some time, statisticians have been asking the world what it will do when there is no more oil to make the wheels go around; and the world has usually replied by asking the statisticians to figure it over again. There is enough oil for the present generation, and the next will be so scientific that something must be found or invented as a substitute. The first cry of alarm frightened only the automobile owners, especially the pleasure-seekers, who immediately began planning for some other means to gratify the joyous side of life. If the world's oil supply should give out, the roadhouses would close up, and then what would be the use of all this boasted civilization? The remaining barrels of petroleum would be poured into business channels; and what then? Commercial uses of oil are not so many that nations are getting quarrelsome over the commodity, even as they once argued for freedom of the seas. As to the latter dispute, it may be remarked that the seven seas are still there. For a long time Britainia ruled the wave, yet never used it up. Not so with coal oil. It goes into battleships, powerhouses, light and heating plants, and goes up in smoke. Oil makes the world go round as well as wheels; we might as well admit it; and the scarcer it becomes the more evident will be its superiority to gun-powder as an international argument. Oil is locomotion. There is coal; yet the transportation magnates of today are getting tired of that stuff. It is harder to handle, and there is a general sentiment that coal is not quite up to date. After oil what? Wireless telegraphy made egotists of us all. It aroused the fancy that, at a last resort, the circumambent ether, formerly eulogized in a poetic way, could be utilized when other materials are exhausted. When the terrestrial globe shall have been burglarized of its mineral resources, well, we shall be able to get it out of the air. This may be supported by the theory that matter cannot be destroyed, and that the used minerals and mineral oils do still exist in the spirit land of coal and oil, ready to be used again through the proper medium of communication. Wireless telegraphy is an improvement on the telegraph pole, and has turned the earthly sphere into a sort of talking machine. Nevertheless, wireless telegraphy was not brought about for lack of wires. Oilless locomotion will follow a dearth of oil. Maybe. Modern man requires rapid transportation amid a luxury of incandescent lights. The statisticians who applied their minds to coal and oil did not figure forces would be wasted in fighting about them or in maneuvering the fighting machines. It would not be a bad idea to forestall the utter extinction of the horse.

* * *

King Alfonso and California Missions

It is not likely that California would accept a present of $1,000,000 from the Spanish king, even for so worthy a purpose as the restoration of the missions. Such a gift could not be properly accepted now, seeing that we have conducted a number of unsuccessful drives for the money. It has become a matter of perseverence. The reputation of California is now at stake, and those in charge of the various committees are determined to see whether the funds can or cannot be collected. It appears that King Alfonso made the offer to Father Raymond M. Mestres, of Carmel, in 1914. At that date, the gift would not have been inappropriate; rather a gracious act to be gracefully met. The historical sentiment existing between Spain and America would itself be warrant enough for any personal favor that the present king might extend; otherwise he would not have made the offer. If there be any one thing for which the Spanish court can be trusted, it is punctilio in the extreme. As Spanish padres originally gave these missions to the western edge of America, it would seem a particularly royal act for the present king to repair the destructions of time; and it would have been none the less royal on our part to allow him to do it. It is now too late, though. We have put forth our efforts to conduct the restoration ourselves, and cannot accept aid (for such it would now be) from the outside. One must call Californians to task for their negligence in this concern. These missions are a vital part in our history, not only from a sentimental standpoint but they served a true and useful purpose. They represent the beginnings of the California statehood and the California commonwealth. And when we examine the annals of other states and revert to the pride which Californians always take in distinctive possessions, we should be all the more eager to keep these landmarks and symbols of the past. While the collection of these funds has languished, drive after drive has been rushed to success for other enterprises. Many of them have been meritorious, yet none more significant than this. All the big clubs and societies of the state have, at one time or another and notably of recent date, manifested their manifestations; the results should not be long in appearing. King Alfonso has never exerted a great influence in this part of the world; yet we might indicate to him, if we wish to take the trouble and expense, that the priestly labors in California and missions of those heroic priests will not sink into the dust and disappear like the footprints of the pardes.

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Raphael Weill, Best Loved San Franciscan

By Helen M. Bonnet

When word came to this city the other day of the death in Paris of Raphael Weill, something tugged at the heart strings of San Francisco and thoughts flew over the sea to the bier of the great and good man whose spirit had passed to the World of Peace. His brave, tender heart beat high for his beloved France and his fondest thoughts and memories were for San Francisco.

To die beloved, honored at 83, having filled all his aspirations—can man ask for more? Raphael Weill was a man whose profound governmental knowledge and sagacity of judgment, whose diplomacy, high sense of honor and burning patriotism toward the republics of France and America would have made him an ideal cabinet minister of either country, even in his latest years. Circumstances made him a merchant in a new land whose ideals he helped to mold, whose interests he zealously protected. He typified what the loyal citizen should be,—honorable in business, loyal in friendship, giving gladly of his greatest energies toward the upbuilding of the community, scattering right and left of his wealth for the poor, the helpless, the struggling, for the construction and maintenance of public enterprises and artistic endeavors.

It is San Francisco's duty and privilege to erect a statue to its splendid citizen and to place it in the heart of the city he loved so well (say in Union Square), where the memorial will not only honor his memory, but will be a constant reminder to the young men of today and of future generations as they pass blithely by on the business of their lives that they owe to the community something of themselves—that they must give it not only their love, but, like Raphael Weill, that they must constantly plan and work to help its constructiveness and to hold its standards high.

The following interview, which appeared in this paper November, 1919, conjured a picture of the grand old man in the last months he so happily spent in San Francisco whose fortunes he had lovingly followed. When he was 70 years old, the city of his boyhood was destroyed and consumed by fire. Did his heart falter, did his hand become palsied? No! He led the merchants to build anew, he cheered on the discouraged to new life. His last year here knew its crowning happiness, when he looked daily from his windows to Union Square and over a prosperous city which he had valiantly helped to rise miraculously from its ashes.

All my life I have known Raphael Weill (as what San Francisco has not?): that is, to see him, to hear of him from scores of his associates, to know of his public activities and of his good deeds; but it is only of late that I have had the good fortune of his personal acquaintance. The few half hours I have spent in his society have been periods of enlightenment. Everybody welcomes him and entertains him since his recent return from France—c'est la mode á present in San Francisco, but no one can be within his radius and not be entertained by him. Nearly always when a brilliant man reaches Mr. Weill's age we think: "How wonderful he must have been years ago!" But when Raphael Weill tells us he is eighty-two, one thinks: "How beautiful it is to be eighty-two!" Years have not robbed his appearance of attractiveness, world contact and experiences have polished his scintillating wit, have increased his soundness of judgment, have made more tender his great heart. As one enters his apartments in the St. Francis Hotel, the first objects which greet the eyes from the vestibule are an American flag and a French flag. I asked him which one he loved the better and he promptly replied, "San Francisco." He came to this city when he was seventeen. Thirty-five times since, he has gone to visit his native France, but he calls this city home. He seems to know more about it than anyone else I've ever met. It was when he was seventeen, in 1854, he came here, when, from all accounts, it was a town where there was something doing all the time—and he helped to do it. For instance, he was a "volunteer of volunteers" of La Fayette Hook and Ladder Company No. 2, S. F. F. D., and he ran with the old machine and helped to put out fires. He said that Lillie Hitchcock belonged to the Knickerbocker Co. No. 5, and that verily the lively young lady did indeed run to fires. A few months ago Mr. Weill saw her in Paris, her present home, and she is still Mrs. Coit. Also, at nineteen, he was a member of the Vigilantes, which he said with conviction, were the saving of this town. For three years he was a clerk in the drygoods house of Davidson and Lane, and then he become a partner. The White House of Raphael Weill & Co., is the wealthy descendant of that aristocratic early-day "magasin" and it reached its present position through long years of his splendid management. He said that the tradition of the White House has always been to be absolutely businesslike and square, everybody taking a part for the betterment of the business and it doing its share in keeping up the city of San Francisco, and of elevating this city to the highest standard of a community. If taking an active interest in the political welfare of San Francisco and of aiding every public and private cause for its improvement has been the way to keep that pledge, then Mr. Weill has kept his faithfully. Always one of the first to be called upon, no one responds more quickly than he to the demand for the strength, the means to upbuild, to develop institutions and humans. The Downtown Association the other day called him its daddy, a pretty compliment and true; for his was the vision while the city still smoked, of a greater, more populous metropolis than the one which had been consumed. Other merchants listened to his counsel to "hurry up" and rebuild; the retail business district which he mapped out at the time, whose boundaries were to be O'Farrell to Post and Kearny to Powell have extended blocks each way.

One afternoon when I went to see him he received a wire from A. Lawrence Lowell, chairman of the League to Enforce Peace, of which William Howard Taft is president, with a request for $500 to further the cause. Mr. Weill promptly answered by saying that having done all he possibly could here, he was delighted to join them on a larger basis to spread the doctrine all over the nation, and he gladly sent the money. Whereupon John Landers, who was present, remarked that his friend Raphael would give his head away were it not screwed on, and while Mr. Weill was busy welcoming some late guests Mr. Landers repeated a long list of the Weil beenfactions. Our host, who never neglects any guest, wanted to know what Mr. Landers was communicating sotto voce and of course he was told politely that the talk was about the photographs on the wall. Then Mr. Weill looked particularly happy and there was a personally conducted tour of his gallery.

What a blessing to love one's friends, to cherish memories of them, as Mr. Weill does! "There is Colonel Alexander Hawes, the dearest friend I ever had," he said; "Dr. Robeson Taylor—I love that man; Reuben Lloyd, the best friend I ever had; Uncle George Bromley—and there he is again at the tomb of Jules Tavernier in Honolulu; my eldest brother, Alexandre—there is a street named for him in Phalsbourg, Lorraine, which I stayed in France long enough to see restored to France; my dear friend fire chief Sullivan, and here is his successor, chief Murphy—both splendid fellows; John Landers, Edmund Godchaux and his father, Adolphe; Lucius Foote, first minister to Korea; Judge Ralph C. Harrison, dear Peter Robertson, Hugh Burke, Horace Hill, Eugene Meyer; General Funston, grand man and splendid soldier; Judge Morrow, Fred Yates, the artist, who was a great friend of President Wilson's first wife, and was the only White House dinner guest on the President's first dinner there, March 4th, 1913; Herbert Fleischacker, Charles de Young, a fine boy; Sam D. Mayer, Charles Jocelyn—the latter two with Landers and myself are the four survivors of the Bohemian Club Old Guard." There was something interesting to say about each one, until my head buzzed with the tangle of kind words. Sometimes I would ask, "Who is that?" Mr. Weill's sight not being very keen he would appeal to Francois, his faithful valet, for the name. Sometimes the answer would be "C'est, monsieur avec M. Un Tel." The portraits of Mr. Weill, with his friends, were souvenirs of glorious days in Bohemian Grove or on voyages to distant countries, or perhaps upon a veranda of a country cottage. One was of Mr. Weill as a chef, photographed from a painting by Joe Strong, and now the property of the Bohemian Club. Still another of a bronze of Mr. Weill done by Haig Patigan, a striking portrait. As for souvenirs of gala occasions, Mr. Weill possesses them by the score. Some of them are works of art. I recall a magnificent memorial in book form, a tribute from Mr. Weill to Reuben Lloyd, another volume artistically illuminated by Frank Unger, a memento of a dinner at the Bohemian Club in 1910, in honor of Mr. Weill's return from France. Page follows page of loving tribute to him. I copied this one by Charles S. Wheeler, our eminent attorney:

Respected and beloved by men and women and little children;
Smiled upon by the good people of two continents.
Patron of Art! Upbuilder of a Commonwealth!
Gentle, strong, staunch, true,
The intimate of all that is best in life;
Always wise—always kind.
Good fellow—good friend, good citizen, good Bohemian.
In these words, Raphael Weill, those who know you best salute you!

On another wall by themselves are portraits of Marshals Joffre, Foch and Petain, Generals Pau and Castellau, Admiral R. F. Nicholson, U. S. N., and Viscount French.

"In my bedroom, I have my family." Those of us who had not seen them before accompanied him to look at a Louis Philippe portrait of his handsome father and another of his beloved mother, his six brothers and three sisters. "That pretty girl was Julie, my youngest sister. She died at twenty and for the past twenty-five years I have dreamed of her every night." There are photos of nephews and nieces and of children named for him,—one a little girl, first child born in the maternity home built by Hattie Crocker Alexander. "And this," he said tenderly, taking up a small, gold-framed picture, "is my constant companion, wherever I go—my mother." So Raphael Weill is never alone in his hotel rooms even when his friends in the flesh are not trooping in to call upon him.

On one occasion I asked him why he had never married. I said that everybody is dying to know. "Once," he answered, "when I was very young, I was engaged to a young lady. She was a French girl and attended Notre Dame Convent in San Jose. I loved her, but some foolish difference arose, and we did not marry. She died later. And then again there was an American lady whom perhaps it would have been well if I had married, but I don't know—we did not marry." "Did you love her also?" I asked much interested. "No," he laughed. I can't imagine this wise man marrying without love, for previously he had spoken with great admiration of the happy marriages of his brothers and of his nephews. I asked if he had ever regretted his bachelorhood, and he became serious as he replied: "I advise young men to

marry. Let them not expect perfection, but take their chances. We have the salvation of divorce. Too often people marry unwisely or too young and it is a tragedy for them to remain married." He mentioned that Italy has no divorce law and that Senator Noquet introduced it in France, Mme. Patti's divorce from the Marquis de Caux being the first granted. Also that the cantatrice had told him at a dinner party shortly after she had married Niccolini (who was a Frenchman named Nicholas), that she intended to erect a monument to Noquet. "You know we say in French 'Quand la marchandise a cessé de plaire, nous la renvoyons'." Just then some more callers arriving, I told them I had been trying to learn why Mr. Weill had not married, as his dearest friends thought he would have made the tenderest husband, the fondest father. Then our host became frivolous and announced: "The father does not exist, and the husband never was."

Another day when I saw Mr. Weill, he had been the guest at a luncheon given by the Golden Gate Park Memorial Association. No boy coming from a party could have been more interested in relating the events of the occasion —one young lady had sung the Star-Spangled Banner beautifully and the speakers had said thus and so. He would present the last statue of Rodin—of Victor Hugo. Raphael Weill himself resembles in person the great author, whose doctrines and whose philosophy of life had the most potent influence upon the mind of his earnest disciple.

In 1871, while on a visit to Paris, Raphael Weill was arrested for trying to incite the people against Empress Eugénie. He was advising his hearers to do with the Spanish lady as other Frenchmen had done with the Austrian, Marie Antoinette. He was taken before the military governor and searched. In his pockets American papers were found and documents and literature of a nature proving his loyalty to France. "Anyway, it was the first day of the siege of Paris, and as the authorities had something else more important to do that day, they released me." A young lady who heard Mr. Weill's narrative exclaimed: "Don't tell that—I am sure he has repented long ago." "What do you say, Mr. Weill?" I inquired. "Well," he answered mischievously, "Eugénie was a menace to the relations of France and America upon account of her attitude towards Mexico. In her capacity as regent she could have caused great trouble." That settled it—nothing must come between France and America and the Monroe Doctrine was then, as now, inviolable by interference from any sovereign.

I remember having been told at a Thanksgiving dinner some years ago that when a Portuguese prince, who was also churchman of high rank, attended the annual Thanksgiving dinner that afternoon at the home of the good sisters of Holy Family in Hayes street, generous patrons were invited to see the children at their feast and leading society ladies waited upon the little ones. Raphael Weill, a patron, was present. One of the ladies wished to present him to the royal personage, but Mr. Weill declined. "Wasn't that very strange?" asked the lady. "Not at all," replied her husband, "for Raphael Weill never had any use for kings." Yet when Albert and Elizabeth were in San Francisco, he was a member of the reception committee. His words were the most gracious in praise of their majesties. Ah! but the loyal republican who wears the red ribbon of the legion d'honneur, medaille de reconnaissance de France and the American Red Cross for his war work, holds in highest honor the Belgian king and queen, who were voluntary refugees working among the lowliest of their people and comforting them.

Mr. Weill expects to pay his annual visit to Paris next year—and then he's coming home again. Better than the public reception when he arrived a few months ago, was the demonstration in his honor by the tired multitude waiting for President Wilson in the Civic Auditorium. As Mr. Weill was escorted across the length of the stage, the applause and cordial greetings must have warmed his heart. Later he was requested by the committee to sit beside Mrs. Wilson, an honor which just suited the audience. In this city, where few have lived as long as he, he has no enemies and he is admired and loved, even by those who have never spoken to him. Is not that a blessing and a reward for a well spent life? Strangers say of him, "To see him is to love him"; his friends add, "To know him is to cherish him."

A Little Kindness

By D. J. Bradley in Melbourne Leader

Skinney Regan shuffled along a quiet back street of one of Melbourne's suburbs, the inevitable "butt" between his lips, and his forlorn appearance indicative of the condition commonly known as down and out. Truth to tell, it was only a week since he had completed a six months' course of study of stones, and their various formations and power-resisting qualities as an enforced guest in his majesty's jail.

His clothes were torn and dirty, and clumsily patched in many places, while his knees protruded through his trousers in a place where the average man is wont to perserve a straight razor-edge crease. The sole and upper of Skinny's felt boot had apparently been unable to get along together, and had parted from one another, enabling his big toe to intervene between them in a manner quite unbecoming to latest fashion critics. Skinny was not painfully aware of the many shortcomings of his attire, he was quite used to it, and never gave the matter as much as a passing thought.

"Mister."

He stopped abruptly and looked behind him to see "a dam kid" as he politely put it.

A sweet-faced, blue-eyed little girl had toddled out of a gateway a few yards away, and her wide-open eyes betrayed much curiosity at Skinny's forlorn appearance, and particularly at his unsightly big toe, which seemed to glare full at her as though conscious of its extreme vulgarity.

"Are they your best Sunday boots, Mister?" inquired the child, gazing up at him in some concern. The human derelict choked back a curse with difficulty, and growled "Yes, er course."

He began to wonder why he had stopped, and commenced to slowly edge away.

"Oh, I am sorry," the girl replied with downeast face. "But," she brightened up considerably. "Mother just gave me this penny to get an ice-cream. If you like, you can have it to get them mended."

Skinny looked down into the small face and something rose awkwardly in his throat. He was muddled hopelessly for a moment. Kindness was a new kind of thing to him, and he was quite unprepared as to how an attack of it be treated, as it were. However, and patting the girl on the head, muttered "Never mind, kiddie. I like 'em like that. Run away and get that ice-cream.'

And, relapsing into rather an energetic shuffle, he hurriedly decamped, fearful that the little girl might engage in more embarassing conversation.

* * * * * *

That same night, urgent business occupied Skinny's attention. He crouched against a fence in a dark lane some distance from the busier streets, from time to time glaring evily towards the main thoroughfare, but apparently not seeing his quarry, he would slink back again and hide in the shadows. Ten more minutes of silent watching and waiting, and he espied the person who was undoubtedly the center of his unlovely thoughts, bearing towards him at a regular walking pace.

"That's the mongrel," grunted the watcher, in tones thick with rage, as he sighted the tall form approaching. "I'll finish the '———' off if I swing for it. Get me six months, would you?"

His right hand clutched tightly around a heavy sinister object in his side pocket, and a malevolent grin twisted his lips, making his face, if possible, more repulsive than ever.

Constable Thomas Brady quickened his pace a little as he drew nearer the lane—a few doors past it, and he would be home with his wife and family, and sitting down to a good, hot evening meal. He had signed off a few minutes before, and after a wearing hot day on duty, he he felt fairly fagged out, whilst an aching void, somewhere in the vicinity of his fifth tunic button, warned him he was also ravishingly hungry. No thought of danger entered his head, and within five or six paces of the lane where Skinny was huddling against the wall, a smile crossed his face, as he discerned a small figure scampering towards him from the other side of the right-of-way. He drew level with the lane, and Skinny, mustering his rather scanty supply of courage, swung the sandbag silently in the air to deliver the intended blow.

At the same time, a child's piping voice cut the atmosphere, a child's "Da-da, Da-da." Constable Brady stopped, with his back toward and within two feet of Skinny, and just then a bundle of frills and warm babyhood fairly hurled itself into the arms of the big, smiling constable, and a little girl, laughing and crooning, hung lovingly around his neck.

Skinny's jaw fell as he saw the child, and his hand dropped to his side, the blow undelivered. His elbow accidently struck the iron fence with a bang, and like a flash Brady turned towards him. Skinny cursed his luck as the constable's right arm shot out and dragged his miserable figure into the feeble light from the street lamps.

The sandbagger made a despairing effort to pocket the weapon in his hand, but to no avail, and it fell to the ground at his feet with an ugly thud.

"What are you doing here? Why, damn it,—Skinny Regan," and Constable Brady's eyes dropped to the tell-tale sandbag lying on the path. His face hardened, and a sterner look came into his blue eyes.

Skinny remained sulkily silent, resigning himself to a further period of jail—perhaps a longer sentence this time. Blast it, why hadn't he used

(Continued from Page 15)

The Spectator

Our thoughts naturally turn at this Christmas time to the service men in our hospitals. They are sick or not yet recovered from their injuries, the results of which in some cases they will carry with them through life.

It is fitting at this time that we do something for these men to show them they are not forgotten—something practical that will supply a need in each case. It is desired on Christmas day to give something useful to each service man in the Letterman Hospital, the U. S. Marine Hospital, the St. Francis Hospital, the Lane Hospital, the City and County Hospital, the Angel Island Hospital, the Mare Island Hospital, the Goat Island Hospital and the Fort Baker Hospital.

Our people thought of the service men at Christmas time when they were enduring hardships on the battle-fields of France. They who lie buried in those battle-fields are past our help. The thought of them at this time should impel us to make greater efforts to aid those who have returned and are now with us in our hospitals, still suffering from the effects of their service. For us the war is over. For them it is not. We thought of them when they were needed. Let us not forget them now.

In the security they found for us, do not dare to forget them. It is an expression of our gratitude to these service men who deserve more at our hands than we can ever give. President Wilson, in his last message, urged for "very sympathetic consideration, the problem of providing adequate facilities for the care and treatment of former members of military and naval forces who are sick or disabled as the result of their participation in the war."

The President further said: "These heroic men can never be paid in money for the service they patriotically rendered the nation. Their reward will lie rather in realization of the fact that they vindicated the rights of their country and aided in safeguarding civilization."

This committee was appointed by a general committee composed of representatives of Mayor James Rolph Jr., the American Legion, the American Red Cross, Headquarters Ninth Army Corps, Headquarters Twelfth Naval District, Headquarters Department of the Pacific, U. S. Marine Corps, the U. S. Public Health Service, the Seamen's Church Institute, and the Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion.

A donation, however small, will enable you to share in this patriotic pleasure. Money or checks may be sent to Major Louis T. Grant, Secretary County Council, American Legion, Room 824 Flood Building, San Francisco.

Col. Thornwell Mullally, Chairman.
Mayor James Rolph Jr.
James Hunter Liggett.
Admiral A. S. Halstead.
General George Barnett.
Major Louis T. Grant.

Reprisal Gangs in Ireland

Recent operations of the Sinn Fein on one side and the Black and Tans on the other, call to mind some of the older organizations that made Ireland their stamping ground. All countries have had their bands of marauders and peace committees, more or less in conflict. The Ku Klux Klan and the Vigilance Committee in the United States were devoted to certain ideals, while other associations of inferior personnel and baser motives have kept the authorities busy. In Ireland there have been fifty or sixty, and perhaps a complete list would not fall far short of a hundred. The best known are the Fenians, or, as first called by themselves, the Fenian Brotherhood. They were founded in America by James Stephens in 1868, the object being one of resistance to the British government. Stephens went to Ireland, about the time of our Civil War; was arrested in Dublin, and escaped, and spread Fenianism in many of the counties. Depredations against property were conducted on a large scale, usually in reprisal of some parliamentary act. The word "Fenian" comes from Fianna Eirin, the Irish militia, which had an honorable record, and there was some objection to the use of the name for illegitimate purposes. The Ribbonmen of Ireland (so called from their badges) were a secret society opposed to the Orange Confederacy. At the outset, they included mainly the violent element, but later were joined by farm laborers and city craftsmen. In 1871, they were suppressed by act of Parliament, but broke out again in some force. From the Ribbonmen developed the notorious Molly Maguires, taking their name from Cornelius Maguire, Baron of Inniskillen. The "Molly" arose from female attire which they donned on their forages, when they blackened their faces for further disguise. They operated also in the United States, particularly in Pennsylvania, and were set chiefly against government deputies, whom they submitted to various indignities, such as beatings, duckings and the painting of clothes. One of the most disturbing factions of Ireland, early in the nineteenth century, were the Blackfeet. Their work was not continuous, and the members were not very well known, some of them being associated with the kindred Whitefeet, the Lady Clares and semi-political association, whose avowed object semi-political asociation, whose avowed object was protection of property. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Protestant rioters, under this name, terrorized London. The Irish branch showed themselves in 1760, disguised in white smocks, and made noisy demonstrations against the enclosure of cattle on the commons, a government measure said to have been made necessary by the murrain, which was spreading in England. The White Boys used tar and feathers considerably, until the Insurrection Act was passed against them. The Cork Boys were an offshoot of the White Boys, and also had political aims, especially a protest against tithes. Not so well known at the present day but with extensive power in their own, were the Peep o' Day Boys. They were Irish Presbyterians, bent on the destruction of Catholic prosperity, and in the seventeenth century succeeded in confiscating almost all the property of the Irish Catholics. From the Peep o' Day Boys deevloped the Orangemen, named after William of Orange. They were rich and influential Protestants, and, while given to military aims, were not so aggressive as their predecessors in ousting the Catholic property-holders. Against these appeared the Defenders, Roman Catholics, who subsequently were asociated with the United Irishmen. The Avengers were mostly Fenian, or had relations with the latter organization. They were a desperate faction whose name inspired terror up to 1885, when Burton, their "Supreme Head," was sentenced to penal servitude. The Terry Alts were insurgents of Clare, who made their appearance after the Union. Like the Thrashers of Connaught, the Rockites, the Cardites and the Fenians, they committed many outrages upon life and property, conducting themselves with fury in the bloody Tithe War from 1830 to 1835. Some of these associations were sudden in their inception, while some were evolutions from various military companies that were employed by noblemen of the Middle Ages. What were known as Jackmen, on acount of their jackets or doublets quilted with iron, plundered the farms and cities of Europe, frequently with official warrant and more often in their own behalf. They were military retainers, used in war or peace, as occasion demanded. It was the prevalance of such companies that caused citizens to organize in their own defense, and later for offensive purposes.

Sinn Fein Ramifications

The Sinn Fein movement was originally organized as a complete political, social, moral and artistic federation, especially for keeping alive Irish traditions, including the Gaelic language, Irish drama and general Irish sentiment. The war's influence greatly changed its aspect, bringing out the practical and violent side of the organization and its members—leading to, as we say in this country, "direct action."

Their activities have spread to this country, where they have raised huge sums of money for their leaders to conduct a plan of agitation. They appeal, not only to the love and sympathy for Ireland, natural to the millions of Irish blood and descent in the United States—but in their zeal, they forget that they are in America when they play on the worn-out theme of hatred for England by endeavoring to involve us in war with Britain, our ancient enemy, but now our friend and ally. It is incredible that anyone in America, whatever his blood, does not joyfully look forward to the day when Ireland will have complete Home Domination and be as free as air; but it would be well for the Sinn Fein to bear in mind that it is not the theory of

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our Constitution to fight battles of foreign nations on American soil.

Since 1781, when we won our independence from England, we are a compact nation, not a tribunal for the world. Millions of us are descendants of Irish ancestors, who were then in Ireland, many others fought in the American Revolution. The U. S. is now their children's country and it is our proud boast that no citizens in America are more loyal to its flag, more jealous of its honor than the Irishman who takes the oath of allegiance and transmits to his children veneration for the New World which welcomes and sustains all those who come to it for protection and freedom.

Farces in the City Hall

Certainly, it is to laugh at the departmental comedies of San Francisco. The public, though rejoiced at the resignation of Frank Lawler from his secretarial duties on the Playground Commission, connot refrain from a smile of wonder that the cause for all the local tragedy of murder and rape has thus far resulted in Lawler's being made the goat. The public found out that he was a prize-fight promoter and therefore had no business in the directing of children's games in the public park.

Presto! He resigned—otherwise he would have been ignominiously fired by the powers who put him in his public office. Had he made the defense, "The officials who appointed me knew of my pugilistic affiliations," the lime light would have revealed those officials in ghastly tints, unless they could have given indisputable evidence that they were in total ignorance of Mr. Lawler's business ventures and of the social and moral atmosphere he breathed when not in the park. In the latter case, such officials would have made the involuntary confession that they were exceedingly lax in their duty to be sure of the moral character of their appointee. If a man is known by the company he keeps, Mr. Lawler was the very opposite of the sort of person he should have been to be chosen to have anything whatever to do with children's playgrounds. It was poor judgment to assign him to the post. Now, had he been assigned to the position of chief jailer for hardened criminals, no one could have questioned the wisdom of his selection and the officials' obligations to Mr. Lawler's constituents would have been discharged.

Eve Not to Blame

Also, let no detractors of woman's suitability for public office ever lift up his voice in protest that the women interfere too much. For Mrs. Sanborn, a highly esteemed social welfare worker, was a member of the Playground Commission during the Lawler régime and she did not conplain that she thought it unseemly that Mr. Lawler's acquaintance with low prize-fighters was detrimental to the best interests of the little ones who came to take innocent recreation in the park. To be sure, it is entirely possible that Mrs. Sanborn did not know that Mr. Lawler eked out his small salary of $275 a month by promoting prize fights. If not, to call women curious is henceforth a misnomer—for everyone else in the City Hall knew it. If she had heard it, doubtless she didn't believe it possible that the powers that be would have considered him eligible for the pure atmosphere of the children's playground.

Anyway, Mayor Rolph esteemed Mrs. Sanborn's efficiency and discernment sufficiently to appoint her as sucessor to Miss Sally Jones as school director, Miss Jones having a mind of her own and the feminine boldness to protest against the re-instatement of Principal Addicott, removed recently against the mayor's earnest protest.

Frank Lawler's Nemesis

His penchant for offering bail for friends pursued him as a Nemesis and proved the undoing of Mr. Lawler. Last week was a hoodoo in his career anyway. Hardly had he been dealt the blow of a resignation from the Park Commission, accepted with alacrity, than another of his friends had the tragic fate of driving over a pedestrian, causing death. The friend was of course arrested. Lawler heard of it probably while nursing his wrath for the loss of his secretaryship. Bail was necessary to permit his friend the liberty of his own garage in exchange for a prisoner's cell. (Name of concern omitted from newspaper reports.) "Bail"—Lawler's middle name—was placed in the sum of one hundred dollars, a trifling sum in these days, when no one thinks in fewer than three figures. It would seem that Mr. Lawler possessed the price of his friend's freedom. But not before a judge was accused of having named a figure far too low,—because the careless friend was accused of being alcoholic while driving a car. Now the judge is in trouble; so is the arresting police man, and it is all blamed on Lawler, who is revealed as that which the dictionary calls the capricious hollow-horned ruminant—in other words, the goat of the exposé of judicial and police laxity resulting in the Howard street gangsters' lynching.

An Opera Comique Political Plot

If Alfred Roncovieri has ambition to shine as an operetta composer, his own experience with Mayor Rolph furnishes him with live material to hand,—he need not look about for a librettist. As for the music of the piece, he can write that with the greatest ease, for his opponents canvassed the city before the recent election, even ringing miles of door-bells to inform the voting householders that Roncovieri is a musician. Indeed, that he, and his father before him, were leaders of a band and had played continuous seasons in orchestra, and that he loves the art of music so well that he frequently plays the trombone right out in public at charitable and educational entertainments—so he can't deny the accusation.

These opponents deem it a detriment for a school superintendent to know any art sufficiently well to earn money by its practice. According to their theory, a school superintendent should always step immediately from his class-room as student to another as teacher.

The Chameleon Public

Yet it doesn't seem so many years ago that John Swett, the greatest educator San Francisco ever had, was flayed by the constituents of his opponents because he was and always had been a school-master.

If before Amendment 37 becomes operative we do not wake up and profit by the Lawler fiasco, we shall have a school superintendent chosen, not for his fitness for the big work of his office, but to please the instigators of "37," whether Mr. Rolph or another man is our mayor.

The dear public is so changeable that it—an unthinking majority of it—went to the polls last November and deliberately admitted that they are incompetent to pass upon the qualifications of a school superintendent, so they put the power of selection in the hands of the mayor by voting for Amendment 37. This particular amendment was familiarly called "the one to get Roncovieri out so Addicott can get in."

When Roncovieri was elected school superintendent, wide publicity was given to his adequate educational qualifications and stress laid upon his long service as school director. He played the trombone at public meetings, and so well that some voters who consider music elevating cast their votes for him in the hope that he would devote some of his energies to the study and cultivation of music in the public schools.

A Mayor and Music

Now, the selective system would have made Roncovieri's musicianly skill a non-qualifying factor in his appointment if the mayor didn't happen to like music. Mayor Rolph has stated repeatedly that he himself is not competent to

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pass upon the musical ability of a performer, but that he takes the word of other people who be believes are considered good authorities, when he has the permanency of a musician's job to consider—as frequently in the case of Edwin Lemare.

Had Mayor Rolph the appointment of Roncovieri and had consulted that superintendent's present opponent, they would have said: "Don't do it, Mr. Mayor—he's no good for a school superintendent, because he's a musician"; then Roncovieri would have been rejected, for, as has been proven, the mayor likes to please his friends.

If Lawler Had Been a Candidate

Suppose that the secretaryship of the Park Commission had not been an appointive one. Is it not reasonable to believe that there would have been rival candidates and that the source of income of Mr. Lawler, as well as the character of his business associates would have been subjects of public inquiry? A zealous section of the community might have rung door-bells to spread the tidings that Mr. Lawler was a promoter of professional prize-fighters! Now maybe the majority of voters have reactionary views and disapprove of prize fights and the class of beings that thrive upon them; if so, Mr. Lawler would never have had a chance or a look-in at the children's playground.

It would be a calamity if Mayor Rolph or any of his successors make such a lamentable blunder as to appoint a school superintendent so eminently unsuitable for the office that the poor man would have to resign as soon as the public found out that the mayor's judgment in the matter wasn't at all what they thought it should have been.

What with trying to please the public on one hand and trying to please his own friends on the other, a mayor's appointing privilege is by no means one to be desired, if he happens to be a person who likes peace of mind and unanimous approval.

D'Annunzio, the Eloquent

What is the secret power of Gabriele d'Annunzio that he is able to defy all Italy and, after a fashion, the world? Assuming that he is not only a poet but a soldier, a national hero, a leader of men, an enthusiast in the midst of such enthusiasts as followed Garibaldi to unexpected victory, that does not explain all. Verily, he is a soldier; yet soldiers do not do this sort of thing. D'Annunzio fights as only a poet could fight; that is to say, there are more words than rounds of ammunition in his battles. Yet he wins, or he prevents his opponents from winning; and that is about the same. If this man were only a soldier, the world would have laughed at him, and trounced him well while laughing. Nor is it an age wherein poets and novelists are held in great repute. It is a practical world, where everything is conducted on a business basis, or supposed to be. Yet we read serious telegrams informing us that D'Annunzio has declared war on Italy; that Italy has undertaken military operations against D'Annunzio; that the man and the monarchy are sending ultimatums to each other. Meanwhile he holds on to Fiume. In big events, it has usually been questioned whether the man creates the situation; or the situation, the man. In the present instance, we are inclined to believe that D'Annunzio found the Fiume idea a popular one among Italians; so that all he had to do was deliver a first-class oration, and history was made. A few well-chosen words, and a bloodless victory. This is the advantage of being on the ground. The world was led to believe that the Fiumists were not in sympathy with Italia Irredenta, much less disposed to hear anything that D'Annunzio, the pornographic poet might have to say on the subject. D'Annunzio, sauntering through the streets, encountered a sentiment distinctly otherwise and to his liking. He spoke as the mouthpiece of Fiume. This may be a kind of greatness. At any rate, nobody else has been able to say anything more convincing on the subject. He is quoted as welcoming a military demonstration. If he fails, he will go down as the only humorous incident of the war. If he maintains his position, he will prove that bombast, even in a prosaic age, is quite the equal of bullets.

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The Pernicious Diary

Why or how is is that romantic homicides usually reveal the fact that the leading lady has kept a dairy? In this Oklahoma case, Clara Hamon's record of emotions reads like a book whose plot works logically toward a climax consisting of a bullet. Evelyn Nesbit, as a girl of seventeen, penned her daily thoughts, perhaps with some subtle presentment of the tragedy to come. Between these two women, quite a number have illumined a shooting affray with the prior tumult of their brains and hearts. Can it be that most women keep a record of their meditations and luncheons? It is not an up-to-date custom, yet at one time was about as popular as the scrap-book. The reading of books was once more common than now; and so was writing. The best-known subject, oneself, went upon the pages, to no small delight in after years, if only to show what a fool one was. It was a pleasant way of proving that the thing could not happen again. In most of the diaries whereof I have been favored a perusal, there were jottings of the weather, morn and eve; and this part of it was an enlivening interest to those upon whose memories it operated. In moments of emotion, there is a strong tendency to take up a pen, and this may account for the fact that women who figure in crimes of passion, have loosened their facts and fancies in a secret book. One almost suspects, in some cases, that there was a motive of supplying to the world an excuse for the rash act. As we read these tragic and desperate sentiments, we feel the approach of an insane desire to kill. The diarist seems bent on proving herself a victim rather than culprit; and the world at large, as a vast jury, murmurs, "It had to be." The subject of diaries is a most interesting one, because even though a clandestine document, no one, so far as known, has had the courage to write therein his or her version of the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. There is always a pendering to the melodramatic, and thus fiction creeps in. The diary becomes an apology instead of a defi. Rousseau, in his Confessions, perhaps went the farthest in self-revelation. Montaigne's book too, glories in the relation of those topics which most men would hide from the criticism of their fellows. Emerson declared that psychologically he had committed every crime on the calendar; yet he did not venture into details. In "To Be Filed for Reference," Kipling hinted that he possessed material for a personal narrative more terrible than had ever been writ, yet he has never given it to the world. The lure of the dairy, as reading matter, lies in the hope that somebody will be bold enough to utter the truth, or at least as much of the innuendo as might be printable. The tragic heroine is the last one to do this, because she has in mind to exalt herself. Her work is wicked, because she makes the thoughts of the ordinary person seem to contain a far greater amount of wickedness.

No International Money

The reason for the fact that the so-called "favorable balance of trade," was really unfavorable was that it actually represented the excess of wealth which we sent abroad over what we received. Had not the money idea entered into the transaction, and all international trade was shown to the average man as a mere matter of barter, which it is, no one could have been fooled in the matter. The average person seems to look upon money as wealth, whereas it is merely the representative of wealth. In fact, money is only a system of bookkeeping—a labor-saving device to save a vast amount of accounting which would otherwise have to be done. When a person produces an article of wealth and seemingly exchanges it for money, the truth is that he exchanges it for some form of wealth which some one else has produced. The money is accepted for the time being as a matter of convenience, so that the receiver of it may again exchange it for wealth as he may require it. In short, no trade is complete until the money received is again exchanged for some form of wealth.

There is no international money at all. All money ceases to be such when it passes the boundary line of the nation issuing it. All forms of it become either commodity or credit. Very little of it becomes credit, for such of it as might become so would be merely the various forms of paper issue, and then only the issues of a nation of well-recognized financial soundness. Gold and silver become at once a commodity, valued at the commodity price of the metal in them. When shipping abroad, they take their position essentially the same as products of the farm or factory. All international trade is nothing less than barter, that is, the exchange of commodities for commodities.

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ness steps in and says that it will nullify all this good by placing a tax, a fine, a check upon the growth of international trade. The discerning know that commerce is the greatest civilizing influence in all the world. Where free to grow and develop in its own way, it carries good will and peace everywhere. It is only when a narrow selfishness steps in and seeks an advantage at the disadvantage of another that ruin and misery and wars follow. If commerce is the greatest civilizer on earth, why place bars and obstructions against the growth of that good?

Harding May Discover Wilson

As the day of his inauguration approaches, Warren G. Harding is being quoted as the possessor of several plans for the peace of the world. The quotations are not verbose, as the president-elect is conservative in speech. Harding no doubt feels that he has the United States behind him in whatever he says, or will say when the time comes. He may or may not have forgotten that the position of this country, in so far as European diplomacy is concerned, is vastly better than before the war; and he may or may not realize that the change has been due largely to the personal efforts of Woodrow Wilson. Harding will be greatly mistaken if he fancies that Europe will accept him with profuse thanks and general welcome merely for the fact that he has been elected by a large Republican majority. Europe will give an attentive ear, because whatever the United States of America now says must be so treated. Yet it must not be forgotten that the personal element entered persuasively into the arguments and documents that made this country what it now is in the estimation of the world. If Harding cannot equal Wilson in utterances of statecraft, then America will lose some of the prestige it gained under the Democratic administration. It is not so much the virtue of the plan but the expression of it, the vigor of its presentation, the genius of its tone, that induces other governments to follow suit. Wilson, in his active times, had all these advantages, and exercised them gracefully. If Harding cannot do the same, all the Republican majorities in the world will avail him naught against the determined policies of the other nations. Harding, after all, may come to Wilson's interpretation of world peace. However, as his adherents says, "Give the boy a chance." Harding will be given every opportunity to display his vague abstractions in definite form; and, if peace be the result, or if peace be more probable than under the Wilsonian doctrines, then Republicans and Democrats too will no doubt rejoice.

HOPE FROM AMERICA

Pall Mall Gazette

While it is in many ways regrettable that America should hold aloof from European affairs, and, forsaking that high idealism which was hers when she entered the great war as the champion of little nations and of all that makes for the political health of the world, it is, perhaps, only natural that her own domestic problems should claim for a time the undivided attention of her people. It must be remembered that so interdependent are nations that domestic affairs are only relatively domestic. Hence we see much hope for Europe in the cry of the Republicans: "Back to Normalcy," normalcy being a word of the President-elect's own coinage. It is a return for which not only the states but all the world is waiting, and if America, the greatest of all the creditor nations, sets her economic house in order, that order will soon be reflected in Europe. We are troubled at the moment by the exchanges, and much ingenuity is being displayed by those who attempt to explain their vagaries. It has to be remembered, however, that there is so much that is artificial and delusive in the general economic position that explanations which at ordinary times would be conclusive under existing circumstances are entirely fallacious. It is fairly obvious that prices in America have long been artificial, and until the purely speculative element is eliminated, and there is once again a free circulation of commodities, the real bearings of the economic situation as a whole cannot be taken. We have, therefore, every cause to welcome the Republican slogan, a slogan which, owing to the extent of that party's great electorial victory, it has the power to enforce. Happily, prices are already breaking in the states, and as the fall develops, provided that it is not too precipitous, it must benefit the trading relations between the states and this country.

The Outcasts of Poker Flat

When Bret Harte wrote his story with the above title, he gave the gambler and woman companion a heroic aspect something in the nature of the old Greek tragedy. Pity falls (perhaps in form of teardrops) upon the two sinners cast out of a decent community to perish in the storm. The outrages in the Howard street cottage have renewed attention to the fact that every city shelters a class of men whose employments are professionally criminal, yet who are seldom nabbed in an overt crime sufficient for conviction. The man with the club observes the pickpocket or the second-story man, yet can no nothing beyond arresting him now and then for vagrancy, and, in some instances, advising him to get out of town. In a small community, the angry inhabitants take the law into their own hands occasionally, escort the rogues to the highway and bid them vamoose. This was a frequent occurrence in early California. In larger cities, it is rare and impracticable for one organization of men to compel members of another to take the open road. The police will do so when a gang becomes so powerful as to invite comparisons between gang and the police in a rough-house. If the detectives cannot obtain theevidence that will send the habitual burglar to San Quentin, they may bounce him to Los Angeles. Down Los Angeles way, he is recognized at once, and boosted in the direction of Oakland. The professional burglar is an unwelcome guest. The promise at police head quarters to rid San Francisco of the criminal element is evidenced by the complaints of other cities against being used as a dumping ground. The thug is being kept on the move. Even the thriving little town of Martinez has found a few of him, and passed him on. We have heard a few protests on the ground that it is cruelty. This is as much as to say that our social compact should be so well organized as to find some authentic spot for the thug. Such environment would naturally enough be the penitentiary. A place for everybody and everybody in his place, as it were. But if the scamp cannot be caught in an act that will put him behind the bars, and if he be a highwayman by instinct, the least cruel punishment for him would be to put him on the highway. If he have not the making of a good citizen, he may become a fairly well-conducted tramp. And while that is not much, it may be the best that can be done.

Camp Commandant's Curious Plea

Samuel William Alderton, 33, who served with the Australian army at Gallipoli, and was awarded the M. C. for conspicuous gallantry on the Ancre, was recently sentenced on a charge of bigamy, to which h epleaded "guilty," at last sessions.

The prisoner said that while camp commandant at Tidworth, "either from having too much time on his hands or suffering from swelled head," he committed bigamy. He was arrested in India, and was confined in a small cell with natives under most unsanitary conditions.

The Recorder passed formal sentence of four weeks, and one day's imprisonment, to date from last sessions, which entitled accused to immediate discharge.—London Sentinel.

The Test

Some visitors who were being shown over a pauper lunatic asylum inquired of their guide what method was employed to discover when the inmates were sufficiently recovered to leave.

"Well," replied he, "it's this way. We have a big trough of water, and we turns on the tap. We leave it running, and tell 'em to bail out the water with pails until they've emptied the trough."

"How does that prove it?" asked one of the visitors.

"Well," said the guide, "them as ain't idiots turns off the tap."—Dallas News.

A Matter of Age

A teacher said to a boy considered dull in mathematics, "You should be ashamed of yourself! Why, at your age George Washington was a surveyor!"

"Yes, sir," was the response; "and at your age he was President of the United States."—Brooklyn Eagle.

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Social

By TANTALUS

The recent navy ball was a brilliant affair, and was notable for the number of navy men present from all parts of the world, and also for the unusual number of distinguished, elegantly gowned women who attended.

Miss Alice King of Gloucester, Mass., will soon come to Mare Island to visit during the winter. The King family have been in the navy for three generations. Miss King, a beautiful, vivacious girl, plans to go to Italy in the spring to cultivate her voice, which Mme. Sembrich has pronounced a wonderful lyric soprano.

Miss Genevieve Coleman of Baltimore is at Santa Barbara with friends, who will later arrive to spend the winter in this city, where they are negotiating for a furnished house to rent. Miss Coleman, who is a splendid horsewoman, brings her beautiful horse, Carrollton, with her.

Commander and Mrs. Doyle will have a reception at their home in Sacramento street on the 21st, in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Glassford and Captain and Mrs Derby.

Mr and Mrs. Francis Davis have come up from their ranch, near Tres Pinos, to spend the winter at the Fairmont Mrs. Davis' son, Gaston Ashe, is the fiancé of Miss Virginia Younger, and the wedding, which will unite two "old" California families, is looked forward to with eagerness by a very large circle of friends.

Capt. Frank Pinckney Helm has returned to town from San Antonio, where he went recently on an important business contract.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wirtner announce the marriage of their daughter Jean to Mr. Herbert C. Jensen on November 7th in Yokahama. The charming bride went to China, as the groom's business interests would not permit his absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jones of Claremont sailed Wednesday for a month's visit to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. McPeak of Los Angeles will have a large Christmas dinner dance in their Grammercy Park home, which several San Francisco friends will attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay M. Greene are sending out unique cards for a '49 party at their home in Hyde street in January. It will be a costume affair with an environment characteristic of the days of gold. About seventy-five guests will be asked to enjoy faro and other games of the mining camps. Bret Hart, Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain are being perused for atmosphere by the recipients of the "bids" to the "shindig." The Greenes have a genius for consistency in period parties so "a good time will be had by all."

Mrs. Allison Howard Turner will have Mrs. Ruther as guest of honor at a tea at her home, 2190 Vallejo street.

Mrs. Frank Fletcher Bickey (née Madeline Turner) sent out cards to meet Misses Stella Connelly and Mildred Shastey at the Green street residence of her mother, Mrs. Frank Turner, who entertains the same hours, 4 to 6—in honor of Mrs. John A. McGregor, December 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. Francisco Duenas have sent out invitations for the wedding of their daughter to Grattan Dominic Phillips Jr. at St. Mary's Catsedral on Tuesday at 11 o'clock.

Miss Pearl Corey will be married on February 17th in Palo Alto to Frederick A. Pimby of Salt Lake Both are Stanford graduates. The bridesmaids will be Misses Agusta Corey, Virginia Schoolcraft, Prudence Fisher, Margaret Evans, Helen Sharp, Mildred Miller. The bride's cousin, Carlton Bryan (son of Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale) will give her away at the ceremony.

Last week at the Palace Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale presided at a tea in sonor of the bride-to-be, Miss Pearl Corey. The other guests were the six bridesmaids and Miss Eleanor McCormick, Mrs Clarence Needham and the hostess' daughter, Mrs. Edward Corbet of Salt Lake. The decorations at the table were gardenias and violets.

Fox Hunt at Pebble Beach

A paper chase is scheduled at Pebble Beach for February 9. A course will be mapped out through the forest and an interesting time is anticipated. Some enthusiastic steeple-chaser has seen foxes (blue ones) in the Del Monte forest, and great excitement has ensued among prospective riders. Mmes. Selby Hayne, Arthur Hill Vincent, Misses Ysobel Chase, Marion Baker, Messrs. A. M. Goodfellow, Eric Pedley, Harry Hunt, S. F. B. Morse, Alvah Kaine, Felton Elkins and many others are keenly interested.

* * *

The next event of interest at Del Monte will be the Christmas celebration. Besides the old-fashioned Yuletide ceremonies there will be golf competitions for men and women and a tennis tournament for boys and girls under sixteen years of age. The New Year's celebration is sure to be one of the biggest events of the season.

* * *

All indications point to one of the biggest polo seasons in the history of California in 1921. This sport will commence at Del Monte shortly after the first of the year, and the first scheduled event will be an invitational tournament on January 29th to February 6th. Players are expected from the east,, the northwest, Canada, Honolulu and Mexico.

Appointment of Mrs. P. C. Hale

The appointment of Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale to the play-ground commission may well imbue us with anticipation for a greatly improved kiddies' field. With her accustomed zeal, she already talks of trying to help us to have the finest play-ground in the United States When asked recently how she intended to work for the betterment of the play-ground, she said: "I don't know yet, as I have not the least idea what my duties will be. But I feel confident that I can perform them and I am delighted to have the opportunity." That is characteristic of San Francisco womanhood—to be ready to undertake a worthy project and not consider the means beforehand. It is the spirit that knows not failure and which enabled Mrs. Hale to accomplish such wonders for the soldiers and sailors in war time, before and after.

Mrs. Hale adores children. She has four of her own, who are a credit to their brilliant, warm-hearted mother.

Her eldest son, Hamilton Bryan, is lieutenant-commander in the navy. At present he is acting captain of the Scorpion, stationed in Canstantinople. Carleton Bryan, her second son, enlisted in the navy during the war, later becoming ensign. He was promoted to lieutenant (junior grade) for navigating the ship into New York harbor during the incapacity of his superior officers on account of flu. At present he is teaching navigation at Standford, from which he will take his degree in law.

Mrs. Edward Corbet, wife of a civil engineer of Salt Lake, is Mrs. Hale's only daughter. The youngest child, Prentiss Hale, is a lad of ten.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Corbet (née Linda Bryan) have gone from Salt Lake to spend the winter in New York. Mrs. Corbet, who was here visiting her mother, Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, writes that New York is very gay and that California visitors are in evidence everywhere.

Del Monte Prepares for Eastern Travelers

The season of travel from the east, Canada, the northwest and other points is on. These visitors are making an early start this year to enjoy the warm and delightful winter climate of California.

Preparations are being made at the Hotel del Monte to entertain a record number of state travelers this winter. The hotel has been thoroughly overhauled and many improvements have

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AFTER THE THEATRE
APPETIZING SUPPERS
DAINTILY SERVED

been made on the two 18-hole golf courses and the other out-of-door equipment.

A busy program of sport and social entertainment features has been mapped out. The New Year's golf tournament will usher in the sport program early in January, and will also start the actively at the polo fields. The invitational golf tournament is slated for January 29th to February 6th, and there will be matches throughout the week up until the middle of April.

A series of other sporting competitions is also scheduled. There are to be paper chases, deep sea fishing cruises, swimming meets, registered trap shoots, tennis tournaments and, in fact, every form of competition of the great out of doors.

Christmas at Techau Tavern

Preparations for the holiday season are occupying the center of attraction at Techau Tavern this week. The Christmas dinner, a special event at $3 50 per cover, a dinner presented in the individuality of this famous restaurant, will be accompanied by a real spirit of joy and fun made possible by the enlargement of a high-class revue. Olive Ann Alcorn, Jess Mendelson, Marie Bond, Ruby Adams, Evelyn Francoeur, Rene Perry, Pearl Leonard, are only a few of the excellent artists who contribute to the enjoyment of the festive season. Reservations are also being taken for New Year's eve, which will be a gala occasion with a multitude of novelties and surprises for the patrons attending. The Saturday afternoon dansants during tea from 2:30 to 5 are extremely popular, while the lucky dances held every evening, with Harry Hoefler's Chocolates in large boxes and Murad's Turkish cigarettes as prizes, furnish the motif for this dancing innovation. After the theater with the new revue, "Thrills," unusual supper dishes are presented for the delectation of the Tavern's many guests.

Taxes On the Venus de Milo

Every Venus nowadays is likely to be called a Venus de Milo. Such is the newspaper reporter's tribute to the effect of time on words. We have not seen the statue which holds an electric bulb and lampshade above her head, as viewed by federal tax collectors; yet we fancy that the goddess is not the Miloan one. Art critics have debated on what the sculptor had in mind; yet thus far none has ever claimed that she was holding a lamp. If this marble nude holds a lamp over her shoulders, she may be a Venus de Milpitas but not a Milo. Outside of that, the tax collectors have looked her over in her entirety, as displayed in a number of stores, and aver that she is a statue and not a lamp; therefore is taxable. No one but a tax collector would say this. A lamp is for the purpose of giving light; supporting design is immaterial. The chief deputy's notion is that people will gaze at the nude, and so ought to pay taxes on the pleasure thereof. The United States of America should get a rake-off on the thrills which the people derive from contemplating this form of beauty. The lamp is extra and merely a subterfuge, says Uncle Sam. The lady is not a harmless lamp but a marble vamp, an insidious appeal to things unpuritanical and un-American and not in accord with the spirit of reform that strikes broadcast throughout the land. If this be true, who would object to paying taxes on the lady's account? She may be beautiful or not, Miloesque or not; yet evidently she does not believe in hiding her light under a bushel; or we can assume that the sculptor felt that way about her. She sells for $5 a copy; and any purchaser not desiring the lamp, can take it off; or, on the contrary, deeming the statue the less desirable part, might present it to a deputy tax collector, as some of these men have morbid ideas and would be glad to possess a nude so demoralizing that she couldn't be imported into this country except as the fictitious part of another industry.

The Question of the Dance Hall

It has always been a mystery (from a theoretical standpoint) why dancing should come under the supervision of the police. The mystery ceases when some of the lower-class places are visited. The slums dance. Of course, they have the same right that is possessed by the aristocratic neighborhoods. Criminals dance during their hours of recreation. The fallen women arises to waltz or fox-trot. No one could object to this, were it not that the public dance hall seems to be a clearing-house between vice and virtue. Recent scrutiny of the dance halls followed the course of two young women who came to this city, entered a public dance hall in the residence section of the town, and within a few hours were seized by a gang of pugilists. Of course, the same thing might have had its inception at a soda-water fountain. Usually not, as custom makes the dance a place of promiscuous introduction, while soda water is consumed in maiden meditation. Still, it appears that every big city must have a place or places of concourse, where there is some association or courtesies between man and woman. If not the dance hall, a recreation pier or park would serve the same purpose. This is not said in extenuation of any follies or foolish converse that may take place at a semi-respectable place of amusement. It is true, though, that through every social fabric runs the thread of amusement; and emergency may take the case out of the usual formalities. San Francisco, like New York, has a large number of strangers, tourists, visitors, newcomers, constantly. These are every seeking for amusement and companionship. Only the discretion of the newcomer will save her from mishap. One could not advise a young woman to enter society from the dance-hall door. There are other avenues she might more safely tread. Yet dancing has, from time immorial, been a public amusement, and is as much ingrained in human nature as to be suppressed with difficulty, if at all. The point is that the matter should be considered seriously, once for all. It would be mere hypocricy to suppress the dance hall for a few weeks or months in deference to a public shock, only to allow the halls to open again when the public clamor had passed off. If dancing cannot be driven from public places, there would be no virtue in banning it temporarily. Civic organizations should study this carefully before making a sensational drive on the inevitable.

Christmas Seals

The Alameda County Tuberculosis Association is hoping to carry out their program on a larger scale next year than ever before. Their activities however, will be dependent upon the funds derived from the sale of the Christmas Seals. Last year, in addition to the general program of prevention and medical care for the tuberculosis, the association was able to give $1000 toward the free dental work in the schools, and $1000 to the bread and milk fund, which made possible the nutrition work of giving two meals a day to undernourished children in the Leazear, Prescott and Elmhurst schools. The association also financed the equipment of the nutrition class at San Leandro; and furnished tags for weighing and measuring, and half salary for the assistant in the nutrition work at one of the schools.

Other work accomplished through last year's seal sale was the provision of X-rays and hospital care for those in need; transportation to and from the Public Health Clinic for children needing orthopedic and surgical care; education in care and prevention of tuberculosis; nursing service for the tuberculous sick of Alameda county; and the preventorium fund to provide a home for border-line cases of tuberculosis in children.

Seal your mail with the stamp of health, as represented by the Christmas Seal.

Under the able leadership of Mrs. William Thornton White, the following ladies are working for collections in banks and stores in Oakland and Berkeley: Mmes. Tassiera, W. T. Blackburn, Brady Wolfe, Edward Hough, G. T. Gamble, M. W. Place, G. Elmore, Hugill, Partridge, Owen, Hill, Misses Madeline Pardee, Margaret Mercereau.

Memories

The nickel shine.
The forty-cent steak.
The ten-cent movie.
The two for a quarter collars.
Free lunch.
Coffee and for a dime.
The dollar room.
The three-dollar hat.
The Irish chambermaid.—Multonomah Hotel Review.

Reticent

"Father?"

"Yes, my boy."

"A man calls himself a bachelor before he is married, I know, but what does he call himself afterward?"

"Why, I'd hate to have you know your father ever called himself that, my son."—The Citizen.

Long-Time Engagements

The taxi driver turned at the end of the second hour and eyed his client suspiciously.

"Are you taking me by the hour or by the day?" he asked.

"By the year," responded the haggard passenger. I'm looking for a home!"—Pearson's Magazine.

Modest Man

Smith—You seldom see such beautiful golf as that man plays. His drives were corking, his approaches superb, and he never missed a putt.

Jones—How much were you beaten by?

Smith—Why, I won!—Cartoons.

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The Stage

Alcazar

"The Things That Count" is the Alsazar's skillful selection for Christmas week, commencing next Sunday matinee. It is aglow with holiday spirit. This is the first San Francisco release. It is a gift to keep laughter and pathos ingeniously blended The love story is beautiful, and there is a sparkling Christmas tree scene among the simple, kindly folk of New York's east side that resounds with mirth and melody and the glad laughter of happy children. This delightful play emphasizes that the things in life that really count are of equal import to poor and prosperous. There are sixteen splendidly human characters, distinct types, in the reinforced cast, including Dudley Ayres, Elwyn Harvey, Emelie Melville, Emily Pinter, Edna Peckham, Anna Mae Naughton, May Nannery, Rafael Brunetto, M Cunningham, Charles Yule, and a bevy of California's cleverest juvenile players. The Union League Club has taken the house for a Monday night theater party of its own membership, and has arranged for an extra Christmas morning matinee at 10:30, when children will be guests of this public spirited organization.

"Come Seven," founded on Octavus Roy Cohen'c uproariously funny magazine stories of modern southern negro life, will be the New Year's week attraction Sunday, December 26, with two performances at 7:30 and 9:45 on New Year's eve. It will be a novelty to see all the Alcazar favorites appearing in black face. There are no white characters in this farciality to be staged for the first time outside of New York, where it recently scored a great hit at the Broadhurst theater.

San Francisco Symphony

For the concert Sunday afternoon in the Curran theater, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will offer a program made up entirely of the works of Beethoven in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the birth of this great master, December 16, 1770. Louis Persinger, the popular concert master of the Symphony, will be the soloist, offering the beautiful violin concerto in D major.

The program will open with the "Egmont" overture, while the latter half will consist of the exquisite seventh symphony, a favorite among concert goers.

On the following Sunday, December 26, there will be no concert, as the preceding week has been set aside as a short Christmas vacation for the members of the orchestra. The concerts will be resumed on December 31st with the first of the seventh pair of regular Symphony concerts.

The Loring Club

The program of the second concert of the 44th season of the Loring Club on Tuesday evening, December 21st, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, will include the opening recitative and trio for tenor and two basses, "Say, Where Is He Born?" from Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio "Christus," Charles Gounod's "Nazareth" for bass solo and chorus of men's voices, Adolphe Adam's "Cantique de Noel" for soprano solo and chorus of men's voices together with some of the old Christmas corols such as "The First Nowell," "Good King Wenceslas," "The Boar's Head Carol" and "The Wassail Song" to the traditional melodies, all of these having the accompaniment of strings and piano.

Two compositions for chorus of men's voices, to be heard on this occasion for the first time in San Francisco, are Lachner's "Evening Peace" with bass solo and Frederick H. Cowen's "Border Ballad," the latter having been arranged for chorus of men's voices by Mr. Sabin.

Henry Hadley's "The Water Lily," a capella, and Charles Villiers Stanford's "The Little Admiral" will also be included in the program.

The club will be assisted by Lorna Lachmund, cololatura soprano.

The accompaniments will be by Frederick Maurer, piano, and eight strings with W. F. Laraia as principal violin. The concert will be directed by Wallace A. Sabin.

Louis Graveure, Baritone

Louis Graveure, today the foremost baritone in America, who will be heard in song recital at the Scottish Rite Auditorium on Tuesday night, January 18th, 1921, is an unusual artist, because he is an unusual man. His remarkable skill as a vocalist and as an interpreter of songs are illustrative of qualities that would make him a personality to reckon with in any walk of life he might choose to follow.

As Mr. Graveure is a student of music, so he is a student of the plastic art, and of philosophy, and of history, and of political economy and of life generally. He is at home in the metropolis or in the wilds of the Canadian northwest, and he can enjoy himself thoroughly in either place. He can ride, hunt and swim. He loves sports and believes in them. He does not preserve his voice by coddling either himself or it, but by keeping himself so perpetually fit that he is able to undergo any ordinary strain or hardship without turning a hair. In consequence, Mr. Graveure has no "spells" or "temperament" and no off nights. He is a man among men who commands the respect of men. He can work hard, give his audience the vesy best that is in him intellectually and vocally and by next daylight be ready for a ride on horseback or for a trip around a golf course. Mr. Graveure is particularly partial to golf. He seldom misses an opportunity to play a game, and though he never boasts of his golfing any, more than he does of his singing, it is believed that few people gain much glory by entering into a contest of skill with him on the links.

PARIS ACTORS DUPED

A young man of 24, in a hurry for success on a grand scale, with no assets but a capacity for talking "big" and convincingly, has duped some of the best known revue "stars" in Paris.

The young man, whose name is Croquet, has been lame since childhood, and walks on crutches. Representing himself as a wounded hero of the war, he one night recently visited the Casino de Paris, where Mistinguett was playing in "Paris qui Jazz," and went from one dressing room to another in order to enlist the services of artists for a great concert for wounded soldiers to be given at Aulnay sur Bois. The fees he offered were most generous. Mistinguett was to have 5000 francs (about £100), and Mm. Boucot and Serjius 3000 (£60 each.

Mistinguett, who seems to have been less credulous than the others, wished to know why an organization arranging a concert for wounded men should offer such big fees to artists who had always been ready to appear at such entertainments for nothing. The visitor explained that he was a member of the Prime Minister's official staff. This assurance, with the further lure that hey would be transported to the concert hall in a large limousine, seems to have overcome whatever scruples the two other actors had, though Mistinguett remained suspicious and refused the offer.

On the night of the concert Boucot and Serjius and others who had promised big fees were duly driven in a limousine to Aulnay, where they found a cinema theater placarded with notices bearing the names of the "great stars." The concert passed off successfully, and afterwards M. Croquet entertained the entertainers at supper. When, however, the time came to pay their fees M. Croquet affected to be astonished to find he had no check-book, so wrote I. O. U.'s, which were made payable at a certain branch of the Crédit Lyonnais. When the next day the actors presented their bits of paper the Crédit Lyonnais refused to honor them. Then the police took a hand.

This is not Croquet's first "get rich quick" venture. A year ago he caused considerable stir in the Paris world of journalism with a plan to found a great new journal to be called Les Forces Francaises. He engaged a prodigious staff of writers—if a writer whom he wished to engaged pleaded that he already had an engagement his retort invariably was, "I'll pay you double." All seemed ready for launching the paper when Croquet disappeared. His arrest over the Aulnay affair has led to the discovery that he has been also implicated in some not strictly regular stock transactions which will now be the subject of investigation.

THE SCOTTISH ORCHESTRA

As Heard From the Top Gallery

To one accustomed to a small orchestra or a military band, there is something at once stately, impressive, and picturesque in the magnificent army of musicians that goes by the title of The Scottish Orchestra.

Your small orchestra may be very good—or only moderately good. Here, there is no dubiety in the quality. Everyone is an accomplished master of his instrument, flying through music that holds the less expert, though passable person, stumbling over for many years.

In the troop, these old friends of the past—not quite the same, for death has removed some, and not a few are fresh arrivals, including ladies.

SAN FRANCISCO
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA
CURRAN THEATER
BEETHOVEN CONCERT
SATURDAY, DEC. 18, 2:45 P. M.
Soloist—Louis Persinger
Programme
Overture, "Egmont"
Violin Concerto, D Major
Symphony No. 7

ALCAZAR
THIS WEEK—Walter A. Rivers' Comedy Hit
"WATCH MY SMOKE"
X'MAS WEEK, NEXT SUNDAY MATINEE, DEC. 19
Alice Brady's New York Success—
An Ideal, Heart-Warming Christmas Play
"The Things That Count"
Laughter—Pathos—Melody—Romance
NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
ELWYN HARVEY—DUDLEY AYRES
SUNDAY MATINEE DEC. 26—Happy New Year Week
Octavus Roy Cohen's Negro Farciality
"COME SEVEN"
All Alcazar Favorites in Black Face
Two Performances New Year's Eve—7:30, 9:45
Every Evening—Matinees Sunday, Thursday, Saturday

Stringed instruments are the dominating factors—violins, 'cellos and eight double-base viols; a harp that recalls a friend of our youth whose acquaintance we made in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." But here it is no blind, grey-haired harper but a young lady, whose pose beside her harp is a picture of grace.

The indispensable clarinets are here, the oboe, and two bassoons—the humorists of a band. One has always predilections for certain instruments Some dote on the leading violins, other mark out the 'cello for special praise; but my humble choice is the curious, long, many-keyed reed instrument that chortles from rumbling bass to a thin, reedy "pipe"—like an old lady regaling her friends with a fragment of song of her youth.

The wedding guest, you may recollect, was annoyed when button-holed by the "Ancient Mariner," beside, half-hearing, he missed the jocund notes of that convivial instrument:

"The Wedding Guest" here beat his breast, for he heard the loud bassoons.

In the orchestra there are none of your cornets nor or their allies—the euphonium, saxhorn, bombardon—but, instead, French horns—soft and pleasant and difficult to play—trombones, cymbals, and drums—not kettledrums, but tympani—three of them, presided over by one man who punctuates the passages of his brethren now on this one, now on that.

The whole army is at attention; the master genius gives the signal, the violinists' bows rise and wane in soothing unison. Soon you are carried to foreign lands, to mountains and valleys. You are in the sunlight on velvety grass over which dance fairies in shimmering garments; you can't have it always so pleasant; rain falls, torrents of it, thunder and lightning supervene—indicated vigorously by the sounding brass of trombones and cymbals and clash of drums. That must give way, too, and we once more bask in the sun—not as before, however. This time there is something wrong; someone is dying; you cannot say exactly how, but there it is, and the strains with their dying fall are made more poignant still by the twitter and song of birds in the trees. For that you are obliged to the flute and the piccolo.

Anon the French horn leads you off at full gallop to some place you've never seen, never before imagined, and you find that, somehow, Tannhauser was one of your precursors; you hear the dulcet notes of a charmer; but not so bewitchingly; at least they are tempered by the jolly bassoon, whose sense of humor brings you back to your senses and you are grateful.

Quite appropriately, too, he has the last word—or note. The sirens and all their company recognize that the "game" is up and are silent. And the last that is heard is the chuckle of the jolly bassoon.—The Scotchman.

Same Old Story

Newlywed—You never call me pet names now unless you want something. Before we married it was different.

Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, no, it wasn't. Before marriage I called you pet names because I wanted you.—Yonkers Journal.

Fame

When I was a child and sang as a child
The children came not near me;
But the old and wise they gathered round
To touch my flute and hear me.

Now I am old and sing to the old,
Never the old come near me;
But little children gather round
To touch my flute and hear me!
—Aloysius Coll in The Outlook.

THE COQUETTE

Written in San Francisco by James Linen, 1864.

I've been such a fool all the days of my life,
I never can be any decent man's wife;
Folks said I was pretty, but heartless and cold,
And now the glass tells me that I'm looking old.

The beaux that in rapture would kneel at my feet,
Pretend not to know me when seen on the street;
Old fogies that loved me, and boast of their purse,
Ne'er think of my name but they mutter a curse.

In dimples, that once were so rosy and fair,
Sly Cupid would lurk with his witching art there;
His bow he would pull, off his arrows would flee,
That soon brought some heart-wounded lovers to me.

When asked if I'd wed them, I laughed, and said "Yes,"
And sealed the fond pledge with a good hearty kiss;
They nightly would come, and were slow to depart,
And thought they had won both my hand and heart.

I was so haughty they could not subdue me,
And they were so blind they could not see through me.
They thought I was artless and free from all guile:
Poor dupes! they were pleased with a glance and a smile.

Great havoc I've made in the heart-breaking line,
But none have succeeded in yet breaking mine:
I suppose 'tis so hardened, or so very small,
I wonder sometimes if I've got one at all.

When combing my long raven tresses today,
O horror! I found they are changing to gray;
And my wild flashing eyes, where latent power lies,
Are circled with wrinkles art cannot disguise.

Oh, had I but dreamed that my charms soon fade,
I ne'er would have been such a wretched old maid.
The star of my beauty is forever set,
And what am I now but a withered coquette?

Though haggard my cheeks and deep furrowed my brow,
I'll marry no bachelor dotard, I vow;
And how can I be any man's second wife,
With ready-made children to taunt me through life?

The doctor, so smirking, so proud, and so trim,
Had he ingots of gold I ne'er could wed him:
He looks for perfection, and is so precise,
An angel above would have fault in his eyes.

The lawyer, that fop too, so starched and so staid,
I'd rather than have him remain an old maid:
He boasts of high breeding, and feels mighty big;
The fool, he's bald-headed, and wears a brown wig!

And there is the broker, that overgrown calf,
Who makes the room ring with his loud empty laugh:
To please such a fellow I ne'er could take pains;
No woman can e'er love a man without brains.

And there is the merchant, with rich jeweled rings,
He struts and he dances, he plays and he sings:
With some folk he may for a gentleman pass,
I never could wed such a swaggering ass.

The minister body, that hater of sin,
Though dwarfish in stature and so very thin,
He says if I wed him he'll do what he can,
But, Lord! I want something that looks like a man.

I hate all the dealers in two-penny wares,
Who come with their bowing and dancing-school airs;
And opera-singers I never could bear,
Whose faces, like monkeys, are covered with hair.

The mean album rhymer I truly despise,
Whose themes are for ever red lips and bright eyes;
I look with disgust on the parlor buffoon,
Whose head, like the tide, can be swayed by the moon.

The would-be wise critic in music and lore,
I ever have deemed him a terrible bore:
Than one so wordy, conceited and proud,
I'd rather at once be wrapt up in my shroud.

Let old lovers sneer, and vain bragarts deride,
Who never succeeded in taming my pride;
I've played well the part of the flirt and the jilt,
And still dream of conquests and castles air-built.

I know 'tis all folly, and why should I fret?
One chance, though a poor one, is left to me yet;
It may be a step that through life I may rue,
But what can a wrinkled old maid like me do?

The man who still loves me with heart and with soul,
Is true as the needle that points to the pole;
No stories of slander he e'er would believe,
Who thinks me the fairest descendant of Eve.

Whiles brightened with hopes, and whiles darkened with fears,
He has kept at his suit for some twenty-odd years.
With rapture, at last, he will bear off his prize,
And bask to his end in the light of my eyes.

The next time he calls, o'er his feelings I'll steal,
And feign what for no man I ever could feel;
I'll witchingly coax him, and while his love warms,
My mind is made up to rush into his arms.

A certain rector just before the service was called to the vestibule to meet a couple who wanted to be married. He explained that there wasn't time for the ceremony then. "But," said he, "if you will be seated I will give an opportunity at the end of the service for you to come forward, and I will then perform the ceremony." The couple agreed, and at the proper moment the clergyman said, "Will those who wish to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony please come forward?" Whereup thirteen women and one man proceeded to the altar.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—November 20th saw the bottom of the precipated decline which gathered momentum immediately after election. We had a ten-day rally which lasted into the first part of the week in December.

The generally oversold condition of the market, promiscuous short selling and the fact that the sound condition of certain companies encouraged new buying were the three factors which contributed principally to the result. Towards the latter part of the week, some shrewd people, who had picked up stocks, finding no change in the general situation, decided to take profits and await results. The technical position of the market became weakened—and, as the knowledge of a heavy decline in freight traffic became more general, these stocks were pressed for sale by people who had profits.

During the past week traders, who have overstayed the market, and brokers, who were anxious to do business, have all agreed that we were at the start of a big bull market—but, when the market did not recover and stocks seemed to be so plentiful in the market that buying orders did not seem to make for a recovery, a selling wave again set in. This selling seemed to be for tax registration purposes by people who believed that they can buy back cheaper and belated liquidation by others, who took up stocks early in the summer, in the belief that they would be able to keep them.

The long, downward sweep has now gone to depths which are just as illogical as the high prices recorded a year ago last November. We note excellent purchasing going on in numerous issues by people who are in a position to take them on a scale, but believe that such purchases should be confined to thoroughly tested issues which have a broad market.

There is no change in the generally bad business trade and industrial situation and any commitments should be limited to an amount which individuals can hold through what promises to be a very trying winter.

Cotton—Trade in Cotton the past week was not very active—with prices generally lower and with practically no recovery at the close of the week. There was also a little increased activity of some of the southern mills, but New England mills showed no improvement.

Some people feel confident that the new export corporations being formed will help Cotton, but we cannot quite agree with them for this reason: The mills of England, France and Belgium are working on half time now—not for lack of Cotton but for lack of orders. We might export more cotton to Germany and the Slav countries—and, as they are working for cheap wages, they could export the cloth to other countries; but, in doing so, they would simply deprive England and France of their export markets.

Prosperity during the war was general—the workingman got his full proportion and bought more clothes than usual—and, now that work is growing slack, he has had this stock to fall back upon and will not be in the market for some time. The Christmas trade is not up to normal, showing that people are conserving what they have.

The government estimates, making the total crop thirteen million bales, was larger than the trade were looking for and, coming at a time when the stock market was in a panicky condition, caused considerable selling by traders who had been holding on expecting a rally.

As long as conditions generally remain so unfavorable, we can expect nothing more than the usual rally from an oversold market. However, the price looks low, considering the long decline, and there is very little actual Cotton pressing on the market. Should conditions show any sign of a change for the better, a good recovery could be had from this level.

The Pity of It

"Occasionally there gets into Congress a man who tells some new jokes." "I know. Usually he doesn't last long."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Say, Jim," said the friend of the taxicab driver, standing in front of the vehicle, "there's a purse lying on the floor of your car."

The driver looked carefully around and then whispered: "Sometimes when business is bad I put it there and leave the door open. It's empty, but you've no idea how many people'll jump in for a short drive when they see it."—Kind Words.

Mr. Ellesdee did not allow his debtors much time to discharge their liabilities, and he had actually the temerity to call on a customer for the collection of a bill on Christmas day.

"I have called," began Mr. Ellesdee, "to ascertain when you intend to pay me."

"Well, sir," replied the debtor, who was enjoying his dinner, "I am at the end of my resources. In fact, I have nothing to pay anyone, and I can see grim poverty staring me in the face."

"That being so, I fail to see why you should be enjoying the luxury of a turkey," added the creditor, angrily.

"Alas!" said the debtor, wiping his eyes with his serviette. "I couldn't afford its keep."—Dallas (Texas) Beau Monde.

A PROPHECY

It is an additional title to praise an author, that his great women are imagined in the very contrary spirit to the modern cant, according to which an heroic woman is supposed to be something intrinsically different from the best sort of heroic men. It was not so thought in the days of Artemisia or Zenobia, or in that era of great statesmen and stateswomen, the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the daughters of royal houses were governors of provinces, and displayed, as such, talents for command equal to any or their husbands or brothers; and when negotiations which had baffled the first diplomatists of France and of Charles V. were brought to a successful issue by the wisdom and dexterity of two princesses. And it is the author's avowed belief, that one of the innumerable great purposes of Christianity was to abolish the distinction between the two characters, by teaching that neither of them can be really admirable without the qualities supposed to be distinctive of the other, and by exhibiting, in the person of its Divine Founder, equally perfect model of both.—John Stuart Mill.

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June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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A LITTLE KINDNESS

(Continued from Page 5)

the weapon—it wasn't like Skinny to let a little child influence him.

"Oh, daddie, don't hurt the poor man," piped the little girl, still clinging around her father's neck and peering at the prisoner in wonder. "He's got big holes in his boots, and when I gived him my penny to get them mended, he wouldn't take it, and said he liked his boots like that," and she finished breathless.

Brady's curious gaze traveled from his little daughter's face to that of the cringing wretch he held by the coat-collar, and dropped again to the object lying on the ground.

He thought rapidly for a few seconds, and coming to a sudden decision, spoke again:

"Did you ever try work?"

"Not much," gruntled the prisoner.

"Well, I suppose everyone's got to have a beginning some time," continued Brady. "You go up to the box factory in Gray street tomorrow—you know it—ask for Tim Ryan the foreman, and tell him I sent you along for a job. Do you get me? If you don't go, I'll pull you in for this the next time I see you. Good night." And releasing his hold on the man's coat-collar, the constable carried his chattering daughter along the street to his home.

Skinny stood open-mouthed and bewildered for fully a minute. When he heard the gate clang behind the constable, he awoke as from a trance, and kicking the sandbag into the gloomy recesses of the lane he mooched slowly off down the street thinking—wondering—"that John lettin' me go. Gor'blimey, I'd a sworn he'd walk ten mile to put me in."

Some weeks later, Snob Ellis, Skinny's old pal, received a note stating that "I've chucked up the old game and taken to hard yakker. I can get you a job here if you want one."

But Snob wasn't wanting one.

HAVE YOU HEARD IT?

Many stories are told on judge Roger S. Greene, the attorney, who has just returned from China on the last leg of his wedding trip.

Judge Greene is eighty-one years old, and appears to be still going strong. He it was who attempted to cut down the last three murderers who were lynched on James Street, near Pioneer Place. Although the tank talk, "Treat 'em Rough," was not known in those days, the idea was in existence, and was applied by the mob in Judge Greene's case.

When Judge Greene was on the superior bench an attorney who appeared before him insisted on miscalling the name of his client. The judge interrupted him.

"Your client," said he, "is named Brown—Browne, Brown—not Brownie. Now my name is Green and is spelled Greene. You would not call me Greenie, would you?"

As quick as lightning the attorney came back with this: "That depends entirely upon how your honor decides this case."

★ ★ ★

This is said to be Senator Harding's favorite story to illustrate the art of evading an issue:

When little Willie returned from school he found his fond mother waiting for him with a disturbed expression

"Willie," she said, "did you eat any of those apples that I left in the kitchen cupboard?"

"Mamma," replied the youngster with great earnestness, "I have not touched one."

"Then," demanded the agitated parent, "how is it that I found four apple cores in your bedroom, and that there is only one apple left in the cupboard?"

"The one in the cupboard, mamma," explained Willie, looking to see if there was clear sailing to the garden gate, "is the one I didn't touch."

★ ★ ★

Maurice Tourneur relates a funny one about an aristocratic Indian used in "The Last of the Mohicans." Suddenly needing an extra Indian for a massacre scene, he sent his assistant, Dorian, after a real Indian. Dorian found the brave, but encountered trouble as to the amount of remuneration.

"But I tell you this part is worth only $50," he gently persuaded.

"Me full blood, come from true Seneca tribe," stolidly grunted the savage; "me get um hundred dollar for act real Indian—no take fifty."

"But it will take only one day," urged Dorian.

"Make um no matter—me do um real Indian for hundred dollar."

Then Dorian lost patience and started to leave, when the Indian called to him: "Wait—I play um half-breed for fifty dollar, all right."

SUMMONS

No. 111291—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BERTHA SIMPSON, Plaintiff, vs. PERRY W. SIMPSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETINGS TO: PERRY W. SIMPSON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) Dated: November 12, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. B. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

12-4-5

SUMMONS

No. 92692—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

H. McQUAID, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS W. SIMMONS, Defendant. M. M. Getz, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greetings to THOMAS W. SIMMONS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 8th day of October, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk

11-27-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Probate No. 30494—Dept. No. 10.

Estate of ALFRED P. COLLINS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ALFRED P. COLLINS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Alfred P. Collins, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Alfred P. Collins, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, November 9, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California.

11-20-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM B. SCHUYLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, administrator of the estate of WILLIAM B. SCHUYLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William B. Schuyler, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of William B. Schuyler, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 23d, 1920.

11-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HARRY HARRIS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, administrator of the estate of HARRY HARRIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Harry Harris, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Harry Harris, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 23d, 1920.

11-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ERNEST NOGAT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, administrator of the estate of ENNEST NOGAT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ernest Nogat, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Ernest Nogat, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 23d, 1920.

11-27-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

No. 110589

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

LAURA M. STONE, Plaintiff, vs. HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

Dated: Oct. 16, 1920.

WELLES WHITMORE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
714 Easton Bldg., 428 13th St.,
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10-30-10

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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Reopening of the Open Shop

If it be true that the H. C. L. referred also to the hight cost of labor, then the reverse action has taken place. The slump in prices has had some effect in the labor world. For several months we have had few strenuous utterances from labor leaders, whose policy is rather to maintain their present position than progress further along their ambitions. The election of a Republican president and an augmented Republican majority in Congress has had something to do with the case. Since election day, the big corporations have laid off men by the thousands. It appears, from a reading of political history, that a large army of unemployed is a necessary factor in the Republican platform, acting simultaneously with their high tariff, thus vouching to protect the industries from cheap labor without, while superinducing cheap labor within. The refusal of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation to sell fabricated metal to closed shops is just an instance of what is going on. The Bethlehem works would not have risked such an act without some assurance of co-operation from other influential quarters. During recent years such understanding has been heralded as the American plan. Resistance to it has been mild, if we consider what would have been said a year ago to a trade embargo of this nature. Thus far, the Structural Iron Workers' Union has acepted the non-union product of the Bethlehem works. Will these men continue to use it? Unless the iron workers feel that they have been out-generaled, some sort of retaliation may be expected. They may refuse to handle the non-union metal. "It may happen," says Eugene Grace, head of the Bethlehem company. However, the open shop is more strongly entrenched than it has been for some time, and few strikes for increased wage can be predicted. Whichever the cause and which the effect, as between high prices and high wages, it would appear logical that when one of them suffers a breakdown, the other should likewise decline. Heretofore, union labor has been tyrranical in its aggressions. The American plan is based on reward for shop efficiency, and so makes the open shop the salvation of American labor.

* * *

The Abolition of Vice

When all is said and done, the moral clean-up of a metropolis is a bigger problem than the revenue tariff. A great deal has been said recently on the subject as it affects San Francisco, and we trust that almost as much will be done by those who have spoken most. Vice is now being attacked from three angles. These cohorts consist of the police, the Women's Vigilant Committee, and the United States of America in its official capacity. There may also be a fourth attacking party, the board of supervisors, seeing that its sergeant-at-arms has been detected in part ownership of a dance hall. As for the police, it must be said that atention to these matters is a part of their regular business, and the department has displayed some laxity therein; otherwise the public would not now be constrained to take a hand. The public too has been guilty of negligence. This is seen form the fact that its worthiest members expressed themselves as astounded at present conditions. So it behooves our federal government, with a high-sounding behoof, to participate in the struggle for morality. The government has a social hygiene field force, which, we are told, operates through the treasury department, under the supervision of secretary of the navy Josephus Daniels. This looks like a complicated organization, yet one that might be quite direct in its dealings, since it is a part of the wartime regime. However, the sternest frowns in the direction of the dance halls and other vice precincts has come from the Women's Vigilant Committee, which, in a subtle way, has thrust a bit of criticism in the face of Mayor Rolph. There seems to be an innuendo that the mayor has not performed his complete duty right along. Witness the following: "Honoring you as mayor," etc. . . . "we extend to you our services," etc. . . . "We will support and stand squarely back of you. . . . but the law must and shall be enforced." There may be equivocation here, but surely no ambiguity. The law must and shall be enforced. Why not hitherto? The Vigilant Committee requested an interview with all the police powers of the city, to talk it over. It was not unforeseen that some remarks of an acrimonious nature were to be passed at the interview. With the mayor, one of his ostensible duties is to see that the law must and shall be enforced. He may say it more pointedly to the ladies if they persist in reminding him of it. We can hardly see how Josephus Daniels could elleviate the situation; and it may be well for him that he is three thousand miles away, so that the Vigilant Committee could only taunt him by telegram for not putting a larger social hygiene force in the field. Daniels has a ready smile for such matters, while our mayor occasionally gets red in the face. It is rumored that the whole vice crusade has a political aspect—not motive but aspect; and we can warrant that the mayor will always vouch for the efficiency of his police department. The Women's Vigilant Committee, however, seem disposed to brook no excuses or idle promises, and we, in line with all good citizens, trust that the committee will succeed where others have failed.

* * *

The Alcoholic Apple

The apple, which created dismay in the Garden of Eden and fomented the chief dissension in Greek mythology, is destined as well to disrupt the peace of our prohibition era. The situation is apparently as follows: first catch your apples; then extract the juice. Or you may purchase the juice and convey it to your home. It is not intoxicating. It is merely apple juice. Be very careful not to treat it in any way that will be an infraction of the law. However, the beverage contains the male and female element of fermentation. Let Nature take its course. Cast all the responsibility on her. You can't arrest Nature. Subsequently you inspect the contents of the jug, and are astonished to find that you have hard cider, the cup that cheers as well as inebriates. Attorney General Palmer states that you are within the law, and cannot be molested. But the bureau of internal revenue is not so sure about it. We believe the attorney general to be more trustworthy; he is unbiased and disinterested, having no revenue to collect. The phraseology of the revenue bureau stultifies it in the face of the world. The bureau makes use of the well-known term, "non-intoxicating in fact"; from which we have long ago inferred that a beverage containing one-half of one per cent alcohol is fictitiously intoxicating and nothing more. Thus there is a fact and a fiction about all this percentage in the law. Even one per cent of alcohol would make a man drunk, according to the statute; but according to experience and the admission of fed-

eral authorities, it is non-intoxicating in fact. Apparently, the words, "one-half of one per cent," were inserted in the eighteenth amendment as a joke, seeing that the Constitution contains no other humorous passage. As for hard cider, it can produce a gollysosher, without cavil. As the worthy attorney general says, "Congress seems to have recognized the peculiar nature of cider; fermentation sets in shortly, converting the cider into intoxicating liquor." This shows great wisdom on the part of Nature, which foresees all difficulties, including the eighteenth amendment. Can we doubt this or the sagacity of Congress in reference to the peculiar nature of the apple when reduced to liquid form? Certainly, Congress knew what it was doing when, in section 29 of the prohibition act, it granted the right of the people to manufacture cider in their homes. Was Congress aware that Nature soon would do all the rest? The harshest critics of the sixty-sixth Congress (truly a misguided body of men) will concede that in that one particular, it had an eye open to the future and the rights of man. Knowing that some of them come from rural districts, we can assume that these had a little hard cider on the hip even as they voted for the prohibition laws.

* * *

Now Comes High Tariff

Where the Republicans cannot do anything else, they tinker with the tariff. They can always be trusted for this, and it is remarkable that almost nothing was said about it during the campaign. Ostensibly the issue was on the League of Nations; yet this was a transitory phrase of the continuous debate between the two political parties. The League of Nations is no part of Republican traditions, and will no doubt be put out of the way as speedily as possible; that is to say, our next president will speak about the league only of necessity. He has his own plan for one now, and it is getting nearer and nearer to Wilson's idea all the time. Eventually it will be so close that most of us will ask, "What is there left of Harding's document after subtracting Wilson?" However, no old-line Republican has any liking for the League at all. It is a new idea, born of the Democratic party, which is a progressive one, while the Republicans are immutable at heart. Your keen Democrat knows well that whatsoever a Republican is talking about, he secretly cogiates upon a high protective tariff. High tariff is the soul of the Republican party. When the subject matter was originally presented to the American people, its avowed purpose was the protection of our infant industries. Since that time, the infants have matured, to an extent that some of them are head and shoulders above competition. Nevertheless they are to be given protection. Wheat, wool, cotton, beans and meats are in the infant class now, and will be bulwarked with a customs revenue so high as to approximate an embargo. In fact, that is the alleged object. The farmer is to be protected against foreign competition. Now, if there is anything we have learned of the high tariff—under Republican demonstration—it is the falsity of the embargo argument. Foreign commodities are not kept out. The object is revenue only. Whenever a tariff bill goes to Congress, the proponents have calculated approximately how far it will go on the national budget. It may have been a kindly act to protect the farmer—once upon a time. Once upon a time, there lived a king and his name was Sugar. When he suddenly found himself monarch of all he surveyed in this realm, he raised his prices four and five times more than he had been accustomed to receive. Then the imported product was shot into the situation; prices tumbled, and His Royal Highness of the Sugar Kingdom felt hurt. He is still somewhat puzzled. It will be the same thing over with wheat, meat and all the other products. Not only the farmer, but all the public should be protected. The farmer should be reconciled to come in for his share of prosperity with the rest of us, and not try to make too much hay while the Republican sun shines.

* * *

Vice a Fascinating Subject

Had the rape trial of Spud Murphy been conducted in the Municipal Auditorium, with an admission fee of ten cents, the receipts would have far exceeded those ever accorded organist Lemare. Such a proceeding might be beneath the dignity of the superior court of the state of California in and for the county of San Francisco; yet some concession could be made for the public state of mind in such cases. No doubt, the people (of, for and by whom we exist as a government) have been just as interested in the moral as the immoral side of the case, and desired to see personally the course of justice done as well as hear the two girls relate how it all happened. We were pained and chagrined on learning that the populace which, less than two months ago, was welcomed to the polling booths as a wise and justice-loving people, were thrust from the doors of Judge Ward's courtroom as a morbid public. It is to weep. Nor is there a deal of satisfaction in the knowledge that accredited committees, appointees of civic bodies and other representatives of the people were given reserved seats. Representatives of the public, but not the public itself, passed in freely, or with only a slight argument here and there. If you were a representative, you could get in, because public spirited; but if one of the represented, you couldn't, because you were morbid. We dare say that these civic secretaries and vice-presidents, welfare club members and all that, do actually stand for the people's conscience in some matters; yet, had we known that they would use such official righteousness in order to attend the Spud Murphy trial, most of us would not have delegated them that privilege. Now that they know all the details by which the two girls were outraged, together with all the medical and legal terms therefor, we trust that these committeemen will be in a position to improve the moral life of the city. Had they trusted to mere newspaper accounts of the abduction, the statements of the police department and the published record of the case, they might have been in the dark as to what course should be pursued. It is to be hoped that the course will not be too hard for any municipal flesh and blood to bear. There is such a thing, in a season of hysteria, as making laws and police regulations too stringent for possible execution. When a law is too severe, the public is inclined to sympathize with those who evade it on technical grounds. This evasion usually begins to show itself within a few months after the law's passage. Should all the vicious dance halls be closed, the good ones would have to go likewise; and we should find ourselves in a condition wherein public dancing is illegal. The reform could go on and on until the public is compelled to perform the amusing side of its functions only in its private homes. It would be questionable even then if entire safety for young women would result. With a girl in a strange city, the slogan "safety first" would be as serviceable in crossing the path of a dapper young man as in crossing a railroad track. She may be waylaid at her own doorstep. No law can prevent that. Removing the doorstep or suppressing the dance hall will not eliminate the criminal. The girl who accepts a stranger's invitation cannot be protected by legislative enactments. It seems almost useless, merely for her sake, to deprive discreet people of the pleasure they take in dancing.

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In the House of the Child

By Lionel Josaphare

Robert Lankershim was shaving leisurely at half past seven o'clock in the morning. That was a tremendous situation for him. At half past seven, every day for the previous five years, he was in the subway express, traveling to the office. An atomic part in the colossal industry that is called New York City.

This morning he was late; deliberately so. And he was delaying, rejoicing, over every act of the daily routine. He was playing truant. On awaking at six o'clock, his usual hour, there had come to him the idea of lying abed instead of leaping from the covers, devoting a quarter-hour to gymnastic apparatus, rushing to a cold bath, and then from one thing to another, until, at the inevitable moment of eight o'clock, he would be far downtown, slipping on his office coat.

On this morning, when he had stared at the ceiling for fifteen minutes, it was plain that he must expedite in order to regain the lost time; and it was then that, instead of doing so, there came the second idea; to turn tardiness into complete absence for the day.

The office had known Lankershim as a methodic and minutiae worker for five years. Therefore, at half past seven, thoroughly involved in delinquency, he continued to revel in the slow performance of dressing.

Lankershim lived in the fifth story of an apartment hotel on West 125th street. His office was on the fourteenth floor of a building on Broadway, near Wall street. Every day, his route was five stories down the hotel elevator, thence through underground New York, and thence up fourteen stories in the office building. At six o'clock in the evening he started on the return trip. The elevators and the subway combined to make a modern enterprise of great magnitude; but that fact did not console him. He became aware of a ridiculous monotony. The more he thought of himself the more grotesque appeared his part in the daily mob-scene of human traffic.

His two-room apartment looked out on a narrow, gray court-yard and his office looked out on a wide, gray court-yard, and between the two was the dim-lighted scenery of subway stations. The course of his daily goings and comings became fixed in his thoughts as two vertical lines connected by a horizontal one at the base. It was like making a big swoop from rooms to office. It was like burrowing in the ground and coming up to work within walls that might as well have been beneath the surface of the earth, for all the natural outlook they possessed. A swoop from home to work, and a return swoop from work to home. He had obtained the position within a month after arrival in New York from a Connecticut village; he had lived five years in the metropolis, with scant knowledge of the region that lay between his bed and desk. He felt that he had been living underground. He recalled the tales he had read of miners who ascended to light once in years.

So it was that his spirit called for air. He would ascend to the daylight, if only for a day.

It was nearly nine o'clock when he went to a telephone box at the foot of his bed and ordered breakfast.

"Good morning, Mr. Lankershim," said the voice at the other end of the restaurant call; "pretty late this morning, aren't you?"

"Ha ha! I certainly am late," he replied. "Add fried chicken to my breakfast; will you please?"

"Yes, sir; fifteen minutes longer, sir."

"All right. Go ahead with your fifteen minutes."

The food was brought, and Lankershim consumed it lazily, finishing his coffee in luxurious fancies.

Satisfied and joyous, he attired himself for the street.

As he entered the elevator the elevator boy remarked: "You're late this morning."

"You bet I'm late," said Lankershim proudly.

"You ought to be like me: I'm late every morning."

Lankershim looked sourly at the lad. "Hey there! Don't you try to spoil my fun. I may be late every morning, sometime."

"Keep it up," said the elevator boy.

Lankershim emerged into the lower hall. There was Miss Rowan at the telephone switchboard. She had a nook under the stairway. She seemed mysterious and strange as a person in a subway station. Her place was weakly lighted with a single incandescent.

"Good morning," Mr. Lankershim. Isn't this late—for you? This is the first time I have seen you on a week day."

"I should say it is late. I'm so happy I wonder why I never thought of being late before."

She smiled as if interested in further information.

"I'll tell you a secret," said he; "I'm playing hookey."

"What?"

"Yes: playing hookey. Wouldn't you like to come along?"

"Come along?"

"I beg pardon, Miss Rowan. I am feeling gay as a boy, this morning; that's why I said 'come along.' No offence I trust. I have been overworked. Five years is a long labor without some outburst."

"Oh!" With this exclamation, half whispered, she sank back in her chair. On her head was a nickel-plated bridle holding the telephone receiver to her ear. It was not apparent whether she was admiring or merely envying him.

"Of course, Miss Rowan, it is silly to invite a person that can't accept. I didn't mean to be smart. It's impossible in the circumstances for you to leave your duties. I merely meant that if it were possible, I should be glad to invite you seriously—for a walk."

She looked up at him, and frankly studied his face. He returned the gaze with a courteous, quizzical smile. Evidently having formed some resolution, she swiftly inserted a plug in the switchboard, and spoke into the transmitter: "Willie? Willie, come down and take the board for the day. Yes—all day."

Miss Rowan then removed the nickel-plated headgear.

"This is very kind of you," said Lankershim.

"Say nothing of kindness," answered the young woman.

"I couldn't help feeling honored, and I thought I would say so, Miss Rowan. In fact I insist upon saying so. I'll be straightforward with you at the outset. I am somewhat old-fashioned that way. You have always had my greatest admiration. You may not consider that a compliment——"

"I insist, as a condition of going with you, that you refrain from compliments. I am as weary of them as I am of work. You don't mind my saying that: do you?"

"Just as you say," said Lankershim.

A boy in uniform came and took the telephone bridle, grinning. "I never thought you went anywhere, Miss Rowan."

She went to a locker, put on her hat; arranged the hatpins while stooping toward a tiny mirror inside the locker-door, pulled on her gloves, and returning to Lankershim, who had been watching her happily, said:

"Here I am."

"Let us go," said he, hardly concealing the happiness.

Outside the door, they beheld the morning that was soft and warm and full of that brilliance as impressive as magic, even in the architectural metropolis.

"This is wonderful," said he.

"You look frightened."

"I am just beginning to realize that I am having work without excuse. No; I will not realize it. I am going out. It is a beautiful day, that is all."

They were proceeding northward, praising the glimpses of upper New York, when they were hailed by the knight-errant of a taxicab. Lankershim shook his head, and said to his companion:

"Because we show we don't know where we are going, that fellow thought we should go in a fast automobile."

"We should have to give directions, and we don't want to think so deeply," said Miss Rowan.

"We need not, Miss Rowan; I have just thought of something unexpectedly."

"What is it?"

"Never mind; it is too simple to tell. Wait till we meet the autocrat of the next auto."

They were not long in coming upon one. Lankershim lifted his cane.

"Go in," he requested.

"Where?" came from the man at the wheel.

"Anywhere," said Lankershim.

"See the sights? Riverside drive? Theaters on Broadway? Sky-scrapers downtown?"

"No. No sights, no theaters, no sky-scrapers; sky-scrapers least of all."

"Then where?"

"Anywhere," Lankershim repeated, and sprang to a seat in the car beside Miss Rowan.

Without more ado, the automobile sped northward.

"Delicious," observed Miss Rowan.

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"Delicious for me—having you."

"Please don't forget about the compliments. None today."

"I'll try to remember. But it's hard work, and this is a holiday."

They gave their attention to the passing streets. Apartment houses, stores, tenements, office buildings, flats, mansions, views of the Hudson and the Harlem streamed by them. Anon, lower roofs. They were expecting open country, when the high, new structures of 181st street loomed. Beyond, the metropolitan aspect dwindled. The car stopped at a place that was rich with natural colors. A half block of lawn, containing some popular trees, attracted the riders.

The chauffeur reminded Lankershim: "You said to go anywhere. This is somewhere. Maybe it looks like nowhere to you folks. It happens to be somewhere to me. You didn't seem to care, and here we are."

"What do you find interesting here?" asked Lankershim.

"Nothing much but what you see: earth and sky and——"

"Oh! And a woman between the earth and the sky."

"Not quite that."

"Well, this is as good a place as any other."

"Better for me. I used to live in that one-story over there. I was a carpenter and a free man. Then I got to be the cashier of this here savings bank. I hang my hat down East 40th street, and once in a while I come here to loaf and make believe I'm still free. Well, are you satisfied with the landscape, or do you want to roll on?"

"I'd like to sit on the grass," said Miss Rowan.

"You can dismiss me here, if you want to," suggested the taxi.

"You mean you have a visit to make, and you'd like to be paid now."

"Naw, naw! I'm going to see the carpenter I lived with. I'll look you up in a little while." And he rode off.

"This is a dream," said Lankershim, as the two seated themselves on the grass. "Beautiful day, indeed! You don't object to my paying the day a compliment, do you?"

"Not at all. Sad to say, I just caught myself wondering what o'clock it might be of the beautiful day. Have you the bad habit of counting the hours and the minutes?"

"No more. My brain has become a sort of clockwork. When I think of time, it is years."

"Years? They bewilder me. I am growing old faster than I should, perhaps. I'll soon be twenty-nine. Do I look more?"

"No. You look just that; and, of course, you should."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight."

"I took you to be more."

"Not this morning? I'm young today."

"You do look younger than when you pass through the hall. Do you examine your face every day in the mirror to see if you are changing? I do."

"Yes; oh, yes! I am vain enough for that."

She relaxed on the grass, leaning on straight arm. "And don't you wonder every night if something lucky could happen next morning? I do; but it never happens."

"How about this morning?" he quiried somewhat resentfully.

"That's true. We are here. But then tomorrow and the next day: nine o'clock to five o'clock, nine o'clock to five o'clock, nine o'clock to five o'clock. And every day at four, the body sags in the chair. Do you ever wish for two hours more a day—your own day, your life?"

"Our office closes at six. We could clean up the day at five. Most of the other offices do, around us."

"Couldn't you find a place in one of them?"

"Why should I? My rooms would be as empty at five thirty as they are at six thirty."

She watched passersby. He watched her.

"Suppose," he ventured, "that we revoke the rule against compliments, so that I can pay you one or two? I earnestly request."

"How many?"

"Two."

He frowned, and then brightened. "You are the most fascinating woman I ever met."

"A thousand thanks!"

"And you are the most beautiful."

"Two thousand thanks, in all."

"I'd like to earn another thousand thanks."

"Here comes the automobile."

"I love you."

"I'll take the matter under consideration."

"Rather businesslike."

"Because you are businesslike, Mr. Lankershim. Every man—almost—that comes near my desk has a little dab of flattery; a little jab of flattery, I might say. And over the phone, it is the same, with only my voice to be used as the subject of introductory remarks. Flattery makes me feel workaday. Talking is my occupation. If you wish to be kind, won't you please be silent or flatter the scenery?"

"I'll be as kind as I can."

The automobile drew up, and the chauffeur came over to them. "Pardon! I thought I'd ask if you wouldn't like to take a look at one of the queerest homes in all the world."

"Anybody in it?" Lankershim inquired.

"Sure, there's somebody in it."

"Squirrel or something like that?"

"Nothing like that. Get in the machine, and I'll show you something."

They were motored around the corner, and

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"Being, I think, a good business man, I have taken a long, clear look ahead. I believe this readjustment period will be over in another 6 or 8 weeks. Business will be firmer, both here and abroad. On the whole, 1921 should be a good year.

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Think Rucker-Fuller

stopped at an ordinary cottage fronted by a flourishing garden.

Their guide led them up the steps and rang the bell. A little girl, about ten years of age, opened the door.

"Oh! Hello, Tom!" She seized the big right hand of the chauffeur, and hugged it. "I'm awful glad to see you. Oh! And you have friends with you. Come in, please."

The three entered. Within, the child ceremoniously held aside a portier, and followed her visitors into a small parlor.

"This is Miss Eileen Macdonald," said Tom. And—er—

"Miss Rowan," prompted Lankershim. "My name is Lankershim."

"Rowan—Lankershim. Eileen, this is Miss Rowan and Mr. Lankershim."

Eileen bowed to them.

"You see," added Tom, "we don't always know the names of our friends. Folks came out for a ride and fresh air, and I thought you would be about the freshest little thing I could show 'em."

"Well—I am," averred Eileen. "Take this rocking-chair, Miss Rowan. Mr. Lankershim, you sit there. Tom's going to sit right next to me."

The room was filled with artificial flowers: in bunches, in vases, and in loose profusion. On a wide work-table, were compressed pads of petals, sheaves of stems, leaves, curiously shaped knives and sticks, glue-pot and other utensils. The parlor was a workshop.

"Miss MacDonald conducts this establishment," said Tom; "she's a manufacturer."

"That must be a great responsibility and keep you very busy," said Miss Rowan.

Eileen considered a moment. "Well, yes; it does, especially now, because we have vacation from school and I'm making up for time spent at study. But don't you mind, now. I just feel like taking a rest. I was wishing that somebody would come. Do you know, whenever I feel lonesome or tired, and I wish for somebody to come, somebody does. Tom can tell you. Many's the time I have been thinking of him, and he pops right in. Of course, I think of him often, and he can't come much; but when I think of him in a certain way, he's sure to appear."

Tom laughed and pointed at the girl with his thumb. "Eileen runs this place without a bit of help or advice from anyone. She's all alone"

"Alone?" repeated Miss Rowan and Mr. Lankershim.

"Is she? She lives alone here; keeps house for herself; works the garden; goes to school, and supports herself."

Miss Rowan stared at the ten-year-old, whose fine-featured yet sturdy face gleamed pure, beneath an abundance of fair tresses.

Lankershim arose, dramatic with wonder. "Why, that is more than I do, Eileen.

"Is it? I guess you don't go to school and you have no garden."

Miss Rowan crossed the room, and touched the arm of the tender little worker. "You live and work alone?"

"Yes; I do. My father was a policeman. He was killed arresting a man." Eileen turned away her head and closed her eyes, readjusting herself to add, "He was a very brave man."

Miss Rowan kissed the child, sat beside her and caressed her. "Aren't you afraid to live alone?"

"No; I have my father's revolver. I sleep with it under my pillow. But then, everybody around here is my friend. There would be a riot in this part of town if anything happened to me. Isn't that so, Tom?"

The very thought of it almost made Tom angry. "I'd turn New York upside down to find the man who said a cross word to Eileen."

"And then," she continued, "all the policemen knew my father; and they watch out for me. They're wonderful men. A week ago I gave a dinner to eight policemen, right in the dining-room there. Macaroni soup, lettuce salad with shrimps, chicken—we had four roast chickens—smashed potatoes and green peas, and, for dessert, cream puffs. Yes; I prepared everything except the four chickens, which I had roasted by a neighbor."

"That was quite an undertaking," said Miss Rowan.

"Yes; and I thought it was going to be expensive. Instead of that, when the dadies left—I call them daddies—each one left me a two-dollar bill. What do you think of that? I wanted to force the money back on them; but they said I couldn't do it without a struggle and that if I wanted to fight eight policemen, to try it."

"Eileen," Lankershim blurted, "if you don't have me here the next time you entertain the police, you can imagine me broken-hearted."

"I will have you here," she responded with a lively nod, that included head and shoulders.

Lankershim propped himself on the work-table. "I think you're the dearest girl and that you could be the sweetest friend that ever was, Eileen. You don't object to compliments, do you, as Miss Rowan does?"

"No, I like them. I think you two persons could compliment each other very agreeably; and there's nothing I'd enjoy more than being present."

Miss Rowan took up a pad of wild-rose petals. "Is your work very hard, Eileen?"

"No-o-o. Not at all."

"Don't you get tired?"

If I get tired, I go out and tend the real flowers in the garden. That's a great pleasure to me, and, at the same time, I learn things from the real flowers that help me in the artificial ones But I'm seldom tired. I get up at daylight, no matter if that's early or late—as soon as I'm sure it is day. When I come home from school, I go right to work, and quit about 10 o'clock at night. Now, last winter, my father was with me. Next winter the policemen on the beat will feed my furnace, so the rooms will be warm when I get up. But Mike Stroggerty (he's a big daddy; isn't he, Tom?) he says that if I don't keep shorter hours, he's going to arrest me for violating the child ordinance. But I can work him all right."

"And don't some of your friends wish you to come and live with them?"

"Yes. But—I don't know. Some of them have families of their own and some have none at all. So it mightn't be convenient. I'm very comfortable: that's one thing. And for another, I have always been here. I was born in this house. It's well furnished. So when you come right down to it, I have more than some people who would like to take me to their homes."

Miss Rowan rested on her elbow, and meditated on the child. "If I had a home, I think you would have to come to it."

"You haven't much of a home?" Eileen inquired.

"No; not much of a home," said the woman. "It is not even as big as this parlor."

"One room. Do you cook in it?"

Miss Rowan laughed. "Yes; in a corner behind a screen.

"Well, that's funny; you look so tall and beautiful."

"Does that have anything to do with the matter?"

"It ought to; but I don't know whether it does or not."

"Would it have anything to do with your wishing to come, if I had the home?"

"Well, I've had lots of invitations; and yet, I must say, you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen; that counts something with me. Of course, I'm just talking for the sake of argument. I'm pretty sure that I wouldn't leave this house. But if I ever did go with anybody—you, for instance, you would have to go before a council of war; that's my daddies; and some of them are the fiercest policemen you ever saw. Gee! Sometimes I'm frightened myself."

Here Tom remarked: "I'm not overfond of policemen, myself; they've had me up for speeding half a dozen times unnecessarily. But I always tell Eileen to follow their advice in everything. They've advised her to live with some family. I think they ought to make her."

"They can't, Tom."

"That's all right, too; but they ought to try and use a little influence."

"Influence—uh huh! You know who could influence me."

(Continued on Page 9)

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The Spectator

Crime and Punishment

This time all expert observers are agreed that a crime wave has actually taken its course from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again; also north and south, crosswise and vice versa. Even amateur observers, the so-called victims, having been clubbed on the head, robbed, etc., have corroborated the evidence. Many of the crime devotees have directed their operations against women, assaults of that nature being so frequent as to get on the nerves of even the police department. The result is a general desire for some kind of punishment wave to fit the crimes. Hitherto our criminology has been largely concerned with humanitarian work, regeneration, paroles, honor systems, indeterminate sentences and time off for good behavior. What interests the public most is the good behavior of the criminal when he is at large; for it cannot be denied that there is a class of professional law-breakers whose profession is to them as much a matter of pride as honest work is to a carpenter. The question is, Where can most reform be accomplished on the criminal—in or out of prison? Assuredly, in. But then there is a tendency to treat him, while within prison, as if he were out. The idea is to deal with him, as far as possible, in a manner that accepts him as a human being, even though he be under the supervision of a warden. There would be no objection to this, as long as he is kept there. It has often been noted that the gangster, though he leads a roughneck life in the cities, is a perfect gentleman behind the bars. He knows what to do in case of necessity, and he does it. As a matter of fact, many of the gangsters are fashionable and dandified in their natural haunts. More than a few of the gaudier, tawdier fashions have been set by them, to be imitated by the sporting element and youth of the gay life, to and including the youth of numerous homes and high schools. Be this as it may, the gangster and professional criminal are not altogether an untutored tribe, and all efforts to reform them should take that much into consideration. They are not all children in mentality. The stress of reform against them should, it is evident, be directed upon their inclination to keep out of prison. The day that they do anything wrong, the prison should open for a long term. Not that even long-term immurement is a thoroughly adequate remedy for crime; yet it diminishes the hosts of criminals in the cities; and, if it have no beneficial effect upon the incarcerated one, it does act as a deterrent, to some extent, on those at liberty. There is no punishment that will do all that is asked for it; none that will remove crime from the calendar of human conduct. Yet there is such a thing as safe-guarding the people, and this can be achieved by putting the criminal class out of temptation, out of the way of the honest citizen, and in a place where he will have a long time to think it over, emerging subsequently as a better man, aged and decrepit, perhaps, yet like wine, considerably improved with age.

The Gallant Police of Los Angeles

Extremely curious and delectable piece of news: any woman at home alone in Los Angeles may have police protection by notifying headquarters. This makes an unusual play upon the imagination. One's first thought is where the policeman will station himself. Will he patrol the sidewalk in front of the lady's home, ascend to the roof and watch the doorway, or accept an invitation into the parlor? The latter would not seem in accordance with rules and regulations of the department. If the object be to quiet the lady's apprehension of danger, the parlor would be the only place for him, since his presence on the sidewalk would not be known to her throughout the evening. She would have to look out the window every few minutes to see if he were there. He might be talking to some one on the corner for a few minutes, the lonely matron hearing a strange noise, would imagine burglars. Thus half of the good attained by the cop's presence would be lost. On the other hand, if he sit up with the lady, the situation could become complicated. When her husband returns, say at 1 a. m., he would find her chatting with a policeman. No doubt he had given his consent to the protection. At the same time he could not help feeling somewhat uneasy about it. And suppose he were away two or three nights a week. There would be the same policeman every time. The chief of police could obviate this by assigning a new protector on each occasion, so that none would have the opportunity of growing sentimental. In large establishments he could talk to the cook. Yet cooks are reputed, many of them, to save a beau on the force, and in all fairness to him, perhaps pacing his beat away out in the fog belt, the chief could not very well assign another cop, who might be better looking, and cause the fog-belter a lot of worry. Maybe the best plan would be to have him sit on the doorstep, and tap the house with his club now and then to show that he is still there, alleviating all nervousness on the part of the lonely one. The chief, as we understand it, will also supply escorts to those women whom exigency compels to go out at night. Into this phase of the case we cannot enter, as it offers too wide a field for speculation, prognostication and all that sort of thing. However, in its main features, the plan is good, can do little harm, and that is the best that can be said of any proposition. It would be a good thing, though, if the chief would occasionally publish his records, so that eligible young men of the surrounding country be informed how many lonely women there are in Los Angeles, thus, in the course of time, relieving the strain on the police force.

Judges Sullivan and Oppenheim

In the history of the recall movement, one looks in vain for a counterpart of the determination which now circulates the petition against Police Judges John J. Sullivan and Morris Oppenheim. It is stated that ten thousand citizens signed the petition on the first day. The city had been carefully districted, enthusiastic workers were pledged from all parts, a large amount of publicity had already been obtained, and signatures for the recall were obtained faster than could be conveniently received. Obnoxious conditions in our police courts have, for many years, been apparent to all who came within ear-shot; and if one asks why such matters had not been given remedial attention long before, the only answer is that the public had become gradually inured to the havoc of justice, and accorded it slight heed beyond a derogatary remark here and there. Such indifference may have caused all the offending parties to become reckless, self-assured that the public did not care, one way or another. Within recent years, though, there has grown a distinct civic conscience; and, while it has not always manifested itself acutely, the conscience was ever present, and ready to strike at the proper juncture. Operations of the gangsters, climaxed with their dastardly exploit at the Howard street cottage, and the revelations of political coteries more or less in connection, sup-

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plied the psychological moment. Whatever be the guilt or innocence of these two judges, in specific cases, their trial will be before the people. It is not a case that goes before a jury, with all the technical finesse and legal verbiage. The people are to judge from what they have heard; and some, seen. When the balloting takes place, each voter will have to settle for himself the evidence upon which he is voting for or against the incumbents. There will be speeches and mass meetings, circular letters, accusations and defenses by all manner or means; and from this mass of evidence the public will form its conclusions. The impetuosity with which the petitions have been signed, leaves little doubt as to the result of the election. There are some who do not believe in the recall, declaring that the people should discover during the one term of an office-holder whether or not he is fit for another. Still, the multiplicity of candidates do not always afford opportunity for a close scanning of records during a general election; and if, in mid-term, events point to a great delinquency, there is no reason why the people should not immediately take action, seeing that we have law expressly for that purpose. It puts a big responsibility upon the electorate, since the recall of a judge in course of his term imputes more obliquity than his defeat for another term on the bench. Whether the two judges have done all that has been said of them or merely have not acted up to the present standards of the San Francisco judiciary, the recall movement will have a beneficial effect upon all public office-holding.

Segregation, Virtue's Ally?

Though optimism battles hard to establish the contrary, observation proves society presently is sore pressed to maintain its veneer of civilization. Statistics illustrate the cheapness of life, fragility of mortals and general contempt of law. Reasons are advanced in palliation of a condition approachnig the zero of rectitude: one says the war is a cause, and, lo, another attributes it to lack of proper legislation! The reiterated heralding that democracy's victory would effect to preserve society should be ample contradiction of the first, or else but harvest of perishable glory is our reaping where we sowed our countless dead; that we have plethora of law to circumvent all manner of crime would seem to contravert the second reason advanced; therefore, a cause must exist elsewhere, and, paradoxically, effort to enforce extreme virtue may itself make for the gross immorality that stalks unchecked.

Hysteria unhinges reason, makes saints of sinners and unwitting sinners of saints, for sanctity is no more logical than sinfulness is reasonable—impelling forces operate to produce both. Preachers of religion, as a rule, hitch to a popular star—often with earthly profit to shepard rather than spiritual benefit to the fold. Enter the usual house of God and witness the gospel that is preached: presently, because of the revolting disclosures filling the daily papers, most of the ministers are inveighing with holy zeal against mere effects and intermediary causes, but, who of them dares to mention, what men who do not attend their preachments are convinced is, the primal cause these savage expositions?

We are prone to worship idols we have reared even long after we are assured our gods are false ones; because we invented pet legislation is deemed ample reason why it should remain the law. It has been the experience of other communities that abolition of segregated districts rather than their isolation and regulation unfailingly bears these fruits: marked increase in violation of women and children; intensification of police graft; disreputable infection of residential districts; non-detection, and hence, the unchecked spread of disease. The argument that such places automatically become the rendevous of undesirables is in favor of their establishment; officers of the law may in that case more readily apprehend such as have transgressed it than if the violators were scattered to the four quarters of the city, as now obtains.

* * *

Illustrious Authority

It was a theologian, celibate and saint, Augustin, who, centuries ago, termed this thing a necessary evil; are there theologians, celibates, and saints who would, in contradiction of his dictum, legislate as though the ages had changed a tendency of human nature? Was not the wisdom of Napoleon exemplified when, to the shocking disedification of moral France, he ordained for the protection of his legions a licensing and regulation of what legislating obstructionists would today seek to abolish utterly?

Automatically, the righteous canonize the advocator of moralty and anathematize him who would dare propose restriction of evil in effort to effect a larger measure of good. They resurrect the hackneyed "two wrongs never make a right," though they applaud its contrary application in the case of hanging murderers or incarcerating law breakers and have absolute faith in the truism "poison kills poison."

Truth oftimes is bitter, but our moral health demands we partake of it; temptation is actual, but it mostly follows in the wake of opportunity and has permanent abode where are the near occasions of sin. The Lord's annointed, whose married state should be sufficient shield to ward away illicit desire, may, from the pulpit, damn the sinner and call for his extermination; may not chance of circumstances and position, in great degree, obtain to halo the brow of the first, or to cloven-foot the unfortunate others? Does not a sequestered existence function to create narrowed vision and hence intolerance? Which

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savors the more of constructive intelligence: to hew close to a line established without analysis of effect and with disregard or ignorance of historical precedent, or, acknowledging the impracticability of a cherished Eutopianism, to put behind us this tinkering with natural laws and conclude what, ostensibly, is a bargain with immorality but what actually is being constrained to choose the lesser of two evils?

Arrayed against the proponents of this sensible course will be a group of irreconcilables without foundation in fact for their fanatical, prudish, illogical opposition, but their doctrines having been weighed and found wanting would it not seem wisdom to at least soberly discuss the only alternative course?

A Good Provider

A farmer was the father of twelve children, all of whom had been rocked in the same cradle by the same great toe. He was rocking the newest arrival one night when his wife remarked:

"John, that cradle is nearly worn out; it's so rickety that I'm afraid it will fall to pieces."

"It's about used up," replied her husband. Then handing her $10, he added: "The next time you go to town get a new one, a good one, one that will last.—Portland Spectator.

By Force and Arms

Lawyer—"You say your wife attacked you with a death-dealing weapon. What was it?"

Meek Little Man—"A fly-swatter, sir."

Sign in front of a florist's shop in Mt. Clemens, Mich.:

"Arthur Van Derblumenscheur.
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The Profiteer's Wife—"Heavens! Margaret has eloped with the chauffeur in the car."

The Profiteer—"What! Not the new Rolls-Royce?"

CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA

By Emily Pintér

Awake, open wide your eyes,
For Christmas morn is here,
And from all corners of Heaven
God's sunlight doth appear.

Long, long ago, on this day of days,
God sent to us below
His Son, Who was to live and die,
That of His love we'd know.

God placed around His Son's fair head
A halo lit with heaven's light,
For the world to know He was looked upon
With favor in His Father's sight.

And even so doth the sunlight lie
As a halo 'round the west,
It is His gift to this fruitful land
And to California, whom He loves the best.

To some, God gives on Christmas morn
White snow-flakes, undefiled,
But the sunshine that He gave to us,
Was the Father's gift to His favorite Child!

December, 1920.

IN THE HOUSE OF THE CHILD

(Continued from Page 6)

"Couldn't I?" asked Miss Rowan.

Eileen turned with a dainty shrug. Well, I don't say that you couldn't. But—I go my own way. I'm all right. I couldn't be better off with anyone else. I'm absolutely safe here; and that's all I care for."

"Is that all there is?"

"You know what I mean; it might depend some on the person—or persons." She dreamily stole a glimpse of Lankershim. "If I should happen to meet somebody I'd like tremendously——" Her manner changed suddenly, and she beamed on Miss Rowan. "Now I want to ask you a question from my own side: How would you like to come and live with me? I have everything here that you could possibly need, and you could have the big light room in the wing all to yourself."

Miss Rowan found it difficult to answer.

"Wouldn't you like it? You know, I never thought of asking anyone to come here; and it isn't everyone I could stand."

"No. You're a dear, good girl, Eileen—the best girl imaginable. But I couldn't come."

The child-soul was wounded at the refusal of her only offer. Her eyes again sought Lankershim, and enlarged at the probability of his interest in the case.

Tom leaned toward her confidentially. "Eileen, there are some things you don't understand yet,"

"Don't I though? Miss Rowan means that she couldn't be here on account of the daddies coming all the time."

At this juncture Miss Rowan became aware that Lankershim was moving toward her. She arose and, equal to him in height, faced him expectantly. He spoke in deep, powerful tones:

"This girl needs you. She loves you." Slowly Eileen's hand put forth and took the woman's. "Eileen!" Thoughtfully and carefully the child reached for Lankershim's hand and pressed it. "Katherine Rowan, in some way, in my way, have this darling girl with you. Could we ever give her more than she has given us today? This has been a glorious morning. We began it with a desire to be remote from life—only to discover what life really is. Will you quickly abandon all the good we have found? Together we found it; let us cherish it together."

Gradually, and gazing into his eyes, as if to increase her courage as well as love, she gave him her hand.

"Yes."

And together they embraced the child.

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Social

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Frank Pinckney Helm

Mrs. Frank Pinckney Helm sustains the reputation for beauty and charm of the women of Kentucky, her native state. For several years she and her husband, Captain Helm, lived in the Philippines, where Captain Helm, U. S. N., had a special detail as chief of the bureau of navigation. Mrs. Helm is one of the leaders of San Francisco society and is greatly beloved for her sunny disposition and kind heart.

MRS. FRANK PINCKNEY HELM

Mrs. Hamilton Vose Bryan

Mrs. Bryan was before her marriage to Lieutenant-Commander Bryan, U. S. N., in Paris, in 1919, Miss Margaret Payne Luce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry James Luce of New York. The Bryans, since their marriage, have been stationed in Tiflis and Constantinople. At present, Commander Bryan is acting captain of U. S. S. Scorpion, the converted yacht of Robert Goelet. His mother, Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, is looking forward to a visit from her son and his lovely wife during the coming year.

Miss Helen McPeak

Miss Helen McPeak, a sub-debutante of Los Angeles society, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. McPeak of Grammercy Park. She is related to many prominent families in San Fracisco, the former home of her parents.

Colonel Thornwall Mullaly is a very busy man man these days. He is chairman of the committee which is planning the big Christmas party for our sick service men, and he is entering into the spirit of the affair with his accustomed enthusiasm. With his guiding hand at the helm there is no doubt of the success of the affair.

The Infants' Shelter Ball is the main function of interest for next week. The Palace will doubtless stage another brilliant success on New Year's eve, netting a goodly sum to carry on the Day Home, in which so many of our society women are conducting for the children of mothers who work. It is one of our oldest and most worthy charities.

About 100 guests were present at the reception of Commander and Mrs. Doyle in their Sacramento street home on Tuesday evening. The guests of honor were Lieutenant and Mrs. Derby and Commander and Mrs. Glassford.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Crellin will spend the holidays at their Pleasanton ranch with a house party of fifteen or twenty family guests. They plan a trip to New York in the spring. The Crellins were hosts at a dinner on the evening of the opening of the Cliff House, later going to the Navy Ball. Mrs. Crellin, who was the incomparable Camille D'Arville, an opera queen, was enthusiastic about the revue of the charming society belles at the recent Junior League party at the Fairmont.

In accordance with her long continued custom, Mrs. Eleanor Martin will keep open house on New Year's Day to receive the legion of friends who call upon her. She will be assisted in receiving by Mrs Frank Pinckney Helm.

Mr. William Nolting of South America is at the Palace. He has many friends here, who formerly were residents of Manila, where he lived for many years.

Chief Justice and Mrs. Johnson of Manila are at the Palace. Being old friends of President-elect Harding, they are en route to Washington to be present at the inauguration. On dit that Justice Johnson is mentioned as governor of the Philippines.

Mrs. Jackling returned recently with her niece, Miss Moffitt, who attends school in New York. Mrs. Henry T. Scott went east about a month ago to return with Misses Mary and Eleanor Martin, who are also students in the east.

Mr. and Mrs. Salvadore A. Pacheco will spend the holidays at their ranch Los Robles, Marin county, with a few guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Addison Fair of Sydney, N. S. W., are recent arrivals in this city. They are en route to Paris, where their son-in-law is an attaché of the British legation. They are accompanied by Miss Nancy Hay, whose father, General Hay, is stationed in India.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lawrence and their daughter are spending the holidays in Chicago.

Mrs. A. Hammersmith entertained at tea for a number of debutantes on Wednesday at the Fairmont. Her exceedingly pretty daughter, Helen, returns to her New York school after the holidays.

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Miss Mary Phelan will be hostess at a Christmas dance, beginning at 10 o'clock, in her Washington street home.

Special Christmas Entertainment

Christmas at Techau Tavern will this year eclipse any of its predecessors. While a special Christmas dinner, a triumph of the culinary art, will be served to its patrons at $3.50 per cover, which will contain many delightful innovations of the cuisine; yet the piece de resistance in the de luxe exhibition of fun-making will find expression in the Noel Revue. Olive Ann Alcorn, soloist dancer; Jess Mendelson, in a host of songs and dances, assisted by Rene Perry, Marie Bond, Ruby Adams, Pearl Leonard, Pearl Clough, Thelma Harvey, and in addition, musical director Elliston R. Ames and his peerless dance orchestra will bring the festive season to a climax of good will and merriment. Lucky dances will of course prevail, offering Murad cigarettes and Harry Hoefler's Chocolates as prizes to the lucky dances. Several new triumphs in stage illuminations have recently been introduced by A C. Morrisson, the versatile manager of Techau Tavern.

Holidays at Del Monte

Del Monte as usual will be the scene of an interesting celebration over the Christmas and New Year's holidays. A program of entertainment has been mapped out to provide diversion for the visitors. On Christmas there will be an old-time celebration with tree decoration, the appearance of Santa Claus, a tennis tournament for boys and girls and golf competitions for men and women.

For New Year's a big dinner dance will hold sway to usher in the New Year. A golf tournament will be in progress during the three days and entries have already been received from some of California's best known players. Among those who will celebrate at Del Monte over the New Year are Messrs. and Mesdames J. A. Reiners, M. R. Higgins, A. W. Goodfellow, W. D. Peterson, Louis Ghirardelli, H. R. Williar, S. F. B. Morse, W. S. Bayless, W. Leslie Comyn, Herbert Fleishhacker, F. A. Kales, Mortimer Fleishhacker, Max Hauser, D. G. Volkmann, C. E. Worden, R. McCreary, W. D. Fennimore, E. S. Heller, A. S Lilley, P. T. Cumberson, F. G. Noyes, William Roth, R. J. Somers, Walter Leimert, J. A. McNear, Thomas W. Cushing, Pinckard Eyre, A. C. Parsons, C. C. Moore, J. J. Haviside, Hugh Goodfellow, K. R. Kingsbury, R. D. Lapham, R. D. Merrill, Warren Spicker, Mrs C. A. Dillman, Misses Marian Baker, Anne Peters, Constance Hart, Agnes O'Connell, Mrs. Lillian Donnelley, Dr. Prescott Scott, Harry Hunt, Phil O'Connell, Dr. Maurice O'Connell and W. F. Humphrey.

MISS HELEN McPEAK

Palace Fine Arts

In accordance with the established custom, the Palace of Fine Arts will be closed on Christmas day to give the staff an opportunity to spend the day with their respective families. The museum will remain closed on Sunday as well. It will open to the public on Monday at 10 o'clock as usual. Director Laurvik has several important exhibitions in preparation which will be open to the public early in the new year.

In a Pacific Coast town they tell of a political leader who once flourished there, and who, knowing the financial necessities of one of his most valuable workers, sent him a small portfolio, bound like a book, among the leaves of which were deposited banknotes to the amount of several thousand dollars. Some time later the two met, and the donor said: "And how did you like the new work I sent you?" "A fine work!" exclaimed the other. "I read it with great interest; so great, indeed, that I await the second volume with impatience." The politician smiled, and when the worker's birthday came round he presented him with another portfolio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved upon it: "This work is completed in two volumes."

MRS. HAMILTON VOSE BRYAN

Openly Arrived At

He—The lecturer said that a wife should be an open book to her husband.

She—I admit that, my dear. And a husband should be an open pocketbook to his wife.—Leadville Herald Democrat.

As the decks of business become cleared of many of the evils of a war-bred boom, the officers of this institution look to the future with confidence and hope that 1921 will prove to be a year of genuine, stable, dependable business development and prosperity.

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank
of San Francisco

"San Francisco's Oldest Bank"

The Stage

Alcazar's Christmas Triumph

The Alcazar theater is giving its patrons a Christmas present in the form of a beautiful play with a Christmas theme and produced amazingly well, even for that conscientious play-house. The cast is made up of seasoned actors and actresses, which is the only solution to the problem of distribution of character parts. The story of the play has human appeal, intensified at this season when everyone is thinking of Christmas.

Emelie Melville is the star of the piece. She plays a rich old tyrant, whose life has been spent ordering the marionettes in her environment about, and Miss Melville plays the tyrant "to the queen's taste." She has golden opportunities to illumine the atmosphere with flashes of the dramatic skill, which made her, in her youth, one of the most sparkling lights of comic opera.

Anna MacNaughton, as a German frau in a Flatfush tenement, gives an unctuous portrayal. May Nannery is an Irish resident of the same house. Her inimitable acting is reinforced by that of two chips o' the same block. Rafael Brunetto is metamorphosed as a youthful and fiery Italian in this domicile, where he lives with his wife and child. Edna Peckham is very true to type.

Al Cunningham, who is a very much bossed butler, and tries to be a confirmed bachelor at the same time, fails in his resolution to remain single, because Emily Pinter, as a Swedish maid with matrimonial proclivities, won't let him. Miss Pinter is as consistent and convincing as ever.

Charles Yule is adorable as the husband of the tyrannical old woman, who has molded him to her will, but who sees nothing in his wife but that which is praiseworthy. To him her whim is law. As she has completely dominated the old gentleman, they dwell in harmony and mutual admiration.

Dudley Ayres, as a physician very much in love with a poor seamstress, the disowned, widowed daughter-in-law of the tyrant, is a captivating lover. Elwyn Harvey plays the young widow, and very charming she is. Her outburst of motherly love, her indignation with her neglectful parent-in-law reveal depths of an emotional nature. Fancy all these characters of opposite types and contrasting social positions meeting and having a Christmas tree party. There are fun and pathos in rapid succession and a climax that sends everybody home happy. I almost omitted to mention several clever kiddies, whose impersonations reflect credit upon the training of Henry Shumer, notwithstanding that excellent but modest stage director's deprecatory, "You don't have to teach children to act."

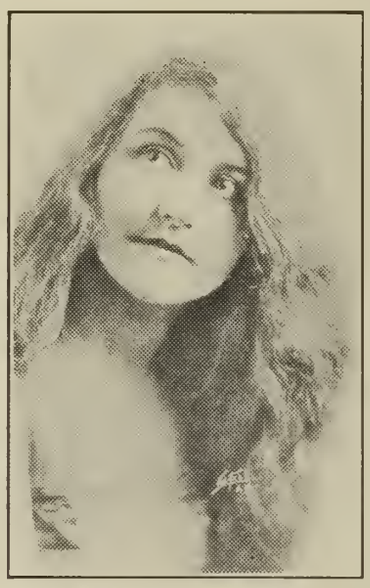
HELEN M. BONNET.

Mme. Tetrazzini

Mme. Tetrazzini (San Francisco's own Luisa), who under the management of W. H. (Doc) Leahy is having the greatest tour of her entire career, will be heard in concert at the Exposition Auditorium Easter Sunday afternoon, March 27th, under the local direction of Frank W. Healy.

On December 10th Mme. Tetrazzini gave a concert in Philadelphia and the Philadelphia Inquirer wrote the following:

"Mme. Tetrazzini came back to Philadelphia last evening, her old effervescent self, and was rapturously welcomed by an audience filling the Metropolitan Opera House. It is a number of years now since she burst dazzingly upon us in the consulship of Oscar. But time has not dealt ungently with her, nor have her devoted labors for Italy during the war quelled her high spirits. She put herself at once en rapport with her hearers, unaffectedly delighted with the evidence of popularity their repeated recalls gave, taking them, as it were, individually to her heart. She was generous with encores. Two often-ridden warhorses of coloratura sopranos were on the set program; some might say they had been ridden to death. But both the "Caro Nome" and the "mad scene" from "Lucia" offer Mme. Tetrazzini precisely the opoprtunity for the kind of singing the audience came to hear. There are few in these days who have her technique in this form of the singer's art; nor need we compare her with any of them. It may—or it may not—be a tribute to her art to say that these arias give quite as much pleasure when she sings them in concert as when she does on the stage. Nor is this the place to speak of her work as a singer of the theater. Mme. Tetrazzini has three supporting artists of more than ordinary capacity —Francesco Longo, pianist; Max Gegna, 'cellist, and Henri Bove, flutist.



MISS ELWYN HARVEY

Alcazar

"Come Seven," a recent New York novelty, having first production in this city, is the Alcazar's Happy New Year novelty, commencing at next Sunday's matinée. It will be great fun to see all the Alcazar players in black face, visualizing uproariously funny characters in Octavus Roy Cohen's southern negro classics, that have moved a nation of magazine readers to laughter. Cohen, in his dramatization, has contrived many comic effects that the printed page cannot convey. In this "study of blacks and browns in three splashes" the characteristics of the modern southern negro, with his rich humor, simplicity, superstition, love of jazz and crap-shooting, are accurately depicted, not burlesqued. The theft of a diamond ring and the substitution of a "fake sparkler" is the theme that involves side-splitting complications in a colored community at a jazz dance. The cast includes Dudley Ayres, Ben Erway, Elwyn Harvey, Emily Pinter, Edna Packham, Charles Yule, Anna MacNaughton, Henry Shumer, Al Cunningham, Walter Emerson and Edith Searles. There will be two performances New Year's eve, at 7:30 and 9:45. Nowhere does the carnival spirit of San Francisco find more exuberant expression than when the Alcazar plays a New Year's eve double-header.

"For the Defense," the mystery of a fake Hindu doctor's murder, to be given for the first time on this coast, Sunday, January 2, was a six months' sensation in New York recently, featuring Richard Bennett at The Playhouse. It is by the author of the famous melodrama "On Trial."

IF WE CAN LEAVE BEHIND

If we can leave behind
The clear, sweet tones of a marv'lous voice
That has helped to make the world rejoice,
When we pass on;

If we can leave behind
A painting from God's great outdoors,
A breath of sunshine from the moors,
When we pass on;

If we can leave behind
Some rare truth on a written page,
To live and cheer down through the age.
When we pass on;

If we can leave behind
The memory of a pleasant smile,
Unselfish acts, that have been worth while,
When we pass on;

If we can leave behind
A monument that will ever stand.
In this God-given glorious land,
When we pass on;

If we can leave behind
Good thoughts and deeds sweet to recall,
We've done our bit here, after all,
When we pass on.

—Winona Flaven.

"And is ten dollars all you are offering for the return of your wife?"

"Every cent."

"No one will bring her back for that paltry sum."

"I know it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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(Cut this out and give it to a friend. We wish to increase our subscription list).
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"THE THINGS THAT COUNT"
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TWICE NEW YEAR'S EVE—7:30, 9:45
Octavus Roy Cohen's Black Face Facciality
"Come Seven"
A Riot of Merriment
All the Alcazar Favorites in Black Face
NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
DUDLEY AYRES—ELWYN HARVEY
SUNDAY MATINEE JANUARY 2—First Time Here
New York's Recent Mystery Sensation
"FOR THE DEFENSE"
By Elmer L. Rice, Author of "On Trial"
Every Evening—Matinees Sunday, Thursday, Saturday
Two performances New Year's Eve 7:30, 9:45

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SAN FRANCISCO

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Stocks continued their downward trend the past week with only occasional rallies, which were short lived.

The industrial list was the target for the bears, and they hammered first one issue and then another,—and, at the close of the week, some industrials were selling at the lowest prices ever quoted.

With so much aggressive selling going on in the industrials, it was only natural that the railroads should show a sympathetic feeling,—and, while they held their ground early in the week, yet they weakened in the last few days and failed to show any recovery, giving the market a general weak appearance. Some of the low-priced rails figure lower than at any time since the rate increase was granted.

Feeling in the financial district is generally pessimistic and everywhere the atmosphere reflects the realization that there are hard times ahead.

Early in the week, the first specific reason for the decline, which has been given this year, was cited in the form of the need of money for tax payments. We believe it is the general world situation.

In this connection, we hear that, in the past few days, there has been real improvement in Great Britain,—that merchants are facing the facts and are cutting prices to a point where inventories are being turned into cash. The same process must be followed in this country and the sooner the better.

The decline in the market for raw materials has caused considerable reduction in price by manufacturers generally, and it is now up to the retailer to make a corresponding reduction in price. It is generally thought that the retailer, who is carrying large inventories, is only hoping to dispose of them before the holidays that will let him out with as little actual loss as possible. After the holiday rush is over, it is expected that there will be a general reduction in all lines and that the decline in price will go a long way towards establishing a basis at which the consumer will buy freely.

The consumer has been waiting patiently for lower prices, and the retailer, who was stocked with high-priced goods, did not see his way clear to sacrifice his goods until after the holiday trade is over. Once the consumer begins buying,—and he can't hold off forever,—it is bound to stimulate general gusiness, which seems now to be the big factor in the market.

Every day there are reports of first one industry and then another either reducing their dividends or passing them entirely, and the only excuse is lack of orders.

We note an easier tone in the money market for people with good credit. There was some time money available last week at 7 per cent. The first appearance of easier money in times like these generally produces a rally and sometimes quite a real turn in the stock market, but the market seemed to be so plentifully supplied with stocks that what buying did appear failed to create an impression.

There was considerable selling of actual stocks by traders who were registering a loss for income tax purposes, and the buying back of these stocks is expected to take place after the New Year.

We see nothing that one could interpret as bullish, except that the decline has been so severe and the prices at which some stocks are selling look like bargains.

Usually, when every one is so pessimistic and stocks are being thrown on the market regardless of their intrinsic value, the bargain hunters came into the markets, and it has been this class of buying that has taken place recently and, no doubt, stocks are going into strong hands and will not come on the market again except at higher prices.

Cotton—Trade in Cotton was rather slow and uninteresting the past week—with prices generally lower than the previous week.

The pessimistic trade reports in the textile industry, as well as the closing down of a large number of mills, put a check on any bullish entsusiasm. Then, too, the pronounced weakness in stock was a factor that made for a bearish sentiment.

The government ginning figures were much larger than expected and indicates a crop of over thirteen million bales.

News from Europe was rather against the market than otherwise—with reports of a general reduction in Cotton goods. The same situation prevails in England, as it does here, and mills in Manchester are working on part time and reducing wages.

The sooner we get to a basis where the prices will stimulate a demand—the better it will be for all concerned. We have had a period of artificial prices for so long and the deadlock between manufacturer and consumer has been such that only a limited amount of business has been done on both sides—and, now that the mills have reduced prices to a level, that will attract buyers, it will create a better demand for Spot Cotton.

The usual appeal to the cotton grower is being made to hold his Cotton, as well as to curtail their acreage by 50 per cent. As to holding, as yet there is no urgent demand for his Cotton and will undoubtedly, as always has been the case, find its way to market slowly but in sufficient supply to prevent any scarcity. Money is not so plentiful as to make it easy to tie up several million bales of Cotton. As to reducing acreage, no doubt, that will be done, but, probably, not in a more drastic way than on former occasions—and, unless business gets better, there will be a large supply carried over and added to a small crop which will be sufficient for the world's need.

There are so many cross currents in the market that we hesitate to advise taking a decided stand on either side of the market—and, while we hope for better business conditions in the near future, yet, as long as conditions remain as they are, the market will not show much improvement.

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Park-Presidio District Branch—Clement and 7th Ave.
Haight Street Branch—Haight and Belvedere Sts.

June 30th, 1920

Assets	$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund	330,951.36

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JOKES AT ROYAL EXPENSE

Thomas Carlyle observed that "kings are ill to joke wi'," but there have nevertheless been plenty of jokers so audacious as to "josh" kings with a well-developed sense of humor, such as Charles II, capable of enjoying a sally at their own expense, declares a writer in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

It is related that one day when Charles was inspecting a warship at Chatam he asked Killigrew, "Don't you think that I should have made a good shipwright?" Charles was proud of his reputed skill in naval architecture, and, no doubt, by this query sought a compliment. But Killigrew, who was nothing of a courtier, replied instead:

"I have always thought that your majesty would do better at any trade than your own."

A lively example of French retort to royalty is afforded by the story of Marshall Bassompierre and Louis XIII. The marshall had given his majesty an account of his embassy to Spain, setting forth the manner in which he had entered the Spanish capital mounted upon a mule. "An ass seated on a mule!" exclaimed Louis, with a laugh. "Yes, sir," replied the marshal, "and the joke of it was I represented you!"

Good Queen Bess, it appears, had a pretty wit, which she was by no means loath to exercise upon her subjects. In one verbal duel, at least, Elizabeth got the worst of it. Observing in the garden a courtier to whom she had promised promotion that had not materialized, her majesty thrust her head out of the window and called to him:

"What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?"

"Of a woman's promise, your majesty," was Edward's response.

Almost as disconcerting an answer was once given Frederick the Great, who wishing to humiliate his physician, asked: "How many men, my doctor, have you sent into the other world?"

"Not nearly so many as your majesty," was the retort, "but with infinitely less glory."

When George III first men Sir John Irwin, a thirsty soul, he remarked facetiously:

"They tell me, Sir John, you're fond of a glass of wine."

"Your majesty," gravely responded the courtier, your informants do me a great injustice. They should have said a bottle."

Oke—I don't see why you haggled so with the tailor about the price—you never pay him.

Owens—Oh, but, you see, I am conscientious. I don't want the poor fellow to lose more than is necessary.—Boston Transcript.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS

Notice of special meeting of the stockholders of RUCKER-FULLER DESK COMPANY, a corporation, to consider a proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of a resolution of the Board of Directors of Rucker-Fuller Desk Company, a corporation, unanimously adopted at a meeting of said Board, duly and regularly called and held at the office and principal place of business of the said corporation in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 22nd day of December, 1920, a special meeting of the stockholders of said corporation, Rucker-Fuller Desk Company, is hereby called and will be held at the office and principal place of business of said corporation, to-wit: 677 Mission street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being the principal place of business of said corporation and the place and building where the Board of Directors usually meets, on Tuesday, the first day of March, 1921, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. of said day, for the purpose and object of considering and acting upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of this corporation, Rucker-Fuller Desk Company, from $100,000.00 divided into 10,000 shares of the par value of $10.00 each, to $300,000.00 divided into 30,000 shares of the par value of $10.00 each.

Dated this 22nd day of December, A. D. 1920.

A. L. GREENE,
Secretary Rucker-Fuller Desk Company,
a corporation.

12-25-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 30714—Dept. No. 10.

Estate of ANNIE MACAULEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ANNIE MACAULEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNIE MACAULEY, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
ANNIE MECAULEY, Deceased.

Dated ,San Francisco, California, December 16th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California.

12-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 30716—Dept. No. 10.

Estate of ANNIE MONAGHAN, also called ANNIE MONAGHAN, also called ANNEY MONEGHAN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ANNEY MONAGHAN, also called ANNIE MONAGHAN, also called ANNEY MONEGHAN, deceased, to the creditors and all persons, having claims against said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNEY MONAGHAN, also called ANNIE MONAGHAN, also called ANNEY MONEGHAN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
ANNEY MONAGHAN, also called ANNIE MONAGHAN,
also called ANNEY MONEGHAN, deceased.

Dated ,San Francisco, California, December 16th, 1920.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California.

12-25-5

SUMMONS

No. 111291—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

BERTHA SIMPSON, Plaintiff, vs. PERRY W. SIMPSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETINGS TO: PERRY W. SIMPSON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's extreme cruelty, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) Dated: November 12, 1920.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. B. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

12-4-5

SUMMONS

No. 92692—Dept. No. 10.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

H. McQUAID, Plaintiff, vs. THOMAS W. SIMMONS, Defendant. M. M. Getz, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greetings to THOMAS W. SIMMONS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 8th day of October, A. D. 1918.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

11-27-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WILLIAM B. SCHUYLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, administrator of the estate of WILLIAM B. SCHUYLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of William B. Schuyler, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
William B. Schuyler, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 23d, 1920.

11-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HARRY HARRIS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, administrator of the estate of HARRY HARRIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Harry Harris, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Harry Harris, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 23d, 1920.

11-27-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ERNEST NOGAT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, administrator of the estate of ENNEST NOGAT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ernest Nogat, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Ernest Nogat, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 23d, 1920.

11-27-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

No. 110589

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

LAURA M. STONE, Plaintiff, vs. HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The people of the State of California send greeting to HAROLD A. STONE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of said Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

Dated: Oct. 16, 1920.

WELLES WHITMORE,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
714 Easton Bldg., 428 13th St.,
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10-30-10

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